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TOWN TALK

VOL. 10—NO. 488 SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 4, 1902 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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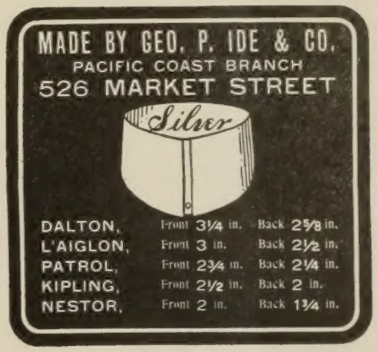

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, January 4, 1902

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OUR OPINION

The New Mayor

In a few days the management of our municipality will fall into new hands. The leader of an orchestra has been selected to direct the affairs of government. He is without experience in such matters, but few men are when chosen by the people for the first time for high office. We have no training school for Mayors. Usually we select either a business man or a lawyer, but neither commerce nor the legal profession equips a man for the duties of Chief Executive of a big city. At first blush it strikes one as absurd to entrust a fiddler with the important office, but if he be honest and intelligent he should be as capable of rendering good service as the average shop-keeper or fee chaser. The man in trade seldom makes a good public servant because he is too easily reached. Even though he would like to act conscientiously he is often deterred by influences brought to bear through his commercial connections. Lawyers are not desirable officials because their training prompts them to regard almost every office as a means to a selfish end. Mr. Eugene Schmitz may give us a very good administration. He is believed to be an honest man, and he is undoubtedly anxious to make a good record. He hasn't any trade that he is afraid of losing, and he is unpracticed in the art of deception. The only element to which he is under obligations is that composed of the laboring classes, not the professional laboring men, but the men that work and sweat and draw meagre wages. They are not in the ranks of the crafty politicians, and they are not going to overwhelm him with demands for jobs. As their representative he is in a less unhappy position than the public official who has trained with the practical politicians and who is called upon to reward the workers. He may heed the reasonable requests of his constituents without revolutionizing the city government. Yet he may cut quite as wide a swath and receive nothing but the plaudits of the people. He may, for instance, require the Board of Public Works to do something beside drawing salaries, and he may compel those unblushing members of the civil service commission to retire from office until there is something for them to do.

What the Ritualists Want

Some weeks ago, when we discussed certain inconsistencies of the Anglican church and declared that there was a tendency to drift toward Catholicism, we were taken to task by an Anglican clergyman, who intimated that our assertions were absurd. He failed, however, to convince us of error. Now comes the Bishop of London with a proposition that appears to sustain all that was asserted in these columns. His proposition is for a Round Table Conference on the subject of Confession and Absolution, which shall meet under his auspices. The question to be discussed is the advisability of reviving the Catholic practice of confession. It is now customary in the Anglican church to have occasional recourse to the counsel and advice of the clergy, but the Ritualists are anxious for an habitual practice of Confession and Absolution as provided for by Catholic authority, binding on all consciences, considered as the essential preliminary to becoming a communicant, and to be known as the "Sacrament of Penance." Surely, when the Bishop of London proposes a conference of churchmen on such a subject, it is reasonable to infer that there is a tendency to drift toward Rome. And if the Bishop of London's proposed conference were not sufficient to warrant the inference, perhaps the address of Mr. Justice Phillimore before the Holborn Branch of the English Church Union is. The title of that address was "Fifty Years of Progress in 'Catholicising' the English Church." He denounced the system of national education as godless and declared that it was manufactured by the State and imposed on the schools.

The Two Wizards

Young Marconi is not quite so chimerical in his ideas as Tesla, but he is equally sanguine. Both scientists are exceedingly enthusiastic and boastful of their achievements, and it would be difficult to determine which is the more fanciful dreamer. Marconi is evidently the more practical of the two, for he has succeeded in demonstrating that wireless telegraphy is possible, but Tesla has yet to convince sane people of the feasibility of communicating with the inhabitants of Mars. Each has the faculty, however, of making people believe in him, and though Tesla's dreams are of a most unsubstantial nature, there are many that think him capable of accomplishing great and seemingly impossible feats. The faculty is a valuable one, for it enables the scientist to secure capital with which to experiment. So far Marconi has succeeded only in signaling across the Atlantic, and yet it is assumed in some quarters that his wireless system is a commercial success, and that it would be a waste of money to

lay a cable across the Pacific. Marconi has stated that he has not the slightest doubt of his ability to perfect his system for commercial purposes, and thereby affect an enormous cheapening of communication. He estimates that, with his wireless system in operation, the cost of a message across the Atlantic would be reduced from twenty-five cents to a cent a word. That is a statement that kindles the imagination and incidentally startles the stockholders of the big cable companies, but Signor Marconi has a great many obstacles to overcome before he can demonstrate that the maintenance of submarine cables is an unnecessary expense. Let us hope that he will do so before Tesla has established a speaking acquaintanceship with the chaps in Mars.

Cultivate the Garden

The *Chronicle* makes a plea in its editorial column for the return of the old-time garden, and refers regretfully to the time, not so far in the past, when the humblest householder had his little posy bed, and the people of San Francisco took pride in their roses, pinks and fuchsias. It is to be hoped that some attention will be given to the subject, and that, instead of filling the little space in front of dwellings of the humbler sort with a solid bed of concrete, or asphalt pavement, people will be once more induced to give some thought and attention to the raising of flowers. California is a favored land, and the natives and old-time residents, who are accustomed to the bounty of prodigal nature, have little idea of their good fortune. Elsewhere, where snow covers the ground for months in the winter, or the blazing heat of the middle of the year makes floriculture an arduous and uncertain occupation, people take pride in raising even a few house plants, and many of the commoner sorts of geraniums, calla lilies, etc., which we regard as little more than weeds, are carefully potted and taken indoors, where they are covered from frost, and often times a fire kept at night lest they should suffer damage. Our roses, fuchsias, pinks, carnations and heliotropes, which we permit to take care of themselves, if they once take root, are looked upon as rare. Any one who is willing to give a few minutes a day to weeding and watering can have flowers in profusion, and even the poorest need not lack, for slips and seeds can be had for the asking. Indeed, one need not ask, for there is always waste enough from even a moderate sized garden to supply the nuclei for a dozen more. There is nothing which will do more toward the disguising of the shabbiness of an old house than a bright patch of garden, and even if ground is not available, there is still the possibility of the window garden. What is needed is the spirit of love for flowers—not the conventional love which manifests itself in the wearing of great clusters of expensive blossoms, to be thrown aside as soon as they show signs of drooping, but a genuine love for the things that grow up from the soil and contribute to the beauties of nature.

Divorce Becoming Less Easy

To any one who devotes a casual glance to the outcome of divorce proceedings it is becoming evident that the golden age is fast coming to an end for lovely woman. If men be brave and bold enough to make a stand for their rights, they may find themselves entitled to some recognition. One fair lady, who applied for legal separation on the ground of her husband's intemperance, was opposed by her spouse on the ground that she was well aware of his habits before the marriage. She admitted the knowledge, but put in the plea that she had hoped to reform him, and was denied her petition, the judge informing her that she could not call on the court to rectify her wilful errors. Another, who alleged cruelty as her grievance, made complaint that her husband wanted her to leave some entertainment and return home, and that when she refused he took her by the arm and forced her to accompany him. She, too, was denied a separation, the court stating that when a woman marries a man she tacitly consents to live with him in such manner as his means and station warrant, and that if she does not yield obedience to his reasonable wishes he is justified in using some degree of force to insure her compliance. Another judge has expressed the opinion that a woman suffers no hardship in earning her own support, and that there is as much reason in demanding that she shall work for the man as that he shall work for her. In another instance alimony was denied on the ground that where there are no children to be supported and no community property there is no reason why a man should be burdened with the support of an ex-wife. There has also been a number of cases in which women, having placed their infant children on the stage, or found paying employment for themselves, have made out cases of technical desertion or failure to provide, in order to detach themselves from domestic duties, but somehow, they have been less fortunate than formerly, and judges have decided against them. Altogether, the business of getting married for fun and wanting to throw away the toy when it has ceased to be amusing has had some serious setbacks of late, and if judges continue to apply common sense in their decisions and pay less heed to the stage griefs of applicants, we shall be in a fair way to see the industry of getting rid of husbands regulating itself with some regard to decency without the need for special legislation, or the assistance of the clergy.

Talkative Miles

It appears to be the impression in Washington political circles that Lieutenant-General Miles is hot on the trail of the Presidency, and that that is why he talks so much. General Miles may be ambitious

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and may hope to become the Chief Magistrate of this country, but we cannot understand why that should be argued from the circumstance of his volubility. There is nothing so fatal to a man's political chances as talk. It has killed more politicians and shelved more statesmen than any other vice. Being a strategist, General Miles, if he is preparing for a great political coup, should keep his mouth closed. The rebuke he received the other day at the hand of the Secretary of War was a serious one, and it would never have been administered if Miles had not talked too much. It did not serve to elevate him in the estimation of conservative people, whose ideal soldier is the man of poise and few words. Miles exhibited bad judgment at the close of the war by telling the public about the embalmed beef served to the soldiers. He should have reported the matter to his superior officers when it first came to his attention, but he preferred to make a grand-stand play in the newspapers after all the evil had been done. The court that was convened to investigate the scandal reached conclusions that warranted President McKinley in doing more than rebuking Miles, but he displayed his usual forbearance. General Miles has proved himself a gallant soldier, and has earned the gratitude of the nation, but in peace he is less picturesque than in war.

The Saunterer

The King's Amour

According to the press despatches of Sunday last there is friction in the royal household of Great Britain and Mrs. George Keppel is the cause. This is the same Mrs. George Keppel over whom there was much ado in Newport a few months ago. The members of America's first families fell over one another in their anxiety to pay homage to the King's favorite. Yet this woman has been the theme of unsavory gossip in the clubs of London for many months. Could there be any stronger evidence of the slavish obsequiousness of American smart society than that furnished by the Newporters in their attitude toward the woman of whom it is pretty generally understood that she has taken the place of the bold and mercenary Langtry in the affections of the amourous monarch.

He's Becoming Reckless

The King's affections may have become merely platonic since the days of his princely intrigues, but as the First Gentleman of Europe he should be more solicitous of the reputation of the fair one who receives so much of his attentions. To carry on in such a manner as to excite the jealousy of the Queen is very bad form. A king's facilities for intrigue are so great that he should be able to conduct an amour without taking the world into his confidence. But from what a correspondent wrote me a short time ago I should judge that he was getting reckless in his old age. Less than three weeks ago he became the godfather of Mrs. Keppel's nephew, and the child was christened Edward. He rode to the ceremony with Mrs. Keppel and Tom Lipton in a private carriage. Perhaps it was his connection with that affair that aroused the indignation of Queen Alexandra.

The Hopkins Tangle

The other side of the story of the Hopkins domestic tangle presents the young husband in a light somewhat different from that in which I exhibited him two weeks ago. From an item in one of the dailies I was led to believe that Hopkins had declined to defray the expense of bringing his child into the world. The fact is that he never questioned the bill. The services for which he refused to pay were performed against his wishes. He objected to a certain operation which is a feature of a religious ceremony, but his wife insisted on having it performed. It appears that Hopkins has had a somewhat disastrous experience. His wife is several years his senior, and he married her when he was only twenty-three. They lived together only three weeks, and the experience came high.

His Costly Experience

After their separation Hopkins paid for his wife's support until she brought suit for divorce. Then by order of court he allowed her four hundred dollars to defray expenses. Thereupon she moved to dismiss her case, but her husband objected, contending that she should be compelled to return the expense money if she had no intention of getting a divorce. That matter is now under advisement. Hopkins has agreed to pay his wife five thousand dollars cash for a divorce, six hundred more for counsel fees and to pay liberally for the support of his child until the latter is twenty-one. So he isn't such a bad fellow, after all.

The Perkins Boom

The Perkins senatorial boom is being handled in a most amusing fashion. It is being inflated with hot air at such a great rate that it is in danger of breaking loose from its moorings. Just now the Senator is working a new dodge—new for him, but an old one among politicians. He is playing the part of *faire l'homme d'importance*, and he is doing it with considerable aplomb. Only the other day the story was published that Perkins was being talked of as the possible successor to Secretary Long. Roosevelt said he hadn't thought of him, and Perkins was quoted as saying he was glad because he should hate to have to take a Cabinet job. Imagine pressure having to be used to induce George C. to enter the Cabinet!

A Little Political Fiction

In the same story it was stated that if Perkins got out of the senatorial fight political affairs would be

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greatly complicated, because then there would be a great scramble for his toga. In other words, Perkins' friends would like to create the impression that he has no opposition and that he is not likely to have any; that he has such a cinch on the job that nobody would undertake to give him a battle. I should like to know the brand of embalmed beef this Californian Caesar has been feeding on. Or, perhaps, the more valuable information would be as to the kind of dope he has been smoking.

An Expert Trimmer

The fact is that Perkins was never mentioned for a Cabinet position outside of his own campaign committee. As Blinker Murphy would say, he isn't eligible even to a seat in Jim O'Brien's cabinet. He would be eligible to the secretaryship of the navy only in the event of our substituting sailing vessels for our present style of warships, for Senator Perkins is one of the best trimmers I know of. To attest his efficiency in that respect one need only recall the story of his appointment by Markham, or of his recent change of front in the Lynch fight, or of his exhibition of invertebracy when called upon to assist in putting down certain abuses in the Presidio hospital. I am of the opinion that Mr. Perkins has not such an easy fight on his hands as his friends hope to make people believe.

Lucky Captain Harris

Captain Floyd W. Harris of the Fourth cavalry, well known as the polo-playing and cotillion-leading adjutant of the Presidio during the Spanish-American war, recently left his command at Walla Walla, having been detailed as military attache to the American legation in Vienna. Captain Harris is the officer who was so fortunate as to secure the hand and fortune of Elenor Truax of the State of Washington, whose father was a director of the O. R. and N. railroad. Some months ago I told of her romantic engagement to a wealthy Coeur d'Alene miner, which was broken by the latter's death, but not before he had made a will bequeathing her about a quarter of a million. The captain and his bride may be expected to cut a wide swath in the diplomatic colony of Vienna.

Misplaced Chivalry

They have a chutes in Los Angeles, and an amusing incident occurred there a short time ago. A well known San Diego lawyer and politician, the nephew of a Riverside lawyer, was visiting the chutes when, to his horror, a lady fell in the lakelet into which the boats make their thrilling plunges. Without a moment's hesitation the San Diego Adonis plunged to her rescue, but, alas! the water was scarcely knee-deep and he stuck head first in the mud. A more embarrassing fate for a chivalrous gentleman could scarcely be imagined. The gentleman from San Diego was extricated from the slime of the pond and amid the laughter of the spectators he hastened, by the most secluded by-ways, to his lodgings.

The Pinkertons as Reformers

Bill and Bob Pinkerton, the premier detectives, object to certain statements made by me some weeks ago. They have written me a letter emphatically denying that they are millionaires. So emphatically do they deny it that one might imagine that next to being called a crook there is nothing quite so bad as to be stigmatized as a millionaire. They also deny that they ever supplied a crook with money with which to buy tools to blow up a safe. Of course, I had no intention of charging them with complicity in safe robberies. But it appears that the Pinkertons have spent a little time and money in reforming criminals. They are proud of their record as reformers. "We have on more than one occasion," they write, "had returned convicts come to us and profess a desire to lead an honest life if they could find anything to do. We have on many occasions aided them in getting honest employment, and in some instances have aided them financially, but only with a view of encouraging them to go into some legitimate business, and a number of noted professional thieves have, through our efforts been induced to lead better lives, and we could name a dozen of them who are today prosperous business men. But as for paying for protection in any shape or manner, that is something we have never done and never will do."

An Editor Complimented

Spontaneous recognition of the good qualities of the head of a department in a newspaper office by the men in the department is not of ordinary occurrence. Consequently a little incident which took place in the *Chronicle* local rooms, Christmas eve, deserves more than passing notice. When City Editor Simpson returned from his dinner, he found a small package on his desk. The package contained a Christmas present, but what affected Simpson more than the contents was the inscription on the accompanying card:

"To the squarest City Editor in the business, from his staff."

That was a very handsome and unusual compliment, for the relations existing between City Editors of the big dailies and their staffs are seldom of the most harmonious character.

Benny's Gift

Benny Benjamin, of Attic fame, who is a member of the *Chronicle* staff, is an ardent friend of the little ones, and he made Christmas presents to all his juvenile friends, and among them was little Miss Waldorf, aged five years, daughter of a *Chronicle* reporter. Benny dotes on literature, and he bought the child a book. It wasn't a fairy tale or a picture book, for Benny

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scorns such trash. It was a handsomely bound copy of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." The child's father suggested that it would be desirable to seal the book up until his daughter gets old enough to enjoy it.

That Unfortunate Blunder

Editor Town Talk: I read with a good deal of interest your comments last week on the outrageous action of Hale Brothers in causing the arrest of a respectable woman on suspicion of having stolen a purse, and then apologizing when they found that they had made a big mistake. You have sized it up right. It is an outrage for store-keepers to subject their patrons to the risk of being falsely accused by cheap special officers, men who could not get a position in the regular department, owing to their record. I am told that the firm objected at first to having the apology published in the local newspapers, fearing that it might hurt their business. Do they consider their business of greater importance than the reputation of a woman? *A Subscriber.*

Hale Brothers have learned a lesson that they will not soon forget. The lady from Woodland was unfortunate, but her experience may serve to inspire the employes of the firm with caution. Her misfortune may protect other women from the embarrassment of a ride in the patrol wagon. Perhaps she was fortunate in not being prosecuted for a man who is quick to charge a woman with petty larceny would not be slow in swearing in support of the accusation.

Presented to the President

The William M. Bunkers are quartered at the Normandie hotel in Washington. Mr. Bunker went to Washington as the representative of the Chamber of Commerce, and he is already in touch with the "powers that be." The Bunkers were presented to President Roosevelt by Senator Perkins, and the President fell to chatting about their recent trip through Siberia. He wanted to know all about the conditions in that country, and in a burst of boyish exuberance exclaimed, "By Jove, Mr. Bunker, I envy you that Siberian trip." My Washington correspondent writes me that the President and Senate are destined to lock horns in as pretty an official battle as was ever seen. Roosevelt is to be President or know the reason why and the members of the millionaires' club are already squirming over the prospect of losing weight.

She is Devoted to Her Art

More than one club man desires to entertain Minnie Seligman, but the Grand Opera House's high-priced star refuses to be entertained. She says it takes all her time studying, and as she has to get up a new part every week and rehearse with the stock company, no doubt she is right. The three Eds—Edgar Peixotto, Edgar Mizner and Edward Greenway—have been very devoted as far as sending flowers and bonbons to Miss Seligman, and that is the extent of the attentions she is willing to accept. The club men were heartbroken, I hear, at their failure to have Miss Seligman as their guest of honor at a large supper they purposed giving last week in the Bohemian club's red room. But the star, who is as beautiful and youthful in appearance as when she last appeared here, when she was the bride of young Bob Cutting, insists upon her iron-clad rule of all work and no play. The only invitation she would consider was one to view Benny Benjamin's "Attic" on New Year's eve.

Mrs. Young's Generosity

There is a hot time in the old church in Garden Grove. Preacher Barton is sore nettled and the majority of the congregation are calling down the wrath of God on one of their fellow church members. The church is of the Baptist persuasion—hardshell and plenty of damnation—and until a few days ago was of a beautiful dark color inside. The interior of the edifice had been carefully stained the natural tint of the redwood and was a source of extreme pride to the worshipers. Garden Grove is near Santa Ana, which is near Los Angeles. One of the richest of the members of the church is Mrs. Belle Young. She is generous and the pastor often owed his turkey dinner to her sending the flower of her gobbling flock to the parsonage. When Christmas drew near Mrs. Young scratched her head to think of some unique gift which would earn her the thanks of the congregation, and perhaps entitle her to a closer communion with the Maker of all things..

The Terrible Shock

One day after she had decided on her Christmas present to the Garden Grove church, the janitor was paralyzed on opening the doors for his weekly dusting, to find the whole interior a snowy white. Where before all had been red, now walls and ceiling, communion rail, organ loft and pulpit, were painted a dead white. The janitor—a religious darkey—at first fell on his knees and cried aloud: "Lawd, de days ob miracles am shoh come back!" But when he saw that the paint was still wet and found a brush or two around, his faith gave way to earthly amazement, for he reasoned that angel artists would not leave their tools behind them. Pastor Barton was summoned and shouted in astonishment. Then came trustees and or-

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dinary citizens. Excitement was feverish and all sorts of rumors were soon abroad. Why any one should thus deliberately ruin the handsome church and its harmonious furnishings, none could understand. Then bounced in the pious Mrs. Young and presented the white paint to the preacher. Even the burning things the old prophet said when the boys called him "Baldy" would sound chilly spoken with the anathemas uttered by the good men of Garden Grove.

Wores a Hit in Hawaii

My Hawaiian correspondent writes me that Theodore Wores has made a big hit with his portraits of distinguished Honolulans. He painted Miss Jennie Giffard, one of the beauties of the American set, as a study in red, and it is considered a fine likeness as well as a striking pose and treatment. Dorothy Freethe's portrait and that of Eva Focke are also most successful. Mr. Wores catches the child expression charmingly. "But it is not so much the clever portraits," goes on my correspondent, "that have conduced to Mr. Wores' popularity, as his studio teas. These teas, on Friday afternoons, are delightful and 'tis a pity they must be discontinued. For the artist is going on to Samoa as soon as he finishes Governor Dole's portrait. In Samoa he will visit Mr. Kunst who occupies the house that was so long the abode of Robert Louis Stevenson."

Why Joe Didn't Shine

Joe Tobin played polo when he was in Honolulu, but he did not distinguish himself before the native players. The reason of this was not that the tropical climate rendered him inert, but because of his poor mount. There are no polo ponies worth the name in the Islands, and not one that compares with the poorest in the Blingum stables. If Mr. Tobin had been mounted on Charlie Dunphy's pony he would have shown the Hawaiians that his reputation as a crack polo player was not one of wind. For Joe certainly knows how to ride.

Dramatic Scenes in Court

The subjects of "will" breaking and "dramatic" evidence were being discussed during a recess in the Max Kershaw case, the other day. Chief Smasher Kowalsky having recounted a number of his experiences, a quiet little visiting German counselor, Von Bergen by name, cited the following little incident as being quite out of the ordinary in his experience: A Vienna millionaire manufacturer died leaving all his great wealth to his widow, a young woman not over thirty. Suit was brought for a share of the estate by a beautiful girl who claimed that the millionaire was the father of her son, a child eight years old. By the time the case came to trial she was in very destitute circumstances and made a plea for at least enough to support her child, as her health was gone. She had practically no evidence to support her cause and her case appeared hopeless. Her lawyer was in a quandary but the emergency supplied him with the winning idea. He called for the child. Both women regarded the lad intently: the mother with moist eyes because she saw her hope of providing for him slipping away and the childless widow to read his lineaments to see if he told the story of his birth. The little fellow won his cause, for the childless woman suddenly exclaimed: "It is enough. The boy is the image of my poor husband. I will maintain him till he grows up and then he shall have as much of his money as the law provides."

She Will Never Return

The Baroness von Schroeder has written friends here that she will never return to San Francisco. She has handsome apartments in Paris, and her sons are in school in Germany. She is greatly opposed to her husband's doing anything more in the famous and unsavory libel suit. Indeed she was opposed to it from the beginning. Her husband's relatives are married to members of the highest nobility, and the Baroness is a personage of considerable importance abroad.

The Obstinate Juror

Two amusing incidents grew out of the trial of young Dunphy, who emptied two revolvers into the carcass of his sister's seducer. One of the jurors had the reputation among the court officials of being a very hard-hearted individual. It was understood that he generally voted for conviction, and after the jury was impaneled, the court officials declared that the defendant was "up against it," and that with the hard-hearted individual in the jury-box the defendant could not be acquitted. John Barrett, the attorney for the defense, heard the rumors, and he was very much worried. Throughout the trial he devoted most of his attention to the obstinate man with the indurated heart, but he soon discovered that he could not interest the fellow. Whenever the attorney introduced a bit of evidence favorable to his client he looked at the juror and found the latter gazing at the ceiling in an abstracted manner, or leaning on his cane with closed eyes as though in slumber. As the trial progressed, Attorney Barrett grew more and more indignant, and when he argued the case and found the obstinate juror nodding somnolently he became hopeless. Finally the case was submitted to the jury. Just as the jurors entered the jury-room the obstinate chap turned to the bailiff and asked for a copy of the court's charge. Then Barrett was certain that his client was doomed, for of course the court had instructed the jury that to kill a human being is murder unless in self-defense. But the jury acquitted the defendant, and as they were

Most ladies hold the reins well. Perhaps it is not bad that they do.

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leaving the court-room the hopeless case stepped up to the anxious mother of the defendant and said: "You needn't to have worried about me; I had just such a case in my own family."

The Hungry Chap

When the jury entered the jury-room, it was afterwards learned, a ballot was taken and eleven men voted for acquittal. There was only one vote for conviction. It was then near the noon hour, and, as is customary, the jury was escorted by the bailiff to a restaurant in the neighborhood and fed at the expense of the city. During their absence the news leaked out about the ballot, and all the anxious people in the court-room were certain that the vote for conviction was cast by the man whose reputation as a pro-prosecution juror was so well established. But they were wrong. It was cast by a man who was for acquittal from the start, but who explained to his fellow-jurors that he wasn't going to lose a chance to eat at the expense of the city by agreeing to a verdict just before the clock struck twelve. The circumstance of a man's life, hanging in the balance, didn't bother the hungry juror.

Coulter Brinker's Widow

Word comes to me that the widow of Coulter Brinker has buried her grief, and this month will take unto herself a second husband in the person of E. E. Morgan, a Stanford student now traveling for the Abbey Salt company in the East. Mrs. Brinker is an actress of some reputation and has been playing leads in a stock company in Newark, N. J. Her late husband was very well known here when he was leading man at the Grand Opera House at the time Maude Edna Hall was leading lady. He was a matinee god and was popular about town because of his cordial ways and his liberality. His death was tragic. He fell out of the window of a New York hotel, and I understand his widow is suing the railroad that owns the hotel for damages.

A New Kind of Patient

A wealthy old bachelor of Oakland went to the Fabiola hospital one day recently and said he desired a mustard foot bath. When the head physician asked him what was the matter, he answered:

"I've got a bad cold. I live in a boarding house and I can never get any hot water when I want it. So I came here. Give me a mustard foot bath."

He got his foot bath, stayed in bed two days and went back to his boarding house cured of his cold and happy. Miss Braddon made one of her characters say that even a millionaire was not happy, because he couldn't hire some one to get up for him in the morning. And even a rich old bachelor doesn't find hot foot baths within reach—at least in Oakland.

She Will Never Marry

A New York correspondent writes me that Miss Violet Gratz-Brown is as lovely as ever, and shows no desire to relinquish her maidenhood. Miss Gratz-Brown, it will be remembered, is the young woman who was to have married Fred Somers, onetime co-proprietor with Frank Pixley of the *Argonaut*, and later owner of *Current Literature*. Mr. Somers' untimely death prevented the marriage. Miss Gratz-Brown is a beauty of the Lillian Russell type and was much younger than her fiance. When Somers died it was found that he had left his promised bride all his fortune which was considerable. I believe his relatives contested the will, but that it finally stood as the testator desired. But that Miss Gratz-Brown really loved Mr. Somers is proved by the fact that in spite of her youth and attractiveness she has resolved never to marry.

Why Platt is Thankful

Mr. Samuel J. Platt is evidently somewhat of an optimist. In the following circular which I received by mail the other day he expresses himself in a manner suggestive of a very cheerful view-point:

1. Thankful the world is growing better; many preachers with tact are receiving four, five, and six thousand dollars a year.
2. Thankful some Filipinos are left; our soldiers need exercise.
3. Thankful that though the Lord made the sea on which all men may sail, Congress, by subsidies, can control it for a few.
4. Thankful that though through law came monopoly and corporate trusts, the fool people don't know that law can take away what it gives.
5. Thankful that while the independent tradesman is increasingly not, your kid may some day be a Schwab.
6. Thankful we had no money interest in South Africa. It's the other fellow's dead.
7. Thankful the people will soon be paying for irrigation; timber land is getting scarce.
8. Thankful the Chinese don't vote.

He was a Contract Doctor

Dr. Kierstadt, the young physician and rumored fiance of Miss McBean, is not thirty years of age but he has the rank of first lieutenant in the army. He is of excellent family and his father is a retired naval officer. Yet he is not regarded as a very great catch. He went out to Manila a few years ago as a contract doctor and did so well that he was taken into the army. Some time ago it was thought that Sam Boardman and Miss McBean would make a match, but Samuel transferred his attentions to a daughter of Sidney Smith of San Rafael.

A Child with a Chilly Past

John Shirley Porter is a Sunday writer for the Fresno *Republican*, and handles a caustic typewriter. John is really a pretty girl with a sweet, feminine name and dainty frocks, but she likes to hear the yokels talk of "that cuss Porter who writes them items in the *Republican* fit to make you cry," and so she carefully disguises her sex. The other day, John signed a pathetic paragraph about a beautiful child of three years whom she saw on Fresno's streets with little socks on, and an expanse of pink flesh between their tops and the tiny trousers. She berated the cruel father and mother who sent their baby into the cold air of Fresno without long stockings, and predicted the early death of the victim. The next day the rich father of the boy replied in verse, and two stanzas of his poem are annexed:

'Twas in the North, wise Porter,
'Mid Klondike's ice and snow
That darling lad first saw the light—
But this you didn't know—
And, in the glacier's torrent,
He bathed, at age of three—
Not years, but months, my learned friend—
That boy belongs to-me!

So when you chew your pencil,
In search of topics, lost,
Forget it, dear friend Porter,
My lad won't feel the frost.
Your sex, miss—I surmise it,
And hope the day you'll see
When heaven sends you such a boy
As that belongs to me.

—HIS DAD.

The next move of that happy pair, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Macfarlane, will be a trip around the world with the bride's sister, Mrs. Dutton, and the latter's husband.

London's Latest Craze

"Crystal gazing" is the latest craze to fasten its grip on London society, according to Fletcher Tyndall, the well-known promoter, just back from a visit to the world's metropolis. Andrew Lang, the critic, started the fad by an article on the occult mysteries of crystals. He recommended that every one should possess a crystal ball and sit down before it with the hope of seeing uncanny things. According to his advice it is best to sit with your back to the light. Place the ball at a proper focus with a piece of dark cloth for a background. Try to exclude reflections. You may, however, concentrate your mind on any particular thing you please. Stare fixedly at the ball for five minutes, and then you will see—wonders. Some see them and some don't, but you won't know whether you're among the lucky elect till you've tried. Mr. Lang claims that he has known people to see things in the crystal that were actually happening many miles away. More wonderful still, he has known people gazing into separate crystals at the same moment at different places to see the same picture in all its details. But to tell of all the wonders he claims to have seen would be a hard tax on your credulity. However, his article has started a great discussion among people interested in psychical research. So enthusiastically has society taken up the picture-gazing part of the matter that the supply of crystal balls is far short of the demand and numbers of "crystal gazing parties" have had to be postponed in consequence.

A Committee on Grammar Wanted

At the Knickerbocker Dame entertainment given by the ladies of the California club, Mrs. Alex Sharon was the star, and she filled the role very well. At the close of the little play she walked out on the stage and said, "The ladies would like to know if we looked natural." There were cries in the affirmative. Then she said, "The ladies would like to know if we acted natural." Laboring under the misapprehension that Mrs. Sharon was formerly a school teacher I was surprised at the cultured club-woman's unfamiliarity with her adverbs. But I have since learned that she was not a school teacher. It was Mrs. Will Sharon of Oakland who was the Nevada school teacher. Mrs. Alex Sharon's early occupation was not mental. Somebody has suggested that Mrs. White should appoint a committee for reforming the grammar of the members of the club.

Why She is Exclusive

The clever skit of the cultured clubwomen on the aristocratic backbone of the Eastern women's clubs did not appeal with equal force to all the members of the clubs invited to its premier production. The topic of Blood is not one that is always welcome at local women's club meetings, for reasons that are very apparent. For instance, in one of the prominent clubs there is an active member whose attitude is always characterized by cold hauteur. The exhalation of frigidity from her person is something very trying to the more cordial members of the club, who have nevertheless excused her demeanor on the ground that she was "so aristocratic." One of these was in a California street car the other day with a friend, when the frapped clubwoman entered. She bestowed but a chilly nod on her fellow member.

"Why, I know that woman who just bowed to you," said the friend.

"Do you? That is Mrs. ——, one of the richest and most exclusive women in our club."

The friend laughed.

"That possibly explains why she didn't recognize me," she said, "for when I last saw her, twenty years ago, she was the——s' cook."

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WHISKEY

BEST ON EARTH

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IF SO
AM I THE MAN YOU WANT?

Energetic young Easterner (24), of refined family, good habits and college education, desires position of trust or responsibility or for special or confidential work.

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Why the Postleys are here

The Stirling Postleys of New York are in town. They are the guests of Mrs. Postley's mother, Mrs. Cook, at Belvedere. They are looking for a house and intend making San Francisco their home. Mr. Postley's sister recently came out in New York, and Mrs. Postley received at the tea. So it was expected she would winter there. But they prefer San Francisco, for though they are prominent and wealthy they are not exactly the real thing in the big swim. Young Postley has a yacht and a tremendous allowance from his mother who was Margaret Stirling, heiress to a big slice of the Singer millions. His father was in the navy, I believe, and for years was commodore of the New York Yatcht club. Life here should be very agreeable for the Postleys. Mrs. Postley is a very pretty woman. She is quite disgusted with New York, I am told, and declares it to be a mercenary place where men consider themselves so precious that they ask what a girl's dot is to be as if they were European nobles.

Miss Dillon's Jaunt

Miss Dillon is en route to Japan and she feels that she and Miss Cosgrave are very unconventional because they have only a maid and no chaperon with them. They really believe themselves quite daring, and imagine that there is a touch of abandon in their conduct. But according to Geraldine Bonner, in the East any woman of twenty-five is permitted to go without a chaperon. That is the age Miss Dillon frankly confesses to, and as Miss Cosgrave is some years her senior one should imagine that they were not doing anything very risky. Miss Dillon is not satisfied with her campaign in society, for in spite of her great wealth it has not been an unqualified success. She has not had the vogue she was entitled to because of her loyalty to useless friends and poor relations. To get on socially one must be like the Boston woman of whom Prince Poniatowski wrote in his ill-fated but brilliant Parisian magazine. She cut her own brother because she had too long a list of acquaintances and felt she must draw the line somewhere.

Their Funny Ways

Besides being too loyal to people who could not boost her socially, Miss Dillon has been held back somewhat by weight. She carries too much avoirdupois. Society girls are such funny, faddy creatures and they have peculiar prejudices and queer notions. The Burlingame and Hopkins set would often accept Miss Dillon's invitations to receive with her, and then as their intimates came in they would remark, "Did you ever see such a funny crowd? I don't know them at all; do you? I am sure I don't see why I am receiving. There is no one here I ever saw before" So after all I won't blame Miss Dillon if she does decide to live abroad as I have heard she intends doing after returning from her present trip. She is an interesting, cultured young woman, and she has plenty of money with which to enjoy herself in any set. And by the way I have heard that Fred Greenwood has sworn never to marry while Miss Dillon remains single, and she says she is going to be an old maid. So there you are.

Advertisers to Meet

A general convention of advertisers is to be held at Delmonico's in New York on the twenty-ninth and thirtieth instane under the auspices of the Association of American Advertisers. This association includes in its membership about sixty of the largest advertisers in the country. As some of the most important questions in the field of advertising are to be discussed it would be well if some of our local interests were represented. There is no subject of which the business men of San Francisco are more densely ignorant than that of advertising. By reason of that ignorance some of them waste many thousands of dollars every year in injudicious advertising and by putting their advertising business in the hands of incompetent agents, and others fail to increase their business through lack of advertising. There was a time when the consumers of the Pacific coast had to buy from San Francisco houses but that time has passed. It is a well known fact that San Francisco is the greatest field for the fake advertising schemer in the country, and the poorest for the legitimate advertising medium.

Under Suspicion

The friends of one of our most charming and popular society belles are much perturbed over the encouragement which she appears to be giving to an automobile agent from the East. It is not because they are in favor of patronizing home industries but for the reason that they feel that the young man has not come to the city properly accredited. Deception has been practiced by so many strangers from the East that the newcomer who talks of his New York social standing and of the clubs to which he belongs, in a breezy sort of a way, becomes at once the object of suspicion. The automobile agent may be all right, but he is being "whispered" at the clubs by men who think that if he had been properly branded they would know something about him. Meanwhile, he is suspected of being a pretender.

Her Palm Roused Cheiro

What wonderful secret has Cheiro, the palmist, discovered in Mamie Josselyn's hand? My London correspondent writes me that he became simply fascinated with her from the moment he looked at her palm. He gave her a very entertaining reading, but

ALWAYS THE BEST

CALIFORNIA MARKET SAN FRANCISCO

all the while he seemed to be laboring under some strong excitement. After she left with her companions, he abruptly rushed from his rooms and spent the remainder of the day trying to discover all he could about her. Later he sought an introduction to her through influential parties. He sent her loads of rare and beautiful flowers and no glorious prima donna ever had a more devoted or determined follower. So intense are his attentions that it has attracted the lively interest of the friends of both parties. Opinion is divided whether it is the fortune in "the hand" or in "the girl" that is attracting him. At present the odds are in favor of the "the hand," because Cheiro is not given to this kind of thing. In private life he is known as Count d'Hambourg, and is extremely punctilious in the matter of the strict proprieties. Until he glanced into the palm of Miss Josselyn he was generally regarded as a neophyte whom no allurements could entice from his devotions at the shrine of the occult. Now it is just the other way, and he seems willing to worship forevermore before the pretty palm that swept him off his feet. Society will remember that Mamie and Florence Josselyn left here about a year ago "to do" Europe. They are being chaperoned by an old governess of theirs, an Englishwoman, and are having a most enjoyable time.

They Watch Mr. Eugene Murphy

Dame Rumor has had her lorgnette fastened on the Hopkins households ever since Dan Cupid began to cut up his pranks there. The anxious old lady insists that he will never quit his comfortable quarters till all the girls are married off. Georgie having been satisfactorily disposed of, she has suddenly waked up to the fact that Cousin Frances has been loitering near the orange-blossom groves while the marriage bells have been merrily ringing for her cousins. Is Eugene Murphy the happy man? That is the question that is bothering her. There have been whisperings and they all come through Cupid's court. At one time everybody thought that Bobby Eyre was surely the real Prince Charming, but he went to sleep long since in that fairy tale of the past. And now—well, Dame Rumor has her lorgnettes focused on Eugene Murphy and she expects to make some sort of authentic announcement shortly. Frances Hopkins has a married sister, Mrs. Warren Clark. Mr. Clark is "in sugar" with Spreckels and is said to be quite wealthy.

Which Made the Better Match?

Anent the approaching McNear-Hopkins nuptials the tea tabbies are in the throes of a mighty discussion. Is Georgie making a better match than her sisters made when they married the Taylor boys? Of course, the girls themselves don't care a fig for such idle vaporing but to the inveterate tea tabby it is a question of mighty moment, fraught with details of prime consequence. They attack it very much after the fashion of Brother Bottom and his fellows settling the momentous episodes in the love-lorn end of the much lamented Pyramus and Thisbe. The plum of contention between the arguing tabbies seems to be: Is wealth or blood the better to capture in a match nowadays? The tabbies of family blood maintain with fine insistence that the Hopkins-Taylors made a much better match than did Georgie because the Taylor boys have better social blood. Their stubborn opponents deny this conclusion on the score that the slight difference in the sacred blue is more than compensated for in the golden stream young McNear will inherit. Those who are tired of hearing the wrangle declare nobody will know the difference in another generation. "But it's got to be settled in this generation," call back the tabbies, "we're making ancestry."

"Gorgeriferous" Dances Promised

The McNears are going to give Georgie Hopkins a captivating dinner dance next Thursday evening. Great preparations are being made for it in the Van Ness avenue home of the Newhalls which they have leased for the season. All this of course is in honor of her approaching nuptials with Fred McNear. All sorts of plans are being raked up in search of original ideas for the german. It will be danced after midnight and some "gorgeriferous" effects are promised. So mysterious are the whisperings over it that people are wondering if "it's this time" that the long-heralded attempt will be made to imitate the Eastern custom and embellish the dance with royally rich favors. What a deal of comment it would create if all the girls left the gay scene wearing favors of chiffon hats adorned with splendid plumes, and all the men walked out with gold-headed canes. That's the way the host tried to delight his guests at a notable dance in the East and the favors distributed didn't rank high in expense among those of the season, either. San Francisco, as I remember, has always been shy of coquetting with expense in these affairs. Last season some of our wealthiest and most promising buds were launched in the swim on tea, not always cold tea or bad tea, but plain tea just the same.

Launched on Plain Tea

I recall the debuts at the Hopkins and the Scott residences—not to mention lesser lights. I cannot think the Hopkins' considered the expense but in other cases there is very little doubt but what the fashion was adopted because it was an easy and inexpensive way of discharging obligations to three or four hundred guests in the afternoon. The suggestion to dine that number on champagne and truffles would make the paterfamilias in many an ornate avenue home

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throw up his mercenary hands in dismay. But a change in all this seems impending in our finest homes. From the great tidal wave of Prosperity sweeping over the land comes a ripple that seems to be lifting society out of its old "keep-down-the-expense" methods. The recent completion of a number of magnificent Pacific heights mansions has raised and enlarged the scope of opportunities for more lavish entertainments. We've got to live up to the magnificence of these new homes. In consonance with this idea I hear that a number of plans are already being discussed to launch this season's buds on something far more substantial than tea; in fact, it will be nearer the "field of the cloth and gold" idea than anything we have hitherto approached. Further indications of the awakening of Society to entertainments on a more elaborate scale are the balls planned by the Huntingtons and De Youngs. There are others on the tapis and the dawn of the most magnificent social season we have ever had seems at hand.

An Hawaiian Poet of Passion

From the South Seas comes a cry of poesy. P. Maurice McMahon of Hawaii has sent across the ocean a volume of verse, wrapped in the loin cloth of the native, and warm with the passion of the tropics. In a hundred and fifteen pages P. Maurice sings sonorously of sea and sky, of plumy palm, of daring dance and dusky damsel, of nights of love under the stars and days of dalliance by maidens' knees. P. Maurice is an Irishman transplanted from the land of shillalahs to the sensuous clime of the Paradise of the Pacific, and the atmosphere of the Islands of Idleness has gone to his head. For instance, P. Maurice says in the second stanza of a poem dedicated to "A Picture of a Taupo Maiden"—

> Clad in the garments nature has wove for you
> Quaint and luxurious and brief is your dress;
> So lovely you are, by the gods, I would rove for you
> Millions of miles your brown bosom to press!

To His Talofa

Evidently P. Maurice is not of the missionary ilk. He ends the same poem as follows:

> Talofa, Talofa! oh, smile to my yearning,
> Drain the wild rapture that flows in my veins!
> Nurse me and succor me, ease the mad burning
> That surges within me: Love's bliss-laden pains.
> Then I will blend to you, finding no end to you,
> Clinging as mortal but clings in a kiss;
> Sweetly I'll sigh to you, fondly I'll die to you,
> Drowned in Love's whirls of delirious bliss.

Surely, Ella Wheeler in her maddest moments could not give P. Maurice much of a start. He has that same fond fancy for bussing which Ella croons about in many verses. In an eight-stanza poem entitled "A Kiss," the Irish Kanaka winds up an impassioned tale of a chaste salute which made his ears buzz, by lifting:

> 'Twas Love that sang! then let us kiss again,
> And hear his witching song, and taste his honeyed blisses;
> So sweet it is, I'd fain forever rest
> My lips on yours, vibrating to your kisses,
> And dreamily drift on Love's impassioned sea
> From life to life throughout eternity.

I will leave P. Maurice with the disclosure that he is a bachelor, handsome, and yearning for real love. In Hawaii he is thought the salt of the earth, for he seeks to carry out the biblical mandate: "Increase and multiply."

The Beveridge Girls

A correspondent writes me from London that little Ray Beveridge, the pretty blacksmith of the World's Fair in Chicago is making a reputation among the ultra-bohemians of the great metropolis But it is not for her gold horse-shoes that she is winning renown but for her skill as a hostess. She gives little dinners that are voted delightful by the happy guests invited to partake of them. Ray keeps house for her mother and sister. They have a cosy house in Wilton street, Belgravia square, and Kuhne has a studio. The sisters are much at home in London, and have many friends there. Baroness von Wrede is anxious to return to her husband in Johannesburg but on account of the war and the unsettled state of the country, she has been persuaded to remain with her daughters in London.

Why Barnes was Opposed

General Barnes is receiving congratulations from all quarters over the report of his being selected to fill the position of Minister to Japan. Now the story is being told that Senator Perkins opposed the appointment of Barnes, his motive being to throw the job to some other State, so as to leave an opening for his own appointment to the Secretaryship of the Navy. But General Barnes had a warm friend in Secretary Hay, and the latter worked assiduously for the appointment of the Californian attorney.

Deserving of Reward

It is about time for Barnes to receive substantial recognition from his party. He has been a vigorous campaigner ever since he came to this city, and he has received very little reward. Until recently Barnes never bothered about political office. There was a time when he was one of the leading and most active practitioners at the local bar. It was a lucrative practice, too, for Barnes was a high-priced attorney, but ever since the famous Sharon case in which he figured as the principal attorney for the defendant, clients have been constantly growing scarcer in his office.

Hugo Toland and Joe Redding are enjoying a bike trip through Corsica.

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Worrying a University President

My Seattle correspondent writes me that President J. Pierpont Graves of the Washington State university, is up against journalistic unpopularity. Since assuming control of the university four or five years ago he has essayed some measure of control of the *Pacific Wave*, a periodical published by the students, and he has incurred the enmity of the editors. Several of them have since entered the professional newspaper field in Washington, and they have never lost an opportunity to smash President Graves. As a consequence some pretty tough stories about the university have been told. One of the latest put into circulation was about a student who was permitted to slowly starve himself to death while pursuing his studies. It was a fake and was turned down by the papers of Washington, but it was put on the wires and published all over the country.

Jim Hill's Blunder

My correspondent also writes that political agitators throughout the State of Washington are carrying on a noisy campaign against the proposition to merge the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railroads under the organization of the Northern Securities company. Efforts were made to have an extra session of the Legislature called for the purpose of legislating against the consolidation, but the last special session was so disastrous that the people won't stand for another. The fight is led by Governor Van Sant of Minnesota, who was opposed by James J. Hill in the last campaign. That was one of Hill's few political mistakes. He usually stands in with both candidates and contributes liberally to every campaign sack in sight. But he thought Van Sant was a sure loser.

Mrs. Emil Steinegger, who is with her husband in Vienna, was among those attending the Thanksgiving reception at United States Minister McCormick's. It was a large and very smart affair. Many Americans from New York and elsewhere were among the guests.

Where Rudeness Abounds

A correspondent writes me apropos the McCutcheon vaudeville, to ask why the McCutcheons do not throw open their hospitable mansion oftener; also, to inform me that Mrs. McCutcheon is a charming hostess, highly cultured and intellectual, and that she could easily gather around her the "best" of San Francisco society. And my correspondent adds that Mrs. McCutcheon is of the opinion that many of our society people are lacking in refinement, and that she is intolerant of rudeness and quick to resent it. If that be so perhaps no answer to the introductory query is required. No one intolerant of rudeness cares to mingle with rude people, and undoubtedly there is much room for improvement in the manners of our smart folks. If you are not in the swim and you doubt it, take a seat in earshot of a theatre party composed of local patricians.

Let the Coon Song be Tabu

Mayor-elect Schmitz has the power to work one reform which would win him the admiration of thousands. It is as a musician and not as head of a great municipality, however, that he may earn public gratitude. Let him persuade his harmonious brethren to declare war on the obscene coon song. The Chicago Federation of Musicians has addressed a call to their fellows throughout the United States, asking them to put down this sort of music, which they term "immoral, obscene, degrading and unworthy of production." Now let Mayor Schmitz follow the lead of the Windy City purists, and put down ragtime rot. Many of these coon ditties discuss the doings or sayings of fictional cocottes and the wretches who live luxuriously on their earnings. "Take Your Clothes and Go!" "I Ain't Seen No Messenger Boy," "My Honolulu Lady," and all the miserable syncopated silliness which records the joys and woes of wenches, coons and babies, should be left for the ears of those whose sphere is that of the heroes and heroines of the rhymed indecency. I crave no reputation for prudery but I cannot forbear saying something on this subject. The theatre-going public has too long stood the flood of puerile and immodest drivel which, set to ragtime, passed as a witty characterization of the negro race.

Got His Turkey from the Yankees

They were telling of Christmas experiences at the club the other evening when Col. Jones, who served on General Gordon's staff in the Civil war recounted the following unique experience. It happened at the time when Grant was hammering Lee's lines before Petersburg. The Silent General was working forward for the final clinch. About Christmas time the outposts of both armies were so close that the men could talk across the trenches and toss things to each other. The Federals had all they wanted to eat and used to twit the besieged Confederates on the chilly, hungry Christmas they would have. "The day before Christmas," narrated the Colonel, "one of the non-commissioned Union officers spiked a turkey on a bayonet and triumphantly swayed it before our eyes. 'What'll you give for it, you hungry Rebs?' he said. 'If you're a gentleman,' I shouted back, 'you'll send over a bunch of them with your compliments. This isn't the season to tantalize a hungry man with such sights.' Down

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went the turkey and the boys in blue fell to palavering. Pretty soon the non-com. called back, 'Come over and get the turkey.' 'You won't shoot?' 'Nope.' 'Nor make me prisoner?' 'Nope.' So I slipped over into the Yankee lines and came back loaded with three big turkeys. You bet the boys cheered me more than if I'd captured their siege guns. Next day we had a great Christmas dinner in the staff tent. Gordon heard the story of my crossing the lines and friends intimated to me that I'd got myself into a serious fix. But it turned out all right. Gordon never said a word—he got part of a turkey. And let me add, that wasn't the kind of a Christmas out there in the trenches to make a fuss over the way you got your turkey—so long as you got it."

Clubs That Entertain

The Press club treats its womenkind better than does any other men's club in the city. The Bohemian lets the ladies in every first Wednesday, but that is only for a stroll around its handsome rooms. On stated occasions, few and far between, it gives formal receptions but these are nothing like the delightful ladies' jinks the club gave in its old Pine street rooms in years agone. Time was when the Olympic club gave ladies' receptions, when dancing was the order of events in the big gymnasium in the old Alcazar building. Later, the club gave ladies' nights of a somewhat more interesting order than those it now gives. But the Press club's ladies' jinks are the right thing to please the women. That on Monday night was attended by the usual large and happy crowd. The decorations of the jinks room were picturesque and appropriate to the season, the refreshments were of the light kind that women like and the music was inspiring. Before the dancing began there was a program of many good numbers.

Songs That Never Grow Old

If George King adds any number of new songs to his repertory his audience will still prefer "The Stein on the Table." He sang two others at the Press jinks, but his hearers insisted on "The Stein" and called him back for a stanza of that. William MacDonald had to give a verse of "The Armorer's Song" before the audience would let him go, and as for William Brown, he might have been singing still if encores count for anything. They tried to make Billy Hynes sing his laughing song, which is the best thing he does, but he would not. I begin to think the average audience likes old songs better than new ones, after all. There was another William on the jinks program who made a hit, though not with his music. This was Billy Barnes, who sired the affair. He wielded a little hammer early in the evening, but did not find it necessary and discarded it later on. The four Williams were the biggest stars of the program.

The Important Social Editor

The society editor is no longer a person of minor importance in the daily newspaper office. There was a time when the editors and reporters looked upon "social slush," as they contemptuously denominated items of social news, as a necessary evil. It was supposed to interest only those whose names were mentioned, and the more names that could be crowded into an item the more valuable it was believed to be. The doings of society of all grades were exploited in those days, and there was a time in the long ago when one daily devoted two pages each week to Tar-Flat surprise parties. That was when Joe Irwin and Walter Cooke were rival society editors. But of late each of the local dailies seeks to feature the gossip and the doings of the smart set. The movements and the social affairs of the common herd are written up by any old reporter, but the affairs of the rich and haughty are discussed by a high-priced society editor who is in touch with the elite, and who poses as an authority on swagger functions. In the evening newspaper field society news is ranked with the most important happenings of the day, and there is now such a thing as scoops on engagements and stork visitations. The *Bulletin* was the first to feature the gossip of the smart set, and for a while Madame La Bavarde had a cinch on swell social news. People wondered how she got it all and they guessed that she was one of the inside push who was after a little pin money. The *Post* proceeded to sneer, and the funniest man on the staff started to josh Bavarde chat in a burlesque department. But Madame La Bavarde pursued the even tenor of her way until Editor Hume began to realize that news of fashionable events was of interest to people who are not in the swim, and then he started a rival column. Now the evening dailies are doing their level best to keep Mary Riley of Tehama street informed about the social dissipations of Miss De Vere of Pacific avenue.

The Judge Plays the Ponies

Some three weeks ago the local papers noticed the arrival of Judge Gear, of Honolulu, and commented on the fact that the judge was on his way to Washington to do a little politics relating to a proposed judgeship in the islands. The fact of the matter is that Judge Gear is here for a little rest and recreation, which he finds at the Oakland race track. The judge takes a great interest in the ponies, and it is said that he uses his judicial mind to such an extent on the races that he will not have to draw on his salary for the expenses of his vacation.

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A Harrison Needed in Minneapolis

Frank L. Thresher, formerly of San Francisco, has been located in Minneapolis for some time past. He writes to his Bohemian club friends that though he doesn't like the northern climate very well, Minneapolis is a great town for sports. He says if they had William Greer Harrison there they would have a great athletic club, just as they have a great football team and an equally great baseball nine. They have yacht clubs and ice-yacht clubs that have a national reputation as winners, also gun, hunting and shooting clubs. Mr. Thresher was noted while here for his love of outdoor sports and he carries his enthusiasm wherever he goes.

The Author of "The Sky Pilot"

The Winnipeg people who have migrated to San Francisco read with interest of the vogue that has been attained all over the United States, as well as on the other side of the line, by "Ralph Connor," otherwise the Rev. C. W. Gordon, author of "The Sky Pilot," "Black Rock" and the latest of these popular tales of Canada, "The Man from Glengarry." There was talk some time since of dramatizing two of these books into one play to be called "The Sky Pilot of Black Rock," but I have heard nothing of its accomplishment. A Winnipeg resident at present visiting San Francisco tells me that the Reverend Gordon of St. Stephen's Presbyterian church is probably the best liked preacher in the Manitoba metropolis. He is a small man, like Barrie's "Little Minister," and his line is not the loud, oratorical one that generally makes a preacher effective. He is very fond of society and is punctilious in the matter of dress. He always wears evening dress when the occasion calls for it and is at all times the pink of propriety in social etiquette. He is a third cousin of Lord Aberdeen and when the latter traveled over Canada with Lady Aberdeen Mr. Gordon accompanied them. He is a married man, his wife having been one of the belles of Winnipeg, Miss Helen King, whose father was the principal of the Manitoba College.

Something about "Glengarry"

The scene of Ralph Connor's latest novel is laid in Glengarry which was the author's birthplace. His father was like himself a minister of the Presbyterian persuasion. He came to Canada as a missionary. The Glengarry revival was a real happening and is the motif of the novel. There is something about Mr. Gordon's books that appeals to every reader, very much as do the works of Ian Maclaren and Barrie. While they have a good deal of religion in them it is not make-believe piety. He describes cowboys, saloon men, cattle punchers and gamblers in language more terse but quite as picturesque as that of Bret Harte. And he is an authority on sports, too. His description of a baseball match in "The Sky Pilot" is good enough to have been the work of a baseball reporter on a daily newspaper.

Discovery of a Red Clay in Colorado and its remarkable Effect upon the Hair

This Clay is nothing more nor less than mud and water, which comes from a mine in Colorado. The Clay is perfectly harmless, will not stain the most delicate skin. Applied to the hair it changes it to beautiful shades, such as no hair dye has ever succeeded in producing. The color is regulated by the number of hours in the Clay bath—light shades from one-half hour to two hours—medium shades from two to six hours—dark from six to twelve hours. Gray hair can be changed to original color without changing the natural color, or the following tints with darker or lighter shades as desired: Black, brown, auburn and Titian red. Peroxide hair will take a rich golden or chestnut. Unlike dyes, the Clay stain is permanent, never wears off; can only be bleached off. The luxury of the shampoo can be indulged in at will as it does not effect the stain in any particular. The Clay never fails to leave the hair soft and glossy, and the one great point we claim for the Clay stain is its perfectly natural appearance. It defies detection. FRANCES C. SHERMAN

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Best At Any Price

Dr. Arne, the famous Oxonian, put forth five reasons for drinking wine. If he had numbered the Argonaut "O. K." Bourbon and Rye whiskies among the appointments of his cellar, he would have put forth five times five reasons—not for drinking wine, but "O. K." The Argonaut "O. K." whiskies have gained the name from connoisseurs in whiskies the world over of being the best at any price. Their purity is incontestable and for medical or sideboard use they have no superior. The Argonaut "O. K." whiskies are guaranteed by the proprietors, E. Martin & Co., 54-56 First street, San Francisco. Every bottle—whether large or small size—contains full measure. There are no delusive rounded bottoms in the Argonaut "O. K." bottles.

DR. H. BOSWORTH CROCKER has resumed practice at his former location in the Auzerais Building 21 Powell St. Practice will be limited to office treatment of the eye, ear, nose, throat and lungs. Consultations 2 to 5, and 7 to 8; Sundays by appointment only

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The Dog in the Manger

No doubt the dog finally tired of barking and let the cow eat its hay—but perhaps by that time the poor beast had no use for the hay.

It is easy enough to give up the world for a woman. For a woman like Margaret Horton more than one man would throw his career and his hope of salvation to the winds.

And Margaret Horton thought it easy as valsing to give up the world—her world, the polite world, the world of society—for Douglas Land. "All sham," she denominated the circle in which she had reigned a queen for several seasons, "but love is true. A life of love is one where falsity never enters."

So Douglas Land deserted his wife and with Margaret Horton vanished from the monde where both had been prominent figures. Their flitting was a nine days' wonder, their action gave the tabbies and the newspapers something to talk about, and then something else chased the unconventional lovers from the sensational pinnacle they occupied. Except for a rumor that Mrs. Land would sue for a divorce, Douglas Land was a forgotten name.

However, Mrs. Land did not seek the divorce court. She continued to hold her place in society, went about, entertained and was entertained as before. Her beautiful face was always serene, her manner as unconcerned as if she were not a deserted wife. Nobody dared ask her what her plans were. Not her dearest friend could summon courage to mention Margaret or Douglas' name within her hearing.

Stories were brought by returned tourists of the recreant husband and his companion. They were on the continent, traveling from one place to another. Then a letter came from a dowager who had seen them in Brittany.

"They have a little cottage and are cooing like two turtle doves. Margaret is absurdly happy—she nourishes expectations. I do hope Isabel will hurry about that divorce, so as to make matters right."

The news came to Mrs. Land's ears, but she certainly made haste very slowly if she intended to assist her husband to "make matters right."

Perhaps Isabel Land lacked the maternal instinct. She had never had any children herself.

* * * * * * * * * *

The world for love! Ah, 'twas a rosy-hued existence that Margaret led after she had taken the momentous step that cut her off from her kind. Conscience was in a trance, if it cherished any germ of life whatever. Douglas blinded her eyes to anything but himself. After the splendid round of Europe they settled down in Brittany, the spot where have been lived so many beautiful love stories.

And then something happened that changed the rapturous current into something a trifle less evenly fervent. It has occurred to others, but then Margaret did not take it as a matter of course. She had said it was easy to give up the world for Douglas Land, and she had meant it, but that was before those inner promptings came. Margaret wanted a name for her child.

"Don't you think Isabel is slow about getting her divorce?"

The question startled Douglas. The subject had never been brought up before. Margaret had seemed to live entirely in the present.

"I don't know," he said, "it takes time to manage those things."

But her query gave him food for thought, and the outcome was a letter to his lawyer at home. In time the answer came:

"I have heard of no divorce proceedings on Mrs. Land's part. She seems inclined to let the matter rest as it is."

Douglas did not tell Margaret. But it was as if a little crack had been made in the glass of their happiness. He caught Margaret gazing at him furtively, sometimes, and if she caught his look she would turn away quickly. There was a pensive sadness in her gaze that irritated him, he could not explain why.

He wrote to a mutual friend of Isabel and himself, suggesting that he probe the former on her intentions with regard to a divorce. It was a long time before the reply came. It was well Margaret did not see it.

"I think there is no doubt that Isabel still loves you," wrote the friend; "at any rate she says nothing that one could construe otherwise. As for a divorce, she hasn't a thought of it."

It was now but a few months to the time when the expectations were to be realized. Margaret broached the old subject herself.

"Can't you get free somehow? 'Tis cruel, wicked of her to hold us in suspense like this."

"But we never spoke of such an ending—never thought of it once."

"Oh, I know," she returned bitterly, "it was all love then—and I do love you, dear, but *then* we had not thought of *this*."

She turned from him that he might not detect the tears in her eyes.

Douglas would have done anything for her then, his beautiful darling. He humbled his pride and wrote to Isabel. "Cable answer," was the last reminder.

* * * * * * * * * *

Isabel Land read again the letter she had just received from her husband. It was a manly letter, in which he made a plea for the woman who had given all for his love. He took the blame upon himself, and asked Isabel if she would give him his liberty and the right for Margaret to bear his name. "Answer quickly, before it is too late," he wrote.

Isabel turned the letter over in her hands, as its contents were being turned over in her mind. The past revolved before her mental vision. She had never been a loving wife. Cold, distant and unsympathetic were the recording adjectives that she saw. But she had loved Douglas, nevertheless, and she hated Margaret as she thought of Douglas' love for her.

"You never cared for me," he said in his letter, "never once. It can cause you no loss to sever the tie that was never really bound."

She thought and thought. Should she be magnanimous? Her hand grasped the pen that was to write the answering message. Douglas could never be hers. Her own coldness had estranged him forever. Margaret's glorious face came before her; she pictured it alight with mother-love, and Douglas by her side. Oh, surely she must make the sacrifice. But—there was a curious smile on her face as she rang for her maid and despatched the message.

* * * * * * * * * *

In reply to Margaret's eager glance—for Douglas had not been strong enough to keep from her the news that he hoped to arrange matters—he shook his head. No answer yet had come. But Margaret was as happy as a child. The two walked together daily in the sweet-scented fields and again their love had no alloy.

A peasant brought the message when Douglas was out. Margaret hastily tore it open. She kissed it before opening it.

"My child's salvation," she murmured.

Then she read it. There were two words: "In December."

When Douglas came back, he found Margaret holding in her hand the cable message. There was a stony look on her face. When she saw him, she held out the paper. He read it and then threw his hat in the air like a boy just told of a coming holiday.

"Why, it will be all right, darling," he said, "we'll be married in the new year."

But she did not answer his smile with its duplicate.

"Why wait till December?" she questioned, "when—did you tell her it would be in September? It's only July now."

As his face fell, her own brightened. She threw her arms around his neck.

"Never mind, love!" she cried, "as I sowed, so I reap. And I don't regret it, only—"

Then she checked herself, and said instead: "But why doesn't she get the divorce right away? Can you fancy?"

Probably Douglas knew. —*The Moralist.*

A lady, thoroughly competent; excellent musician, speaks French and German, offers her services all or part of time, as teacher, companion or chaperone to young lady. Reference, ten years teaching in this city.

Address for further particulars "Teacher," care of *Town Talk*.

A BUNCH OF WESTERN NETTLES

by ELWYN HOFFMAN

II.

A LARKISH LEGEND

Once on a time, a simple little wight
Conceived the funny notion he could write.
And, worst of all, chose verse to bear his thought,
So wooed the Muses and their favor sought.
The wight's conceit so tickled all the Nine
They laughed until the tears bedimmed their shine,
And as with one accord at once conspired
To give the wight the glory he desired.

So happ'ed it, when they answered his request
For transport to th' high Olympian crest,
They told him (hiding laughter on the side,)
That they with winged steeds were ill supplied;
Each Pegasus was busy day and night
Transporting other bardlings into light.
"But stay!" said they, "if you *must* travel now
Why not attempt the journey on a cow?"

"A cow?" The simple wight was illy pleased:
Yet even this forlorn hope gladly seized;
"Bring on your cow!" he cried, "or wild or tame
I'll mount the beast, for I'm a-thirst for Fame!"
The cow was brought; but first 'twas dipped into
A good, fast dye, of brilliant purple hue,
(The Sacred Nine, exulting in their lark,
Thinking that purple would cause most remark,)
And thus resplendent, on the bovine's back
The wight set forth along the upper track.

The Sacred Nine then went their sacred ways
Sure that the wight and cow ere many days
They'd see returning. "For," they reasoned, "how
Could he ascend Olympus on a cow?
A winged steed can barely make the height;
How may a purple bovine with a wight?"
But time sped by, and neither wight nor cow
Was seen returning. Then upon the brow
Of broad Olympus, (where they'd gone one day
To transact business in the usual way.)
The sacred Nine were much amazed to see
The simple wight, with half a laurel tree,
Thumbing with all his strength upon his lyre
But breaking now and then his song's sweet fire
To spurn with fretful foot and words profane
The purple cow bound to him with a chain!

The Sacred Nine no sooner had espied
This curious sight than to the minstrel's side
They quickly flew. "And so you're here!" cried they;
"Let us congratulate you, if we may.
Considering the humble way you came
You're most deserving, sir, of all your fame!
But tell us,"—and they sniggered—"tell us how
It happens that you're fettered to the cow?"
At this interrogation rose the wight
And eastward flung his lyre with all his might,
And after he'd relieved his wrathful soul
By fearful language, managed to control
His voice enough to tell them how it came
They found him thus upon the heights of Fame.
"You see," he said, "when we came into sight
We gave the gods a spasm of delight.

" 'Ho! Ho!' they cried, 'a bard upon a cow!
Come nymphs and naiads, deck his noble brow,
And give him welcome, all ye sons of light—
Here's something new for our enraptured height;'
So I dismounted; but when I was fain
To send the cow back to its lower plain
A mighty roar went up from that vast throng;
'Nay! Nay!' they cried, 'to do that would be wrong!
But for the cow you'd ne'er have reached us, bard:
The cow must stay—'tis but her just reward.'
And so, you see, they bound us with a chain
For fear, no doubt, that I would try again
To send her back. And so the cow and I
Live on together here. * * Ah, well, I try
To be content, for I've my lyre, you see.
Which cheers me always; and my laurel tree—"
He turned around, then shouted, black of brow:
"She's ate my laurels up! O *curse* the cow!"

STAGE

Why the Orpheum Pays

I often used to wonder why so many people say they prefer to go to the Orpheum to any other theatre but I do not wonder any more. It is not because you are always sure of seeing something good there—I have seen many a poor show at the Orpheum. It is because mental relaxation is more easily obtained by sitting through a vaudeville program than by spending the same amount of time at a play. When the ear is tired of listening to a coon shouter, or the brain weary of trying to grasp the point of a playlet's dialogue or a monologist's jokes, there is always the audience to fall back upon. And an Orpheum audience is always interesting. There are so many faces, and no two ever bear the same expression. This week the bill is a good one. Picolo's liliputians are a mine of entertainment. They are dear little midgets and as clever as if their bodies matched their brains. Their wrestling match is as good as any Olympic athletes could do. Joe Welch, the monologue man, needs to be heard more than once to be appreciated. His Yiddish stories are worthy of preservation. Ritter's trained dogs go through several clever acts. Elizabeth Murray is as popular as she was on her last visit. The Aglos are remarkable equilibrists. The Orpheum road show is indeed a talented aggregation.

Through the Week

Minnie Seligman's portrayal of Clorinda Wildairs in "The Lady of Quality," a character so utterly different from Carmen, is quite as strong in its particular lines as was the latter. She is best perhaps in the later scenes, where Clorinda's womanly attributes shine forth so clearly.

"There never was a minute when Auntie wasn't in it." and there never is a minute when the audience is not laughing at the amusing situations in "Charley's Aunt." Its laugh-raising power has not dimmed in the years that have passed since its birth.

"Little Red Riding Hood" with its changed specialties is still a money-maker at the Tivoli.

Georgie Cooper is making herself a great favorite with the Central audiences just as she did at the Alcazar. She reminds one very much of Ada Deaves and I should not be surprised if the former were to follow closely in the successful footsteps of the latter. Their talent is much on the same lines.

An Undutiful Son

Count Leo Tolstoi, son of the great fakir Tolstoi, recently made his debut as a playwright at the New Theatre, St. Petersburg, in a piece which he called "Nights of Folly." It is said to have been incoherent and poorly constructed, and to show no promise. Count Leo had the bad taste to go out of his way to cast ridicule on his father, and this lack of filial respect prejudiced his audience. In another respect his experience duplicated that of the elder count, who once read portions of one of his works to some of the peasantry, but while the tears coursed down his checks at the pathos of his passages, the auditors found only cause for boisterous laughter. Similarly, in "Nights of Folly," the situations were so poorly presented that what the author intended to cause tears produced a laugh.

An Energetic London Manager

A San Francisco friend of Charles Wyndham says that he is positive there is no truth in the rumor that the Piccadilly manager is to resign in favor of a younger director and divide his time between New York and London. "He will die in harness, I am sure," said Wyndham's local friend, "for he could not live happily out of it." Wyndham has many acquaintances in San Francisco, particularly in the Bohemian club, of which he is an honorary member. He is one of the most successful managers in the world, yet he started with a capital of only three hundred dollars. During his twenty-three years in charge of the Criterion theatre but two productions were failures. Those were plays by Henry Arthur Jones. The mediaeval play by Parker, "The Jest," was a partial failure, but Wyndham believed in it and revived it later at his new playhouse. Only twice in his life has he underestimated a play's value. Four times did he refuse "The Candidate," the adaptation of "Le Depute de Bombignac," before acceptance, and he saw nothing in "The Tyranny of Tears" to warrant production under his management. Wyndham admires Shakespeare but feels that it doesn't do to produce his plays, because he fears to jeopardize the fortune he has made.

Not a Good Market

A correspondent in one of the local weeklies recently made the observation that Chicago and San Francisco were the best show towns for off-color farces. Now I don't know anything about Chicago in this respect but evidently this correspondent has never visited a San Francisco playhouse when an off-color farce was under discussion. As a rule the bedstead dramatic production has died here not because of police interference but because the public wouldn't go. "The Girl from Maxim's" died a lingering death, about a sixteenth of a house being present at the funeral. It is true "The Turtle" drew on its opening night but after that was a frost. "In Paradise" drew because though it was

Notice to Creditors.

Estate of Carl Peter Schulz also called Charles Brown also called Charles Philibert Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. BOLAND, Administrator of the Estate of Carl Peter Schulz, also called Charles Brown, also called Charles Philibert deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business No. 238 Montgomery street, San Francisco the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

P. BOLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of Carl Peter Schulz, also called Charles Brown also called Charles Philibert Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, January 4th, 1902.

M. C. HASSETT, Attorney for Administrator,
308-10-12 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

DIVIDEND NOTICES

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, 222 Sansome street, has declared, for the six months ending December 31, 1901, a dividend of 8 per cent per annum on Classes "A" and "F" stock, 6 per cent on term deposits and 5 per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes. WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb. For the half year ending with the 31st of December, 1901, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and forty-two one-hundredths (3 42-100) per cent on term deposits and three (3) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1902. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street. For the half year ending with December 31st, 1901, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent per annum on all deposits free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1902. GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY, corner California and Montgomery Sts. For the six months ending December 31st, 1901, dividends have been declared on Deposits in the Savings Department of this Company as follows: On Term Deposits, at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits, at the rate of 3 per cent per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1902. Dividends uncalled for are added to the principal and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 1, 1902. J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO.—For the half year ending December 31, 1901, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1902. GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

"THE GIANT POWDER COMPANY, CON. A dividend No. 37, of Seventy-five Cents (75c.) per share on the issued capital stock of the Company has been declared payable at the office of the Company, 435 California Street, San Francisco, on January 10th, 1902. Transfer books close January 3rd, 1902, at noon.

A. A. SPARKS, Secretary."

OFFICE of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, corner Market McAllister and Jones streets, San Francisco, December 30, 1901.—At a regular meeting of the board of directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-eighth (3⅛) per cent per annum, on all deposits for the six months ending December 31, 1901. Free from all taxes and payable on and after January 2, 1902. ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 222 Montgomery street, Mills Building.—For the half year ending December 31, 1901, dividends on term deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of three (3) per cent per annum free of taxes, will be payable on and after January 2, 1902.

S. L. ABBOT JR., Secretary.

risque it was clever, and Mary Van Buren's delicate handling of the principal role redeemed it from vulgarity. "Never Again" was another Frenchy farce that bordered on the risque but was not coarse because it was so clever. But I have seen any number of broad farces put on at the local theatres and killed by the heavy frosts that struck them after their premiers. San Francisco audiences are tolerant. They will receive with friendliness many mediocre shows because perhaps there are one or two good features in them that call for applause. But they object to vulgarity. A vaudeville performer was once hissed off the stage because she ventured a coarse witticism. No, decidedly that correspondent erred in dubbing San Francisco a good show town for the off-color farce.

Attractions Next Week

It is many years since "Henry VIII" was presented here, and its revival by Madame Modjeska and Henry James is consequently rendered the more interesting. The great Shakespearean drama has almost the effect of a novelty. It is a play that calls for elaborate mounting and gorgeous scenery. Modjeska plays Katherine; James, Wolsey. It is a mistake of Wagenhals and Kemper's press agent in saying that "upwards of a decade" has passed since the drama was produced in this country, for it was given here only a few years ago with Frederick Warde as Wolsey. "Henry VIII" will be next week's bill at the Columbia. Supporting Modjeska and James are many fine actors, and a chorus of trained voices is a feature, as is the instrumental music, written and arranged by Carl Busch, conductor of the Kansas City Philharmonic orchestra.

For the last week of Minnie Seligman's engagement at the Grand Opera House, beginning next Monday evening, a double bill will be presented. Carrano's dramatization of "Cavalleria Rusticana" will be given, the play in which Alexander Salvini scored one of the greatest successes of his career. The whole action of the play is short, terrific and fascinating. Preceding this play W. S. Gilbert's version of "Comedy and Tragedy" will be produced, the play in which Mary Anderson was so successful and which was considered one of the best drawing cards in her repertory. With two such strong attractions the last week of Miss Seligman's engagement shoud be her largest.

"Red Riding Hood" at the Tivoli, now in its third week, will be seen again next week and possibly for another. New songs are to be added and the dances changed and brightened. Hartman has a new joke or two to provoke the risibles of the audience, and will sing his songs, "I'm Tired," and "When Mister Shakespeare Comes to Town." Following the holiday piece, comes a regal production of Frank Daniels' "The Ameer," which was seen here some months ago. Among the favorites who will appear in the new production are Anna Lichter, the soprano so popular at this house, Frances Graham, the contralto, and Harold Gordon, a new tenor, late of the Southwell St. Louis company.

There is no play containing more heart-reaching qualities than "The Wife," which will be the Alcazar's bill next week. David Belasco wrote "The Wife," in collaboration with H. C. De Mille, and none of his later plays have struck this from the list of popular dramas. Juliet Crosby will be Mrs. Ives, a role she has played before. George Osbourne returns to the company, in the part of Silas Truman. Mr. Alsop will be the senator and Mr. Rutherford the private secretary. The full strength of the company will be in the cast.

Leonard Grover's old favorite, "Lost in New York," will be the Central's bill next week. Georgie Cooper has the role of the tank heroine, who performs a great swimming feat.

One of the most interesting personages in vaudeville is Jacques Inaudi, who will make his first appearance in this city at the Orpheum tomorrow. His act is principally "figure juggling," impossible to describe, as it is a repition of extraordinary mathematical calculations. Eddie Girard, of "Natural Gas" fame, and Jessie Gardner, a vivacious comedienne, will present their farcical hit, "The Soubrette and the Cop." The three Westons, musical artists of acknowledged reputation, will present a pleasing act, and Alf. Holt, a whistling and mimetic comedian, will make his first appearance here. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Crane, who scored such a success in "A Happy Pair," will return for one week with a new playette, and Jessie Dale, the girl baritone, will also reappear. —*The Playgoer.*

AMUSEMENTS

Grand Opera House—Special!

Friday Afternoon, Jan 10, at 3:15 Sharp

SECOND SYMPHONY CONCERT

Under the Auspices of the

San Francisco Symphony Society

PAUL STEINDORFF, Director

Orchestra of Fifty-five Musicians Giulio Minetti, Concertmeister

RESERVED SEATS . . . . $1.50; $1.00; 75c. and 50c.

On sale at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s Tuesday Morning, January 7, at nine o'clock. LAST CONCERT FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JAN. 17.

Orpheum

O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee Jan. 5th

Jacques Inaudi Eddie Girard and Jessie Gardner The Three Westons
Alf. Holt Jessie Dale Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Crane The Biograph Ritter's Trained Dogs and Picolo's Liliputians

Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

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Week Beginning Monday Evening Next

MINNIE SELIGMAN

In a Grand Double Bill of

"CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA"
By A. Carrano and

"COMEDY AND TRAGEDY"
By W. S Gilbert

Popular Prices: 10, 15, 25, 50, 75c. Good Orchestra Seat all Matinees 25c

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Alcazar

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Week Beginning January 6

David Belasco and Henry C. De Mille's great society and political play

"THE WIFE"

Reappearance of George Osbourne, as Silas Truman

Regular Matinees Saturday and Sunday

Seats on sale six days in advance Prices—15c, 25c, 35c, 50c & 75c

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COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER

Beginning Next Monday, January 6

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"HENRY VIII"

The most complete, sumptuous and scholastic production ever shown in this city

The King of Yap

David O'Keeffe, the King of Yap in the Caroline islands is dead. When O'Keeffe landed at Yap thirty years ago the cannibal natives thought him a demigod on account of his white skin and made him their King.—*Daily paper.*

The King of Yap is dead, the chief
His people thought too good for beef
Adored him in their native Yap
Nor served him corned scrap by scrap;
Saltpetre did not save O'Keeffe.

That mystic isle he held in feof,
A little god in Yap's belief;
An Irish god may fill a gap
Be King of Yap.

Yap's kingdom is not cribbed by reef
Of Southern seas. 'Tis common grief
That everywhere tongues yap and scrap;
Its kingdom covers all the map;
On Babel's tower the first O'Keeffe
Was King of Yap.

AUTOLYCUS.

The Ancestor's Club

Scene, audience chamber of the Very Exclusive and Recherche Women's Ancestors club, during a discussion over the advisability of admitting certain ladies to membership.

The President: I move that we blackball Mrs. Newly Borne without question. It is well known that her grandfather, though he fought in the War, was in private life only a grocery clerk. There is such a thing as drawing the line, you know.

The Secretary: What about Mrs. Millioned Dull?

The Vice-President: She is eminently correct—why, she has seven millions and one of the loveliest houses in town. She will give four large card-parties this season.

The Secretary: But she has no ancestors.

The President: Surely she had a father, and he had a father?

The Secretary: Yes, but they were both scavengers. She inherited their money, went abroad and has now returned to try and wedge into society through *us*. I certainly will resign if Mrs. Dull comes in.

The Vice-President: And *I*, if she is blackballed.

The Treasurer: Seven millions!

The Directors: Four card parties!

The Secretary: I'll surely resign (puts on her wrap and hat, and goes out).

The Directors: Who's *she* to be so particular?

The Treasurer: She was a girl in a store before her marriage, a nobody.

The President: But her breed is unquestionable. She has two bona fide Revolutionary ancestors.

The Treasurer: But she hasn't a nickel!

The Directors: And such *pride*—it is sickening.

The President: Well, what shall we do about Mrs. Dull? I fear we can't get over the father and grandfather. She's impossible!

The Vice-President: Very well, I must then resign. Mrs. Dull is my most intimate friend.

The Directors: Seven millions!

The Treasurer: I move Mrs. Dull be admitted.

The President: And our Secretary—Miss Abigail Brinckerhoff Van Rensslaer Van Houten Washington Brown?

The Directors: Let her go.

The President: But her name gave *such* a tone to our little club.

The Treasurer: But Mrs. Dull's money will help us out when we get stuck.

The President: Well, do as you please.

The Vice-President: Thank you, ladies. (Goes out with a smile.)

The Directors: I wonder how much *she* got for standing sponsor to Mrs. Dull? —*The Stenographer.*

Red Room Reveries

"Yes," said the first ghost, looking out from his frame, "times have changed since we formed that little club down town." A huge sigh shook the canvas.

"You're right," said the second ghost, "and I'm sort of glad I shuffled off before the old place turned into a society salon."

The big umbrella laughed so that every red lantern rattled on its skeleton.

"Bohemia is not what it used to be." (The voice came from the armor in the corner.)

"Too many woman," growled the owl.

"Yes, and I don't like it. As soon as you let the petticoats in, that spirit of freedom flies—and without liberty what's the good of a club?"

"Women bosh!" spoke up a gay red devil in one of the pictures, "it's money that's spoiled it all. Why, ever since they let in the moneyed men the place has been metamorphosed into a Chamber of Commerce. Where we used to smile down at a host of men dining simply but enjoying themselves like boys, now that umbrella frequently covers a lot of women in low gowns and diamonds, and men in swallow tails and wide white shirt fronts. Decorations costing thousands of dollars cover the table and gallons of champagne are swallowed. It's money talking."

"But if it weren't for the moneyed element, the club would die," suggested the sleek looking original of one of the portraits

"Die your grandmother!" sneered the red devil, "better dead than as it is now. Why, in a little while there won't be a vestige of the old set left. Where now are those merry spirits that used to gather round the fire in this room, sing songs and crack jokes? Where are they, I say?"

"Frozen out," quoth the man in armor with a cackle.

"Gone home to meditate on what used to be and what is now," sadly observed the owl.

"Shut up! Quick, here comes the supper party," cautioned the umbrella.

In swept two dozen sleek youths and pretty girls in full evening attire, and sat themselves down under the umbrella.

"Oh, I do so love to dine here," said the tall blonde, "it's so deliciously unrestrained and bohemian."

"Yes, Bohemia's a mighty nice place," drawled the boy at her side, "and all our set belongs here, you know. 'Tis quite the proper thing, you understand."

"What is a bohemian?" asked the tall blonde.

"A bohemian," replied the youth, "A bohemian is—well a bohemian is a bohemian or in other words a bohemian is a man with money who knows how to spend it. He may be either a successful plumber or a well fed artist who knows how to truckle to the rich."

A whirring sound startled the diners, and a noise like a sob evoked the exclamation: "What's that?"

"The wind shaking the windows," said a waiter.

But the old owl was flapping his wings in despair and all the ghostly forms on the walls were bathed in sighs.

THE OLD BOHEMIAN.

Josef Hoffman, the great pianist, comes to the Columbia in the latter part of this month and will give two matinee recitals. These will be his first appearances here.

Irene Everett is a widow, her husband, Dave Hayman, having died last week. Will the handsome Irene's widowhood mean her permanent return to the stage she has only occasionally graced since her marriage?

Announcement.

ON JANUARY 1st

Pacific Tool & Supply Co.

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A cordial invitation is extended to our friends and the public to call and inspect the new premises.

MUSIC

The Synphony Concert

There should be a very large attendance at the second symphony concert under Paul Steindorff's direction. It is dated for next Friday afternoon, January 10th, at a quarter after three o'clock. Now that the holidays are over, society and amusement-seekers in general are able to interest themselves in other matters than those that have held the floor during the past four weeks. I expect to see a big crowd at the Grand Opera House next Friday. The Beethoven symphony, No. 5, in C minor, will be the piece de resistance of the program, but there will be other delightful numbers—the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," a symphonic poem by Saint-Saens, the scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and an overture by Lassen, which is entirely new here. Seats will be on sale Tuesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.

Emil Steinegger in Europe

Emil Steinegger writes that he has just returned to Vienna from a two weeks' trip to Switzerland. He has no intention as yet of coming back to San Francisco, as he has quite a class of pupils in Vienna. Three of these are Leschetitzky's pupils, who are studying harmony with Mr. Steinegger. The latter's time is devoted mostly to the study of composition and it is possible that he may produce an operetta before he returns to America. He expects to take a few months' course under Mascagni, beginning next May. While in Vienna Mr. Steinegger has studied with Leschtitzky, Dr. Karl Mawratil, Baron Murpurgo and Robert Fuchs. Fuchs is acknowledged to be the first teacher of composition in Vienna. He is at the head of the Royal Conservatorium.

Church Music

Musical affairs during the past week have been confined to the churches, with their Christmas services and special music. Concerts have come to a stand-still for the time being, and holiday matters have taken their places. There have been splendid programs in many of the churches, big and little, and across the bay. Elizabeth Westgate, in two of the churches in which she directs the music, has given special music of a high character, with fine talent to assist. In the First Presbyterian church of Alameda the Christmas services were held on the twenty-second with the following choir: Mrs. Chas. Allardyce, Miss Georgie Cope, Mr. Edward Thornton, Mr. Horatio Cogswell; Miss Elizabeth Westgate, organist and director. Samuel Adelstein of this city rendered a lute solo, as well as playing an obligato to the tenor solo. In the Unitarian church, at the vesper service, the program was carried entirely by male voices, those who took part being the Messrs. E. D. Crandall, E. H. McCandlish, Lowell Redfield, and Dr. H. P. Carlton; Miss Westgate, organist and director.

On Christmas dav St. Andrew's Cathedral in Honolulu had an elaborate musical service. It began with a Christmas trio for violin, organ and piano, followed by the carol, "It came upon the midnight air" (Sullivan), solo by Mrs. Tenny. The Te Deum by H. M. Dow was sung by sixteen male voices, the tenor solos being taken by Clifford Kimball. The Jubilate, by G. W. Warren, included a solo by Mrs. C. B. Cooper and a quartet. The anthem from Dr. H. J. Stewart's "The Nativity" was given, Arthur C. Wall singing the tenor recitative and T. C. Davies the bass solo. The harp accompaniment running through the anthem was rendered on the piano by J. Tarn McGrew, in addition to organ accompaniment. Wray Taylor drilled the choir.

Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt, whose long illness has kept her from public work of any sort for some weeks past, has so far recovered that her physician has consented to her taking part in musical matters again. The series of recitations recently announced will be given by Mrs. Mansfeldt and Hugo Mansfeldt, with the assistance of prominent local talent, on the dates announced, with programs of more than ordinary interest. Mrs. Mansfeldt's reappearance in public work will be greeted with pleasure by musical circles.

The Saturday club of Sacramento gave its one hundred and seventeenth recital on December 21st, with the usual fine program of which Mrs. Emil Steinmann was the director for this occasion. The following members took part: Mesdames J. A. Moynahan, Egbert Brown, W. C. Collis, Frances Moeller, and W. H. Dunster, Misses Rae Bruning, May Omerod, Kate Winn, Eda Quire, Frances Connelly, Dierssen, Minnie Rowley, Elizabeth Taylor, Helen Sunderland Howe, Mamie C. Barrett, Minnie Cantrell,, and Pearl E. Jost, with the following outside talent: Messrs. Egbert Brown, Edgar Coffman, Jerome C. Carroll, and H. Bradley Smith.

Little Enid Brandt is at work on her next season's repertoire, and is including Beethoven, for whom she has developed a great love, in her list. She is also attending strictly to school studies under private teachers, and takes a portion of every day for hearty, healthy play, like other well-regulated children of her age. Nexe year the question of a tour is to be considered, but for the present she will remain in Sacramento.

Alma Stencel in London

It is not enough that Alma Stencel has set all Berlin by the ears with her wonderful achievements, but London has caught the fever, and on her return to America, a telegram met the young artist at New York, asking her to recross the big pond at once for an important engagement in London. Probably no pianist of her age has ever attained greater heights in so short a time, and her popularity grows with every public performance. Much has been said of the whys and wherefores concerning the rapid development of the young pianiste, some attributing it to an extraordinary talent, but few giving the credit where it really belongs. The truth of the matter is that this same little Alma is wonderfully ambitious and realizing that half the battle lies with herself, applies herself diligently to hard work in the form of unceasing and rgeular practice. It is the best sort of a lesson to young piano students, who, desiring in their hearts to really amount to something, lack the mental stamina to carry out their good intentions and are wearied of well doing where practice is concerned. There is no truer saying than "Practice makes perfect," and the example of it lies in the wonderful accomplishments of Alma Stencel, who, at the age of thirteen enjoys an almost world-wide reputation. It is uncertain in the face of this London engagement when the Stencel party will be able to return to the United States for the contemplated tour here.

"A Constant Reader" takes exceptions to the omission of some of the names of musicians whom she considers more important than those mentioned in the Christmas edition of *Town Talk*. The "Constant Reader" does not stop to consider probably that, were all the really worthy musicians mentioned, several pages of space would be consumed, even though one did not go at all into detail. The article in question was in the main historical, and the names mentioned in that portion of it devoted to the history of musical matters in early days were those of pioneers in music who have

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been identified with music in San Francisco ever since there has been such a thing as music in the town. Some of our best musicians are, comparatively speaking, newcomers, Mr. Tolmie, whom the lady mentions in her letter, being just as important as many another, but not so long a resident as some who were mentioned. It is a matter of congratulation that we have so many fine musicians in our midst, but it would take a special edition of some hundred or more pages to speak at length of all those who really deserve mention.

Jean de Reszke, who is one of the wealthiest opera singers in the world, has in his private residence in the rue de la Faisanderie in Paris a private theatre, with a stage, where he can rehearse at his leisure the roles in which he later appears before the admiring public. He has also been heard to declare in a whimsical manner that it will be quite useful for teaching purposes in the event of his voice leaving him, though that unhappy period is not anticipated for some years to come. He is now busily engaged in the preparation of the French version of "Siegfried," which will be produced at the Paris Grand Opera House before long.

For the benefit of some of *Town Talk's* readers, who are interested and were not long since making inquiries about this very subject, I quote the following from the *Courier*, which, in turn, has quoted from the New York *Sun:* "Signor Sonzogno, whose prize of ten thousand dollars, offered for the best opera by an Italian, was won by Mascagni with 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' has now offered a similar prize for the best one-act opera in any language. He offers to produce the successful work at his own expense at Milan on the occasion of the international exhibition in 1904." Here is a chance for some of our California talent to win laurels for his country. Nothing venture, nothing have, and ten thousand dollars are worth trying for.

The musical program at the Olympic club's Christmas day reception included selections by an excellent orchestra, carols by choristers from St. Luke's, songs by Mrs. Blanchard, Donald Graham and Mr. Van Linghem, piano solos by Miss Fullah.

Mrs. Arthur Franklin Bridge, who returned not long since from study with Dr. Curtis in New York, has removed her vocal studio to 2232 Broadway, where she will receive pupils till further notice. —*The Music Critic.*

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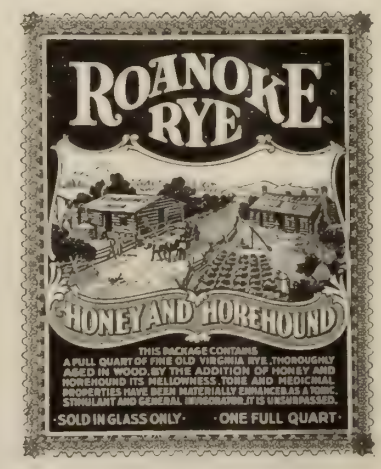

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This year's edition will embrace in departments San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, San Rafael, Sausalito, Sacramento, Stockton, San Jose, San Mateo, Burlingame, Palo Alto, Los Angeles, San Diego, Army and Navy, Personnel of the Press, Theatre Diagrams, San Francisco Calling List by Streets; Membership, with addresses of all the clubs; Winter Guests at the Leading Hotels, San Francisco Street and Avenue Guide, Street Car Routes, Shopping Guide, etc., etc. The Alphabetical List will contain the names, addresses, reception days, private telephones and country residences of the most prominent families. The compilation, printing, binding, paper and art work, will be the very best in quality, workmanship and careful scrutiny. The large advance subscription list already secured attests the growing popularity of this publication, and in this connection we have the highest indorsement of the most prominent business houses by their patronage in advertisements. Address all changes in address, etc , to

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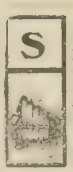

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LETTERS

Two Volumes of Poetry

It is with mingled feelings that one reads "Turquoise and Iron," Lionel Josephare's new book of poetry. The title is an apt one in more than a single sense, for in the subject matter of the volume there are contrasts fully as striking as that implied in its strange title. Lionel Josephare is undoubtedly a poet. He has passion, imagination, language and an ear for verbal harmony. On the other hand, he lacks restraint and is too frequently crude and commonplace. His verse irritates as often as it charms. True, latter-day art affects to deny the existence of the ideal and even glorifies the ugly, claiming that the main thing is the expression of the artist's personality. I do not care to discuss this phase of the question, but will venture to assert that in poetic art at least the form counts for much. Beauty of imagery, nobility of expression, melody of line are no more than the fit embodiment of any poetic thought worthy of the name. Mr. Josephare's figures of speech are often most unfortunate. Instead of ennobling, embellishing, or clarifying the thought his images too frequently trifle with it, degrade it, or distort it. Thus in "The Winged Heart" he says, "Softly fare thou, bleeding ace," a trivial metaphor suggestive of a game of cards. On the next pages, "The tinctured rose 'gan unfurl its folios." Who can resist the image of a big book? The beautiful picture of the opening flower is rudely pushed aside and hopelessly distorted. A little farther on,—

> Bells, shake out your iron flowers
> Rubbing, chiming from the towers,
> Let your black, melodious blossoms float about these dismal bowers.

Here a fine and original idea is positively shattered by that wretched word *rubbing*, which is worse than meaningless—it is brutal. It is like flinging a stone at a beautiful statue, a comparison which is suggested to me by the second poem in Mr. Josephare's book. Mr. Josephare has no need to demolish his statues, but he has need to study the best masters of verse and not to spare that labor which makes for excellence in poetry as in other things. Mr. Josephare has power. He shows none of that utter flabbiness, feebleness and inanity that make so much later verse a weariness to the soul. His faults are those of youth and inexperience with perhaps a Whitman-like scorn for polish and propriety. And whether by accident or design he occasionally gives us a nearly flawless passage, such as the following from "The Enchanted Night":

> And forget me not
> When the night birds fly
> Through the haunted grot,
> When the satin moon is in the sapphire sky
> And the nightingale makes Heaven's waiting harps reply.

The writer is unusually happy in some of his more unpretending lyrics such as Half-Past Eleven, Ballade of the Natural Heart, Madeline, The Suicide and others. [A. M. Robertson, publisher.]

It is no misuse of a hackneyed word to call Grace Hibbard's "California Violets" dainty. The epithet applies equally well to the little purple and white flower-bespent cover and to the fragrant little poems inside. Strong they certainly are not, but is it not enough that a violet is sweet?

> Because you mirror the skies,
> In color of heaven's own blue.
> For your sweet and dainty selves,
> Violets, I love you.

we may well say in the words of the prelude. The following charming little thing will give a fair idea of the mood and manner of the greater number:

DANDELION DOWN

> Where are you winging, ghost of a flower?
> You seemed but a star in the spring-tide bright.
> Where are you wafting, drifting, floating,
> Down of a flower, feathery white?
>
> You'll frighten roses with thoughts of dying,
> They'll shiver and shudder at you so white:
> You've found your wings soft-tipped with silver
> And spirit-like drift in the pale moonlight.
>
> Oh, cease your wanderings, wraith of a flower
> Oh, hide yourself in the soft, brown mould,
> And another spring-time the sun will kiss thee
> Back to a star-like blossom of gold.

—*The Bookworm.*

Leaders of the ton prefer Chapin & Gore's old Reserve Bourbon and Rye Whiskies to any other brands.

The well known Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra has re-opened for the Fourth Season, 1901-1902. To guarantee promptness, all engagements must be made at the Studio, 718 Post street. Telephone Polk 1575. School hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m

Notice To Creditors

Estate of Annie Griffin also known as Anne Griffin, formerly Annie Kenny.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the offices of Lent & Humphrey Rooms 167 and 168 Crocker Building, corner of Post and Market streets, City and County of San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

PETER C. YORKE,
Executor of the last will and testament of Annie Griffin, also known as Anne Griffin, formerly Annie Kenny, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, December 28th, 1901.
Lent & Humphrey, Attorneys-at-law,
167-168 Crocker Bldg.

NOTICE TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE PACIFIC COLONIAL SHIP COMPANY

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a resolution of the Board of Directors of the Pacific Colonial Ship Co., a corporation, unanimously and duly adopted at a meeting of the Board of Directors duly and regularly held at the office of said Company, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 30th day of December, 1901, a special meeting of the stockholders of the said Pacific Colonial Ship Co., will be held at the office of the Company in Room 21 in that certain building known as No. 416-418 California Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being the principal place of business of the said corporation, and being the place or building where the Board of Directors of said corporation usually meet, on Monday the 3rd day of March 1902, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M.; said meeting of stockholders will be held for the purpose of determining whether or not the capital stock of said Pacific Colonial Ship Co., shall be diminished to the sum or amount of Fifty thousand ($50,000) Dollars.

Dated San Francisco, December 30th 1901.

D. F. EWART,
Secretary of the Pacific Colonial Ship Co., a corporation.

Notice of Intention to Change Principal Place of Business

Office of the Economic Oil Burner Company,
No. 139 First Street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Economic Oil Burner Company, a corporation, having its principal place of business at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, intends to change the same from said City and County of San Francisco, to the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, and that a meeting of the Directors of said Corporation for the purpose of making said change will be held at the office of said corporation, on Monday the 27th day of January, 1902, at the hour of one P. M. of said day.

Dated December 27th, 1901

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

ATTEST:
J. E. LARSON, President. J. J. BURKE, Secretary.

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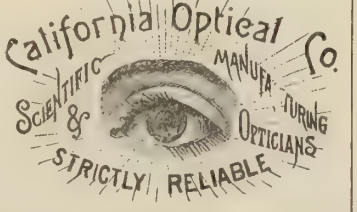

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Some Social History

What a romance—that "Handsome Bob Jewett" should have fallen heir to nearly a million dollars! Nearly thirty years ago he was a young clerk in his brother's furniture store in Broadway, Oakland, and at any time in the day might have been seen about the store in his shirt sleeves, but always with his stove pipe hat, for Bob was a lady killer even in those days and the eternal feminine was always sure of a sweet smile or a complimentary remark whenever chance favored, and trust Bob to make the chance. Then came his first public affair—which shocked all Oakland. It was a story of a young girl, a marriage certificate that was pretty to look at—a three weeks' stay in San Francisco—and then—fresh fields and pastures new for both of them. The lady's father died, some say his heart was broken—she came to San Francisco and quickly became a belle of the half world. Here she met a man whose satiated fancy was captivated by her youth and beauty, and she lost no time in placing herself under his protection. His life went out in the waters of the bay—and she again became an habitue of the half-world. Again she captivated the fancy of an elderly man—this time a widower with one son. With a faith that was only equaled by his infatuation the man made the gay demi mondaine a proposition and solemnly swore to his part of it before the woman's family. "If you," said he, "will go to a convent in Montreal and remain there for one year, living a secluded and virtuous life, I will pay all expenses, and marry you when the year is up." He was as good as his word. He made the sport of wealthy men "an honest woman" once again. I often wonder if she did not find her respectability galling and a trifle irksome at times.

It was at the zenith of the popularity of the Clara Morris type of plays when Jeffreys Lewis played the adventuress Countess Zicka and Forget-Me-Not—when Clara Morris harrowed the soul of every woman with a past she fain would conceal, yet could not, by playing "Raymonde," and the woman of the scarlet letter sat with the ermine of married respectability over her breast and watched the play while a host of her old-time Oakland acquaintances, yes—even some of her girlhood's friends in the peaceful convent of the Sacred Heart, all sat there and watched her—saw her soul looking out in agony through her eyes as the woman on the stage was morally flayed alive for a life that was a counterpart of what her own life had been.

But it must be that the fetters of respectable married life were chafing. She flirted with her step-son, and even traveled in Europe with him. Her husband—with the shrewdness and the suspicion borne of his knowledge of what his wife had been before he married her—set detectives upon her track. Not to dwell too long upon the story, suffice to say that the woman left the man who tried to give her respectability and a name—and finally married the son of the firm to which her husband was in debt. And this circumstance was used to suppress the scandal of an open suit for divorce with her present husband as co-respondent.

A NEWSPAPER NOTE

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But Jewett? His life has been one long success. Shortly after his early affair he married the widow of a stock broker, the eldest daughter of an old-time candy manufacturer who for many years was a pillar in Methodist church circles. Then Bob fell heir to a seat in the San Francisco Call Board, or did his wife buy it for him with her first husband's money? At any rate, the furniture clerk became the stock broker and lived an ideally happy life with his wife in her elegant home in Oakland, until she died very suddenly. And Bob has fallen heir to a fortune! Time's changes are many.

THE RACONTEUR.

The Photographer Boasts

I know you all have heard
Of that monstrous King, Blue Beard,
Who killed the many maids he took to wife.
But his record wasn't in it
With mine for half a minute
I can't count the folk that I've "taken from life."

—LEAVENWORTH MACNAB.

The Limit

Boozer—"Well, I swore off on New Year's day."

Snoozer—"Swore off on what?"

Boozer—"On New Year's Day. But I'm going to drink every other day in the year."

Snoozer—"Well, I swore off for keeps."

Boozer—"Do you mean to say you're not going to drink any more?"

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—*The Josher.*

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SUMMONS IN DIVORCE

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 5

FLORENCE G. TILTON, Plaintiff
vs.
CHARLES O. TILTON, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:
CHARLES O. TILTON, Defendant

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of defendant's wilful neglect and wilful desertion of plaintiff also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

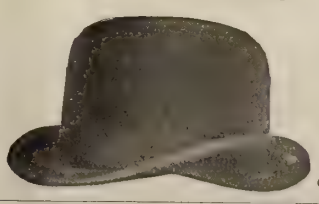
Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of October in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and one.

[SEAL.] WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.
By E M. THOMPSON, Deputy Clerk.

A. W. THOMPSON, Plaintiff's Attorney,
Rooms 567-568 Parrott Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

J. PORCHER

..Agents for..



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San Francisco, January 11, 1902

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CHARLES S. SMITH - Business Manager

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OUR OPINION

Roosevelt's Political Strategy

Ever since Theodore Roosevelt took the oath of office and promised to follow in the footsteps of his predecessor, it has been predicted by wise politicians in close touch with affairs in Washington that he would lock horns with the Senate. And the probability of his doing so filled many people with misgivings. Politicians and statesmen familiar with the machinery of government at Washington believe that a President cannot have a successful administration without kowtowing to the Senate. There are men in that autocratic body that exercise a tremendous influence on the affairs of the nation, and if they are not shown due deference by the Chief Magistrate they proceed to clog the wheels of legislation and harass the President at every turn. Now Teddy Roosevelt has the reputation of being an impetuous fellow with exceptional confidence in his ability to do things, and the supposition was that he would insist on ruling the roost, regardless of precedent and the deference due. But Roosevelt is not an inexperienced politician or a verdant statesman. He has played the game of politics ever since he left college. During his experience as a member of the Legislature of New York and as Governor of the State, he imbibed much technical knowledge. And the probability is that he will not find it necessary to truckle to the Senate. He has already done a few things which indicate that he is better than a raw hand in the game of politics. By placing Governor Shaw of Iowa in the Cabinet he has lured into his official fold the one man in the West who was regarded as a probable candidate for the Presidency in 1904, and at the same time he has won the enduring support in the Senate of Senator Allison, the father of the Senate, the chairman of the Republican senatorial caucus, and the greatest power in the Upper House. In appointing Payne to the Cabinet he won the support of Senator Spooner, one of the ablest men in the Senate. From the beginning he enjoyed the warm personal friendship of Senator Lodge, who is recognized as one of the most eminent statesmen in the country, and by clever tactics he has secured the allegiance of Aldrich of Rhode Island, chairman of the Committee on Finance. So Roosevelt has not been idle. He has been fortifying himself with the skill of an accomplished strategist. He has disarmed the men who might have proved his most powerful antagonists. And they are the men who can summon to his support the heaviest timber in the National Legislature. Teddy is surely a versatile chap. Rough riding is only one of his accomplishments.

The Spirit of Enterprise

Eastern Capital is looking with eager eye in this direction. The advice to young men of the East to go West and grow up with the country is as sound and wholesome as ever it was, and the young men are coming in greater numbers than ever before But their purpose is not to grow up with the country. They are coming to find enterprises in which to invest their money. The active, bustling business men of the East have become aware of the fact that San Francisco is a splendid field for investment, and that we of the Pacific coast are in sore need of a little new blood. They have discovered that we have fallen into the lazy habits of the Spaniards by whom this city was first settled, and that there are great opportunities here for hustlers with a little spare coin. They are going to show us how to get all that is coming to us in the strenuous Eastern way, and San Francisco is to be awakened from its lethargy. Old Rip Van Winkle Vining is to lose his job and our street railroads are to be operated in a manner calculated to evoke public enthusiasm. Old John Backnumber Stetson is to be sent away back, and no longer to be permitted to act as an obstacle to suburban development. The people of Marin county have reason to rejoice over the prospective abandonment of the silurian Stetson policy. Our old fogies who have been snoring at their desks east of Kearny street for nearly half a century have begun to rub their eyes and prepare to receive a few object lessons in modern business methods. We need no longer worry about the trade of the Pacific being diverted from this port. The infusion of new blood into our commercial arteries is bound to stimulate the spirit of enterprise which has been so long dormant. There is to be a loosening up all around, and our city will soon present the appearance of a wide-awake metropolis. The time is not far distant when we will be able to erect a sky-scraper in Market street in less than a year. Then perhaps we may have something to boast of other than the building of the *Oregon*.

Morgan's Good Example

Mr. Pierpont Morgan started the new year by a display of generosity unparalleled in the world of finance. He gave to each of his employes a year's

salary, and his gifts aggregated two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The recent industrial disturbances were not in vain. Mr. Morgan has always been regarded as the incarnation of materialism. He has devoted all his energies to the task of accumulating money, but within the past year his attention has been distracted. He has been induced to stop thinking of consolidation schemes and to ponder for awhile the claims and rights of less fortunate human beings. As a consequence we find the great strategist of Wall street in the role of a philanthropist. But his munificence was not prompted by the spirit of charity. Mr. Morgan is a man of unusual common sense. He has an adequate appreciation of the strength and power of Labor, and recent happenings have awakened him to a realization of the danger of inviting conflict between Capital and the masses. He deems it advisable to promote a more amicable relationship between the men that toil and those that appropriate to themselves the bulk of the profits of labor. In disbursing a quarter of a million dollars in New Year's gifts he merely yielded to his employes a greater share of their earnings than they have been accustomed to receive. He has given an example which other employers would do well to follow. It is the sort of an example which should tend to establish a more harmonious relationship between the plutocrats of the country and those that have done so much toward the material well-being of the nation. And in this era of unprecedented prosperity there is no occasion to marvel at such generosity as that of Morgan. We are today the most affluent of peoples. Morgan is not the only man who can give away a quarter of a million out of the profits of the year without being required to economize during the next twelve months.

Talk about Knee Breeches

Every little while the suggestion emanates from some quarter that men's evening clothes should be made more picturesque. And invariably it is followed by the supplementary suggestion that the knee breeches of black satin and silk should be restored to vogue. Usually it is from a sartorial source that the suggestion emanates. Such a radical change of style as would be effected if the knee breeches were introduced would necessitate the ordering of new garments for many wardrobes. There would be a great boom in the tailoring business. But the latest advocate of knee breeches for men is the *Ladies' Pictorial*. According to that journal, during the "Coronation year"—as the current twelvemonth is already called—there will be an attempt to introduce knee breeches for correct evening dress. "With these," says the *Pictorial*, "men would continue to wear the present claw-hammer coat, stiff-fronted shirt and tie, but fancy waistcoats will be encouraged." The same journal declares that "the King is very keen on picturesqueness," and that that is why there is believed to be foundation for the report that the knee breeches are likely to come into fashion once more. Well, perhaps the Britishers are intent upon reviving the old fashion which is commended for its picturesqueness, and which enables proud man to exhibit his well-turned calf in public, but we are quite sure that there is not a sufficient number of Harry Lehrs in this country to popularize that style of raiment. The King may be "keen on picturesqueness," but he can't influence Americans in matters sartorial. There are a few that turn up their trousers, and there are some that wore a superfluous button on the waistcoat when Albert Edward was suffering from too much embonpoint, but the fashion never became general. No doubt many of our young athletes would like to parade their calves, and would therefore favor the introduction of knee breeches, but even in this land of athletes the spindleshank is more common than the shapely limb. Nothing could be more picturesque than Sam Shortridge or Horace Platt in knee breeches, but even the King could not tempt them to expose their nether extremities in silk stockings. We may safely rely on our national sense of humor to protect us from the threatened revival.

The Serial Story

Kipling has decided not to serialize his forthcoming novel, and this decision is taken as a pointer as to the future of the instalment story. It has been an open question for a number of years past, whether serializing hurt or helped a book. Opinions have been about equally divided, but publishers continued to negotiate for serial rights, so it was fair to conclude that the reading public wanted them. One publisher expressed the opinion that serial publication helped a good book and did not hurt a poor one. Many people who read novels in instalments in the magazines afterwards bought the books, and many who enjoyed the serial recommended it to friends, so that it became more widely known than if it appeared in covers at first, and when published in book form there was a host of readers waiting for it. Long ago, when there were fewer magazines and practically no libraries, the publication which secured a reasonably good or interesting story was sure to find appreciative subscribers, who read the instalments, discussed the plot and characters, speculated on the outcome, and in fact, gave as much of their minds to the tale as is now devoted to serious study. The generation that read their Dickens, Thackeray, Wilkie Collins and Trollope in this way learned to know the authors and their books as no generation since has done. Moreover, in those good old times a considerable interval of time elapsed between the end of the serial publication and the appearance of the book, and whether or not there is anything in the opinion often expressed that the old-time novel was better fitted for serial publication, the fact remains that readers who did not satisfy their curiosity in that way were obliged to exercise the virtue of patience. There were no cheap editions of readable books, and the family which had a modest shelf of classics was fortunate indeed, for only scholars and people of wealth and circumstance aspired to the owner-

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ship of a whole book case, much less a library. But now magazines have multiplied, cheap books are to be had at less than the cost of paper and binding, free libraries spring up in every hamlet, and the very serial is out in book form before the final chapters have seen light in a periodical. With the multiplicity of attractions and the heaps of books issued every week, not to say day, read through in haste, or barely looked over and cast aside for some newer product, it is a very deliberate reader who will give his mind to a story told in sections. Some of the leading magazines have already decided against continued stories, and it is only a question of time when the serial will finally disappear.

The Saunterer

Bard vs. Perkins

The impression prevails in the higher political circles that Senator George C. Perkins has by a little adroit trimming established an entente cordiale with his erstwhile enemies which insures his re-election. Perkins mixed up in the last Senatorial fight in the interest of Grant not because he liked Burns less but because he loved himself more. He wanted a man from the South to succeed White so that when his term expired he would not be disqualified from a geographical standpoint. A man from the South was elected much to the satisfaction of Perkins, but since then the friends of Dan Burns have been eagerly awaiting an opportunity to smash the canny George C.

A Strategic Play

Meanwhile the Bard men have been manoeuvreing with a view of strengthening their political machine in San Francisco. There is nothing like patronage to give strength to a political machine, and the Bard men came to the conclusion that it behooved them to get control of the Internal Revenue office. That office is the federal stronghold of the Burns forces. To capture it would be as important a piece of strategy as the taking of a kop in South Africa by the British. So it was decided to have Collector Lynch ousted on the ground that he was violating civil service rules by taking too active a part in politics. Of course it was the intention of the Bard men to continue the violation of the same rules, but they had no conscientious scruples against breaking into the office on any old ground. Of course they counted on Perkins' support. He was supposed to be allied with them. But when it came to a show-down the artful dodger from Oakland was found in the opposition camp. The Bard men had been outmanoeuvred, and they lost.

The Perkins Motto

The supposition is that Senator Perkins made a new deal. He has switched from the Bard forces, with the understanding no doubt that he will receive the support of what is known as the Burns element. I have no doubt that the Bard people accuse him of treachery, but the senator probably soothes his conscience with the reflection that all is fair in love and politics. He believes that to hold an office one must always be prepared to jump to the right side. Be ever on the qui vive to get in out of the wet is his motto. Isn't it amusing to watch our proud and haughty statesmen doing politics? There isn't a vast difference between their methods and those of the slum workers. Indeed, even in the slums there is to be found a sense of honor of which some of our dignified statesmen are bereft. The case of Senator Perkins is one that should be watched with interest. Perhaps he has made a bargain which is not such a safe one as he imagines.

The Coming Scrap

And the situation is pregnant with political deals of all sorts. The Perkins flop augurs well for the Gage program, and disconcerts the friends of Otis and Flint who have been figuring on the capture of the State machine. The coming battle between the Republican forces is destined to be one of the most bitter ever fought in this State. It involves not only the gubernatorial office and the Senatorial toga, but also the Supreme Court. And not the least interesting feature will be the scramble for seats on the bench.

The Whittiers His Guests

The Willie Whittiers were guests of Mr. Ed. Purser at Marchand's the other night. At an adjoining table were the Walter Martins and I was impressed with the frigidity of the atmosphere in that vicinity. Perhaps the ice in the champagne buckets had something to do with it. Though Mr. Purser has not the cachet of fashion he appears to stand well in the smart set. He has the air of a capitalist, the form of a gentleman of leisure, the eye of a dreamer and a face that bespeaks an artistic soul. But he is a capitalist only when the ponies run to form. A gentleman of leisure he is at all times and he does his dreaming over the dope-book. His artistic soul asserts itself in the cut of his hair. A few years ago Mr. Purser was world-renowned as a plunger. In the heyday of his notoriety on the turf the elevation of his finger was sufficient to command the respectful attention of the bookies. But in the last two seasons there has been none so reubenesque as to take his marker. Such are the ups and downs of life on the track.

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Rich Heiresses

By the death of Pardon Cook, the old pioneer, last week, his widow and three daughters will step into a very large fortune. Mr. Cook owned the solid block bounded by Sutter, Bush, Pierce and Scott streets, also other real estate valued at fully five hundred thousand dollars. Beside this he had about four hundred thousand dollars in bank and securities, which brings the estate up to nearly a million. Mr. Cook was an eccentric man and did not believe in improving his real estate to a great extent. He leased part of his block to the California Tennis club and built a few scattering houses on some of the other lots for which he received moderate rents. His own home, near Pierce street, is a plain two-story frame building far from pretentious. The rich man used to spend most of his time working in his garden or in the plat on which vegetables were planted. His second daughter married not long ago. It was a love match and not a brilliant one from a financial point of view, but her father did not put forth any objections to it. "They love each other," he said, "and we have plenty for all." So he gave the young couple his blessing and built a cottage for them around the corner from the family residence.

The youngest daughter was to have been married last month, but her father's illness delayed the match. Her fiance is Dr. Paul Noble, a recent graduate of the Cooper Medical college. He is a son of Burr Noble and his sisters, Pearl (Mrs. Edward Abramson) and Maude are very prominent in musical circles. The latter, like her brother, took a course in medicine at the Cooper. The eldest of the Cook heiresses is unmarried. They are all very young women.

Why Bret Harte Isn't Popular

It has been said that the extinction of Bret Harte would be the best thing that could ever happen to California, the supposition being that the wrong impression given by his writings had wrought incalculable harm which years of progress could not overcome. English and Eastern people who admire Harte's writings and who recently shed tears when the writer was declared at the point of death, have often wondered at his unpopularity in his old home, and have explained it by quoting the old proverb about the prophet without honor. But the fact is that many of Harte's old comrades who concede his greatness as a writer dislike him as a man. Ina Coolbrith is one who might explain why Bret is not honored in California. Miss Coolbrith knew Harte very well when the latter lived here, and the two poets were friends. When Harte left for the East he volunteered to take Miss Coolbrith's little manuscript volume of poems with him and find a publisher for it. He said that an Eastern man would make better terms than a local publisher. Miss Coolbrith naturally accepted the offer with thanks, for to have a sponsor like the already noted Harte she knew would prove open sesame to a publisher's office.

Well, Harte went to New Jersey and thence to Europe, having obtained an appointment as United States Consul to a German city. Nothing was heard of the volume of poems for ten years, when Miss Coolbrith, having given up all hope of Harte's help, had the verses published locally. The volume was entitled "A Perfect Day and Other Poems." Her wish had been to place the book in her mother's hand but that hope was denied as Mrs. Coolbrith died five years after Bret Harte went away with her daughter's manuscript.

Harte and Lawrence Barrett

Lawrence Barrett the actor was another who mourned a misplaced confidence in Bret Harte. Barrett lived in New Jersey and when Bret Harte visited that State he asked the actor to look up a nice house for him. Barrett secured a residence for Harte and introduced him to a furniture dealer who fitted out the house most luxuriously. The author expressed satisfaction with everything, but his delight never spread to settling the bills. When he finally went abroad he had paid for nothing and Barrett, rather than have the landlord and furniture dealer suffer, settled all the accounts.

Once more I am constrained to inform some very entertaining correspondents that anonymous communications are not deemed available for publication in these columns when they contain matter that is likely to wound the feelings of the people discussed. "A Subscriber" sent me a good story this week, but it cannot be given to my readers because the identity of the writer has not been disclosed.

Reviving the Gaelic Language

The Celtic movement is forging ahead in this city. Its guiding spirit is Father P. C. Yorke, who has already made considerable history, and whose aggressiveness and fearlessness have excited both the admiration and timidity of many prominent citizens. Though his acts do not always meet with approval even in his own Church, he sticks to principle against all odds and commands respect for his courage in quarters where his judgment is deprecated. He is not more zealous in defense of his Church than in the espousal of the cause of his native land. He is now devoting himself to the preservation of the Gaelic tongue, and the purpose of his Celtic movement is to arouse in the breasts of Irish men and women a love for the language of their forefathers. He believes that by so doing he will promote a higher appreciation of Irish history and a deeper affection for the mother country.

What They Purpose Doing

Father Yorke contends that if the early Irish immigrants who spoke the Gaelic from their cradle had clung to that language this would now be a Gaelic and not an Anglo-Saxon country. And I understand that many of those that have become interested in the

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Celtic movement expect to advocate in the near future the teaching of the Cinderella of languages in the public schools. There are many of us that are opposed to the teaching of the foreign languages in the public schools, believing that it is not the duty of the State to seek to endow children with unnecessary accomplishments, but if the German is taught, why not the Gaelic? Meanwhile, however, the Celtic movement is destined to make great progress in San Francisco, and in the near future thousands of Irish parents will perhaps make the language of St. Patrick the vernacular of their homes.

Condemned Herself to Social Extinction

Fate plays its pranks in strange ways. Last week I commented on the eminently respectable woman who was brought to ignominy and social shame through the gross mistake of an ignorant clerk who had her arrested for shoplifting. This week I heard a story of a woman—her name is frequently mentioned in the society columns of the dailies—who was actually detected while shoplifting in a very prominent Kearny street store. Mark the difference in the ways the cases were handled: in the Kearny street case there was none of that brutality that characterized the Hale incident. The woman was quietly directed to accompany an attendant to the private office where the gravity of her offense was plainly set before her. Of course she broke down and there was a copious flood of tears. She promised to do anything if the management would not make the matter public. She was assured that under no circumstances should such a course be taken, provided that under no consideration would she ever again resort to such a practice. Of course she earnestly and vehemently assented. She volunteered to pay twice the value of the goods but the management declined to take more than the regular price. And so the incident closed. I wonder what her aristocratic family connections would say if they knew of the affair? It was partly to make a proper appearance as a relation of theirs that the woman took the things; at least she let drop a hint to that effect when she was tearfully pleading with the store management. At one time her branch of the family had loads of money, but speculation and bad management have played havoc with its investments.

Jordan and Wheeler

David Starr Jordan and Benjamin Ide Wheeler divided interest at the recent Teachers' convention at Pacific Grove. It was interesting to contrast the two university presidents. Jordan impresses one as the bigger man mentally as well as physically. He has less of the air of the pedagogue about him and he impresses you as being more of the man of the world than is the Chief Executive of Berkeley. There is not much of the academician in the manner or the address of Jordan. He has traveled extensively and he has hobnobbed with men in all walks of life, and his viewpoint is not always that of the student. Wheeler cannot divest himself of the air of the professor and yet he does not look the part, for he devotes a deal of his attention to his attire. He always dresses in correct form. Jordan, on the other hand, affects the hayseed in appearance. He escorted a young woman to the ball at Del Monte, and he wore an old gray suit and heavy boots. And the next morning at an informal meeting of the teachers he appeared in a frock coat, as though he were trying to be correct.

Wheeler's Parting Words

Our School Superintendent, Mr. Webster, went to the convention firmly resolved to make a hit as the advocate of civil service. He was badly jarred by President Wheeler who declared that the public school system could never be in first-class shape until the superintendent became the appointee of the Board of Education. In the closing address Wheeler took a smash at all the teachers and professors by telling them that their addresses were pedantic, and that they were too fond of high-sounding phrases. He advised them to use simpler English, and then suggested that the "napkin of forgetfulness" be drawn over it all.

Synonymous with Umbrella

Anent the "package" controversy, it may be interesting to know that a well-known English dictionary professes to include what the compiler terms "Americanisms" and that amongst them is to be found this one: "*Jag*: an American term for an umbrella, as will be seen by the following illustration from an Albany (N. Y.) paper: 'Mr. Blank, a prominent citizen, returned from his club in a hilarious condition, and after vainly trying to unlock the front door with his umbrella, climbed through the coal hole. He was found asleep in the bath tub, fully dressed and with his jag.'"

Another Kind of Package

Perhaps the package acquired by members of the Bohemian club at Christmas time was not the kind of a one that many *Examiner* correspondents have described. It is assumed in the *Examiner* office that the members of the Bohemian club fan the flame of conviv-

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iality in the reckless, bibulous fashion of the founders of that organization. That is not so. The up-to-date Bohemian scorns booze. He is an æsthete. The soda cocktail is his favorite beverage. He considers a jag the limit in bad form. The stein songs no longer make merry the little hours in Bohemia's fashionable home in Post street. A few nights ago James D. Phelan, Peter Robertson and Chauncey St. John met by accident at the bar of the club.

"What'll you have?" asked the late Mayor.

"A little cold Bartlett water," said Robertson who is ever a teetotaler though his looks belie his thirst.

"And you?" asked Phelan addressing the Deputy Surveyor of Customs.

"Buttermilk," replied Chauncey.

The mixologists looked inquiringly at Phelan. "Under the circumstances," said Phelan, "I think you can give me a *package* of cigarettes."

Why Jags are Tabu

So, perhaps, after all it was not one of those vulgar packages that was referred to in connection with the Christmas jinks in Bohemia, and which has been described variously notwithstanding the sameness of ingredients. Since Peter Martin's memorable jag-speech in Bohemia, packages of the kind that he carried on that occasion are tabu. Liquor has caused a deal of trouble in polite club circles. It was not so long ago that Sidney M. Smith refused to settle a check for liquor at a midsummer jinks because he thought that too many members had accepted of his hospitality. The incident caused so much trouble that Sidney has never treated since.

Prodigal Smith

And Sidney Smith isn't such a bad fellow even though you can't trail him by the nickels he has dropped. I never knew how generous he was until the other day when I heard a story illustrative of his prodigality. It appears that he is well aware of his reputation for economy and that he took occasion to disabuse a friend's mind of the notion that he is as close as people say.

"Why," he declared, "nearly every week of my life I entertain from one to two guests at my table."

Then somebody told the friend another story. It was about certain members of Mr. Smith's family joining a golf club in San Rafael. He told them that as membership in the club involved the payment of dues and certain incidental expenses, they would have to sell their trap and horses which were an expensive luxury.

"But how can we get to the links, if we sell the horses?" they asked.

"Walk there," was the reply.

A Case of Charity

While on the subject of economy I am reminded of another story. Not long ago a seamstress was asked how she managed to hold her job so long in the family of a certain San Rafael millionaire. She explained that about the time she finished the work for which she had been engaged, a society girl living in the same town sent over several dresses to be sent to certain needy families. Instead of distributing the gowns the young ladies had them made over for themselves. Merely a case of charity beginning at home.

A New Fad in New York

The girls of New York's smart set are learning to box and their teacher in the manly art is a San Francisco girl. Millicent Levenberg went to New York more than a year ago to continue her vocal studies with the intention of going on the operatic stage. While studying she decided to open a gymnasium such as she once established in San Francisco, to teach society girls the delights of physical culture. Miss Levenberg was the first woman boxing teacher in this part of the world and at one time she had a large class of society girls.

The Kaffir Way

Apropos of the failure of a certain rich family to get an heir to its millions, a discussion arose the other night at the club and a San Francisco man who has lived in South Africa for the past two years remarked that the heir question was easily settled by the Kaffirs, in this way: "All the Kaffirs live in a kraal," he said, "which has its Induna or chief. They live together in perfect harmony, just like brothers and sisters. When a man from the outside wants a wife, he goes to the kraal and instead of asking the father of his intended bride for his daughter's hand he makes his request to the Induna. The price of a wife is fixed at so many cows. Twenty cows buy a very fine wife but an average one can be obtained for ten cows. The chief will never take the bridegroom's word for his pay. He says, to the buyer of a ten-cow girl: 'If your intentions are all right, your faith good, you will prove it by leaving with me two cows. Then you can go back and get the others.' The man does this, goes back to his farm and returns with—say, seven cows, remarking that he'll bring the other one later. But the chief will not listen to him. He insists on the whole ten or the man doesn't get his wife. The ten cows paid, the man takes his wife and goes.

Its Sad Sequel

"Her whole outfit consists of a blanket and two cooking utensils; she has no dot. But her husband treats her well. She has her separate hut, and does not have to live with the man's other wives. For a

Lord Temple cigars are smoked by all clubmen who will take nothing but the best.

Most ladies hold the reins well. Perhaps it is not bad that they do.

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year she is treated like a queen. Then comes the sequel, which is often sad for the poor Kaffir girl. If she has not given her husband an heir or heiress, and shows no signs of so doing, she is bundled back home. The chief has to give up her purchase price, the ten cows with any increase to the stock that has occurred during the year. And, saddest of all, when the girl's ex-husband again comes a-wooing to the kraal not one of his former wife's sisters is eligible to the position she has vacated. Her family is tabu with this particular wooer. And that is the way the heir question is settled among the Kaffirs."

Stetson's Liberality

There is much rejoicing among the denizens of Mill Valley over the retirement of John B. Stetson from the presidency of the North Pacific coast railroad. They feel that repairs will no longer be made with courtplaster and bale rope. Shortly before his retirement Mr. Stetson had an opportunity to give an exhibition of his liberality. He met Jennie Blair and her mother at the Sausalito ferry, and insisted on procuring tickets for them. The news of this act of liberality spread throughout Mill Valley and there was some talk of having it proclaimed on bulletin boards. Later on it was learned that Mr. Stetson saved twenty cents. The tickets were good for only the trip over.

London's Big Show

A Californian sojourning in London writes me that preparations for the Coronation are absorbing the attention of everybody. All London is looking forward with joyful expectation to the big regal show which gives promise of surpassing the most dazzling pageantry of the past. It is to be far more brilliant than the show which accompanied the crowning of Victoria, and will undoubtedly give a fillip to the trade and industries of the country. The procession of the King and Queen through London will precede the day of the Coronation, and there is to be a water pageant, it being the intention of their Majesties to return from London Bridge to Westminster on the Thames. All the swell modistes of London are now engaged in making Coronation robes. The peeress' robe is of crimson velvet, bordered with minever with rows of ermine fur on it. The dress to be worn underneath, known as a kirtle, is of pure white. Different materials may be used—lace, chiffon or satin—and these may be trimmed or embroidered with gold, silver, pearls or diamonds. The official regulations prescribe the length of train. That of a baroness is limited to three feet on the ground, with two rows of ermine on her cape and six silver balls on her coronet. A viscountess is allowed a train a yard and a quarter long, two rows and a half of ermine on her cape and a coronet of sixteen silver balls. A countess is allowed a yard and a half for a train, three rows of ermine and eight silver balls separated by eight strawberry leaves. An extra quarter of a yard is vouchsafed a marchioness and two yards constitute the train of a duchess.

The Robinson Reilys

The Robinson Reilys are spending the winter in Florida. Since the latest marriage of Genevieve Goad that was, her friends in this city have received but meagre reports of her doings and movements. It is believed however that she has found in Mr. Reily of Washington a most congenial companion and that he is very fond of her.

A Story of Revenge

There is nothing in fiction that appeals so strongly to the credulity of some men as that a club is as private as one's house and that proceedings there are sacredly secret from the world. There is no club so exclusive and private that proceedings within its walls are surrounded with that degree of secrecy which safeguards the affairs of a private family. No man of prominence was ever blackballed in a club in this city without the fact being disclosed beyond the club portals. Some of the choicest bits of gossip that go the rounds are started on their journey in the sacred precincts of our swellest and most exclusive clubs. The other day John H. Hammond was pilled in the Union club of New York, which is perhaps the richest club in America, and the fact is now known from one end of the country to the other. Not only that, it is known that the disgrace was put upon him because he married Emily Sloane whose mother was a Vanderbilt. He is a man of irreproachable character, a graduate of Yale and a member of the Knickerbocker club, but there is a feud between the Union club and the Vanderbilts, and Hammond was pilled.

The Ocean Disaster

From the evidence at hand it is pretty certain that the *Walla Walla* disaster was the result of gross negligence. The sailing vessel had the right of way and if the officers in charge of the steamer were attending strictly to their duties the collision might have been avoided. Before the testimony of the lookout was given those officers agreed that there were no lights on the French bark. That the officers were guilty of misrepresentation there is scarcely any doubt. The night was clear and even the warning of the lookout should not have been necessary. The conduct of the officers of the steamship company in seeking to suppress the facts is most reprehensible. The blame should be fixed, and the widest publicity should be courted.

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They Saved the Max

Notwithstanding the loss of life resulting from the apparently inexcusable collision the officers of the *Walla Walla* have not been, it appears, entirely deprived of ground for self-felicitation. In their opinion, if the bark *Max* had not collided with the steamship she would have gone ashore. She was heading for the shore, and was fortunately intercepted by the *Walla Walla*. But the officers of the sailing vessel are not grateful. The *Max* was a considerable distance off shore, and she could have changed her course long before reaching the breakers. The preponderance of evidence so far is against the *Walla Walla*, and I regret the fact, because Captain Hall is a gallant mariner, and he behaved superbly when he discovered that his vessel was lost. If he had been on the bridge the accident perhaps would not have occurred.

A Svengali Hypnotized

Signor Abramoff has been heard from. He has written to me from his studio in New York to contradict the story recently published in a morning daily, in which he was represented as a Svengali and Miss Paraskova Sandelin of Mill Valley as an unfortunate Trilby. It was stated that she was hypnotized into signing a contract by which he agreed to perfect her voice and she agreed to give him ten thousand dollars and one-quarter of her earnings on the operatic stage by way of compensation. She broke the contract and he sued for services rendered. Miss Sandelin then stated that he had agreed to secure her an engagement in a foreign opera house, but instead introduced her to the public in Fischer's music hall. Abramoff tells a different story. He represents himself to be a Svengali hypnotized.

Trilby in Tears

According to his story Miss Sandelin came to him five years ago for instruction. She was accompanied by a charitable lady, who agreed to pay for the cultivation of Miss Sandelin's voice. After seven months' study, Miss Sandelin came to his studio one morning in great despair and in tears. She explained that the charitable lady had decided to pay for no more lessons. "It was then," writes Abramoff, "that the terrible Svengali was hypnotized, for he offered to give Miss Trilby lessons on credit. After two years of study for which seven months only were paid, and after Miss Sandelin's voice had improved considerably I offered to make a contract with her to which she consented after consulting her lawyer and friends. The principal items of this 'cast-iron,' double-backed action contract provided that for all my trouble and for taking chances in seeking to make her a singer and to be her manager when she would have sufficiently advanced to be managed, I should receive twenty-five per cent of her earnings, and if she received a foreign engagement, fifty per cent for I would then have to accompany her on her travels. It was also provided that after the expiration of that terrible contract, she would be under no obligations to me. In other words, if she earned only two hundred and fifty dollars during the life of the contract, I would receive only sixty-five dollars for five years of hard work."

His Offer Rejected

Signor Abramoff contends that if such great artists as Barducci, Poletini, Bardaracco and other renowned singers did not consider it *infra dig* to appear at Fischer's, surely Miss Sandelin was not injuring her reputation as a singer by appearing there. He adds that after she broke her contract he told her lawyer that if she would pay half the amount due for lessons he would accept the money in full settlement of the account. A few days later the lawyer told him that he had urged her to accept the compromise offer and that she refused.

Mrs. Schmiedell was the bright, particular star last Friday night at the vaudeville entertainment of the McCutcheons. She has considerable histrionic talent and she took the chief part in a farce.

"Farewells" to the Martins

Before Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin leave on that long planned trip through the out-of-the-way places of Europe their friends are determined that they shall be the recipients of many farewell "loving" cups and "heartfelt" banquets and "devoted" dances. From the looks of the list of "events" their "farewell disappearance" promises to rival in a way the droll period of Patti's "farewell appearance." Ex-Mayor Phelan leads off among the entertainers with a big "farewell" dinner dance in their honor in the Maple room of the Palace hotel, this Saturday evening. It promises to be a very smart affair. Like "Prince" Holbrook, he has limited the number of guests to the enigmatical "fifty." That same magic number has cropped up very conspicuously in several events of late. Has the local smart set, after the manner of its cousins in the East, set the bars at those figures as being the numbers in which the circle of the socially elect may be most properly framed? This same entertainment brings another social fact into the lime light: dinner dances are becoming more frequent, which bears out

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a comment I made recently that society is becoming more generous in the style of its entertainments and is trying "to live up to its new mansions."

Entertaining Eastern Friends

This same Saturday afternoon the happy Martins will be given a "farewell" tea by Mrs. Henry Scott. Another tea will be given by Mrs. Gibbs in honor of an Eastern friend, who will be introduced to the local smart folks. The chances are that Mrs. Gibbs will do a lot of entertaining this season as a number of her Boston friends are going to pay her long promised visits, so the household will be gay with Back Bay liveliness, a kind that even Howells could grow genial over.

Oh, for a French Flirtation

A great flutter is looked for at the teas today. Men, as a rule, hate these crushes, but the officers of the French ship *Protet* are expected to make the rounds, and every bud and blossom is anxious for a French flirtation. Yet there is disappointment in some quarters because the officers are not so handsome as those that visited us a year ago. That beautiful, godlike young lieutenant with the black beard is missing, and life is not quite the same.

Marie Wells' Tea

Marie Wells was hostess at an "at home" Tuesday last. These "at homes" have risen to all the dignity of teas, and the young ladies that attend them wear beautiful gowns. Miss Wells had many callers, and she was in her sprightliest mood. By the way, she has the handsomest jewels of any girl in society. Amongst them are some beautiful rubies and opals.

Norris on Novels

It is a pleasure to learn that I have been misled into overestimating the commercial value of literary trash. So much booming do the modern novels receive, and so skillfully and excessively do the publishers lie, that I have been of the opinion that writers of ephemeral novels grew rich off the sales of their hackwork. But Frank Norris, who went East and became famous through the publication of "The Octopus," one of the notable successes of last year, declares that writing fiction is not a lucrative business. The success of a novel is extraordinary, he asserts, if twenty-five hundred copies are sold. At ten cents a copy the author's royalty amounts to two hundred and fifty dollars. Seldom does the sale exceed twenty-five hundred. Mr. Norris is authority for the statement that a novel may make a veritable stir, almost a sensation, and yet fail to sell. "I know," he says, "for an indisputable fact, that a certain novel which has been called the best American novel of the nineteenth century, and which upon publication was talked about, written about and even preached about, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, took ten years in which to attain the sale of ten thousand copies." From the statements of Mr. Norris I should judge that when a novel creates a stir the "stir" is confined to the men and women that write book reviews.

Strikingly Handsome Gowns

The McNear dinner dance in honor of Georgie Hopkins was the first formal smart home affair of the season and was distinguished by its rich gowns. So many compliments were passed on Georgie's stunning appearance that a visitor might have thought she was the beauty of the family, but a wise matron who knows the magical effects of good gowning declared her costume was responsible for a fair share of the admiration. The Hopkins girls have carried the local blue ribbon for modish gowns, but the garment Georgie wore at the entertainment was easily a gem among the rich creations they have introduced. An "oh, my!" gown was what its delighted admirers at once christened it. It was fashioned of a marvelous lacey texture, threaded with a striking silver-spangled design that was glitteringly new. The foundation was the palest pink silk; deeper pink velvet geraniums relieved the decollete bodice.

Cupid on a Hunt

Rumor hath it that Dan Cupid, having netted all the Hopkins girls, is now scanning the rose bushes trying to locate Carrie Taylor. She is a fine, slender, aristocratic looking girl and an immense favorite in her set. Her sister Emily, now Mrs. George Pope, is much handsomer as a matron than she was as a young girl. Like others in the same set she is accounted among the best-groomed women in town. The gown she wore at the recent Charity Ball created a stir among those who pride themselves on being stunningly gowned at such functions. Only the fairest of Tennyson's fair women could venture to wear it, but Mrs. Pope's serene blonde beauty was only softly accentuated by her "apple blosom" gown, achieved by a foundation of apple green silk covered with the airiest of Chantilly laces. The sash was only one of the distinctive features of the gown: its trailing ends were full blown blush pink roses caught on a scarf of tulle.

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A Brave Attorney

It requires more than ordinary nerve to do the work that Deputy Attorney-General Charles N. Post is now performing in Alturas. There are some pretty tough citizens up in that desolate region, and they have an easy knack of taking the law into their own hands. When the *Examiner* undertook to force the law officers to prosecute the members of that cold-blooded band, there were many threats of violence. The first reporter sent to the scene did not dare write the news until after his departure from the county. But E. J. Livernash was next detailed to work up the case, and the desperadoes soon learned that he could not be bluffed or frightened. Attorney Post is of the same unflinching character as the newspaper man. I recall that during the administration of Governor Budd, Post was the man selected to go into Round Valley to prosecute the man that lynched Jack Littlefield. That was one of the most desperate gangs that ever infested the State. It was predicted that Post would soon be intimidated, and that he would be content with a lukewarm prosecution. But he wasn't. He was fearless then as now in the performance of his duty, and as a consequence three men were sentenced to life imprisonment in the penitentiary. And yet Charlie Post is one of the most modest-mannered men that ever popped a cork.

Good Financial Matches

Apropos of the marriages of Prince David Kawananakoa and Samuel Parker, the two distinguished Hawaiians, with Miss Abigail Campbell and her mother, there are a number of points which have escaped the notice of the newspapers. Both Sam Parker and the Prince have large estates but both are so deeply in debt that only a marriage to millions could put them beyond reach of bankruptcy. Prince David's entire fortune is merged in the Kapio'ani estate, in which his brother Cupid has a half interest. David has been a spendthrift always and has borrowed hundreds of thousands to indulge in women, wine and song. His estate owes the Campbell estate a quarter of a million dollars, but now the Prince has raised the mortgage by marrying one of the mortgagees. Sam Parker owns a million acres of land on the island of Hawaii, the biggest of the group, but he, too, has so encumbered his property that he is badly embarrassed. Sam's first wife died only a few months ago but when he went to San Jose where the widow Campbell was staying, he made such desperate love to her that he won her within the week, and persuaded her to marry him before her daughter was united to the Prince.

Sam Parker's Way

Just how Sam and David went through their fortunes is best illustrated by two incidents of recent happening. The day Sam was married, he was waited on by a reporter who wanted to know some of the particulars of his approaching nuptials. The reporter found the great Hawaiian in his room at the Occidental hotel, garbed in a kimono and barefooted. Sam greeted him pleasantly, replied to his questioning that he did not know when he would be married, and asked the newspaper man what he would drink. The reporter said Scotch whisky and Sam said gin. He told the bellboy to bring a bottle of each, two siphons of soda, and a box of the best imported cigars. This for two people. When the drinks and cigars came, he signed a card for twelve dollars, and handed the boy a ten-dollar gold piece for a tip.

How David Does Things

This is Sam's every-day custom and not a mere action of an ecstatic moment. Later a few friends dropped in on Sam, and persuaded him that he should be married that evening. Nothing loth, the former prime minister of the monarchy of Hawaii despatched a friend for the license, and summoning his friend. Judge Hebbard, was straightway made one with the handsome and wealthy Mrs. Campbell, who by the way is just forty-two years old. Instances of Prince David's prodigality may be cited by the score. The latest however is perhaps the best. About a month ago, David who was leaving Hawaii for San Francisco with Sam, Judge Gear and George Davis, bethought him that the trip on the steamship *Alameda* would be enlivened greatly if they had along some native musicians. He forthwith engaged the five best players of the ukulele, and singers of hula songs, and brought them along. He kept them here until a few days ago when he sent them back to Honolulu. Their passage money, wages and keep, cost the Prince over six hundred dollars. Once in Honolulu he paid a caterer two thousand dollars to serve a banquet at his residence.

The Campbell Mansion

When the Parkers and the Prince and his wife return to Honolulu, that city will see some of the most lavish entertaining since King Kalakaua the Gay died, a dozen years ago. The Parkers will live in the great mansion built by the bride's husband, James Campbell, and to which she has added a thirty thousand dollar addition in the past few months. A local firm—the Sterling Furniture company—is now making for her twenty thousand dollars' worth of furniture for this mansion. It will be equipped thoroughly with electric bells and each push button will be a jewel in the tone

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of the room in which it is. The drawing room of white and gold will have a real diamond worth several hundred dollars, the blue room, a huge amethyst, the green boudoir, an emerald, and so on. All the jewels will be set in heavy gold sockets.

Beloved by Royalty

The Campbells were always deeply attached to the the Hawaiian royal family. When James Campbell died the Queen and Prince David were the first to offer condolence to the family in their deep affliction. And in gayer scenes when Abbie Campbell wished for magnificent jewels to grace her station as Queen of the big Charity Mardi Gras ball in Honolulu last year, Liliuokalani insisted on her wearing her own royal jewels and in the kindness of her heart she threw great strings of pearls over the girl, and set the crown of emeralds, rubies and diamonds upon her head. And the first favor mother and daughter asked their husbands after marriage was that both wedding parties should go to Washington and receive the blessing of Liliuokalani.

Rise of a Great Sugar King

It is all a story of great fortune, romantic love and strange adventures in the balmy, lei-garlanded isles. It is a fortune of over four million dollars that the lovers have to spend, and it was founded by the most picturesque figure in Hawaii—old Jim Campbell. Fancy a man escaping from one of those old-time floating lazarettos, a whaler, joining the impecunious natives and in thirty years accumulating some four million dollars! At the time he went on shore in the harbor of Lahaina in 1852 there wasn't enough pennies in port to buy a keg of whisky. But he fell in love with the scenery and he decided to cast his lot with the natives. Ship's carpenter was his trade and he tinkered on the whalers that winter in the harbor. He married a daughter of a white man in the port; she died six years later and left him some property. Then he bought some land and started to farm sugar.

King Kamehameha V thought this a good idea and he started a plantation next door, but he soon grew tired of the venture and sold his royally equipped plant to Campbell for a song. Later on Campbell moved to Honolulu, married, and invested his cash in real estate and more sugar plantations. He started Honouluili, which later became the present big Ewa plantation, the marvel of the sugar world; he planned the famous Kanuka plantation. Then he came to California. He bought the St. James hotel and a lot of real estate in San Jose and sent his children to the convent there. His life was replete with lively and highly colored experiences. One of the most melodramatic occurred when he was kidnapped by thugs in this city. They used every effort to force him to sign a check for twenty thousand dollars to insure his release, but he steadfastly refused. He finally succeeded in escaping from the house where they had him confined, and he never rested in pursuing them till they were arrested. One of them is now serving sentence in San Quentin.

Jesse Moore Whiskies are famous the world over for purity and flavor as well as for all the other qualities that make good whiskey.

Handsome Frank Sullivan

It was rather cruel to taunt our new Park Commissioner, Mr. Sullivan, with the story of his vanity, which has so long been forgotten. When he ran for Congress, many years ago, he was a very young man and no doubt, in the innocence of that adolescent period, he entertained an erroneous notion of the relative value of pulchritude and brains. He did not exaggerate wilfully if he pointed with pride to himself in those days as a perfect man. Of course, he referred to his physical qualities. And he was a handsome fellow. If people were looking for Apollos to represent them in Congress in those days, Frank J. Sullivan would have had a cinch on the job. But I fancy that he has long since ceased to bother himself about his beauty. Let us hope that the time spent in personal contemplation in the days of his youth was not wasted, and that now he may devote himself to the work of beautifying the Park with the same assiduity with which he formerly attended to his own adornment.

Remodeled Her Form

Anna Lichter is coming back to the Tivoli, and she is prepared to wear tights. During her last engagement as prima donna of the Tivoli company she did not make a good front in tights. Her voice was charming, but her legs were somewhat off the key. A voice is not alone essential to success in prima donna roles in comic opera. It was the judgment of experts that Miss Lichter was more prepossessing in long skirts than when she wore them not. If people could be induced to listen, and not look, she would make a great hit in any sort of a costume. But I am assured that she has changed her figure. By judicious banting she has restored the original lines of beauty, and now her form is as fetching as her voice.

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A Brilliant Girl

Miss Elizabeth Mills, or as she is better known, Miss Bessie Mills, should really be a debutante this season. She receives at every tea and goes everywhere, but she is to have no formal coming-out. She is a student at Berkeley, and a member of the K. K. G., the swellest sorority across the bay. She is a brilliant girl, and is regarded as one of the best students that ever attended the University of California. She has made wonderful progress, distinguishing herself by doing three years' work in one.

Expecting a Golden Shower

Mrs. Shain has taken her two younger children and gone East to join her daughter Grace. Rumor has it that the family fortunes are at last not only to be rehabilitated but regilded, and in a manner to suit the most exacting taste. Friends here have been warned to shortly expect the most surprising news. From the air of mystery surrounding the hint, it can be nothing short of a marriage. At last accounts Grace Shain was in the chorus and doing fairly well. When and where Prince Moneybags descended in his airship is puzzling her friends here who keep tab on her letters. But they all agree that Mrs. Shain was greatly excited over the golden prospects of the family when she left for the East.

The Schmitz Debut

Mayor Schmitz has made a good beginning. The men selected by him for the Commissions are less objectionable than some of those put into office by Mayor Phelan. They are not so well known as the Phelan appointees, and consequently there is less likelihood of objection being urged against them. The man with a past is always vulnerable. There are no veteran job-chasers in the Schmitz political family. He fought shy of such barnacles as John H. Grady, the ex-Tax Collector, who had an experience with a Grand Jury, and of perpetual tax-eaters of the Jim Denman stripe. No such pliant tool as Pin Head McCarthy won the favor of Mayor Schmitz, and he didn't deem it advisable to give tone to his Administration by selecting such giddy representatives of the ton as Jack Casserly and George Newhall. I do not expect Eugene Schmitz to make a better Mayor than James D. Phelan. It would be absurd to deny Mr. Phelan the praise to which he is entitled, but one cannot help regretting that he never had the good fortune to enjoy that priceless education which is to be acquired only in that great common school of experience to which caste is unknown.

Just a few Hints

In his message to the Board of Supervisors Mayor Schmitz threw out some pretty strong hints as to the policy he intends to pursue. I should judge from his remarks that he intends to undertake the overthrow of a few commissions, and that he has some strong cards up his sleeve. He paid his respects to the voracious Board of Public Works, which is the most expensive luxury the city has ever known, and he intimated that there was good and sufficient ground for the removal of a Civil Service Commissioner who devoted his time to the upbuilding of a pernicious political machine. Ther was no necessity for mentioning names, for everybody knew he referred to P. Hypocrite McCarthy. And his charge against the Police Commission of having thrown the weight of its influence against one side of the industrial battle warrants the assumption that he contemplates calling the Commissoners to account. So, the probability is that there will be some lively skirmishing at the City Hall in the near future. If the new Mayor attempts to do all that he is expected to do the survivors of the Phelan Administration will be kept in a state of nervous expectancy.

One Not Unknown

There is one of the new Mayor's appointees who is not altogether unknown. I refer to Attorney Hutton, who was appointed to the Police Commission. Mr. Hutton is a lawyer but he is not one of the prominent members of the bar, though he has considerable practice as the representative of the Sailors' Union. He married the widow of Dr. Horner, and she had quite a nice fortune. Dr. Horner's death was a tragic one. Mr. Hutton was the attorney for the Baroness von Turkheim of unsavory memory, and now he is the representative of a Mrs. Hutchings who is trying to prove that she is the daughter of Albert Tanyer and the heir to his forty thousand dollar estate. It is a very strange case and promises some very sensational developments. Nearly all the important events which connect Mrs. Hutchings with the estate took place at sea or in places that have been destroyed by fire.

Ways that are Dark

Judging from the allegations of the complaint in the suit instituted by the Smith Cash Store against the First National bank, Mr. S. G. Murphy the President of that institution, has been up to his old tricks again. According to the complaint the bank deducted the amount of a note due the institution from moneys on deposit in the name of the plaintiff. Thereafter the plaintiff's checks were dishonored and the plaintiff's credit ruined. Surely if the statements of the plaintiff are true the bank cannot avoid being mulcted in heavy damages. It is a well known principle of law that

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you cannot deprive a man of his property without due process of law, but President Murphy of the First National Bank snaps his fingers at the law when his interests are involved. He showed his contempt for the law when he appropriated to his own use the money of Mrs. Colton which she had on deposit. I should not care to do business with such a bank as the First National of San Francisco.

Mrs. C. W. Hathaway and Miss L. M. Hathaway left on the *Alameda* last Saturday for Honolulu. Also on the *Alameda* were Col. Geo. W. Macfarlane and his family.

If Funston Gets the Post

If General Funston should be put in command at the Presidio as the papers predict, it will be interesting to watch developments socially. Officers promoted from volunteer service into the regular army are seldom received with open arms at the posts, for snubbing is as conspicuous there as it is among civilian pretenders. The wives and daughters of erstwhile volunteer officers usually find it hard to break in. But it may be different in the case of the commanding officer. Mrs. Funston is a beauty and is young and talented. Her mother is a music teacher and all the daughters are fine musicians.

Honolulans are looking forward to having the Harold Sewells for permanent residents. Mr. Sewell owns some good land at Opiekepiekeo and he is considering plans with a view to building a comfortable home thereon.

Morrow-Roosevelt

The marriage of Miss Eleanor Morrow, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Morrow, and Lieutenant Harry L. Roosevelt, U. S. Marine Corps, a cousin of President Roosevelt, will take place next Wednesday at the home of the bride's parents in San Rafael. The wedding was originally fixed for May next, but Lieutenant Roosevelt having just received orders from Washington to proceed to Manila at once, the date of the wedding has been altered, and the bride and groom will leave on the next transport sailing from this city. The wedding will be strictly private, only the most intimate friends and relatives of the contracting parties being present.

He's of the Right Stuff

Lieutenant Roosevelt is a gallant young officer who has already done good service for his country. He entered the Naval Academy in July, 1896 and was ordered to sea, May 28, 1898 for active service during the Spanish war. He saw active service on the *Newark, Machias, Lancaster, Mayflower* and *Solace*. He was under fire of the Spanish batteries at Santiago while on the *Newark*. He was commissioned second lieutenant, in the marine corps, Dec. 8th, 1899 and was promoted to a first lieutenancy July 28th, 1900. He has been in command of the marine barracks at the Naval Training Station at this port since last August.

The King Says Dance

The buds and younger belles are feeling greatly encouraged. Word has come from London that dancing is again popular. The King, even at his age and with his super-avoirdupois, is very partial to the recreation. Englishmen by the way do not as a rule dance well. Only a few of them have mastered the manoeuvre of reversing. But our San Francisco men who dance know how to dance. The trouble is they have not cared to display their accomplishment for such a long time that it is possible they have forgotten how to trip the light fantastic in the valse or deux temps. At the dinner dances Mrs. Eleanor Martin loves to give most of the dancing men are of tender years. They are good only to dance with; to flirt with, or as eligible suitors they are exasperatingly impossible.

A Wedding Incident

Miss Dole of Riverside was married to Mr. Emmett Jones on New Year's night. It was one of the smartest weddings that have occurred in Riverside for years back, and the papers described it in detail. However, one incident that sent the witnesses off into gales of laughter has not, I believe, been chronicled. Two little kittens got into the church just before the ceremony and one of them was so bold as to go up into the chancel and play with the bride's veil as she knelt.

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Another Dramatic Aspirant

It is astonishing how many young women in the Jewish set decide upon stage careers. The latest is Eleanor Haber, so well known in the exclusive Philomath circle. Miss Haber is handsome and has a good figure and she understands how to dress. She is going to give a dramatic recital next Thursday evening when the public may judge of her talent. Albert Elkus and Harry Samuels will assist.

How Buds are Introduced in Gotham

The latest method of introducing buds in New York is to present them at theatre parties. It is no longer considered the best of form to launch the bud with a splurge. A small tea, lacking show, has been the ordinary mode of bringing forth the bud, but this is now superseded by the theatre party. Thus all formality is cast to the winds. A theatre party, with a supper afterwards, is nothing if not gay and out of the prescribed form of debut affairs. A theatre party is usually a nuisance, but if theatrical managers are going to encourage the introduction of buds through that medium they should suffer the consequence of public disapproval. People that go to the theatre to witness a performance should not be compelled to suffer distraction.

The Sullivans are still in it. We lost a Chief of Police but we gained a Park Commissioner.

Fed by Mrs. Parrott

One does not know what to believe about Mammy Pleasant. Her most intimate friends declare that she is a poor innocent who has been the victim of schemes all her life, and that she is now on the verge of starvation. There are others who believe she is only shamming. At any rate she appears to be poverty-stricken. She lives alone and almost deserted in a down-town room. I hear that Mrs. Tiburcio Parrott keeps her alive with broths and chowders. Mrs. Parrott was a Miss Therese Tafly and she came from Carson, Nevada. She had considerable talent as an artist, and came to this city to study art. Tiburcio Parrott had an artistic temperament and haunted the studios. In one of them he met the young Nevada girl, fell in love with her and married her. That was about fifteen years ago. They lived in a beautiful palace near St. Helena. They spent about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in beautifying the home. Now, it may be purchased for less than half that sum.

She was Sarah Althea's Friend

The plight of Mammy Pleasant will no doubt start recollections once more of the unhappy fate of many of the original characters in that celebrated court drama which grew out of Sarah Althea Hill's claim to wifehood. It was said at one time that all the people that figured in the early historyof the famous Sharon case were victims of a strange fatality. Certainly many of them were overcome by curious reverses. George Washington Tyler, the first attorney for the plaintiff, was disbarred, and Judge Terry was killed. One or two of the witnesses went to the penitentiary. Another figured in a domestic scandal, a clerk for Attorney Tyler became a fugitive from justice, and the plaintiff was sent to an insane asylum. And now Mammy Pleasant, who was one of the first to espouse the cause of Sarah Althea, excites commiseration in her loneliness and poverty.

DR. H. BOSWORTH CROCKER has resumed practice at his former location in the Auzerais Building 21 Powell St. Practice will be limited to office treatment of the eye, ear, nose, throat and lungs. Consultations 2 to 5, and 7 to 8; Sundays by appointment only.

The Announcement Confirmed

A fortnight ago I announced the engagement of Edith McBean and Dr. Kierstedt, U. S. A., but the young lady denied the report to her most intimate friends as late as Monday of this week. I was beginning to think that my announcement was premature, but on Wednesday Miss McBean sent notes to all her friends assuring them that my news was true. There was no hitch that I know of, but there was some little hesitation due to the bread-and-butter question, which is a serious one when it confronts a fashionable girl of the Burlingame set. The salary of a first lieutenant in the army is not large enough to insure a young matron a real lively time in the social whirl. But Papa McBean, though not tremendously rich, has agreed to make his charming daughter a handsome allowance.

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This Clay is nothing more nor less than mud and water, which comes from a mine in Colorado. The Clay is perfectly harmless, will not stain the most delicate skin. Applied to the hair it changes it to beautiful shades, such as no hair dye has ever succeeded in producing. The color is regulated by the number of hours in the Clay bath—light shades from one-half hour to two hours—medium shades from two to six hours—dark from six to twelve hours. Gray hair can be changed to original color without changing the natural color, or the following tints with darker or lighter shades as desired: Black, brown, auburn and Titian red. Peroxide hair will take a rich golden or chestnut. Unlike dyes, the Clay stain is permanent, never wears off; can only be bleached off. The luxury of the shampoo can be indulged in at will as it does not effect the stain in any particular. The Clay never fails to leave the hair soft and glossy, and the one great point we claim for the Clay stain is its perfectly natural appearance. It defies detection. FRANCES C. SHERMAN
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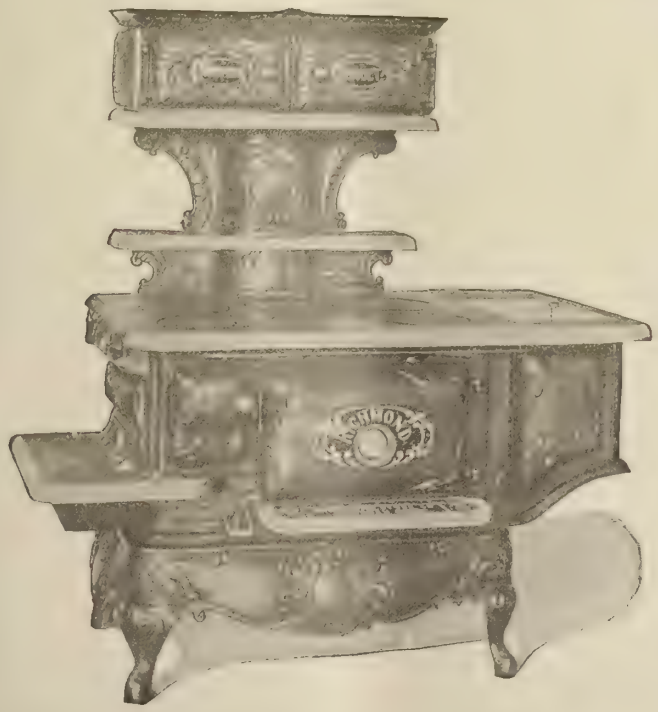

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The Widow's Story

When James Herodotus Canfield left me his blessing and a rent roll of fifty thonsand per annum, he hadn't an idea of consequences. But that was Canfield all over; he never did look to results. He didn't dream now what it would be to be a widow and a rich young widow at that; though now that I recall it, he had decided views upon the subject of second marriages.

How often have I heard him say "No man wants a second-hand piece of furniture, Nell, even if it is a knock-down bargain. No, my dear madam, no!—don't you associate widows with sentiment. A rich widow's married for the stuff, and God knows the devil himself wouldn't have a poor widow."

Can was a good fellow though, even if he did go off on a jag; and I don't know as he was to blame for that either, bein' as it was he run up from corn bread and cabbage to caviar and champagne—all in a single night.

You must excuse my calling him Can, but that's the name he went by when he sold bacon and beans in Holden. It was Can this, or Can that, all the time those days, or plain little simple J. H. Dear me, dear me,—why nobody in Holden would ever have believed that he could graduate into James Herodotus,—not he! Nor that he could be guilty of a bucket shop deal that would make us millionaires in a night.

Yet that's the very thing that happened. Holden was too small for us then—as Canfield said, and that meant New York or Paree—or both. Can could not speak French very glibly, and neither could I. So we just decided we'd best go where we could talk and hear talk and be right up to the top notch o' things.

Poor Canfield! What with the late suppers and the wine and the—and all that—he just sort o' collapsed.

After Canfield died, and that's been five years ago this June, I put on weeds. I did the proper thing and mourned and mourned—my goodness! how I did mourn for Can. Then came the neighbors one and all to tell me that it was time I quit mourning; that everybody on the avenue was criticising me for mourning so long. That's women for you. If you don't cry they'll talk, and if you do cry they'll talk. They'll do it every time, and New York women's no different from Holden. About this time I went to California. I didn't want to go one bit, but they wouldn't let me stay—society people, you know. "You've got money to burn, why don't you burn it? The proper thing for you to do is to winter in California. All the swagger set do it, and you really must be swagger."

It was beautiful out there in San Diego where the sun shines all day every day, and the flowers are as big as cabbages; but somehow I got tired of that beautiful sameness, and I wondered if Can didn't get tired of Heaven sometimes if it were all flowers and sunshine continuous. One day when I was thinking along in this strain, Mrs. Snow came up behind me.

"You're a mighty sweet and pretty little woman, Mrs. C.," said Mrs. Snow, "and I know you'll have just heaps of fun over here."

Mrs. Snow was from Kentucky, and she always said "mighty" and "heaps," but I found her such a kind little soul, I didn't mind it. Why, there's people in Holden that don't talk a bit better than she did, but they're just as good as gold—that's what they are. You mustn't judge a woman by her grammar no more'n by her gowns. Nine times out of ten you'll regret it if you do.

"You'll just have heaps of fun over here," she repeated, warmly. "I was the one that brought you over here to the Beach, you know, and I reckon I can do the rest. Just lay aside that gloomy old veil, honey, and come into the ball tonight. I'm going, and I'll introduce you to the Colonel."

"The Colonel, indeed," I replied indignantly. "None of your hot stuff Kentuckians' for me. Thanks—I'd rather not."

"But really, my dear, you'll enjoy him; he's the talk of the Beach. And he's from New York, too—born in Kentucky but drifted on to New York when he was grown."

"Drifted on to New York, did he? Why, that's just what I did and that seems to be just what everybody else wants to do. I feel sorry for New York! It must be awful to be so much in demand. With Holden, now, it was different! everybody wanted to *leave* Holden."

Well, I met the Colonel. He was delightful—so was the ball which was an exceedingly stiff and stately affair. It was Gotham right over again, though. Nearly every one present was from New York and had a Van before his name; or if he wasn't he wanted to be. For my part, I don't know why we all went so far to see what we could see at home. I didn't meet a soul that night but the Colonel, but he was awfully nice. Tall and slim and quiet just like Can—only more book learning. Can, now, never could spell—never in this world, but the Colonel—bless your soul—could spell and write, too. He was a newspaper man. The ball was just the beginning of my season at the Beach, but if I'd a known what was coming, I'd a made it the end. Just as I told Mrs. Snow, "it was enjoyment you didn't enjoy." It does seem sometimes as if people go to lots of trouble to make themselves miserable, and then they say they're right in the swim.

"Oh, it's awful to be at Coronado in the winter; it's equally as bad as Newport in the summer."

"Newport in the summer?" said Mrs. Snow, "well, I've never been to Newport so I can't draw comparisons, but if it's swelldom in its swellest you want, I say give me the Hotel del Coronado every time."

And I think she was right about it, too. That was the sole attraction of the Beach, where everything was held, from a regulation "bal de poudre" to the Salvation Army. That isn't a simple figure of speech, either. We did have the Salvationists the first Sunday I was out there. Mr. B. who ran the Coronado, he of Evansville, you know, who left Indiana a poor little nobody and returned there a year or two later well nigh a millionaire—well, Mr. B. of Evansville, thought it would be a very clever idea to give up that immense ball room one Sunday night to the Salvationists. Mrs. Snow was the one to tell me about it, and she suggested that we be sure to go in and hear them, which we did.

My, but my dear sir, it was a sight I'll long remember. The world of folly on one side and the little band of Salvationists on the other. One saying, "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we must die," the other pleading—"No, no, no; for if a man die he shall live again."

It was downright shameful, too, the sport that was made of those dear little poke-bonneted lassies. You would think it was a circus in their eyes—though God knows it wasn't. It was just as Adjutant Molly said when it came her turn to speak:

"Ladies and gentlemen," says she, "and friends: You may think we're fanatics; you may think we're fools, but your sayin' so don't make it so, and Jesus Christ won't make it so, neither.

"We're poor, I know; God knows, pitifully poor, but we ain't so poor as Him as was born in a manger. There you go again, laughing at us. We're a show for you swell folks, we are—and no doubt you think we've got no right to be—bein as you've got the title deed to the earth and every livin' thing on it that money and position and blue blood can buy—but we don't envy you, dear ladies and gentlemen—indeed we don't, and we've only come here tonight to tell you that there's hope for you—*hope even for New York's 400*, if they but know it and come in time to be saved. You may think you're the whole show now, but you ain't. Why, the

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Lord Almighty has only got to snap His little finger and out you go. Now please stop laughin' long enough to hear Captain Fanny sing that ever precious little Army song, 'There'll be no night there.'" And she sang it in a way, too, that would have done credit to the most high-salaried New York choir.

I couldn't help being moved, and I noticed that there was a gentleman in front of me who broke right down and cried.

"Don't make an ass of yourself, you fool you, don't you see you are mortifying me to death?"

It was the man's wife, who was bending wickedly over him. A shudder ran over me, and I wondered if a woman could be respectable and talk like that. I asked Mrs. Snow about it.

"Undoubtedly," said Mrs. Snow, "they belong to the Four Hundred because you know I have always heard"—this very emphatically—"that the Four Hundred could do pretty nearly everything and still be respectable."

Next day the Colonel asked me to go driving. I went. He said he was fond of widows. I told him Can wasn't. Then he asked me if I wouldn't please stop talking about Can. I did. It will never do to cross a man—never, especially, now, if you like him, and I did like the Colonel immensely. That wasn't the only drive. We went nearly every single day—if not on the beach it was over at San Diego. Then again we would go out to La Jolla. La Jolla, you know, is where they have the rocks and gorgeous scenery. Oh, but the caves there are beautiful—too beautiful for anything. I asked the Colonel the last time we went there if he didn't think so, too. He said he wasn't thinking about caves. I didn't ask him what he *was* thinkin' about about, but he came right out, sir, and told me right there in the boat, with the waves a jostlin' me like a miserable little lifeless cork. Nervous? I was really hysterical and I couldn't help thinking about that dear young couple who never did get out of La Jolla with their lives when they stayed too long in the cave and the high tide came and swallowed them up.

"Darn the tide," said the Colonel. He didn't care a rap what happened—he was going to tell me what he thought of me if every breaker on the Pacific dashed over him.

"My goodness me, Colonel," I replied amusedly, "you're getting sentimental."

"Look here, little widow," he exclaimed excitedly, "don't trifle with me any longer. If you don't love me, say so; but if you do love me, for God's sake let me take Canfield's place."

Just to think, now, of a newspaper man flying all to pieces like that. Why, I always thought an editor was nothing in the world but "copy," and that there wasn't any room for flesh and blood and passion.

Dear me, dear me—and what did I say? Well, if it had been at Holden, now, I don't know what I'd a said, really I don't—but it wasn't. The Colonel seemed satisfied with my answer. *B. L. R.*

Everything Comes to Him who Waits

A persistent Social Aspirant, after repeated Rebuffs, had almost decided to give up the Hopeless Quest after Society Honors when she made the Acquaintance of an Ex-Cotillon Leader, to whom she confided her Troubles.

"Oh, that is Quite Easy," said he when she had poured all her Woful Past into his Ears, "all you must do is to become a Charity Worker. The first thing to be done is to Subscribe to all the Smart Charitable Societies."

So the Social Aspirant plunked down several big Gold Pieces and already saw herself on the Top Wave of the Swim. But the Directresses of the Smart Charitable Societies took the money Eagerly and thanked the donor Effusively, but when they met her in the street the next day, they were all very Near Sighted and failed to Recognize her.

Again went the lady to her Adviser, and she Rai'ed Bitterly at the Loss of her Money and Failure to attain her Object.

"Never give up," said the Ex-Cotillon leader, "never say die. Keep at the Charity Racket and in time you'll Win."

By his advice the Social Aspirant gave a large Minstrel Show for the benefit of one of the Smart Charitable Societies. The directresses came to the Function and were very Gracious to the Hostess. But their recognition of her later never progressed beyond a Cold Bow.

Again irate, the lady sought her Adviser.

"Be happy," said he; "from the Icy Stare you have entered the Cold Bow period. It will not be long before you penetrate the Holy of Holies."

Therefore was the lady encouraged in her Charitable Endeavors. She gave away More money and projected other Entertainments, of which she shouldered the Expenses and gave all the Receipts to a Charitable Object. She was just basking in the Delight of a High Hand Shake from a Woman of Prominence when she fell Ill and Died.

Her funeral was attended by Society in a Body.

"And what a pity," said the Ex-Cotillon Leader, who was among the Mourners, "that the Dear Deported cannot be here to see the Tears shed upon her Casket by the Leaders of the Ton. Her desire is at last Realized, if a trifle Late. She has attained Social Recognition." —*The Undertaker.*

Delinquent Sale Notice

Tabasco Agricultural Company. Location of principal place of business, 208 Parrott Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Notice.—There is delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of assessment (No. 1) levied on the 4th day of December, 1901, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Name—	No. Cert.	No. Shs.	Amt.
Howard Perrin	15	15	$75 00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 4th day of Dec. 1901, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction at the office of the Tabasco Agricultural Company, on Wednesday, the 22nd day of January at the hour of two o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessments thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of the sale.

J. F. BURGIN, Secretary,
Office, 208 Parrott Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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O. K.

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PROPRIETORS

54-56 First Street

San Francisco, Cal.

STAGE

Scenery Not Shakespeare

It is a good many years ago that I saw "Henry VIII" at the California theatre, with Frederick Warde and Mrs. Bowers in the characters portrayed by Louis James and Modjeska in the Columbia presentation of the play. As I remember it, the former was a much better production than the latter. It was not lavishly mounted, there were fewer supernumeraries, and some of the scenes were left out entirely. But the cast as a whole was satisfactory, and read its Shakespeare with intelligence. Now Messrs. Wagenhals and Kemper have given us a great scenic "Henry VIII." No part of the mountings is slighted. It is such a stage production as might satisfy Irving, the most exacting stage manager in the world. Alas! in bestowing so much attention upon the play's mountings the selection of a cast to match the scenery was overlooked. I should imagine that a bargain counter lot of actors was obtained at the last moment, chosen as they select choruses for a comic opera, for their figures. There are some shapely legs in the "Henry VIII" cast, and as the men are well set up and muscular the women are one and all pretty and graceful.

The Twin Stars

Madame Modjeska is a beautiful, patrician Queen. She never lapses from her regal bearing; never does the deposed Katherine lose her dignity. In the trial scene, the Queen's noble attitude is its own rebuke to those who would belittle her. This same nobility enshrouds her death scene. Never is Modjeska's grief noisy or violent. She is always a Queen. James' Wolsey is an admirable interpretation, scholarly and well rounded. There is no one else in the cast who can in any way approach the stars. Except in Aphie James' Anne Bullen and three or four other roles, intelligent interpretation is lacking. The King himself is a farce; Norman Hackett is impossible.

Miss Seligman's Farewell

The engagement of Minnie Seligman at the Grand has been all too short. There are many plays in her repertory that one would like to see, but during this brief season it was impossible to produce them. I do not wonder that Miss Seligman is such a favorite in New York. She is not only an actress of talent and culture, but is a charming and womanly woman. This beautiful feminine quality was never shown more clearly than in Gilbert's "Comedy and Tragedy" that opened this week's bill, Miss Seligman playing Clarice. Then in the latter part of the program "Cavalleria Rusticana," she shows her strong capacity for heavy dramatic work. Even Calve's Santuzza did not thrill the audience to a greater extent than does Miss Seligman's. Her curse scene at the church door is one of the most convincing bits of acting I have ever seen.

From Farce to Emotion

It was a big jump from "Charley's Aunt" to "The Wife" and it increases my respect for the Alcazar stock that the spring was so well taken. "The Wife" is a pretty play. While some of its situations, after the modern mode of looking at social sins and follies, are unnecessary and therefore almost absurd, the play is still one of the best that David Belasco ever had a hand in. The company is well balanced. Mr. Alsop is not unlike Herbert Kelcey in his portrayal of the Senator. Rutherford is somewhat of a prig, anyway, and one cannot blame the actor because the author refuses to let him unbend. Mr. Scott makes an admirable villain whether in melodrama or emotional plays; his Culver is a strong bit of work. Mr. Shumer's best work as Robert Gray, victim of others' deceit, is done in the second act. He is a very manly figure. Mr. Osbourne has little to do as the produce exchange man but emit an occasional hearty laugh, but his comedy and that laugh are irresistible. Mr. Bacon is in his proper element as the faint-hearted Major. He has some delightful scenes with Miss Crosby. Mr. Tracy, the Jack Dexter of the cast, is a bright juvenile actor and makes a clever double for little Oza Waldrop (Kitty Ives). Miss Wycherly's emotional work as the passionate, revengeful Creole is far above that of Miss Convere in the title part. The latter's forte is not emotion. Rather is she a refined and delicate comedienne. I should like to see her in the Daly comedies and in "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," "The Senator" and plays of that ilk. As Helen in "The Wife" she makes a lovely picture, but her acting does not carry conviction with it. She is artificial. Miss Wycherly's Lucile, on the contrary, is instinct with life. She interests from the start. Miss Crosby is to the manner born as Mrs. Bellamy Ives, and does some charming comedy work. Miss Howe fits well into her role of Mrs. Amery. Miss Wakeman and Mr. Gerson are efficient as maid and private secretary. The play is beautifully mounted, the library scene being especially handsome. All the women wear smart frocks. On Monday night each player as she or he appeared was received with applause, extra enthusiasm greeting George Osbourne's return and the entrance of Frank Bacon, who is a prime favorite with the theatre's patrons.

Why Mrs. Pat went on the Stage

My London correspondent writes me that Mrs. "Pat" Campbell, who is now paying her first visit to "the States," is about thirty-six years of age. She is of mixed parentage, her mother having been an Italian while her father was English. Born in England, nearly all her life has been spent in

The well known Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra has re-opened for the Fourth Season, 1901-1902. To guarantee promptness, all engagements must be made at the Studio, 718 Post street. Telephone Polk 1575. School hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m

Notice To Creditors

Estate of Annie Griffin also known as Anne Griffin, formerly Annie Kenny.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the offices of Lent & Humphrey, Rooms 167 and 168 Crocker Building, corner of Post and Market streets, City and County of San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

PETER C. YORKE,
Executor of the last will and testament of Annie Griffin, also known as Anne Griffin, formerly Annie Kenny, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, December 28th, 1901.
Lent & Humphrey, Attorneys-at-law,
167-168 Crocker Bldg.

Estate of Carl Peter Schulz also called Charles Brown also called Charles Philibert Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. BOLAND, Administrator of the Estate of Carl Peter Schulz, also called Charles Brown, also called Charles Philibert deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business No. 238 Montgomery street, San Francisco the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

P. BOLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of Carl Peter Schulz, also called Charles Brown also called Charles Philibert Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, January 4th, 1902.
M. C. HASSETT, Attorney for Administrator,
308-10-12 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

Notice of Intention to Change Principal Place of Business

Office of the Economic Oil Burner Company,
No. 139 First Street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Economic Oil Burner Company, a corporation, having its principal place of business at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, intends to change the same from said City and County of San Francisco, to the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, and that a meeting of the Directors of said Corporation for the purpose of making said change will be held at the office of said corporation, on Monday the 27th day of January, 1902, at the hour of one P. M. of said day.

Dated December 27th, 1901.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

ATTEST.
J. E. LARSON, President. J. J. BURKE, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY, corner California and Montgomery Sts. For the six months ending December 31st, 1901, dividends have been declared on Deposits in the Savings Department of this Company as follows: On Term Deposits, at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits, at the rate of 3 per cent per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1902. Dividends uncalled for are added to the principal and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 1, 1902. J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

London, with the exception of the period when she was touring the provinces and a year she spent in Paris to perfect herself in French. She was only a "talented amateur" when fate made of her a professional. Her husband, a Scotchman, with an Irish Christian name, and a gallant officer in the army, was obliged to go abroad with his regiment. As he was absent from his beautiful wife about seven years she became lonesome and as she loved to work and especially to act, she joined the "Bachelor" company in Liverpool, later becoming a member of Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer's and then of Mr. Ben Greet's company. It was not until 1890 that she appeared in a London theatre, and not until 1895 that she found herself, by virtue of her charming Juliet, a reigning star. She played in "As You Like It" in the memorable performance given at Wilton, the country-seat of Earl and Countess Pembroke. The production was later repeated at Ashridge before Earl and Countess Brownlow. Brownlow said at the time he considered her Rosalind the best he had even seen, even superior to Ada Rehan's.

Her Skirt Fell Off

One night when Mrs. Pat Campbell appeared in "The Trumpet Call," in her part of Astrea, the gipsy, an incident occurred that served to show her great self-command. Through her dresser's carelessness, the short black skirt, thin to imitate rags and covering very scanty underwear, fell below her knees before she noticed it was unfastened. Though some of the audience forgot their breeding and began to laugh. Mrs. Pat was not feazed. She gathered up her skirt without losing her self-possession, was off the stage and back again so quickly as scarcely to disturb the play's action and went on as if nothing had happened.

Her "Discovery" by Pinero

It was in Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" that she attained her highest London vogue. And the way Mrs. Campbell came to play in Pinero's dramas is of some interest. She was acting Clarice Berton in "Black Domino" and Pinero saw her in the death scene of that play. Her emotional power impressed him and he asked her to create Paula in his new play. After that the playwright would have no one else to create leading roles in his new plays.

Modjeska and the Dramatic Aspirant

Madame Modjeska has not been so troubled with applications from stage-struck girls as have some stars, for Count Bozenta always took pains to keep these annoyances from her. However, she tells one story of an encounter she could not escape. It was a few years ago when she was crossing the continent, and as the train was delayed for some time at a little station the passengers alighted. Modjeska was sitting on a pile of lumber. All at once she was approached by an overgrown girl with a thin, pale face and wearing black glasses. She asked if that were Madame Modjeska and without waiting for an answer went on: "I am determined to go on the stage. Even if you say I have no talent I am going just the same, but I want to know if you think I have the capacity to act. I *must* act. My family will not listen to it, but I am determined to go on the stage. Do you think I am fitted for it?" She said all this without a stop and then Modjeska had to tell her that as she had never seen her before, did not know her name, and could scarcely ask her to recite there in the open while the train waited, she feared her opinion would be useless. The girl gave one hopeless farewell stare and then vanished as mysteriously as she had appeared.

A Priceless Mouchoir

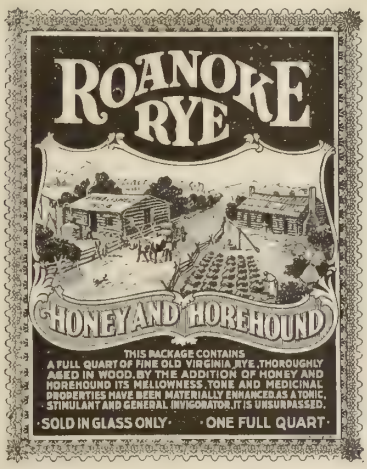
The handkerchief Modjeska carries in "Henry VIII" is one of the rarest pieces of old Spanish lace in the world. It is believed to have once been the property of Queen Isabella. Modjeska was asked to exhibit it at the World's Fair in Chicago among other relics of the Columbian era. The great actress has a wardrobe that is full of beautiful garments. She has preserved her fine figure all these years, and yet she never wears corsets. Instead she wears a tightly fitted buckskin bodice, which comes up to the armpits and over the hips. This was her own invention, an idea gained from wearing the buckskin tunic as Rosalind in "As You Like It." Modjeska was asked the other day whom she considered the most beautiful woman, and she answered that she had always thought Lily Langtry an ideal beauty. By the way, just now, Modjeska is a very sick woman. She has remarkable will power, otherwise she would not be able to act at all.

Russo's Christmas gift to Collamarini was an eight hundred dollar diamond.

At the egg-nog parties now all the vogue in society Chapin & Gore's whiskies are the brand used.

Techau Tavern...

The most artistic, best lighted and ventilated place of its kind in San Francisco. . . . . For luncheon, dinner or after theatre parties one may be sure of getting excellent service, choicest of oysters and all sort of refreshments. And while enjoying comfort and the artistic surroundings one is entertained by the strains of sweetest music, where Techau, the proprietor, is constantly in attendance to assure patrons satisfactory and prompt service as he always has done in former establishments conducted by him. . . . .



THE
SAN FRANCISCO BLUE BOOK
The fashionable Private Address Directory, now being compiled for the
SEASON 1901-1902

This year's edition will embrace in departments San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, San Rafael, Sausalito, Sacramento, Stockton, San Jose, San Mateo, Burlingame, Palo Alto, Los Angeles, San Diego, Army and Navy, Personnel of the Press, Theatre Diagrams, San Francisco Calling List by Streets; Membership, with addresses of all the clubs; Winter Guests at the Leading Hotels, San Francisco Street and Avenue Guide, Street Car Routes, Shopping Guide, etc., etc. The Alphabetical List will contain the names, addresses, reception days, private telephones and country residences of the most prominent families. The compilation, printing, binding, paper and art work, will be the very best in quality, workmanship and careful scrutiny. The large advance subscription list already secured attests the growing popularity of this publication, and in this connection we have the highest indorsement of the most prominent business houses by their patronage in advertisements. Address all changes in address, etc., to

Telephone West 839

CHARLES C. HOAG, Editor and Publisher — 225 Post St., San Francisco

Rostand a Fallen Idol

When Rostand was at the zenith of his popularity a critic remarked: "In respect to dramatic situations, I think Dumas the elder had a considerable advantage over you."

"Yes," replied Rostrand, "there is no doubt about it, but that is insignificant compared to another advantage which he possesses."

"What is that, monsieur?"

"Why, all his contemporary critics are dead."

The story, whether true or ben trovato, loses nothing in point, for at the present timeRostand is a fallen idol, and the critics are asking whether he is a poet at all, and whether he can even write French, and any number of other impertinent and far-fetched questions. The people whose business or pleasure it is to talk and write about what others do have taken offense at the poems of M. Rostrand in praise of the Czarina, and they are unwilling to grant that he possesses any merit at all. It would be well to consider whether these effusions are not, to some extent, official, and to be looked upon as the perfunctory work of a poet laureate. At all events, it is rather early to reverse judgment, and that for a whim which concerns politics rather than literature.

Attractions Next Week

Next week at the Columbia Modjeska and James will appear in repertory: Monday and Saturday nights "Macbeth"; Tuesday night and Saturday matinee, "Mary Stuart," by many considered Modjeska's greatest role; Wednesday and Friday nights, "Merchant of Venice"; Thursday night, "Henry VIII." Among forthcoming attractions at the Columbia are "Princess Chic" with Tommy Leary as one of the comedians; Viola Allen in "The Palace of the King"; Margaret Anglin, Henry Miller and other stars in new plays.

The Grand Opera House stock will next week produce "Claire and the Forgemaster," one of the most popular dramas in the famous Kendalls' repertory. Laura Nelson Hall will be Claire and Herschel Mayall will be Philippe Derblay. Fred Butler will be Monsieur Bachlieu. The play will be finely staged. Several interesting works will shortly be presented at the Grand.

The Alcazar's play for next week is absolutely new here. "For the White Rose" is a romantic drama, scenes laid in Sherwood forest, England, during the Thirty Years' War, and the leading male part was written especially for M. L. Alsop. E. H. Sothern owns the Eastern rights to the play's production and Mr. Alsop those of the West. The hero is a dashing, chivalrous young Irishman and Mr. Alsop should revel in the rollicking scenes in which Larry Kavanagh is made to appear. New scenery has been painted for the production and the costumes will be rich and picturesque.

George Cooper's swim is the sensation in "Lost in New York" at the Central this week. Next week's bill will be quite as exciting as this—that old favorite, "Under the Gaslight," one of Augustin Daly's early works. Peachblossom, Snorkey, Byke, old Judas and the rest: do we not remember them all with pleasure? The railroad scene is unparalleled in melodrama.

Kara, the wonderful juggler who excels all others in his line, will be one of the Orpheum's stars next week. Three new arrivals from Australia, the Faust sisters, will do a charming and novel dance. Arthur Buckner, bicycle soloist, will do some startling turns. Jacques Inaudi will repeat his tremendous mental feats. Eddie Girard, the nimble-footed, and his clever partner Florence Gardner, will give new specialties. The musical Westons, Alf Holt the whistler, and the Gardner Cranes in "A Happy Pair" will be on the program.

Anna Wilson will have a new song for the part of the fairy queen in "Little Red Riding Hood" at the Tivoli next week, a good song which she sings well. Hartman will give "I'm Tired" and "Mister Shakespeare" for the last times, as next will be the final week of the spectacle. Frank Daniels' last comic opera hit, "The Ameer," will be given its first production by the Tivoli company on January twentieth. Several new singers will be heard in the comic opera.

—*The Playgoer.*

Jerome Hart's book of travel sketches, "Argonaut Letters," which was published early in the year, is now entirely out of print, and no more copies can be supplied. It was printed from type form, so that a new edition is out of the question.

AMUSEMENTS

Grand Opera House—Special!

Friday Afternoon, Jan. 17, at 3:15 Sharp

THIRD SYMPHONY CONCERT

Under the Auspices of the

San Francisco Symphony Society

PAUL STEINDORFF, Director

Orchestra of Fifty-five Musicians — Giulio Minetti, Concertmeister

RESERVED SEATS . . . . $1.50; $1.00; 75c. and 50c.

On sale at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s Tuesday Morning, January 14, at nine o'clock.

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER

Beginning Next Monday, January 13

Second and Last Week

MODJESKA & JAMES

in the following repertoire:

Monday and Saturday Nights . . . . . MACBETH
Tuesday Night and Saturday Matinee . . . . MARY STUART
Wednesday and Friday Nights . THE MERCHANT of VENICE
Thursday Night . . . . . HENRY VIII.

Coming . "THE PRINCESS CHIC"

Orpheum

O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee Jan. 12th

KARA THE GREAT — Three Faust Sisters — Arthur Buckner
JACQUES INAUDI — Girard and Gardner — Three Westons
Alf. Holt — Last week of Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Crane
The Biograph

Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c. Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c
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Evenings at 8 sharp! — Matinee Saturday at 2 sharp!

Week of January 13th—Last of the funny, holiday piece

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Monday, Jan. 20th—"THE AMEER," with a Great Company

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The greatest success of Mr. and Mrs. Kendall

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Week Beginning January 13

"FOR THE WHITE ROSE"

A Romantic Drama. Beautifully staged and costumed
M. L. Alsop as Larry Kavanagh, the part specially written for him

Regular Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Seats on sale six days in advance — Prices—15c, 25c, 35c, 50c & 75c.

MUSIC

A Sacramento Girl's Success

Alice Kellar, last year supporting May Irwin's vocal numbers with her banjo playing, is this year with Rice's company and is said to be making a great hit. Miss Irwin according to report is extremely particular and hard to suit but she fairly showered Miss Kellar with compliments on her work. Miss Kellar is a Sacramento girl, one time music pupil of Gertrude Gerrish, the pianiste of that place. After leaving Sacramento Miss Kellar studied vocal music under the best teachers wherever she was touring and in the great international banjo contest several years ago won the championship. Her playing of this instrument is said to be wonderful, besides which she has a beautiful contralto voice, is a splendid actress and possessed of a handsome figure and face of the Maxine Elliot type.

He Played at His Own Time

There is one thing that Josef Hofman, the youthful piano virtuoso, now paying a visit to the coast, does not like about the California winter. There is no ice here and he is passionately fond of skating. A story is extant about Josef that shows, in connection with this passion, the youth's independent disposition. It happened about two years ago that Josef was in St. Petersburg, and one day the ex-Empress of Russia sent for him to come and play for her. Such a desire of course was a command, and it was accompanied by the words, "Come between three and four o'clock." Now, the day was beautiful, bright and clear, and the Neva was in charming condition for skaters. Josef had his lunch and then went to his room where his father found him dressing in his court attire. Asked where he was going, Josef answered, "To play for the Empress." His father remonstrated, because the hour named for him to go to court was three o'clock. But Josef replied, "I will not wait till three, for if I do it will be too late to skate. I shall go now!" It turned out that the ex-Empress was not angry because Josef came before the appointed hour. He played for her and then went off to the Neva with his skates.

The Last Symphony

The third and last of the first series of symphony concerts under the auspices of the San Francisco Symphony Society will take place at the Grand Opera House next Friday afternoon. Director Steindorff has proved satisfactory and his orchestra of fifty-five musicians, with Giulio Minetti as concert-meister, is one of which San Francisco may justly feel proud. In selecting his final program Mr. Steindorff has shown rare judgment, a more attractive offering being hard to find. It is: Donna Diana, overture (first time) E. von Reznicsk; Traume (Dreams), E. Wagner, (arranged for orchestra by Johan Svendsen); Scenes Pittoresque, J. Massenet; symphony (Jupiter), C major, W. A. Mozart. The Mozart opera "Le Nozze de Figaro" was the sensation of the Grau grand opera season, and study of Mozart's works was consequently entered into with renewed zeal by music students. This production of a Mozart symphony will doubtless attract all those who enjoyed the opera. Reserved seats will be ready at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s next Tuesday morning at nine o'clock, prices ranging from a dollar and a half to fifty cents.

A concert to be given by four Tivoli grand opera stars in Oakland next Tuesday is attracting no little interest on the other side of the bay, as the singers are great favorites. The quartet is made up of Repetto, soprano, Collamarini, contralto, Russo, tenor, and Ferrari, baritone. Andre Benoist, a Paris Conservatoire graduate, is the accompanist and the program will embrace favorite operatic numbers in which the several vocalists have done especially good work. Benoist, by the way, is a young Parisian of only twenty-two years of age but already a master of the keyboard. He graduated from the Conservatoire at sixteen, subsequently studying with those renowned masters, Massenet, Godard, Saint Saens and Thome. The opera company recently appeared in Los Angeles and received great praise from the critics. Prominent society people of Oakland have the concert in charge. The company is on its way East.

On the opening night of the photographic salon at the Hopkins, from eight to eleven there was a promenade concert under the direction of Sir Henry Heyman when the orchestra rendered the following well selected program: March, Adelman; overture, "Stradella," Flotow; waltz, "Artist's Life," Strauss; intermezzo, "Anna" (new), Krouse; selections from "Romeo and Juliet," Gounod; gavotte, "Princess," Czibulda; valse Espagnole, "Chiquita" (new), Liefeld; Magnolia Serenade, Missud; selections, "The Governor's Son" (new), Cohan; Berceuse, Cruell's; Popular Melody, Wilson; march, "Spirit of Liberty," Sousa. On the evenings of January sixteenth and twenty-third there will be vocal and instrumental concerts under the direction of Henry Heyman.

Nordica's Advice

Lilian Nordica in that article now going the rounds of the Supps, gives some very practical advice to American girls in particular and all girls in general who are studying vocal music with the operatic stage in view. She says so many ambitious young singers throw the responsibility of their selection of a career upon her shoulders and entreat her to choose for them. "I receive letters," she says, "and the girls come to see me, poor things, and expect me to tell them whether they can't be great singers, too. How can I take the responsibility? Am I to order their lives? All I can do is to give them good advice and answer their poor letters. Do they know what success means—what trouble, what work, what disappointment, what sheer physical endurance? Why, the first act of 'Lohengrin' requires one to stand on the stage one whole hour. Many opera acts require one hour and a half. How many women can go through just that? Girls are so romantic and have such ideas. They are ignorant of life and wish to jump into glory. What makes a singer? Application and concentration, they are two requisites. I have sacrificed everything, my pleasures and caprices as well as my time and my life. But study masters. Even a voice will not suffice. The only infallible authority is the public. It is never wrong, not in the long run."

Mr. Emlyn Lewys, B.A., and Miss Mary Carrington, pianiste, are to give six lecture recitals in the Knabe parlor of Kohler & Chase's on Thursday afternoons at 3:30 from January ninth to February thirteenth. They are invitational and as Mr. Lewys is an authority on the subject of piano technique the lectures and their demonstration promise to be most interesting as well as instructive.

This evening the fourth concert of the season will be given by the Minetti quartet in Y. M. C. A. Auditorium. The quartet will be assisted by Frederic Biggerstaff, pianist. The program announces a string quartet in D minor by Bazzini, a Rubinstein piano and cello sonata in D major, and a Schubert string quartet in D minor.

Friday evening, January twenty-fourth, an orchestral and violin recital will be given in Oakland under the direction of Alexander Stewart. There will be thirty-five musicians in the orchestra, twenty-five of whom will be violin players. William King will assist at the organ and Miss Beulah George is to give some vocal numbers.

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A New Composition

I had the pleasure of receiving and reading Samuel Bollinger's "Danza Melancholique" which proves to be quite as original and interesting as his other published compositions. The Danza is characteristic of its title and has a thread of peculiarly pleasing melody woven into harmonies of delightful conception. Mr. Bollinger has several interesting and ambitious compositions yet in manuscript which will probably ere long be given to the public.

Here and There

Elizabeth Westgate, pianiste, and Alexander Stewart, violinist, announce the first of this year's musicales at the residence of the former, 117 Paru street, Alameda, for this afternoon, in which there will be numbers rendered by Miss Westgate and Mr. Stewart for violin and piano and vocal numbers by Miss Grace Carroll the contralto. These musicales are but a continuation of former events of the kind and Miss Westgate is a delightful hostess in addition to her other accomplishments. In addition to these attractions the music itself is of a very high order and one can but look forward with liveliest anticipation to the event, remembering last year's enjoyment under similar conditions. The program is selected from Mozart, Max Bruch, Grieg, Schubert, Draeseke, Massenet, Glazounow and Mlynarski.

The first foreign star to visit us this year will be Josef Hofmann, who will be at the Columbia on January twenty-eigth and thirty-first. —*The Music Critic.*

Ready Made Men

A few years ago the average man would have regarded it as an impossibility for him to wear anything but clothes built to order for him by a high-priced custom tailor. He bought perhaps two suits a year and they were all he could afford. In this jeune siecle, all the is changed. There is no necessity nowadays for any man to go about looking seedy or shabby. There is no necessity for any man to deprive himself of the pleasures of society for lack of an evening suit. J. J. Gildea, the dispensers of good clothes at 756-758 Market street, can fit the most exacting figure and taste in clothes. Their ready-to-wear clothing is not of ordinary cut; it has that indispensable something we call "style" or "tone." And though it shows the custom tailor's touch, it is far below the custom tailor's price. Mr. Gildea makes a specialty of evening clothes.

Sunset for January has a most entertaining contents. A beautifully illustrated poem is "Roses of Monterey," by E. C. Tompkins. "The Sequoia's Death," by Dr. Babad, is illustrated from photographs taken in the Mariposa Grove. Guaymas is described in two articles. Alla Aldrich Clarke, H. L. Wells, T. S. Van Dyke, Jessie J. Knox and others contribute entertaining articles. The half tones are admirable throughout the number.

The Pasmore concert, which was announced for Tuesday, January fourteenth, has been changed to Tuesday, January twenty-first, one week later.

A New Branch of Labor

The new School of Copper-plate, and Card Engraving and Designing established by F. W. Gardam offers a splendid field for ambitious young Californians desiring to enter some business or profession whose ranks are not already over-crowded. Mr. Gardam was formerly with Tiffany & Co., New York, Payot Upham & Co., and lately with Lowman & Hanford of Seattle. The scarcity of competent artists and engravers on copper and steel caused Mr. Gardam to conceive the idea of founding this school. There is no more lucrative craft or profession, for Mr. Gardam himself has never accepted less than two hundred and fifty dollars per month, his services being in great demand at that figure. From seventy-five to one hundred dollars is the average monthly pay, though in many cases it reaches one hundred and fifty and two hundred dollars. For a moderate compensation Mr. Gardam now offers in his School of Engraving and Designing the opportunity of acquiring a degree of skill in these branches.

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—*The Lady's Maid.*

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LETTERS

What is a Boom Novel?

If one were called upon to characterize the style and standing of literature at the present time, one would be obliged to call it the period of the boom novel, and of boom novels there are two classes. One is what some one has aptly termed "The Old Homestead" style and the other is the historical. They are what might be called good "library" novels, since they suit the taste and intellectual capacity of the people who do not care to own books but are satisfied to depend upon the public libraries for their mental food. The "Old Homestead" novel, like the play of that name, deals with homely scenes and pastoral people and the central figure is some elderly man or woman around whom the events cluster. The historical novel can be anything under the sun, and can be timed to any period from the earliest recorded history to the last great war. There is only one requirement—plenty of fighting as a background for a love story. Incidentally the great names of the period are introduced, and some effort is made to keep within hailing distance of recorded facts, but the main thing is plenty of gore, a wilful maid and an adventurous swain, and all the better if the lovers are in opposition in their sympathies. Of the "Old Homestead" variety, "Eben Holden," "Quincy Adams Sawyer" and "The Road to Ridgeby's" are amongst the best examples, and they are not bad. They have a human interest and sympathy which are apt to be lacking in the stuffed military figures which stalk through the war books. They please the older generation, who can still recall the days of candles, when the sewing machine was a luxury and the bread was baked in the family oven. Style and literary finish are not factors in their popularity, and the homely humor expressed in homely language makes an appeal where polished wit would fail. Why or how the historical romance took such a foothold no one now could say. There is little to commend itself in the majority of them, and those dealing with any particular period are as much alike as mill-made clothespins. To read one is to have read all. Yet, strange to say, people who fall under the fascination, will laboriously work their way through the pile, just as theatre-goers will make a point of going to every performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for the sake of seeing all the Topsies, or follow up "East Lynne," or, more rarely, one of Shakespeare's plays. "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," was one of the first, and decidedly the best of the Revolutionary novels, but it received comparatively little attention, though it perhaps paved the way for the phenomenal success of its followers. "Janice Meredith," "Richard Carvel," "Philip Winwood," and a host more followed close on its heels, and for years past the interest in American history, judging it from the fictional standpoint, has been phenomenal. Irving Bacheller has succeeded in claiming attention in both the "Old Homestead" and the historical schools, and indeed his "D'ri and I" is a combination of both. In the latter he has been astute enough to desert the overworked fields of the Revolution, and to leave New York and Philadelphia for the Canadian border and the Second War for Independence. Charles Felton Pidgin has also courted honors in both fields, and his second book ignored war as an active factor of interest. "Blennerhassett" took a new hero in the person of Aaron Burr. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, who was one of the first to enter the field of history in search for material for romance, and whose earlier stories stray into the little known by-paths of colonial days, has also taken a new theme in her "Lazarre," the supposed Dauphin, but apart from Mr. Pidgin and Mrs. Catherwood, there is little of novelty in theme or treatment, in the Colonial and Revolutionary novels. In "The Crisis," as in "The Cavalier," Mr. Cable's new book, the Civil war is the background, but Mr. Cable makes the war a secondary consideration, and makes no attempt to cover the whole field. Hamlin Garland transplanted his western miner into English high society in his story of "Her Mountain Lover," but it was hardly a success, and Jim may be buried in a cave in his Colorado mine for all the interest the public has shown in him. By far the strongest book of the year just ended, from an American pen, was "The Octopus," by Frank Norris. It attracted as much attention in England as in America, and quite recently a London editor did it the questionable honor of discovering in it a motive for the assassination of President McKinley. Of the books which possess a quieter and more domestic interest there has been nothing so good as Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "Circumstance." Reminiscences of the war with Spain, and war books, apart from fiction, have been plentiful during the last few years. There have been so many that even the best have been perforce neglected. Captain Robley E. Evans "Sailor's Log," though not a war book, lost nothing in popularity from the fact that most people knew nothing of him before the Spanish war.

The English Writers

Though the American second-rate novel outranks the British second-rater, the fact remains that the best English writers are quite as far in advance of the best American story-tellers. It is to England that we owe the flood of Letters and Garden Literature which threatened for a time to oust even the historical romances from the field. Thomas Hardy has been silent, but in his place, and a worthy rival, comes Eden Phillpotts, whose "Good Red Earth" and "The Striking Hours" have been his contributions for the year. Kipling's "Kim," which gained nothing from its publication serially in *McClure's*, is decidedly one of the books of the year, though it will prove a disappointment to readers in search of the flirtatious matron and the impecunious subaltern. Zach has given us two powerful, if not altogether pleasant, books in "The White Cottage," and "Tales of Dunstable Weir," and the same judgment will apply to Lucas Malet's new book, "Sir Richard Calmady." Both Hall Caine and Marie Corelli are represented by religious novels, and though Miss Corelli's book was not an issue of the year 1901, its popularity amongst her admirers has been such that it is, to all intents and purposes, a book of the hour. Gilbert Parker's "Right of Way" is another of the books now demanding public attention, and "The Secret Orchard" by the Castles, Agnes and Egerton, which has a decidedly French flavor as well as setting, is also attracting attention. "Jack Raymond," which has been the only contribution of Mrs. Voynich since her powerful novel, "The Gadfly," is another book not to be lightly passed over. But to mention only by name a tithe of the novels in English alone which have attracted attention would be almost a task for Hercules. In the way of translations nothing else has received so much notice as "Foma Gordyeeff," the work of the Russian peasant Maxim Gorky. It was expected that a new and unexpurgated edition of the "Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff," that precocious young Russian artist who died some years ago, and whose intimate confidences with herself, so evidently written with an eye to the public, would create something of the same furore that the originally journal enjoyed, but the public had forgotten Marie Bashkirtseff, and the "Love Letter" craze had sated the public appetite. Another book from which much was expected and little more than disappointment gathered was "Five Years of My Life," by Alfred Dreyfus. In fact, there sems to have seen but little interest in biography and autobiography, and those thrifty publishers who rushed lives of Queen Victoria through the presses were lucky if they came out even. It is impossible at the present time, if it is ever otherwise, to forecast the trend of popular taste in the matter of books, during the present year, and it little matters how the critic may carp at the lack of culture amongst the masses, for it is the judgment of the masses which will determine the output. Dollars are a tangible argument, and both authors and publishers have a canny eye to what will sell best. Even those who prate most loudly of "art for art's sake" must acknowledge the necessity of keeping alive if they would produce anything, and unless they have an assured maintenance they will be found quite reconciled to making money first and devoting themselves to art afterwards. —*The Bookworm.*

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TIES THAT BIND.

Reveries of the Old Year's Follies.

I.

His

I wonder if I could brace up and follow the example of my old chum? Lord! I never thought Tom would be caught—but an heiress is a pretty good thing these hard days. Now I wonder—there's that little school girl I've been making love to off and on for the past year. She's too easy, though, and her father's willing. I like a game with more go to it. But then there's the girl and the dot—and on the other side a future in which debt accumulates mountains high. I'm still owing for Flossie's sealskin, and that diamond garter she would insist on buying for her Christmas gift. Miss Clare's dot would be a very nice salve for the wound my

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next month's income received in that purchase. But—given Clare, what's to become of Flossie? I hate scandal and she's just the kind to make a fuss. Well, let me toss up for it—heads, Flossie; tails, Clare. Tails it is! Well, good-bye, Flossie. Now, what the devil—well, I'll propose to Clare first. Then, come the deluge.

II.

Hers

It's coming. I feel it in my poor shaky bones. And I guess I'll have to say yes. He loves me, and after all 'tis worth something to have a man love one and not one's millions. Besides, I'll have to break off that little affair with ——, now that his wife has begun to sit up and take notice. *He* has no idea I m anything but *ingenue*. Fancy if he ever heard! But my old dear doesn't move in the same set. 'Twill be hard to give up his dear society, but I've been going a little too fast; if I don't pull up there's sure to be a sensation. I am between Scylla and Charybdis—if I marry, there's the one love of my life ready to turn off the gas. If I don't accept papa's choice, there's a nice young man loaded with suicide thoughts. Heigho! what shall I do?

III.

The Other One's

He bores me to death lately, goes mooning around and staring at me as if he couldn't get enough of my face. If anything I hate, 'tis a moonstruck lover. And he's getting stingy, too; grumbled awfully when I ordered a diamond garter the other day and sent the bill to his office. I wonder how I could throw him off without hurting his feelings? He's not a bad sort, and I liked him well enough at first. But—well, there's ——. To be sure, he's old and not good-looking, but then his bank account is very solid. I'm not so young as I was and must begin and lay by for a rainy day. But—oh, I'd hate to be the heroine of a scandal, and if I gave Him his *conge*, I fear he'd go and drown himself. I don't know what to do—yes, I have it! the first that comes to my house tomorrow shall be my choice for the year!

—*The Psychologist.*

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SUMMONS IN DIVORCE

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 5

FLORENCE G. TILTON, Plaintiff
vs
CHARLES O. TILTON, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of sa'd Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:
CHARLES O. TILTON, Defendant

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of defendant's wilful neglect and wilful desertion of plaintiff also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

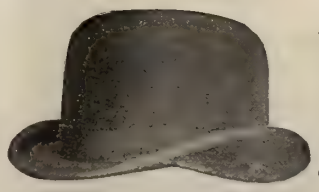
Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of October in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and one.

[SEAL.] WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.
By E M. THOMPSON, Deputy Clerk.

A. W. THOMPSON, Plaintiff's Attorney,
Rooms 567-568 Parrott Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

J. PORCHER

..Agents for..



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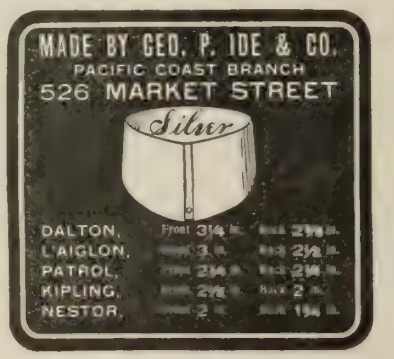

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San Francisco, January 18, 1902

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OUR OPINION

The Fool Minister Again

How unfortunate that it is not as difficult for a preacher to get into print as it is for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle! If it were then we should be spared many unpleasant spectacles. We should not have occasion to marvel so often that men of small minds find it so easy to get into the ministry. There are no doubt quite as many silly yawpers in other professions as in the ministry, but the newspapers do not give them access to their columns. Therefore they are not on exhibition. They enjoy the blessing of merciful obscurity. But let a preacher, be he ever so shallow-pated, seek publicity through the medium of the press, even though his only purpose be to make the angels weep, he is promptly extended the glad hand. The latest victim of journalistic encouragement is the Rev. Dr. Charles Wilbur de Lyon Nichols of Nichols, Conn. Instead of confining himself to the field of endeavor to which he is presumed to be fitted, he has undertaken, the despatches tell us, to determine what persons might properly be considered to be in fashionable society in all the large cities of this country. Why Nichols of Nichols should consider himself qualified to solve such an unimportant but intricate problem, not the slightest hint is given. His name is suggestive of a long line of mixed ancestry. Perhaps he is the bluest blooded chap in all Nichols, and is anxious to impress the simple folks of that obscure village with the wealth of his knowledge on the subject of fashionable society. But whatever his purpose it is evident that he has not neglected his Bible to study the society columns to advantage. His list of San Francisco people who are entitled to be in fashionable society is sufficient to expose his unfamiliarity with the subject. The only names on the list are those of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker and Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mackay. As Mr. Tevis is dead it is evident that the Rev. Nichols does not hesitate to fix the social standards even on the other side. As for Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker they have been making the battle for social recognition for many years, and even now their position is not quite settled. Mr. and Mrs. Mackay have long since been admitted to the holy of holies abroad, but there are people in San Francisco who mingled in the fashionable throng years before Mrs. Mackay conquered London. The dope book of the Rev. Nichols is in need of amendment.

The Cost of Ignorance

From recently published reports on the subject of the Spanish war it appears that there is urgent need of instruction at West Point in sanitation and hygiene. The glory achieved by our arms was sadly shadowed by the ignorance of our officers in matters affecting the health of their troops. Victories in the field count for little if the army be ravaged by disease resulting through failure to enforce the simple rules of sanitation and hygiene. Statistics show that ninety per cent of the deaths in the Army occur from diseases, mostly preventable. That being the fact it is evident that instruction in the art of war should include a course in the science pertaining to the preservation of health. Yet that is a subject that is almost entirely neglected at West Point. Graduates of that academy are proficient in the higher mathematics but they know very little about sanitation. Yet one is fully as important as the other. One of the leading medical men of the country tells this startling story. During the Spanish war a command in camp at a health resort consisted of the flower of American manhood. The commandant not only set aside the recommendations of his sanitary officers but by personal example incited his men to violate the most fundamental sanitary laws. The result was what might have been expected. Of the fifty thousand men in the command, twelve thousand were invalided and nearly one thousand died from preventable causes. There was evidence of similar neglect in other camps. The experience has clearly demonstrated the necessity for an improved course of military instruction.

The Transport Service

The advocates of government ownership should feel resentful toward the Administration at Washington in view of the proposed sale of the transport service on this coast to a private corporation. There are some people who think that the millennium will come about the time that the government secures control of everything that affects public convenience. They believe that government ownership means a reduction in cost and an improved service, and it is somewhat discouraging to them to be told that the learned statesmen in Washington are of the opinion that the National Government is incapable of handling the army transport service to advantage. We all know that there has been a lot of scandal connected with that service, that the government has been robbed right and left, and that the accommodations aboard the ships

have been very bad, but there was hope of great improvement as soon as President Roosevelt had his attention called to the abuses. Instead of an effort in that direction, however, we are told that the Secretary of War is in favor of selling the transports and having the service conducted by a private corporation. What a sad commentary on our War Department! Surely the inefficiency of that department could not be more eloquently exemplified than through sale of the transports to improve the service. It has always been the boast of the officers of the American army that they never fail to render honest public service. In all their undertakings they are jealous of their honor. Yet it is owing to the scandalous manner in which the transport service has been conducted that it is now deemed advisable to transfer it to a private corporation. The Administration should deem it humiliating to make such a confession of incompetency. Supposing that by reason of corruption and incompetency in the mail service the Postmaster General should recommend that a contract to handle the mails be awarded to a private corporation, and that all the post-offices be turned over to the company, what would be the effect on the people? It would surely produce quite a shock if the Postoffice Department confessed its inability to render adequate service to the people. Yet that is precisely what the War Department is about to do.

As to Poetry

Sully-Prudhomme, who was awarded the forty thousand dollar prize offered by the Academy of Stocholm for the most valuable literary work from the point of view of idealism, has announced his intention of using the greater part of the income derived from the award for the encouragement of young poets. M. Sully-Prudhomme thinks the poets are a sensitive race not fit to fight their way against men of coarser grain, and are frozen by neglect His idea is to select a committee to examine the works of poets too poor to pay for their publication, to have their verses printed and present the volumes to the Academy for the Archon Deprousse Prizes. All of which is very nice, but if the people will not buy volumes of poetry, or read enough of it to make it worth while for publishers to bring it out, what's the use? This is not a poetic age, and the sensitive poets are like flowers blossoming out of time. Whether they come too soon or linger too late, they meet with the pitiless frost, and if they are not hardy enough to endure, they must succumb Really, there seems to be no good reason why poets should be supported merely because they write rhymes that no one cares for. It might be as much to the purpose if they could turn their attention in some more material direction and earn a comfortable subsistence. If their poetry is of any value—if it is anything more than a facility for making rhymes, it will insist on being written. Less in volume, undoubtedly, but better worth the doing. Common sense is beginning to assert itself in many ways, and people are not so ready, at the beginning of the new century, to accept the form for the substance. Any combination of colors spread over canvas and framed in an expanse of gilding is no longer accepted as a masterpiece, nor does any vocal disturbance pass for singing, nor any showy performance on a musical instrument deceive the general public into believing that it is listening to a genius. There is too much sophistication, too many people know how, and with the knowledge has come a lack of admiration and respect. Merely to be able to set words a-jingle will not exempt a man frow paying his tailor or his butcher, and though there are, doubtless, many amongst the wealthy who would have no other objection to playing the patron, and accepting the fulsome flattery of the bards, the ridicule sure to be heaped upon them by pulpit and press is enough to deter them. Zangwill tells somewhere of having met a once promising pupil of an art school carrying a kit of plumbers' tools, and on being interrogated as to wherefore, he made answer that he found he could not make a living by art so he "chucked it." There is nothing to prevent the disappointed professional poets from following his example.

Dame Fashion's Pranks

One of the morning dailies went into a fit of hysterics recently over the depravity of some mythical young woman who wore her hair pulled low on her forehead instead of having it brushed straight back or en pompadour. According to the writer, the woman had committed the unpardonable sin in trying to give herself the appearance of a gorilla, and the essence of the whole ten commandments was involved in the manner of wearing her hair. As a general rule, any attempt to meddle with the decrees of fashion is less than a thankless job, for if a woman wants to make herself ridiculous there is no surer way of accomplishing it than by not doing as others do. She is under no obligation to go to extremes, and if she be possessed of a modicum of common sense she will not do so; nevertheless, she cannot afford to ignore the age in which she lives. Men who are not engaged in the dry goods business have certain pet theories with regard to simplicity. In their estimation silk represents luxury and extravagance and muslin is a synonym for economy and moderation. Yet the "simple" gown which attracts their admiration may easily cost ten times the price of the silk which they anathematize. They idealize their remembrance of the fashions of their younger days, but if wife, daughter or sister were to attire herself according to their conceptions, there would be a more or less politely worded invitation to "quit making a guy of yourself." A few years ago, when a rumor gained currency that the old-fashioned hoop-skirt was to be revived, there was a howl of indignation from the younger generation, but the grandmothers complacently waited its advent, and indeed, those who can remember when that garment was going the way of all mundane fashions can also recall the

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Overcoats & trousers
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indignation which was showered upon those indecent females who were the pioneers in discarding the voluminous cages. Even the brief craze for bicycle bloomers was mildly treated in comparison to the audacity which led to discarding crinoline. Scoop bonnets were once modesty personified, but when the popularity of the actress, Kate Castleton, led to a temporary revival of something similar, it was a brave or bold female of adult years who made a second public appearance in that style of head-covering. It is very well to refer to the classic draperies of the ancient Greeks, but it is doubtful if any possible modification of the flowing garments could make them suitable for every-day use. One has other things to do with hands and arms than disposing them in graceful positions, and life is sufficiently complicated without the necessity for devoting one's time to holding on to one's clothing. If Greek costume had not become familiar to us by the perpetuation of replicas of statuary, but we had met it through the medium of the family photograph album, adorning our own ancestors, it is a question whether it would be any more universally admired than other out-of-date clothing. Men who have so much to say about the absurdity of modern feminine fashions would be slow to re-adopt the costumes of a hundred years ago for themselves, yet there is no chance of comparison on the score of beauty. Fashions, like other things, move in cycles, and in just so often the latest new thing is but a modification of something familiar to an earlier age. This very matter of wearing the hair is a case in point. "Bangs" and curled locks over the forehead were once de rigeur, and after they had had their day the pompadour held sway. There are few who have reached middle age who cannot recall in their earliest years the absurd figure which some ancestor presented with her forehead hidden under her frizzled hair. Later on they can recall the revival of the fashion, first a thin fringe of straight locks, then a row of stiff and formal curls, and so on until in the height of the Langtry popularity, the "bangs" left precious little hair to be arranged in any other way. In those days, not to have covered the forehead with a fringe of some kind was to court comment, and the same critic who now affects to see a resemblance to the gorilla in the wearer of the belated bang would then have prated sweetly about the softening effect of the short locks, and the intellectual appearance of the "broad, low brow."

The Saunterer

A Human Interest Story

This is a story of gratitude and ingratitude, in which figure two characters of current interest. Many years ago a young man living in a small town in Germany saw an item in a village paper about a row between transportation companies in America. He learned that rates between New York and California had been cut, and he figured out that he had just sufficient money to make the trip. A few days later he was a steerage passenger on a steamer bound for New York. On his arrival in this country he was amazed to learn that the transportation companies had settled their difficulties, and that the old rates had been restored. He was short fifty dollars of the amount required to complete the journey. He was in great distress until he happened to recall that he had a friend in New York, a young man whom he had known in the old country.

Gratitude and Ingratitude

It was not long before the young immigrant found his friend, and to him he told the story of his plight. He ended the story with a request for a loan of fifty dollars. In those days a fifty-dollar bill was a fortune to a young man working for a pittance, but the immigrant obtained the loan and started for California. Within six months after his arrival he saved fifty dollars, and sent it back to his friend with heartfelt expressions of gratitude. He prospered here and grew rich, and he never forgot the kindness of the man who had enabled him to make the trip across the continent. The latter, meanwhile, struggled along in New York, married and reared a family, but he was always a comparatively poor man. Learning some years ago of the prosperity of his friend in California, he wrote to him asking if he could find employment here for his son. Glad of the opportunity to show his gratitude, the Californian replied that he could. The son, a boy in his teens, came hither and obtained employment in the establishment of his father's friend. The latter received him into his family, and reared him as though he were one of his own children. That youngster was Henry Fleischman, the defaulter, and I. W. Hellman was his benefactor, the man whom he robbed of considerably over a quarter of a million dollars.

Roberts and Harpending

George D. Roberts, who died the other day, was one of the best known mining operators that ever appeared on this coast. He was for a long time the partner of Harpending, the kingpin of promoters. Roberts and Harpending were the men who engineered that celebrated diamond mine furore of the sixties, which cost W. C. Ralston and other mining kings a pot of money. The so-called diamond mine in Arizona had been planted with gems of all kinds, and a big syndicate was organized to work it. Clarence King, whose death was reported the same day that the passing away of Roberts was mentioned was the man that exposed the swindle. He was a geological expert employed by the Government.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

ROBERTSON, 126 Post Street San Francisco.

Lees with the Long Green

George Roberts had a hand in nearly all the big mining operations that attracted attention to this Coast, and out of which the bottom dropped in time. Harpending had headquarters in New York and he was always on the qui vive to finance the wild schemes of Roberts. After the diamond mine swindle Captain Lees went to Louisville, Kentucky, after Harpending and brought back one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to W. C. Ralston. The money was in greenbacks and to save express charges Lees stuffed the clothes in his trunk with the green goods. When he reached this city, and the trunk was delivered to him, it was in a most dilapidated condition, and he almost had heart disease until he opened it and found the money intact.

Harpending's Great Find

Though Roberts was at one time one of the most active mining operators on the coast, and one of the best known men in mining circles, the notice of his death attracted little attention. He died comparatively poor, but he was never without some big financial scheme on the tapis. Only a few years ago he was handling some big concession supposed to have been granted to him by the Russian government. A little before that he was suing John Mackey for a fortune. He represented that it was through him that Mr. Mackay became interested in the commercial cable. Roberts' old partner Harpending is again flourishing. A short time ago he purchased a mine in El Dorado county from Alvinza Hayward for ten thousand dollars. Hayward had turned the property down on the report of his expert. Soon after coming into possession Harpending blew down what had been looked upon as one of the walls and found a big vein of ore on the other side.

At the Tevis Home

Down at Monterey, Mrs. Baxter, the mother of Mrs. Hugh Tevis, is making herself greatly liked among the neighbors and townspeople of Pacific Grove and vicinity. She hobnobs with the bucolics and is regarded as a very genial-hearted woman, but Mrs. Tevis, on the contrary, is not at home to any one. She appears out of doors only to drive and is then heavily veiled.

Some Oakland Gossip

My Oakland correspondent writes: "Almost a year ago, Jean Howard, who had made her debut and went everywhere and entertained at the beautiful Vernon Heights' home of her father, John L. Howard, suddenly dropped out of everything. Lots of people thought she had gone East or something of that sort, but it seems that during all these months she has been matron at Miss Head's school in Berkeley, having left her home, it is said, because she could not agree with her stepmother. Most of the pupils at the school are from out of town, a circumstance which accounts for her whereabouts not becoming generally known. She has entirely given up society, and though accustomed to every luxury now goes about with her housekeeper's keys, and looks after the supplies. The only time she absented herself was during the opera season when she had season tickets. She has only one visitor, a gentleman, and his attentions have given rise to the rumor that it was a love affair that occasioned the friction at home. The gossips are wondering whether he is too poor to marry. The stepmother is up in music, having been a music teacher and in demand at smart musicales and the affairs of the Ebell society. But the sticklers of Oakland in matters of strict propriety declare that she is a little shy on some things because she was recently seen visiting some people in their new home, with her husband, who was in a business suit, while she was attired in full ball costume, with gloves to the shoulders. And they tell the story that when she saw the silver candelabra in the dining-room she exclaimed, 'Why, do you have those things in the house all the time? I thought people only hired them with the caterer, as I do.'"

Oaklanders are Piqued

Many people on the other side of the bay, who feel that they had a hand in helping to boost Mrs. McNear, Sr., socially, are feeling rather sore over the invitation list sent out for the coming ball. One of them remarked to me the other day, "We feel that when the entire family stopped kissing the hem of the fair Georgie's garments long enough to ask if they might give her a ball, and she said they might if she were not expected to meet Oaklanders, that the McNears should have stood up for us and said, 'No Oaklanders, no ball—take your choice.'" Continuing, the same representative of Oakland society said, "The McNears have never been noted for their generosity. They have given a few inexpensive teas, but have not entertained much, so if they hand out the kind of favors you spoke of in connection with the ball in a recent issue, society will have something to talk about."

The Hawaiian Way

Apropos of my paragraphs on the Kaffir marriage last week, a correspondent sends me the following Hawaiian story somewhat on the same lines. "There was an absence of conventionality in Honolulu before Annexation that was at times amusing. One day I was among the guests at the home of an official connected with the British diplomatic service. He had married a woman of mixed blood. It was well mixed, too, for it included Kanaka, Caucasian and Mongolian. We were smoking on the veranda and I happened to call attention to a child at play whose countenance had a Mongolian cast. 'Whose child is that?' I asked. 'My wife says it's mine,' replied the Britisher, 'but I don't more than half believe her.' Then we all went on smoking."

THE STANDARD FOR CHAMPAGNE QUALITY IS

POMMERY & GRENO

THE WORLD OVER

LORD TEMPLE
CIGARS
A Favorite in New York Clubdom
ALL DEALERS

Before an Audience of Friends

If Marguerite Sylva's husband had not made objection to her appearing any longer before the public in tights, it might have been many a long year before we should have seen Maude Lilian Berry Fisher Moulan in opera. But Miss Sylva's husband registered his kick and the consequence is we are to see Mrs. Moulan, or Madame Berri as she is known on the bills, in "The Princess Chic" next week. One hears that she has improved so much since she made her debut in Professor Rosewald's opera, "He's a She," that not even her closest friends will be able to pick flaws in her acting. Maude Berry always sang well but she put no soul or life into her acting. All her friends, her ex-schoolmates and her former teachers are prepared to pass judgment upon the new star. Let us hope they will be less exacting, and will show their friendship in less hostile fashion than did Sybil Sanderson's old friends and schoolmates.

The Social Side

Mrs. Hearst had a large box party at the symphony concert last Friday and among her guests was Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler. There was considerable rubbering by those in the box's immediate neighborhood, chiefly in Mrs. Wheeler's direction. Since the latter's portrait by Orrin Peck was shown at the Bohemian club exhibition its subject has been as much stared at as any of London's professional beauties. Last Friday's concert was a big improvement on the former one and the audience enthused to such an extent that the cold without and within was almost forgotten. The audience was larger than at the opening one of the series.

A Suggestion

I am moved to ask the Symphony Society why it does not enliven its programs by an occasional concerto for violin or piano? It is not necessary to go abroad for one; we have many fine artists here who are capable of playing to orchestral accompaniment. During the Bauer series of symphony concerts there were solos by Sigmund Beel, Nathan Landsberger and Guilio Minetti. Bauer also had occasional vocalists on his programs, but that was not such an harmonious combination. A vocal solo spoils the symmetry of a symphony program. Little Augusta Cottlow played with Bauer's orchestra upon one occasion, other solo pianists of that season being Samuel Fleishman, Julia Newman (now Mrs. Hochstadter) and Hugo Mansfeldt. Ovide Musin appeared with Scheel's orchestra. It might be a good idea to secure Josef Hofmann to play a concerto with the Steindorff symphony orchestra.

Americans in Paris

My correspondent in cher Paree writes me that the elect of the American colony had a charming Christmas celebration, due to the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young. The de Youngs arrived in Paris less than a week before Noel, but they speedily arranged their holiday entertainment, sending out invitations for an American Christmas party. They had brought with them from New York handsome ornaments for the tree. The suite of five rooms was decorated in harmony, a huge Christmas tree standing in the large salon and smaller trees beaming with varihued electric lights were placed on stands about the room. In the afternoon there was a reception. This was followed by a Christmas dinner a l'Americaine. Among the guests were the American Ambassador, with his wife and daughter, Consul-General Gowdy and family, Marquis and Marquise d'Oyley, Mr. and Mrs. Morton Mitchell.

Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Williams are located at the Richelieu for the winter. Mrs. Williams, who is fond of entertaining and is a delightful hostess, has planned a series of little dinners that are to come off before Lent.

A Case of Bribery

Henry Ach, the attorney, was accused in a Los Angeles court the other day, of having bribed a fair witness with a box of candy. The witness was employed as a waitress in a hotel at Cayucos. The opposing counsel in the case expressed their disapproval of the San Francisco attorney's conduct, whereupon Ach thus addressed the court: "May it please the Court," he said, "I brand the statements of my learned opponents as false. 'Tis true that this simple country maiden was presented with a pound or so of saccharine delights, but that I gave them to her, or that there was any ulterior motive in the trifling token of esteem, is absolutely and unqualifiedly untrue. The candy was given to this witness by my young legal assistant, and in the giving there was, I confess, a desire to influence the mind of the charming girl who, as has been shown here, is a waitress in the Cayucos hotel. When my aid was there he suffered from the pangs of hunger. In order to get a square meal he presented the young woman who served his table with a box of candy. And thence-

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Of our entire stock of
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forth he reveled in double portions of corned beef, cabbage and other luxuries." Judge Wellborn had Ach swear to this statement, and then ordered off the record the charge by the other side that Ach had attemped bribery.

A Crush of Bridal Couples

The Palace hotel did a rushing business in bridal parties last week. In one day twelve honeymoon couples registered there and occupied the choicest rooms. Traveling men who are used to making the Palace their home during their stay in San Francisco were sore aggrieved at not being able to get their favorite apartments. One well-known drummer came in on the Overland, and bustling up to the desk, asked Chief Clerk McDermott: "Got number fifty-five ready?"

"Newly married pair in that room," said the clerk.

"Gimme the corner room on the third floor, Market and New Montgomery," said the commercial man.

"Young fellow and his wife there," replied the clerk sorrowfully.

"Well, for heaven's sake, are there any more loving couples in the house?"

"Only ten more," said Mac.

"Rush me over to the Grand, and give me a sleeping potion," moaned the drummer. "Wake me up when the epidemic is over. I must be on the trail of Cupid himself."

Balancing the Tricks of Trade

My London correspondent writes me that though the Yankees may have captured London commercially and triumphantly planted the dollar sign on the marts of trade the rogues of merry England are adopting retaliatory measures on visiting Americans that tend to even up the cash balance. Wealthy Americans are always selected for the plucking and the tricks played are certainly up-to-date in clever "Swindling as a Fine Art." Here is the way a prominent New Yorker and his bride were recently hoodwinked: The two were shopping in Regent street. The husband stepped into a tobacconist's for a moment when the wife felt her arm suddenly seized and a masculine voice said, kindly, "So I've found you at last, my dear?" Naturally the bride was indignant and frightened and turned sharply on the man. He was smartly dressed and looked quite the gentleman.

At sight of her face he apologized profusely and explained that he had mistaken her for his wife because she wore a similar coat and hat. Just then the surprised husband came up. The polite stranger explained the situation, renewed his apologies and presented his card—Lord So-and-So. The guileless husband accepted it and presented his own and when his Lordship left the happy pair he declared he must bring her Ladyship to call on them. Next day a smart brougham drove up to the hotel and his Lordship was shown in accompanied by a stunningly dressed blonde. When they left they invited the bridal couple to luncheon. Everything was very swell. The following day, the Lord and Lady were invited to dinner in the apartments of the young folks. Soon afterwards her Ladyship complained of feeling ill and was taken into the bedroom of the bride while the two men went out for a stroll. Shortly afterwards the wife got a wire announcing an accident to her husband and begging her to come at once to a certain distant hotel. Of course she went at once, found he was not there, and hastened back to her hotel in great agitation. Her husband smilingly welcomed her. Explanations, and the discovery that their rooms had been looted of gems, money and valuable trifles.

Casey's Oratorical Gem

They were discussing oratory in the Cabinet the other day, and one member declared that it was the spread eagle brand of eloquence that moved the hearts of the people. He contended that high sounding phrases and rounded periods appeal to the popular heart. Then up spake James H. O'Brien, the chief of the Cabinet, in defense of simple Anglo-Saxon, and he related how Michael Casey, the boss of the Teamsters' Union drove home a few plain facts at Metropolitan hall one night in the late campaign. According to O'Brien, Casey's was the most eloquent speech of the campaign and it won for the teamster a seat in the Board of Public Works. Casey's oratorical gem as recited by O'Brien is as follows: "I'm no orriter loike Delmas. I'm a simple, plain man, come to talk a few plain facts to plain people. Iv ye want to keep in office a Chafe iv Poleece to hammer th' heads off iv ye in th' next three months as he's bin doin' in th' pasht, and ye want to keep Pay Haich McCarthy an' th' rist iv Phaylan's shtattelites in office vote f'r Joe Tobin. On th' other hand iv yer in favor iv keepin' Sar-rgint Brophy (hisses) I see ye know him, an' Whitman in office, then vote for Asey Wells. But iv ye want to get rid iv th' whole lot iv them, vote f'r Eugene Schmitz." (Loud and prolonged applause).

A Boom Picture

Mrs "Pat" Campbell or plain "Mrs. Pat" as she is familiarly known to London playgoers, has been getting a deal of advertising since her arrival in this country. I am reminded of the fact that she was given a great boom early in her career by a famous artist who painted her picture and called it "A Rag, a Bone

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Lord Temple cigars are smoked by all clubmen who will take nothing but the best.

Most ladies hold the reins well. Perhaps it is not bad that they do.

"We are opening up daily, novelties in carriages; not only our own manufacture, but the product of the best manufacturers in the eastern cities."

Market and Tenth Sts.

STUDEBAKER BROS. COMPANY

and a Hank of Hair." Mrs. Pat was furious, and threatened to sue for damages, but the magic effect of the advertisement on the box office receipts had a tendency to soothe her troubled spirits.

An Effeminate Function

Even in the breezy, bustling city of Chicago signs of decadence such as one should hardly expect to encounter anywhere beyond the city limits of esthetic Newport, are becoming manifest. The latest wrinkle in social functions there is a pink tea party for the male debutant. Surely, that sort of thing is about as close to the border line of effeminacy as anything the emasculate Lehr ever did.

Mrs. Isidore Burns has issued cards for a matinee reception to be given next Thursday at her residence, 404 Van Ness avenue.

Prefers Private Life

Lieutenant Martin Crimmins who wooed, won, turned pretty Miss Margaret Cole Catholic and carried her off to the Philippines as his bride in the short space of a month last year, is soon to retire from the army. He will do so at the request of his wife who has been almost as heroic as he during the recent stormy days on the island of Lamar where Lieutenant Crimmins is stationed. Unlike many of the officers' wives Mrs. Crimmins did not remain in Manila to enjoy the social whirl. She was on the tempestuous island with her husband and she has no yearning for more warfare. She will reside in New York. By the way, I hear that her father-in-law, John D. Crimmins of New York, has been knighted by the Pope, and now it is rumored that he contemplates marrying the wealthy Miss Leary, New York's famous bachelor maid. She has an established position in New York society and it was she who brought out Margaret Cole Crimmins' sister-in-law, now Mrs. Jennings. Miss Leary is one of the richest women in Gotham and devotes nearly all her income to charities. She is a Countess by grace of the Pope.

He Never Heard of Them

When John D. Crimmins was informed by a reporter that his son was engaged to Miss Cole of San Francisco he exclaimed: "Who are the Coles? I never heard of them." Think of that! a Crimmins, too! When Mrs. Cole heard about it she was indignant. And why shou'dn't she be? Mrs. Cole was one of the Custis family of Virginia. She was moreover the beautiful Miss Florence Custis of the same family to which Washington's step-children belonged. Her daughter Florence who will come out next year is the prettiest of the family and inherited much of the mother's beauty. She is also the cleverest of the girls. The Coles were in reduced circumstances when Margaret married the son of the New York multi-millionaire.

Oxnard's Troubles and Blessing

Henry Oxnard is the storm centre of the present great war between the cane and suger beet kings. When he left here for Washington to engage in the conflict he was regarded at the War and Agricultural departments as well as among the perambulating statesmen of the capital as the accredited representative of the sugar beet interests. Ever since his advent there he has been conferring with the heads of the big committees, hobnobbing with Representatives, and consulting Senators. Everybody thought he was working tooth and toe-nail for beet sugar and the restriction of concessions to Cuban sugar. Now the startling shell has been fired into the sugar beet camp that Oxnard has a foot in both camps and that the American Sugar Trust likewise has quietly interested itself in sugar beet lands so as to play safety in the outcome. It will be remembered that Oxnard, in times past, was strongly identified with the American Sugar Trust. Oxnard denies the story that has been sprung against him and declares it is part of the machinations of his unscrupulous opponents. To back his assertions he has got the Secretary of Agriculture to declare that he has been uncompromising from the start in his opposition to free sugar from Cuba or to any concessions in the tariff duties. Despite this showing telegrams are pouring in on Congressmen repudiating offers of a compromise and insisting that if Mr. Oxnard has offered any he will not be endured by the sugar beet battalions. The sugar beet men declare, Oxnard or no Oxnard, that it is an uncompromising fight to secure the enforcement of the full Dingley duties without drawback or rebate.

But Henry Oxnard has received one blessed compensation for all the nerve rackings he is undergoing in the bitter contest in Washington: a daughter has arrived at his home here. No such luck has fallen in the other Oxnard homes. The newcomer more than balances all Henry has undergone since the Sunday papers devoted so much space to exploiting his venturesomeness in marrying the maid of his brother's wife. His home life has been immeasurably happy ever since he set up his domestic establishment.

Doesn't Know the Lady

Mr. E. E. Morgan writes me from New York that I erred in stating that he was soon to marry the widow of Mr. Coulter Brinker. I thought the information came from a reliable source but Mr. Morgan assures me that he is not engaged and that he does not know Mrs. Brinker.

A Mysterious Beauty

The recent arrest in Paris of a woman calling herself the maid of the late Countess Castiglione recalls many memories of the inscrutable beauty whose death occurred two years ago. The Countess was an Italian born in Spezzia, and was married to a Piedmontese. She grew up in Florence according to her own sweet will almost on the knees of Louis Napoleon, of whom her grandfather was the Italian advocate, a cousin of Cavour. One of her first conquests was Victor Emmanuel. Among his gifts was a pearl necklace that in the sale of her effects went for eighty thousand dollars. Its casket was inscribed, "Alla bella Michia, degli Povero Padrono." The Countess' wilfulness and eccentricity frightened Cavour. Once established as the King's favorite, he could put no limit as to what she might do. He saw that Paris was the only fitting theatre for the most peerless beauty the world had seen since the time of Helen, and he sent her there on state business

Her Parisian Career

The Emperor became her devoted slave, and at her will admitted Cavour to the Congress of Paris. Although the English envoys snubbed him, she made them sorry enough to have done it. Cavour went to Plombiero, where the marriage of Princess Clothilde and Prince Napoleon and the campaign of 1859 were agreed upon. The policy of the Prince Consort and the English was defeated and these had, as Palmerston remarked, "to take their gruel." The Countess was a wily diplomate. While appearing to care only for her own loveliness, she was never credited with brains, but even those who thought her empty-headed felt that she was an enigma. She was without a heart, but so kind that she could not hurt a fly. As she had only Kings for lovers she never ruined any one. She worshiped herself. The perfection of her form, the beauty of her skin, her hair, eyes, and the singular harmony of her whole person were above all that poets had sung or dreamed. She kept in her salon a cast of her leg and foot, worshiping it as long as she lived.

Died Among Memories of the Past

When she grew old she lived in an apartment in the Place Vendome, in which the light of day never entered. She could not endure that the rays of the sun should look upon her faded loveliness. Napoleon allowed her to present herself at a ball in the Tuileries, where she went, wearing the famous collar of diamonds with the inscription, "I belong to my master," in flashing stones. So greatly was this resented by the Empress that it was the cause of the famous night journey to Scotland. The Empress never invited the Countess to the Tuileries, the latter's invitation always coming from the Emperor. Once she went to a fancy ball in the airy costume of Salammbo. The Empress immediately sent an aide-de-camp to her with a fur cloak and bade her return to her carriage. She left in her will minute directions as to her burial, but as this was unsigned her casket of letters in Rothschild's bank instead of being burned was sent to the French archives. "The chemise de nuit de Compeigne" was not her shroud and the stuffed dogs that were to be buried with her were thrown away as rubbish. She never had a woman for her friend, and of the two or three men who remained faithful to her there was not, at the moment of her death, one in Paris to see that her wishes were carried out. In default of a will her Italian nephew inherited her effects, and these personal treasures were so numerous that three houses in Paris were filled with them.

At the egg-nog parties now all the vogue in society Chapin & Gore's whiskies are the brand used.

Flirted with His Mother-in-Law

From an occasional correspondent, who was recently in Holland, I have received the version of the recent fracas in Queen Wilhelmina's household, which, he assures me, is generally accepted in court circles, though it never got into print. According to my correspondent, Prince Heinrich, as the Queen's consort is called in Holland, is a rough German trooper, who behaves in a most offensive manner on all occasions. He never fought a duel in his life, and couldn't be induced to do so. Consequently, there is no truth in the report of his having wounded Herr van Tetts in a passage at arms. It seems that on the day of the row, Heinrich was full of Munchen beer. He had been out hunting with some German friends, and on his return went straight to his mother-in-law's boudoir and began a flirtation with Queen Emma. He became so persistent in his efforts at amorous dalliance that she threatened to tell her daughter and have his ears boxed by the hot-tempered young Queen. At dinner the Prince drank champagne and became so reckless that he undertook to relate before the whole company his little adventure with his mother-in-law. The two Queens, horrified, got up to go and van Tetts begged the Prince to "shut up," whereupon he received a punch in the stomach which brought on peritonitis.

Alice Hager's Latest Trophy

Though Alice Hager lost the much-coveted golf trophy to Mrs. Gilman-Brown at the Presidio, she won a far better trophy in the estimation of her many staunch friends—that of being the most sportsmanlike woman on the links. Quite a lot of the liveliest representatives of the smart set foregathered at the contest, under the impression that some of the awkward and embarrassing scenes that did so much to electrify the game at Del Monte might be repeated. On that memorable occasion certain members of the Del

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Monte set did not hesitate to bandy cruel gibes and cruder interferences, with the prime view of disconcerting Mrs. Gilman Brown, whom they referred to as "that interloper from somewhere near San Rafael." Mrs. Scott led the sortie on behalf of the Del Monte talent, and did all in her power to have her favorite win. An ardent ally, at the moment that Mrs. Gilman-Brown was in the very act of making a highly important stroke, suddenly cried out, "Wait a minute, please, till I get my kodak focused. Wait a minute; I want to take your picture."

The Rooters Get a Setback

Those women were at hand again at Monday's contest, but Alice Hager wouldn't for a moment allow any such tactics to be attempted in any game where she was a participant. She treated her opponent so considerately and fairly, and stood so stoutly between her and the "rooters," that the latter very early in the game realized they must quit or rouse the Hager wrath. Mrs. Gilman-Brown was given every opportunity to develop her steady, careful game in an undisturbed way. Miss Hager covered the ground with her usual brilliant, dashing game. Everybody remarked the simple and natural grace of all her poses in making the strokes. I heard an English globe-trotter say that her graceful attitudes in the game were like a series of living pictures of an ideal golf-girl playing the game. "Gibson, Christy and Wenzell," he declared, "would bless their lucky stars if they could coax such a stunningly natural player to pose for them." At ex-Mayor Phelan's dinner in honor of the Martins she was the centre of attention in a simple blue satin gown. An envious maid who was contemplating her said, ruefully, "Only a girl with such a figure as Alice's would dare to wear that gown without a lot of distracting frills and furbelows."

Oakland's Dictum

As nobody ever takes Oakland seriously, probably the Hopkins sisters care nothing for the criticisms that have been passed upon their figures by the people across the bay. Mrs. Gus Taylor and Mrs. Will Taylor were exquisitely gowned at the tea the McNears gave in honor of Georgie Hopkins' bethrothal to a son of the house. But one of the papers said that the eldest of the sisterly trio looked like "a telephone pole hung with handsome stuffs." Possibly that writer did not know that Mrs. Gus Taylor prides herself on her slimness. She never gains a pound if she can help it. And if she were not of such ethereal proportions she would be far less attractive. Her sister Edna is not thin. Indeed, she is the one of the family, aside from Cousin Frances, who can wear decolete.

Let there be Darkness

When we sit in theatres or concert halls and listen to the music of geniuses and orchestras, the singing of divas or cantatrices—shall we sit in light or darkness? Shall we feast the eyes as well as the ears? Is it a distraction or an aid to understanding of the harmonies, to see the gestures of the singers, the straining at the high and sustained notes, the sawing of the air by the leader, the swaying of the violinists, the expansion of the chests of the cornet and clarinet blowers, the quick changes of the man who plays the cymbals, beats the drum, imitates the horses' galloping and the thunder, and all the dozen movements and poses which fill the eye while the music pours in one's ears? This is the question, a correspondent informs me, which has divided Germany into two opposing camps, and which threatens to raise a merry row in San Francisco.

A Local Experiment

Is it true that a pernicious effect is produced upon music lovers at public concerts by feminine beauty, with its delightful accessories, as seen in a blaze of artificial light, reflected by crystal, gold and glittering diamonds? Some say yes, and demand that for really esthetic and artistic souls there must be no light, or if any, not enough to distract from the harmonies flooding the hall. The younger and more intense school in the Fatherland has already decreed darkness. These devotees claim that only when the eye sees nothing, does the spirit grasp the fullness of the meaning in the divine creation of Haydn, Chopin, Beethoven, Mozart and the other masters. The lights went out at a small concert in this city some time ago and the experience was voted delightful by the buds and belles who sat with their men friends, while the old boys and matrons say they felt no particular inspiration from the gloom. The buds, belles and gay bachelors say they felt lots.

Cards are out announcing the marriage in San Rafael, December twenty-eighth, of Miss Sarah Vanstone and Mr. Herbert Clarke.

A Popular Priest

Rev. Father Joseph McQuaid has reason to be proud of his achievement—the building of an eighteen thousand dollar church within one year after being assigned to a parish which had been created for him. Father McQuaid is probably the most popular clergyman in this city. He served as a chaplain in the Philippines, and won the admiration of all that met him by his ardent devotion to duty. Soon after his return he was put in charge of a parish without a church, and he immediately set himself to the task of raising money for the erection of a House of Worship. Such was his popularity that subscriptions to the fund came from all parts of the city. The new church was dedicated last Sunday.

To banish the blues nothing is so efficacious as a drink of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve bourbon or rye.

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The Photographic Salon

There are some very worthy things among the exhibits at the photographic salon now under way at the Hopkins. No one expects at an exhibition of photographs that every one shall be a masterpiece. No salon, even in Paris or Munich, was ever composed entirely of chefs-d'oeuvres. But in the Hopkins salon there is plenty of good material. Exhibitors hail from all parts of the world. London, Denmark, Toronto, Milwaukee, Chicago, Los Angeles and Portland are among the places represented. There is a fair amount of rubbish shown but that would be a matter of course in a photographic salon. But there are some remarkable achievements in portraiture that balance the dross. Arnold Genthe has his usual fine array of portraits, a new treatment of Ophelia being noteworthy. Pedar Bruguiere has two speaking "studies of an Archbishop." Ida Diserens, the pianiste, shows that she has other talent beside that of music by her charming portrait of little Lurline Matson. Many regard Laura Adams' portraits as the gems of the salon. Coquelin is an especially strong study of the comedian's face. Furman's portrait of Mr. Sterling possesses the quality of reality. Mrs. George Fife shows a "Home Portrait" that is interestingly treated. Dassonville's poses of Charlie Dickman and H. J. Breuer, two of the Bohemian club's coterie of artists, are lifelike.

Other than Portraits

As individual in treatment as anything in the salon is a Marguerite by Will Walker of Portland. The face and figure are full of expression. Another choice bit is H. d'Arcy Powers' impressionistic gypsy girl, "Cintra." Schulze has some bright Chinese and negro studies. Frank Eugene's landscapes are most effective treatments. Walter A. Scott has one of the largest showings in the salon, all of interest. I liked the one he has titled "Tangled Meshes" the best of all. Mrs. Scott has one exhibit, a glimpse of beach in an admirable light. Oscar Maurer sent a number of photographs to the salon. "A Windy Day," showing two women ascending a hill in the teeth of a gale, is very original. Another clever treatment of wind is F. E. Monteverde's "March," a beautiful girl with her hair hanging loose. Edward Kemp has a priest in a convent garden that is good, also an old peasant woman of equal excellence. Piatt's sheep study, "Eve on Shasta's Slopes," is in his best vein. Another of Piatt's, a man mending nets, is a vigorous bit, but his ballet girl, "Waiting Her Turn," is a trifle too serious a treatment of a light subject. L. E. Rea's "Fortune Teller" deserves mention. One of the best of the exhibits was sent by a Chicagoan, Mr. Bourke. It is "A Gray Day in Town," showing a corner of a busy thoroughfare on a sunless day. Lily White of Portland has some poetic studies—"The Meadow," a green print, "Bridge of Hope" and "In the Shadow of the Rock." Annie Brigman's "Spirit of Easter," a sad-faced madonna bearing an Easter lily in her thin hands, is worth more than a passing glance. McFarland's "Entering Port" is but one of this camera expert's fine studies shown.

There are two striking pictures in red lights. Carl Ackerman has one—"A Neglected Lesson." It shows a girl fallen asleep over her piano keys. Walter Zimmerman of Philadelphia has the other—"Alarm of Fire." This is a man's huge head, with jaws extended. It is somewhat satyr-like but this adds to its fascination. This is only a hasty and fragmentary review of what is really a splendid showing of what can be done by amateur as well as professional photographers. There was a crush at the opening night of the salon, when the members of the Art Association and the Camera club held their reception. Sir Henry Heyman's orchestra rendered a delightful program of classic numbers.

The Smart and the Slow

The dance to be given next week by the group of young ladies in which Alice Brigham is a conspicuous figure will not be attended by the Burlingame set. There are two prominent cliques in society. The Smiths, Harringtons, Brighams, Eels, Coffins and Kittles belong to what are known as the exclusives. They are friendly with the Blingumites, but regard those of the newer set as upstarts. And the patricians of Burlingame regard the conservatives as deadly slow, and sometimes poke fun at the cut of their gowns. The Hopkins', Taylors, Carolans and Morgans pride themselves on being the smartest people in town. They lead in styles and are pleased to show that slang comes trippingly from the tongue. The old set of girls who are giving the dance are wedded to the traditions of ye olden tyme, and are subdued in manner and speech. While they have my respectful admiration I rather like the zip and sparkle of Blingum.

The Stanford Brand

From an architectural standpoint Stanford University has much to boast of, but in the recently completed memorial arch over the main entrance it has a wonderfully grotesque and incongruous feature. It has the Stanford brand upon it, and that is unfortunate.

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But it was the Stanford's money that founded the institution and with the Stanford millions it has been endowed, and it is to endure to apotheosize a Stanford. Therefore, perhaps Mrs. Stanford is justified in her desire to have the Stanford Ego imbedded into it, never to be effaced. But it is unfortunate that her queer whims should be responsible for such fatuous frumpery as that which mars the memorial arch. It is too bad that the generous and distinguished lady is not satisfied to have the name of her son and the fame of her husband's philanthropy perpetuated by the institution itself.

An Architectural Monstrosity

The memorial arch as originally designed was a masterpiece. It was chaste, symmetrical, stately and beautifully proportioned, but as it exists it presents a most incongruous spectacle. It was ruined because Mrs. Stanford learned that the Dewey arch in New York was twenty-two feet higher than the one which had been designed for the university. The intelligence jarred her. She resolved to have the height of the memorial arch raised. And raised it was. And now it is a thing of ugliness and a nightmare forever. It is an architectural monstrosity.

An Allegorical Study

But the incongruity of the arch is not its only ridiculous feature. The artist designed for the frieze allegorical figures depicting The Progress of Civilization. Mrs. Stanford thought it would be a splendid idea to have amongst the figures those of herself and husband. She ordered them sculptured and the sculptor threw up his job. Thereupon she hired a new artist who cared more for the long green than he did for art, and the consequence is that Mr. and Mrs. Stanford are in The Progress of Civilization. They are on horseback, coming over the mountains, and there is a big engine behind them. The letter S is conspicuous on their saddle bags.

She Banished the Ivy

Shortly after the erection of the university buildings at Palo Alto, slips of ivy that came from each of the colleges connected with Oxford and Cambridge universities were planted in the corners of the buildings. The ivy grew with wonderful rapidity and spread gracefully over the walls. It was greatly admired by visitors, and those that were familiar with the growth of ivy in Europe were incredulous when told the date of the erection of the college buildings. There was a sentiment connected with the ivy by reason of the historical places from which the slips were obtained, but the clinging vines are no longer to be seen on the walls. Mrs. Stanford thought they marred the walls and ordered them torn down and the stones scraped to look as though they were brand new.

Lawrence Hanley Ill

Only a few of the friends of Lawrence Hanley know that the once popular actor is lying seriously ill in St. Mary's hospital, his life hanging by a thread. As soon as he is able to be moved he is to be banished to a warmer climate, on which change hangs his only hope of recovery. I know of no actor, with the exception of Maurice Barrymore, who made more friends in and out of the profession than did Lawrence Hanley. He was in the support of all the big legitimate stars and a few years ago started out as a star himself. He arranged a play from "David Garrick," elaborating the scenes and giving as a prologue an act from one of Shakespeare's dramas. He produced this in an Oakland theatre and later in the Grand Opera House, this city.

His Romantic Marriage

It was shortly before this that he married Edith Lemmert, the daughter of a Los Angeles hotel man, a pretty young girl with a neat dot and dramatic aspirations. Her father opposed her going on the stage, but she followed her own sweet will, married Lawrence Hanley and came up here to appear as the leading lady in his play. The two were devoted lovers and a photograph still exists showing them en duo in a very affectionate pose. They went East after this and soon stories began to waft westward that Hanley was no longer a loving husband.

The Sequel

The Los Angeles girl's dream of love ended. There was a divorce and she returned to her people in Los Angeles. Some time afterward her little boy, on whom after her separation from his father she had centred her heart, was run over by a trolley car. A saddened woman, with all hopes crushed, she again turned to the stage, joining a company that finally journeyed to San Francisco and thence Eastward. Hanley, meanwhile, was appearing with Rose Coghlan and other stars, but his reckless way of living in time undermined his health. During the early days of his career he took the gold cure but its effects were not permanent.

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Shifty Perkins

A correspondent wants to know why I dislike Senator Perkins. He suggests that a man who has been elected Governor of the State, and who has served on the Board of Regents of the State University and been elected to the United States Senate should command the respect of everybody. I do not dislike Senator Perkins. My only objection to him is that he is addicted to the habit of shifting his position, and that his methods are suggestive of the ways of the petty politician. He is one of the many Senators who would be retired from office if they had to depend on the direct vote of the people. The circumstances of his being a successful politician doesn't invoke respect or admiration. Worse men than Perkins have been successful job-chasers.

She will Woo in Other Channels

Word comes from New York that Frances Joliffe has about made up her mind to enter the newspaper field and to give up her dramatic yearnings. This is not really any new idea of Miss Joliffe's, for when she attended the high school here she always said she intended to be a "lady journalist." When she entered Vassar college it was her determination to study with view to a journalistic career. But her chance hit in a Greek play at the college caused her ambition to veer in an entirely different direction. Her mates persuaded her that she was a coming star, and when she received encouragement from Madame Modjeska and others, the college student threw her literary desires to the winds and enrolled under the banner of the guild of dramatic neophytes. Her decision was reported in the press despatches and soon all the set in which the Joliffe sisters moved were discussing, with either condemnatory or laudatory inflections, the latest move of Frances.

She Came Home

In the course of time Frances came back to San Francisco. In spite of family opposition, and this was bitterly strong, she persisted in her choice of a profession. Her mother, hoping that by yielding a trifle her daughter might be wooed from her heart's desire, permitted her to appear at the Alcazar. The critics noticed her kindly and praised her promise and her pretty frocks. But Frances was not satisfied with this short experience. She wished to keep on and do more. Spasmodically she appeared with other companies and it was not so long ago that all the papers were mentioning in eulogistic terms her charming version of the French maid in 'Naughty Anthony." Evidently, however, the climb up fame's ladder by the stage route is too slow for Miss Joliffe, else she would not be considering her first choice of a field to win her spurs.

Their Mother Believed in Practical Education

Apropos of the Joliffes, I was looking over a collection of school photographs the other day, and one of them represented a normal class of the Girls' High School during Mrs. Mary Kincaid's regime. Some of the embryonic teachers shown therein have since become prominent in that profession, some in society and others in the world of art. But one of the faces drew attention for the reason that its owner apparently desired to avoid observation. Her head is turned so that there is but a trifling glimpse of a profile. This head is that of the second of the Joliffe sisters—Hattie—who was then of the normal class. The mother of the Joliffe girls held advanced ideas on bringing them up. She believed in fitting all her daughters for serious work, even if it were not necessary for them to live by their labor. All of them were sent to the public schools and two of them were fitted to be teachers. But Hattie never liked the notion of becoming an instructor of the young. She attended the normal on compulsion and that is why she objected to having her features commemorated in a class picture.

A Quick Recovery

When the news first reached this city of the marriage of Genevieve Goad-Martin and Mr. Robinson Reilly, it was accompanied by the report that the man from Washington had jilted Adelaide Murphy. I have never received confirmation of the report, but evidently the loss of Mr. Reilly, inflicted no very serious aches in Miss Murphy's heart, for the other day the news came out from Washington that she was engaged to Mr. Outhout Siebert, the son of a wealthy retired wool merchant of New York. Miss Murphy and her mother returned recently from abroad. They have been in Washington since their return.

Murphy-Siebert

It is a pity that none of our local youth, golden or otherwise, proved sufficiently attractive to keep Adelaide Murphy with us. Of all the girls in society, there has never been one better liked than she. Therese Morgan is popular, but not as Attie Murphy was. The latter possesses that je ne sais quoi we term charm, and without which beauty or wit counts for nothing. When the story traveled westward that Genevieve Goad Martin had won Miss Murphy's admirer from her, and married him herself, the younger woman's friends immediately declared that if the witching

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widow-bride ever came this way she should be boycotted. And now that Attie is engaged to a man of considerable more pretensions than the fickle Robinson Reilly, of course her friends' good wishes are sincere.

Monsieur Objected to Biddle

Papa Murphy is going to Washington, D. C., to take a look at the bridegroom before the marriage will be permitted to take place. Of course this is only a form, for Papa Murphy really has little to say with regard to his daughters' actions. When Ethel married young Biddle her father refused his consent up to the moment of the marriage. He would not give a nickel toward the expense of the wedding. Mamma Murphy paid for everything. His only objection to the marriage was that Biddle was poor. His being of the Philadelphia Biddles cut no figure with the bank president. If the wool merchant retired on a handsome competency I have no doubt that Monsieur Murphy will give his blessing.

The Watch Dog of the Dot

Mamma Murphy has the same family virtue of financial forethought, I understand, but to a less extent for when Robinson Reilly was paying his devoirs to her daughter, just prior to his disappearance with Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Murphy took the precaution of cabling to Washington to ascertain his exact standing socially and financially. Good matches for his daughters have been almost as great a consideration with Mr. Murphy as good interest on his investments. At one time Ogden Hoffman was supposed to be epris with Adelaide. When Papa Murphy learned the condition of affairs he promptly packed her off to Europe and strictly forbade any correspondence. That ended the matter—commercially. The last bolt of Cupid to rouse his spleen was prompted by Maxwell McNutt. As the European trip had been so successful in the first instance it was repeated. It was on this tour that Mr. Siebert encountered the party and paid his court.

An Unlucky Chaperon

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Murphy will no doubt get great comfort out of the fact that Attie's future is at last satisfactorily determined. There were times when it caused more perturbation in the family than a bad note discovered among the I. O. U.'s in the bank over which her forethoughtful father presides. By the bye, Mrs. Murphy has been anything but fortunate in chaperoning spirited young girls. Lucy Banning, while under her motherly care, slipped away unbeknownst in a runaway marriage with young Bradbury of Los Angeles. On the recent European trip Mrs. Murphy was supposed to be looking after Mrs. Martin when the latter disappeared Parisward and re-appeared a few days later as the wife of Robinson Reilly.

A Mother Preferred

That exclusive organization, the Stockton chapter Daughters of the American Revolution, writes my correspondent from the Slough City, met the other day and sweet bells of Revolutionary stock jangled out of tune. A National convention of the D. A. R. is to be held in Washington, D. C., next month and Stockton chapter met to elect a delegate and alternate. The charming Miss Peters was nominated for delegate. Mrs. Clary, of the older set, was nominated for alternate. Mrs. Thomas, also a matron, objected remarking there should be a transposal of the nominees, that it was an unseemly arrangement for a mother of a family to serve as alternate to a young lady. Mrs. Thomas said she believed deference was due to the older members, one of whom should have the post of honor. When she had finished, disquietude filled the room. The meeting was at Miss Peters' home; hence, the situation was embarrassing. There was that unrest which marks the impatience of an audience at the theatre when the curtain is still unlifted and it is half-past eight.

And the Daughters Wept

There was imminent peril of a contest between these Daughters of the Revolution. Shades of Trenton and Concord! At length, Mrs. Clary spoke. She said she would like to be chosen delegate but would not accept the minor compliment of alternate. As an evidence of her unselfishness, she suggested Miss Peters' mother for delegate. Mrs. Peters, who by the way is Regent of the society and a very bright woman, demurred and said she did not seek the favor nor would she permit the office to seek her. When Mrs. Clary resumed her seat all present exchanged minute-gun glances and realized that a volley had been fired which would be heard 'round the gossiping world. Then some of the other ladies spoke and some of them cried—just a little. Oh, what a dreadful carnage of feelings! Finally, Prudence intervened and Mrs. Clary, like Cornwallis, capitulated. Miss Peters was then elected and declared the envoy plenipotentiary of the Stockton D. A. R. to Washington.

The Charming Delegate

Miss Peters is one of Stockton's best known and best liked young women and she is not unknown to San Francisco's smart set. She was Stockton's carnival Queen Genevieve, and one of the organizers of the Stockton D. A. R. and is at present Historian

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of the chapter. I am informed that it is she who selected the name El Toyon, as the local organization is known and designated. El Toyon is the name of a plant indigenous to the Sierras and is an appropriate as well as a pretty name for this western lodge of lovely femininity. Besides a pleasing personality, Miss Peters has a plenitude of that minted substance which enables one to travel well. Her election as delegate to Washington carries with it no allowance for mileage. She must pay all her expenses from her private purse. Miss Peters will certainly make a good impression in Washington society, if brains and good looks count for anything in the drawing rooms of the Nation's capital. I hear the young lady is to go to Washington with Mrs. John F. Swift of San Francisco. Mrs. Swift is the head and front of the D. A. R. in this State.

An Important Test Case

The case of Lewis vs. Dunn is likely to haunt the Supreme Court of this State. It was in that case that the decision was rendered knocking out the codes on a somewhat flimsy technicality. Lawyers are of the opinion that the decision was against public policy for it is likely to result in some very serious complications. It appears that there are many Acts of the Legislature which were adopted in precisely the same form as that followed in the measure by which the codes were adopted. If the codes are unconstitutional all of those Acts are, too. One of them relates to the selection of juries in criminal cases. A lawyer who was interested in the adoption of the codes has undertaken to make a test of one of the cases, and his purpose is to embarrass the Supreme Court.

Many Convicts may be Freed

The case is that of a man convicted of murder in a Southern county, and sentenced to be hanged. The attorney who has interested himself in the case just to bother the Supreme Court appealed to that tribunal the other day for a writ of habeas corpus in behalf of his client, but Chief Justice Beatty knew what was behind the application and denied it. The attorney is now going before the United States Supreme Court on a writ of error which was granted him by Judge Morrow. He declares that he is confident that he will win the case, and that if he does he will be able to liberate half the prisoners in the penitentiaries of the States. Surely there is a prospect of the Supreme Court being jarred.

End of a Sumptuous Feast

Now that J. B. Crockett has finally gone out of office as President of the Gas company, I wonder what will become of his various relatives who fed at the same sumptuous table. Nepotism was ever a favorite virtue of that richly-paid office-holder. Most of them have drawn handsome salaries and are now in very comfortable circumstances, notably the Greenwoods, into whose set his sister married. His daughter Caro, long before she became Mrs. Laurence Scott, had the faculty of looking "sic itur ad astra," as the schoolgirls beginning Latin used to call it. Like her father and the Greenwoods, she is now in a position to give full freedom to the aspirations of her delightfully retrousse nose and say "figs" to the indefatigable stock manipulators who have at last ousted the various members of the family from the highly lucrative salaries they enjoyed so long.

The Match Maker

The match-maker in the case of Edith McBean and Dr. Kierstedt was Miss Mary Kip. She introduced them and the first meeting took place in this city, and not in Manila as some people have declared. The first person informed of the engagement was Miss Kip She is in Columbus, Ohio, with her sister, Mrs. Edie. She was wired the glad tidings.

Talent Weds Wealth

The revelation of the fact that Maud Treadwell and Maxwell McNutt are married produced somewhat of a shock in certain quarters. I cannot understand why it should. The ways of Dan Cupid are inscrutable. Yet there is nothing surprising in that marriage. Mr. McNutt is the son of Dr. McNutt the physician who became a Police Commissioner through the kindness of Mayor Phelan. Maud Treadwell is the daughter of Mabel Treadwell, a lady who made considerable social history. Maud was divorced a short time ago. She has money. Mr. McNutt has talent. I have heard that the bride is quite clever. But above all she has boodles of money.

A very delightful dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Hanson on Tuesday evening at their home, 1224 Haight street.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELLEN HOLLAND, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, JOHN HOLLAND, Administrator of the Estate of Ellen Holland deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said John Holland, Administrator of the Estate of Ellen Holland, deceased, at Room 411 Parrott Building, No 855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN HOLLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of Ellen Holland, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, January 18th, 1902.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Administrator,
Parrott Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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The Fairy Godmother

I have just learned that Ethel Murphy Biddle was the fairy who brought about the engagement between her sister and Mr. Siebert. The Murphys were only recently in the swim here and the old families were resentful when Ethel married "Jack" Biddle. I heard a lot of them sneer, "Of course money will do anything." Both the Murphy girls were presented at the British court by their aunt, Mrs. Swift, whose husband is the millionaire pork packer of Chicago and Boston. Mrs. Swift and her daughter spent a winter here and the Murphys gave a big fancy dress ball for them to which Alice Hoffmann went as Romola, and Adelaide as a water lily. Later Miss Swift was rumored engaged to a Russian prince, but she married a Boston swell with a home at Brookline, Massachusetts. Mrs. "Jack" Biddle and Miss Murphy speak French perfectly and Mrs. Biddle has a French accent even in ordinary conversation. Murphy pere has just finished his new residence and now the birds have flown before the nest is occupied.

English vs. American Bachelors

Daring, black-eyed Janet Cushing of San Jose started a discussion in an English drawing room where she is visiting which promises to produce a whirlwind in the correspondence columns of the London dailies. In her free California spirit she frankly observed that she thought young English bachelors could not be compared with young Americans in gallantry to ladies, that they never returned a woman's hospitality and were woefully remiss in other respects. Mrs. Alec Tweedie, a woman with a caustic pen, who happened to be present, picked up the remark, endorsed it, emphasized it and expatiated on it in a biting article on the "Degenerate Manners of the Modern Englishman." The *Daily Mail* stirred up the indignation and the first day brought such a shower of indignant replies from young Englishmen that the air hasn't had a chance to clear yet. In a nutshell their retort to Miss Cushing's observation is that no English girl would ever expect men to take her to tea, the theatre, for a drive in the park, or to give her candy or flowers, and that the American girl, by her willingness to accept such attentions, comes in for considerable criticism. But Miss Cushing's declaration that she would not waste hospitality over those who would not return it almost drove her excited listeners into hysteria. They termed it rank "commercialism—society commercialism," and sputtered triumphantly over the claim that Bret Harte must be right in depicting California as still being in the wild west period and full of men with those overgrown beards, boots and freely-handled pistols that are so necessary for success in "Society on the Stanislaus."

Discovery of a Red Clay in Colorado and its remarkable Effect upon the Hair

This Clay is nothing more nor less than mud and water, which comes from a mine in Colorado. The Clay is perfectly harmless, will not stain the most delicate skin. Applied to the hair it changes it to beautiful shades, such as no hair dye has ever succeeded in producing. The color is regulated by the number of hours in the Clay bath—light shades from one-half hour to two hours—medium shades from two to six hours—dark from six to twelve hours. Gray hair can be changed to original color without changing the natural color, or the following tints with darker or lighter shades as desired: Black, brown, auburn and Titian red. Peroxide hair will take a rich golden or chestnut. Unlike dyes, the Clay stain is permanent, never wears off; can only be bleached off. The luxury of the shampoo can be indulged in at will as it does not effect the stain in any particular. The Clay never fails to leave the hair soft and glossy, and the one great point we claim for the Clay stain is its perfectly natural appearance. It defies detection. FRANCES C. SHERMAN

Hair specialist, 406 Sutter street.

The Twin Stars

Marie Wells and Marie Oge were voted the most stunning girls at the Goewey-Brice-Brigham tea last Saturday. Miss Oge was in white and her hat consisted of waving white plumes. Miss Wells, who by the way, notwithstanding a very strong resemblance is only a third cousin of Miss Oge, wore a pink frock with a hat that was almost a replica of herkinswoman's Both young ladies wore long black satin redingotes trimmed with cream lace.

Omar and Me

In Omar's time, had it been
mine to dwell
Methinks as comrades we'd
have struck it well;
I, too, oft "wonder what the
vintners buy
One half so precious as the
stuff they sell."

LEAVENWORTH MACNAB.

Importations at the Port of New York

DURING THE TWELVE MONTHS ENDING DEC. 31.

	1901.		1900.		1899.	
	Gals.	Cases	Gals.	Cases	Gals.	Cases
Champagnes		228,779		204,048		213,205
Bordeaux and Burgundy	258,740	85,740	274,780	81,065	296,775	78,829
Cette Wines	25,850		36,040		30,530	
Rhine and Moselle	384,280	59,613	653,840	65,713	601,760	61,645
Sherry	476,251		596,077		432,846	
Spanish Red	54,896		45,925		51,528	
Port	67,727		67,628		45,062	
Madeira	4,327		1,798		3,221	
Italian Wines	87,766	63,458	205,067	62,382	177,378	54,214
Californian Wines (By sea)	3,389,845		4,157,250		3,199,113	
Californian Brandies (By sea)	1,000		81,125		90,900	

The above statistics are by sea only. In addition thereto there were 5,000,000 gallons of California wine sent by rail to New York during the year 1901.

The object of this table is to show that the foreign importation of wine is decreasing each year. Although every restaurant, hotel and club in the United States has on its wine list supposed French wine, which shows very plainly that the wine consumer is being humbugged and, because he is not honest with himself, he is paying for the French label on the California wine.

As statistics show the demand is increasing for the finer grades of California wines and it will not be long before all the leading hotels and restaurants in the United States will carry the California wines in preference to foreign brands. This should be an incentive to Californians to boost our own product.

The statistics given have been furnished by Mr. C. J. Wetmore, President of the Wetmore Bowen Company, and can be relied upon as being accurate.

Madame Lucie

Madame Lucie folded her dimpled hands in her lap and told herself that she was growing tired of Jack. It was too bad. Jack was devoted, unfailing, and faithful, but now it had arrived that she began to question if the game was worth the candle. There were times when she felt the mild eyes of her husband fixed upon her, and when she fancied that she saw the sweeping torrent that sometimes runs under those natures of outward calm. It was only fancy, of course, but when one really feels a thing, it might as well exist. Then, too, those quiet men—one never could tell exactly what they would do, and a fair name—aye, even to the most reckless—is the sweetest thing in the world.

Madame Lucie arose and looked at herself in the mirror. She was yet young. At thirty-seven one only begins to live; it takes all those years to learn how. She ran her fingers through her hair and sparks of the firelight flashed from the circles on her hand. She caught the lights in the mirror and smiled complacently. Ah, it is good to be rich! Jack was poor. His gifts were—she turned her head toward the writing-desk—the monogrammed ink-stand, the silver tray and—she ran her hand down the left side of her gown—the filigree bottle of the chatelaine. The rings, the laces, the rustling gowns, the maids, the splendor, and respect, on one scale; the ink-stand, the trinkets, the absolute devotion, the camaraderie, and—she drew her hand across her eyes hastily, and sat down facing the fire again.

The day was closing and the room was full of shadows. With the death of the day came the possibilities of the passing of the brighter half of her life. Yes, it was well to begin anew. And before it was too late. There was Pauline, there was Yvonne, there was Madeline. They were good wives. But what did they do? Oh, yes. They were always at home when Monsieur le Mari arrived; they folded his garments, they arranged his cravats, they embroidered his bretelles, they sent him notes of endearment at least twice a day. Ah, it was easy enough. She could do it. And they were happy, good wives. Well, she could be happy, too. Jack was a dear fellow. She would miss him. His moods always dovetailed with hers, he saw things with her eyes, he never disappointed her, and his good nature was contagious. Yes, she would miss him awfully.

Madame Lucie watched the coals settle down from blazing blocks to a solid pack of red. She shivered and drew her chair a little closer to the warmth. Something had gone out of her and it had left her as cold as ice.

"Madame," Natalie cried in entering, "Monsieur has sent for his valise. He goes for a week's hunting with Monsieur Delano tonight on the six o'clock boat, and wishes much dispatch."

Madame Lucie arose confused.

"I am startled, Natalie," she answered, queerly. "Monsieur is going away tonight? He has not come to say goodbye?"

"Oh, Madame, it is always so. He does not come to tell us. Madame will remember that he goes hunting with so little notice every time."

Madame Lucie began to laugh.

"Oh, Natalie, I have been dreaming," she said, lightly. "Of course, of course, he always goes. It is just so. I had forgotten."

"And shall I pack the —?"

"No, no." Madame Lucie interposed. "I will pack the valise for him. Fetch it and the things."

Natalie went out hastily.

"Ah, I shall show him what a good wife I can be! All for him, all for Henri. I am born again. It is much happiness to live and to be good," she cried to herself, pacing the floor. "Quick, quick, Natalie," as the maid returned. "the valise here. So. Now the heaviest things first. No, no, I must do it all. It will please Monsieur. And there, the coat, and, pah—the dear one, how he loves it—the muddy, faded hat. And so—now, all is in but the handkerchiefs and the brushes. Wait—a note to him, in the midst of it all. What a surprise! Dear Henri. How delighted he will be! Ah, he shall know what it is to be thought of!" Madame Lucie flurried to her desk and reached out her hand for the crested paper. Her fingers touched the silver tray and lingered there. With her other hand she tipped back the top of the monogrammed ink-stand, and her eyes caught the ivory-painted portrait that was artfully set into the left side of the third pigeon-hole. The mouth of the picture had a downward curve, the nostrils were inflated, and the eyes were laughing at her. She sprang up and stumbled across to her chair by the fire.

"Finish it as you will, Natalie," she cried, "only make haste and be gone."

"Will there be any message to Monsieur?" Natalie asked, with her hand upon the door.

"None, except that I wish that he may enjoy himself," Madame Lucie answered, slowly, with her eyes upon the fire.

Ugh, how cold it was! And dark, too! The afternoons were too short—it was a miserable time of the year. A week alone. Quite, quite alone. To sit three times a day at the table facing the priceless tea-urn and sparkling glasses, and all alone. Oh, yes, quite alone. To sit by herself, just so, during seven evenings, when even the day wearied, and the fire itself would resolve to ashes and be gone. To be a good wife, filled with love, and tender thoughts, and patience—ah, that was the secret of good wives—patience, patience, patience.

Madame Lucie's hands wandered again over her hair, and down the laces and jewels on her bodice. Then she let them lie quietly in her lap. She glanced over her shoulder The dull glow of the fire showed itself in the silver and trifles that stood on the writing-desk. Her eyes dwelt on the third pigeon-hole on the left, and then her lids grew heavy and half shut out the bright light of her eyes.

"Lucie, Lucie," a man's voice called as the door opened and swung closed again. "All alone, and in the dark?"

Madame Lucie arose, touched a button, and the room was flooded with light.

"Neither, Jack," she answered, quietly, with a smile.

"And what are you doing?" he asked, gently stepping toward her.

Madame Lucie drew the curtains with her hand. Under the shadow of the heavy portieres, no light from the fire or chandeliers struck the circles on her fingers—the gems were dead and lustreless.

"Jack," she said, advancing toward the centre of the room, "I have been making resolutions and—"

"Lucie," he replied, with the curve of the picture mouth, the inflation of the painted nostrils, the laugh of the portrait eyes, "resolutions are well enough in their place, but they can never come between you and me, can they?" His hands were awaiting hers.

Madame Lucie looked at the dead fire in silence. Seven days, a lifetime, of patience, in the balance against a world of happiness. It was not of her doing, this tottering of chance. A half an hour before she would have had it otherwise. What was she to cavil at the outweighing of one scale against the other? A bird clock in the hallway called out—one, two, three, up to seven.

"Can they, Lucie?" he insisted.

Madame Lucie's breath came in jerks, and she bit her lips until the color left them and fled in a warm flag to her cheeks. In her face shone a light that comes when one has regained something that was all but lost.

The finest shampooing and hairdressing is done by M. E. Noel, 121 Post street. Room 12. Facial massage a specialty.

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18 Montgomery Street, Room 2

San Francisco, Cal.

"Lucie, Lucie, tell me!" he cried again.

She came toward him slowly, the pendant baubles of her chatelaine chiming at each step. Under the strong glare of the centre light, her hands met his and, at his touch, the cold in her was gone. Then she looked at him and laughed.

"No, Jack," she said. "I."

Hon. E. B. Edson

Railroad Commissioner Edson has been attracting considerable attention to himself of late. Men of sound common sense and probity usually do when elevated to a position of trust. Such is the prominence which he has assumed by reason of his official acts that there has been frequent mention of his name in connection with the gubernatorial office. Mr. Edson was born in Dixon, Illinois, in 1838, and he has been a resident of this State since 1863. Shortly after his arrival he settled on a farm in Shasta Valley with his brother and sister. The farm was located near Gazelle station on the line of the California and Oregon Railroad, where he still resides. He was educated at the Rock River Seminary, at Mt. Morris, Illinois, and was a schoolmate of Senator Cullom and Congressman

Hitt, both of whom he numbers among his intimate acquaintances. Like Tom Reed of Maine he began his career as a school-teacher in the country schools near his home, and he followed that occupation until 1862, when he enlisted in Company F, First Illinois Artillery. He served one year, and owing to an attack of pneumonia he was retired for disability. It was thought he would not live to reach his home, but his robust constitution pulled him through. Shortly after coming to this State Mr. Edson started in the cattle-raising business, and he has been engaged in it ever since. Today he ranks among the largest beef cattle feeders in Northern California. Mr. Edson is a married man but has no children. Though he has always been more or less active in the political career, and identified with the Republican party as one of its strong supporters he never coveted the honors of office. But in 1898 he was induced to take the nomination for Railroad Commissioner, and his popularity was attested by an astonishing vote. He was given a majority of four thousand in a district which, at the previous election gave Bryan a majority of about two thousand. His is the largest district in the State, and includes all the counties north of the bay except Marin. Though he has taken a firm stand as Railroad Commissioner, he is not regarded as an anti-railroad man. His purpose appears to be to do justice to both the corporations and the people. His business interests occupy nearly all his time and he is not a seeker after political preferment.

The Fable of the Neglected Wife

A Neglected Wife, with Intent to While away the Dull Hours when her Husband was Away and her Dearest Friend was Previously Engaged, took up the study of Palmistry. She soon became so Interested that she was no longer Cognizant of the fact that she was Neglected. And she became such an Expert at Reading Hands that her friends told her she ought to Hang out a Sign and Charge four-bits for a Reading.

One of the hands that finally Came to her was that of her Dearest Friend. She perused it Carefully and found that among other things her friend had a Heart Sorrow. She loved a Man from whom she was separated by a Hopeless Barrier.

"He is a Married Man, I should fancy," was the interpretation, "and that must be the Barrier."

But the Dearest Friend did not Open her Heart as she had her Hand. Nevertheless the Amateur Palmest felt thereafter a Deep Sympathy for her friend. She tried by every Means in her Power to Lighten her Burden of Sorrow, loading her with Gifts and frequently Inviting her to go to Places of Amusement and to functions where Gaiety was rampant.

She had almost forgotten the existence of her Husband when one evening he told her he had heard from a Mutual Friend that she was Great on Palmistry, and would she please Read his Hand.

Very much Pleased, she Complied with his Request with Alacrity. But what was her Surprise to find that he had a Heart Sorrow and that a Hopeless Barrier separated him from the Object of his Love.

"Where have I seen a Hand like this?" she asked herself, and then she remembered that the other Heart Sorrow was in the Hand of her Dearest Friend.

She said nothing Then but set her Wits to work and finally she Discovered that her Suspicions were well Founded. The Hopeless Barrier was Herself. The reason of her husband's Neglect and her Dearest Friend's frequent Previous Engagements was the Same.

At first she thought of Getting a Divorce but then she reasoned:

"No, that would be Wrong. In the First Place, if my husband had not Neglected me, I should never have taken up this study which gives me such Pleasure. Besides, if I get a Divorce, their Barrier will no longer be Hopeless. They can go to Reno and get married. No, I shall leave Matters as they Are. They don't know I know, but I know. And now beside Palmistry I have another Interest in Life. I can watch my Husband's affair with my Dearest Friend."

—*The Fabler.*

STAGE

A Charming Claire

Laura Nelson Hall, the Grand's leading lady, is very much prettier off the stage than on. She has a skin like a peach, which naturally is not observable under the stage make-up. As the heroine of "Claire and the Forgemaster" she has a role quite within the scope of her talents and her conception is admirable. She has done other good work of late. In "Cavalleria Rusticana" she played the rustic coquette, Santuzza's rival, with much intelligence.

Romance Ad Lib

There are two modes of extracting enjoyment from the play at the Alcazar this week. You can take it seriously and in that case its romantic features will rouse your enthusiasm. Or, you can take it the other way. "For the White Rose" has a chivalric young Irishman, dashing, insouciant and devil-may-care as a Lever creation, for its hero. He has the favorite Irish name, Larry, and is a crackerjack at the games of love and war. He rushes through difficulties as if he wore an invisible cloak and the gallery gods' enthusiasm is roused to white heat more than once. Mr. Alsop plays Larry and joyously revels in the part. Miss Convere is the pretty heroine and the Alcazar players are variously distributed through the cast.

Juliet Crosby and Fred Belasco were among the audience at Tuesday night's production of "Under the Gaslight." It was a good performance, very carefully presented as to detail, and the railroad scene is the sensation of the piece. Georgie Cooper's Peachblossom is worthy of being placed beside that of Ada Deaves and other stars who have essayed the role. The Central theatre is the most comfortable theatre in town this week, being warmed to a pleasant degree. The additions to its exterior are very becoming.

Casualties

Word comes to me from New York that the sensational staircase fight in "A Gentleman of France" has not been carried to its triumphant success without serious mishaps. Mr. Bellew himself has received not less than a half-dozen sword cuts, while Mr. George Morton, who is an excellent swordsman, and is thrown into the assault on De Marsac for this reason, has had his pleural cavity punctured by Mr. Bellew's trusty blade, and now wears a breast-plate in self-protection; not less than three of Fresnoy's desperadoes have had to be conveyed home in cabs on different occasions; and as the capsheaf, Mr. Harvey Benton, the young man who does the sensational fall, while he has not yet broken his neck, came so near it last Saturday night that a physician had to be summoned before he could leave the theatre.

Lost Her Cue

Dorothy Dorr, in private life Mrs. H. J. W. Dam, and last year a member of the Alcazar stock, is appearing in "Frocks and Frills," Sydney Grundy's new play at Daly's, New York. On the first night of the production there was a little incident not down in the bill of which the *Evening Sun* says: "Miss Dorothy Dorr, an actress of charm and skill, who has not been seen here in many a long year, managed to rise above her surroundings. She was a society queen, and in the delicate task of trying a new gown on, a corps of dressmakers had reduced her very nearly to first principles. One of her shoulder straps slipped its trolley, or its cue, or something, and—well, it was another instance of that good old maxim, Put not your trust in bodices." Hilda Spong and Rose Eytinge are in the cast of "Frocks and Frills."

Juvenile Fairyland

The first week in February will see the Mechanics' Pavilion metamorphosed into Fairyland. Louis W. Buckley, who has managed so many successful street fairs, has arranged a juvenile carnival to be given at the Pavilion from February first to eighth. Interesting features will be an educational and industrial exhibition of children's work, and other interesting objects, booths with shows of all kinds, amateur operettas, concerts and plays, merry-go-rounds, ponies and burros, scenic railway in miniature, etc. The Pavilion will be beautifully decorated with fairy scenes as the motif. The entertainment will be modeled after the famed London Crystal Palace juvenile exhibitions. It will be an absolute novelty here.

Julia Arthur was quite seriously injured in a sleigh-upset this week. This mishap will postpone for a time the actress' proposed return to the stage. She announced but a short time ago her intention to return to the profession she forsook when she married Mr. Cheney of Boston. Her return will be in "A Winter's Tale."

R. Beers Loos, formerly of *Music and Drama*, before that journal was bought by the *Dramatic Review* and incorporated with the latter, has started a new theatrical and sporting paper, *The Mascot*. Mr. Loos understands all about dramatic matters, as he has had years of experience, and he is also a clever and entertaining writer.

William A. Brady and Joseph R. Grismer will produce Edward W. Townsend's play "A Daughter of the Tenements," next season. It is founded on the dramatist's novel of that name.

Attractions Next Week

There will be a new star at the Grand next week, Edwin Arden, who has been playing the principal roles in Charles Frohman's companies for a number of years, last season playing the crafty Prince Metternich in "L'Aiglon" in support of Maude Adams. Mr. Arden is not only an actor of experience and capacity; he is also a playwright of considerable reputation, his play "Zorah" being one of his greatest successes. This play will be produced during his short starring engagement. The play selected for Mr. Arden's opening week, commencing Monday next, is Alexander Salvini's original version of "Don Caesar de Bazan." This play has created much comment during the present season on account of the rivalry between James K. Hackett and William Faversham, who are both playing different versions of it in New York to immense houses. The coming production at the Grand will be strongly cast, lavishly mounted and appropriately costumed.

Argonaut

O. K.

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PROPRIETORS

54-56 First Street

San Francisco, Cal.

Maude Lillian Berri will be the chief attraction in "Princess Chic" at the Columbia next week, but Tommy Leary will also receive a warm welcome. The opera is by Kirk La Shelle and the music is said to be bright and catchy and the libretto very clever. New and handsome costumes and elaborate scenery are features of the production.

The public has pronounced for the continuance of "For the White Rose" at the Alcazar and the romantic drama will run another week. Scenically, the production is one of the best ever presented at the Alcazar, Sherwood Forest, a feudal castle, an English wayside inn and other scenes being exceptionally elaborate. The management has spared no pains in correctly costuming its players for the period of the fifteenth century. Following "For the White Rose" will be given "The Danites."

"The Fire Patrol" by the author of "The White Squadron," "The Midnight Alarm" and other sensational melodramas, will be the Central's attraction next week.

The production of "The Ameer" at the Tivoli has been postponed for one week and will be given January twenty-seventh. For next week "The Toymaker" with Annie Meyers as the doll will hold the boards. All the old favorites will be in the cast. There will be a matinee for the children on Saturday, every child attending to get a handsome toy.

Some wonderful acrobats, the family of Da Coma, will make their vaudeville debut at the Orpheum next week. Their work is said to be absolutely unique. The Taylor twin sisters, fancy and trick skaters, promise a novel turn. While performing the most intricate evolutions on their rollers they render many exquisite numbers on the violin. Ada Arnoldson, a new importation, is a singer, possessed of a rich contralto voice. Kara, the great juggler, will vary his act, the three Faust sisters will introduce new terpsichorean evolutions, Arthur Buckner, the eminent bicyclist, promises new wheeling sensations and Jacques Inaudi, the wonderful mathematician, will puzzle San Francisco for the last times. The biograph will show new pictures.

—*The Plugger*

Music

Talented Singers

Miss Zita Fahey scored a triumph as vocal soloist in the last Arion concert on January twelfth, a unanimous demonstration following her song, "The Daily Question" and her encore "Two Marionettes." The young singer has a very sympathetic and sweet voice and her execution is excellent. She is one of Mr. Joseph Greven's pupils. Mr. Greven, by the way, is preparing several advanced pupils to appear in a series of three operatic concerts representing scenes from standard operas in costume, and which will take place in February, March and April.

Collamarini has gone East

The operatic concert given under Frank Healey's direction in Oakland on Tuesday evening was a great success, but it cannot be repeated on this side of the bay, at least for some weeks to come, owing to the fact that the company left for the East on Wednesday night. They will go via Portland and Seattle and will give concerts in those cities and others en route. Collamarini sang all her numbers so well at the Oakland concert that she gained other laurels to add to her "Carmen" wreath. She gave selections from Thomas and Saint Saens, and sang "Oh Promise Me" and "La Paloma" as encores. Repetto, Russo and Ferrari were all enthusiastically received, and M. Benoist, the pianist, was not omitted in the applause. Cortese and Napoleone took part in the Lucia sextet and Cupid Newbauer of the Tivoli orchestra played the flute obligato for the mad scene.

PASMORE POPULAR CONCERTS

At Maple Hall, Palace Hotel

Third Concert, Tuesday Evening January 21st, at 8:15

—SOLOISTS—

Mrs. Charles Hughes of Oakland, Mr. Nauman, Mr. Taubles
Dorothy Pasmore, 'Cellist Mary Pasmore, Violinist

The Trio—Mary, Susan and Dorothy Pasmore

Original songs by W. J. McCoy and John Harraden Pratt

Mrs Florence Wyman Gardner Mrs. Edith Scott Basford
Mr. A. E. Nowlan Mr. H. B. Pasmore Mr. Fred Maurer Jr. Accompanist

ADMISSION, 50 CENTS

AMUSEMENTS

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MECHANICS' PAVILION

From Saturday, Feb. 8th to Saturday, Feb. 15th
(Sunday Excepted)
Open from 1 to 11 o'clock P. M.

Industrial and Children's Work Exhibits, Beautiful Booths, Scores of Amusements, Specialties by Children, Grand Ballet "The Storm," 300 People Employed, Old English May Pole Dance, and Veritable Fairyland Carnival for Young and Old Don't Miss It. The Most Original Enterprise of the Season.

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COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER

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Every night, including Sunday Matinee Saturday

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THE PRINCESS CHIC

A Superb Attraction

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O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee Jan. 19th

DA COMA FAMILY Taylor Twin Sisters Ada Arnoldson
KARA, THE GREAT Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Crane
Three Faust Sisters Arthur Buckner The Biograph
And Last Appearances of JACQUES INAUDI

Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
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Last times of LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

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The new School of Copper-plate, and Card Engraving and Designing established by F. W. Gardam offers a splendid field for ambitious young Californians desiring to enter some business or profession whose ranks are not already over-crowded. Mr. Gardam was formerly with Tiffany & Co., New York, Payot Upham & Co. of San Francisco, and lately with Lowman & Hanford of Seattle. The scarcity of competent artists and engravers on copper and steel caused Mr. Gardam to conceive the idea of founding this school. There is no more lucrative craft or profession, for Mr. Gardam himself has never accepted less than two hundred and fifty dollars per month, his services being in great demand at that figure. From seventy-five to one hundred dollars is the average monthly pay, though in many cases it reaches one hundred and fifty and two hundred dollars. For a moderate compensation Mr. Gardam now offers in his School of Engraving and Designing the opportunity of acquiring a degree of skill in these branches.

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Notice To Creditors

Estate of Annie Griffin also known as Anne Griffin, formerly Annie Kenny.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the offices of Lent & Humphrey, Rooms 167 and 168 Crocker Building, corner of Post and Market streets, City and County of San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

PETER C. YORKE,
Executor of the last will and testament of Annie Griffin, also known as Anne Griffin, formerly Annie Kenny, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, December 28th, 1901.
Lent & Humphrey, Attorneys at-law,
167-168 Crocker Bldg.

Estate of Carl Peter Schulz also called Charles Brown also called Charles Philibert Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. BOLAND, Administrator of the Estate of Carl Peter Schulz, also called Charles Brown, also called Charles Philibert deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business No. 238 Montgomery street, San Francisco the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

P. BOLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of Carl Peter Schulz, also called Charles Brown also called Charles Philibert Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, January 4th, 1902
M. C. HASSETT, Attorney for Administrator,
308-10-12 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

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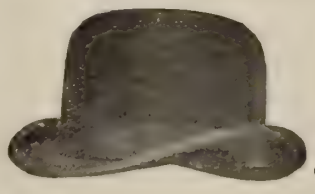

MUSIC

The Second Symphony

Last Friday's symphony concert showed a great improvement over its predecessor. Mr. Steindorff seems to be catching the spirit of his work better and the work therefore holds together better. In the Fest overture the orchestra did particularly well, the familiar songs, "How Can I Leave Thee?" and "It Was a Dream" being pleasantly reminiscent as they occurred at frequent intervals in various forms throughout the overture. The Prize song from "Die Meistersinger" was delicately executed but was a bit sleepy, but the scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream" was beautifully done and won a rousing encore, when it was in part repeated. The Beethoven symphony number five started off well but the andante con moto was quite a largo and made one wish to help it along a bit. The work on this symphony gave one the impression of being too heavy for the orchestra or having been imperfectly rehearsed. However, if improvement continues the orchestra will "get there" and certainly the last concert was most creditable and enjoyable as well.

The Second Series

Yesterday's concert concluded the first series of the Symphony Society's venture, and its success has persuaded the society to announce a second series. There will be three

Josef Hofmann, the Great Pianist

concerts at the Grand Opera House on the afternoons of January thirty-first and February fourteenth and twenty-eighth. Steindorff will be the leader as before. Among the important symphonic works to be produced are the Dvorak "New World"; Schumann, No. 4, D minor; MacDowell, Indian Suite; Victor Herbert, Suite Romantique, first time here; Lalo, Rhapsodie; Chebrier, "Espanola," new; Tschaikowsky, Nutcracker Suite, and Glinka's overture, "The Life of the Czar." The subscription sale will begin at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s Monday morning, prices ranging for the three concerts from one dollar and twenty-five cents to three dollars and a half.

Some Futures

Mrs. Marriner-Campbell is very busy with her winter's professional work, one of the most important features of which has been the drilling of a quartet composed of Florence Doane, soprano, Grace Carroll, contralto, Herbert Williams, tenor and Willard Young bass, with Mrs. W. J. Batcheldor at the piano, in the "Daisy Chain" which the quartet will give this afternoon before the Sacramento Saturday club on "Artist's Day." For the twenty-eighth Mrs. Campbell is preparing the music to illustrate a paper on the "Evolution of Hymnody" in America by the Rev. F. L. Hosmer of the Unitarian church, Berkeley, to be read before the "D. A. R's." On the evening of February fourth the Colonial quartet will sing at the reception given by the clubs of this city to the federated clubs of the State. On February fifth at the afternoon session excerpts from the "Daisy Chain" will be given by the quartet. On February twenty-fifth Mrs. Campbell has direction of the program for "Music Day" of the California club. The Colonial quartet is growing rapidly in popularity, judging by the demand for its services. During the past month the quartet has sung before the Philomath club, at the Heppner musicale given in honor of Marshall Giselman, as well as at other functions. It is constantly adding to its repertoire and Mrs. Campbell has just received from H. J. Stewart, now of Boston, four new numbers of his own arrangement of old English songs.

The Pasmores

The next Pasmore concert is close at hand and will take place next Tuesday evening, in the maple room of the Palace hotel as before. The program promises to be quite as interesting as those of the preceding concerts and will open with three classic numbers, the trio in E flat No. 1 by Beethoven, by Mary, Susan and Dorothy, the three talented children who have a large repertoire of music which they play entirely from memory. Indeed, it is said of these really wonderful children that after months have passed in which a composition has not been even taken from the shelves, they can take it up and give a perfect rendition of it without notes. Mr. Pasmore is to sing Beethoven's beautiful "Adelaide" and Mary Pasmore will play a violin solo, Bach's air for the G string, with string quartet accompaniment. Part two will contain musical literature of a lighter character in which little Dorothy has a cello solo by Klengel, and there are original songs by W. J. McCoy and John Harraden Pratt, local composers, which will be sung by Mrs. Basford and Mrs. Gardner; Mrs. Basford, Mr. Nowlan and Mr. Pasmore in the part songs. Other numbers will be given by Mrs. Charles Hughes of Oakland—her first appearance in San Francisco—Mr. Nauman and Mr. Taubles.

At St. Dominic's church the regular monthly service is to be held tomorrow evening with original compositions by James Hamilton Howe. The numbers comprise a cantata, Ave Maria quintet, Ave Maria solo, trio, duet and other solos. The regular solo choir will be assisted by Mr. Ernest George, late of Berlin and Dusseldorf in grand opera work, Miss Catvolje Barbe, violiniste, Mrs. T. E. Burrill, Miss Mabel Gordon, Mrs. H. B. Montague, Mr. A. C. Lawrence. The solo choir is composed of Miss Lily Roeder, Miss Joseph, Miss McCloskey, Mrs. Clark, Messrs. Onslow, Long, Webb, Van Lingham.

The Minetti string quartet gave the fourth concert of its present season last Saturday evening with the usual fine program, in which the quartet was assisted by Frederic Biggerstaff, the pianist. The program consisted of a Bazzini string quartet in D minor, a Rubinstein piano and cello sonate performed by Arthur Weiss and Mr. Biggerstaff, and a Schubert string quartet in D minor (op. posth.). The fifth and last concert will take place on the evening of February eighth, with numbers from Beethoven, Handel and Dvorak. Mr. Fleishman will assist at the piano.

Wednesday evening was the date for the Bonelli Conservatory recital which will receive a thorough review next week.

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A Revival

Donizetti's old opera, "La Fille du Regiment," was revived this week at the Metropolitan Opera House New York, by the Grau singers. Sembrich, Van Cauteren Salignac, Gilibert, Dufriche and Viviani were in the cast. It is years since this charming opera was sung in San Francisco. The Hess company produced it at the Orpheum with Pauline d'Allemand as Marie. In the New York production Sembrich won all hearts as the drumming vivandiere. In the first rataplan song she won the house. As a close to the performance she sang Arditi's "Parla" with the high D.

Madame Fabbri-Mueller, long known to the music public through her reputation as one of the foremost singers of the past half-century, is to have a benefit concert as a fitting close to her professional work. Many of our professionals have taken an active interest in the movement as well as prominent professional men and the affair promises to be a splendid success. The concert will be given in the near future and among the patrons are notably the names of Henry Heyman, Robert Tolmie, Madame de Seminario, Paul Steindorff, Canter Stark, W. L. Greenbaum, J. H. Howe, Mrs. Birmingham, Louis von der Mehden Jr., Mrs. Louise Marriner-Campbell, H. B. Pasmore, Harry Barnhart, Fred Zech Jr., Arthur Fickenscher and many others equally well known. Madame Mueller is a veteran artist of many years' active service and it is to be hoped her closing celebration of professional activity will be a brilliant one.

Josef Hofmann's coming is an event of extraordinary interest, as so much has been read and heard of this celebrity during the past ten years. Some of his programs are magnificent affairs. The advance sale of seats for the two matinee recitals at the Columbia will begin next Monday morning at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s. Reserved seats are to be two dollars, one dollar and a half, one dollar, and fifty cents. The program for the first recital will be: Variations, F minor (Haydn); Sonate Apassionata, F minor, Op. 57 (Beethoven); Impromptu, G major; Soiree de Vienne (Schubert); Ballade, A flat major; Prelude, No. 25, valse, A flat (Chopin); Gnomenreigen (Liszt); Nachtstuck (Schumann); Jongleur (Moszkowski); overture, Tannhauser (Wagner).

Thursday was the occasion of the second of the Lewys lectures when Mr. Lewys lectured on the "Fundamental Principles of Scale and Arpeggio Playing." After the lecture a short piano recital was given by Miss Mary Carrington. Next Thursday's lecture will be upon "Dynamic Changes, Accent, Crescendo, and Methods of Fingering," after which Miss Carrington will play in illustration of the subject.

The pupils of Mrs. A. Bridge held a recital at her studio, 2232 Broadway, on Saturday last during which a program of some twenty-four numbers was rendered from the following composers: Franz, Walther, Old English songs, Chadwick, Lehman, Johns, Ellen Wright, "A. L.," Loewe, Thorne, Massenet, Foote, Old French, Valerie White, Mendelssohn, Von Weber. The work was very artistic and the musicale an enjoyable affair.

Thursday afternoon was the date of the third of the Zech string quartet concerts. It occurred too late for more than a brief notice and will be reviewed next week. Thursday evening a dramatic recital was given by Eleanor C. Haber with musical numbers by Albert I. Elkus of Sacramento and Harry Samuels of this city. A full notice will be given of the program in the next issue.

Mrs. M. E. Blanchard has opened a studio at 1320 Green street where she will in future receive her pupils. Mrs. Blanchard is a pupil of Madame Julie Rosewald of San Francisco, Lena Little of Boston and Oscar Saenger of New York, and created a very favorable impression in her artistic recital work given on her return from abroad not long since.

H. B. Pasmore gave a "Talk on Singing," a subject upon which he is most enthusiastic, before an audience at the First Unitarian church, Oakland, on Thursday with illustrations by his pupils. —*The Music Critic.*

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Sale opens at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s Monday, January 20th, at 9 a. m. and closes Saturday, Jan. 18th, at 5 p. m. Seats for single concerts, $1.50, $1.00, 75c. and 50c.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Della St. Claire Weston, Plaintiff, vs. William Henry Weston, Defendant. } Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to William Henry Weston, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty to plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made. All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of January, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and two.

ALBERT MAHONY, Clerk.

By THOS. F. O'NEIL, Deputy Clerk.

[SEAL.]

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Parrott Building, San Francisco.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the matter of the estate of MARY A. HENARIE Deceased. } Order to show cause

On reading and filing the verified petition of B. F. Brisac and Maude H Norton, Executor and Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Mary A. Henarie deceased, this day filed herein, for an order authorizing them as such Executors to lease to one S. I. Allard certain real property belonging to the Estate of said deceased, and hereinafter particularly described, for a term of Five years from the first day of February 1902, at the monthly rent or sum of One hundred Dollars, payable in advance.

IT IS ORDERED, That all persons interested in the Estate of said deceased appear before this Court at its Court-room in the New City Hall, Department No. 9 thereof, on the Third day of February, 1902, at 10 o'clock A M of said day or as soon thereafter as Counsel can be heard, to show cause why that certain real estate situate in the City of Eureka, Humboldt County, State of California, and described and being Lot 1 and the West 12 feet of the entire length of Lot 2 in Block 22 according to the official Plat of the City of Eureka, in said Humboldt County, with all the appurtenances and buildings thereon should not be leased for the period of five years from the first day of February 1902, at the monthly rental mentioned in the petition, to wit; at the monthly rent or sum of One hundred Dollars, payable in advance, and upon the terms set out in said verified petition on file herein, which petition on file is hereby referred to for further particulars

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that this order be published for Two successive weeks in a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 14th day of January, 1902.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge

E. B. Young and Rodgers, Paterson and Slack
Attorneys for the Estate of Mary A. Henarie, Deceased

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of L. SAINSERE, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. BOLAND, Administrator of the Estate of L. Sainsere deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, No. 238 Montgomery Street, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

P. BOLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of
L. SAINSERE, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco
January 18, 1902

M. C. Hassett, Attorney for Administrator.
308-10-12 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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NOTICE TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE PACIFIC COLONIAL SHIP COMPANY

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a resolution of the Board of Directors of the Pacific Colonial Ship Co., a corporation, unanimously and duly adopted at a meeting of the Board of Directors duly and regularly held at the office of said Company, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 30th day of December, 1901, a special meeting of the stockholders of the said Pacific Colonial Ship Co., will be held at the office of the Company in Room 21 in that certain building known as No. 416-418 California Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being the principal place of business of the said corporation, and being the place or building where the Board of Directors of said corporation usually meet, on Monday the 3rd day of March 1902, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M.; said meeting of stockholders will be held for the purpose of determining whether or not the capital stock of said Pacific Colonial Ship Co., shall be diminished to the sum or amount of Fifty thousand ($50,000) Dollars.

Dated San Francisco, December 30th, 1901.

D. F. EWART,
Secretary of the Pacific Colonial Ship Co., a corporation.

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HAS resumed her vocal classes at her studio, 2232 Broadway near Fillmore. While in New York this summer Mrs. Bridge studied under the supervision of Dr. Holbrook Curtis.

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LETTERS

Too Bad to be Read

The reading committee of the Boston Free Library is either fated to do things which will keep it before the public, or else the "literary" ladies of which it is composed are bidding for free ads., which they may be mistaking for fame. Early last year they leaped into notoriety by giving out a list of books which they refused to place on the shelves, and amongst them were not only some which were popular favorites of the hour, but many of permanent value, and all of them were at least innocuous. I am now informed that "Esther Waters" is to be kept in a locked case. The funny part of it is that "The Confessions of a Young Man," by the same author, can be had for the asking. The "Confessions" is, to say the least, frankly salacious, while the other, though realistic and sad enough, is as moral as a novel can be, if repentance and long expiation for ill-doing count for anything. "Esther Waters" was a servant girl, and that may account for the aristocratic discrimination, but as the book is not a new one as new books go nowadays, there should be no necessity for putting it into quarantine at this late day. Moreover, any one who has any curiosity about its contents can purchase a copy for a nickel.

Pidgin and the Committee

Not long ago "Blennerhassett" offended the committee's squeamishness. Mr. Pidgin has not seen fit to gloss over, ignore or deny certain traits in the character of Burr, and the good ladies, in petticoats or without them, are troubled lest the "young people" who might come into possession of the volume should go astray for lack of a guide post. There is no express and specific arraignment of Burr's morals, and no moralizing, and the nice little girls and boys of twenty or more, in and around Boston, are so used to leading strings and nurse maids that they cannot be trusted to know of themselves what is right or wrong. "Blennerhassett" has been admitted to the library with many misgivings, and only because it was pointed out to the committee that if they persisted in their action of exclusion the whole country would see nothing but narrowness and prejudice, and declare they were actuated solely by a sort of spite to the memory of Burr, and unwillingness to consider a new view of a historical question. No doubt but what libraries might profit by proper censorship, but the censoring should be applied more to the class of books which may pass into incompetent hands, rather than to those which find their way to the shelves. This fidgeting over the precious "young person" and its morals and mental manners savors more of mollycoddling and meddling than of any serious purpose. If the preachers who form a large percentage of that committee are doing their duty in their chosen fields, there should be no question in the minds of the patrons of the Boston library on the subject of plain morals as laid down in the ten commandments or any one of them. If there is anything so very reprehensible in "Blennerhassett," no one outside of Boston has yet suspected it, and if the book were not already one of the popular successes, one might see in this an attempt to create a boom.

Was Kim the Artful Dodger?

And now it has been discovered that Kipling found "Kim" in Dickens, and some one has kindly pointed out a prototype of each character in the older author. And because the Thibetan Lama is content and cheerful, and accepts life as he found it, lo and behold! he is not Oriental at all, but decidedly Occidental, and altogether unspeakable because he does not act in every instance according to the preconceived ideas of what an Oriental should do. Some day it will dawn upon the minds of these people who read only to be confirmed in such opinions as they may have formed, that others, and particularly writers of individuality and readers of independent minds, have no use for the commonplace. What one wants in a story or a romance is not the cut-and-dried certainty, but the unexpected and unusual. Ninety-nine out of a hundred lamas might have been quite as conventional as the ordinary type of preacher, but the hundredth one, the exception, is what makes him interesting. Kim may bear some resemblance to Fagin's graceless protege, and he decidedly is unlike the ordinary street Arab, but it is just the unlikeness that makes him what he is and worthy to be written about. The Lama may suggest to some minds the Cheeryble brothers, but the people who appear to have read Dickens and nothing else and to subject every book that falls into their hands to an analysis and comparison, in the hope that they may catch some one napping, have about as much knowledge of reading and the purpose thereof as another of Dickens' characters, honest but illiterate Joe Gargery: "Give me a good book or a good newspaper, and sit me down afore a good fire, and I ask no better. Lord! when you DO come to a J and an O, and says you, 'Here at last, is a J-O, Joe,' how interesting reading is!"

Wanted, a New Ad for Marie

It is a poor week when Marie Corelli has not a grievance to air. Anything or nothing will afford her an excuse for flying into print and demanding that she be let alone. It is hard to take Marie seriously, for if she really desires the personal oblivion which she professes to demand so ardently, it ought to occur to her that she might attain it by the simple process of subsiding for a week or so. At the end of that time her name and her novels alike would become back numbers with little hope or danger of resurrection. Her latest tirade occupies a column in the London *Chronicle*, and she concludes it by begging the editor to give her a "talisman of protection against this wholly undesired, vulgar and objectionable notoriety." Since the Corelli evidently will not keep silence, it might serve the purpose equally well if editors would take her at her word and suppress her communications, which have been kept up so long and in such a monotonous key of complaining that they have become like the ticking of a clock, no longer heeded even if heard. What Marie needs just now is some new style of advertisement.

Not an Author's Paradise

Bucharest cannot be regarded as a paradise for authors, since it is reported that two of the best known writers have recently opened beer saloons in order to support themselves. Caragaiti, one of the first novelists and playwrights, was recently called before the curtain of one of the local theatres and roundly applauded. He responded in a speech in which he thanked the audience for their enthusiasm, but frankly told them he could not live on it, and it would be more to the purpose if they would make a pilgrimage to his place of business on the opposite side of the street. The report further stated that the hint was taken and the place of refreshment liberally patronized. —*The Bookworm.*

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San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO, DEC. 24, 1900

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To all whom it may concern: In December, 1899, I was taken sick with Black Typhoid Fever, the most virulent type known to medical science. I had hemorrhages both nasal and intestinal, eight of the latter occurring in one day. Dr. Wong Woo, eminent Chinese physician, who called and with one dose of his tea stopped the flow of blood, thereby saving my life, as I had been given up by my white physician, as well as by all my friends. Was unconscious four weeks, but by Dr. Wong Woo's wonderful skill he saved my life from this most fatal of all fevers. Although I was confined to my bed three months, was able to resume my vocation in six months from the time I went to bed, and now I weigh 202 pounds, more than I ever attained previously. I would cheerfully recommend Dr. Wong Woo to any one in need of a first-class physician for any cause whatsoever.

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DR. WONG HIM: San Francisco, December 4, 1899

115-117 Mason street, San Francisco, Cal.: Dear Sir—For the benefit of others I wish to make a statement of my case, which was heart trouble. After treating with six eminent physicians my case was pronounced incurable. Hearing of Dr. Wong Him and his wonderful cures I decided to try his herb treatment. He did all he claimed, and after treating six months I am now well and strong. Yours respectfully,

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Accept grateful thanks for effecting a cure of asthma of several years' standing.

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To Whom It May Concern: This is to certify that I was very ill last summer from the effects of a severe cold I had caught, and which settled on my lungs, causing tuberculosis. I treated with Dr. Tong Po Chy for seven weeks, and was thoroughly cured. Dr. Tong Po Chy lives at 727 Washington street.

T. J. HOUGHTON.

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Artificial Stone
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES
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The Literary Langue

["Let him commence his reform of the common speech by saying, 'Alas, no!' at a dinner table, and watch results."—From an editorial, "The Literary and the Vulgar Speech," Bulletin, January second.]

I.

Scene.—Dining room of Mrs. Brown-Smarten's town-house, during progress of formal dinner. Party of sixteen, including hostess.

Miss Robinson (to her tete-atete): Are you fond of golf, Mr. Jones?

Mr. Jones: Alas, no!

Miss R.: And why alas?

Mr. J.: Because if I were a golf-player, I would be more popular with your sex.

Miss R. thinks this very witty and resolves to use the idea later herself.

Miss R.'s lefthand neighbor: Do you like champagne?

Miss R.: Alas, no!

Her neighbor: Alas?

Miss R.: Yes, certainly. If I were, more men would ask me out to dinner.

As her lefthand neighbor is impecunious, but very much epris in Miss R.'s direction, he takes mental note of her dislike to expensive wine and resolves to invite her to the theatre next week.

Result: Two points scored by "Alas, no!"—Mr. Jones gets a reputation for wit and Miss Robinson gets an invitation to the theatre.

II.

Scene.—Miss Robinson's drawing-room during the progress of an afternoon tea. Bevy of buds assisting hostess to receive.

Mrs. Pacific-Avenue (to Mrs. Nob-Hill): This is the third tea I've been to this afternoon.

Mrs. Nob-Hill: How charming! I dote on teas, don't you?

Mrs. P.-A.: Alas, no! I'm bored to death and hungry, too. I hate tea and have drunk three cups.

Mrs. Nob-Hill makes mental note of the latest thing in exclamations and introduces it at the next reception she goes to that day.

Second result attained by Mr. Jones' masterpiece: "Alas, no!" is made fashionable.

III.

Item in Polly Twaddle's chat in *Morning Squall:* There's something new in society slang. All the smart

A NEWSPAPER NOTE

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Planing and Currier Knives Lace Leather, Emery Wheels, Saw Mandrels,
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people who catch on to the latest wrinkles in modern phraseology are interjecting, "Alas, no!" into their conversation. It is a sort of a password to the inner circle to give the exclamation the correct inflection. And if you can't say, "Alas, no!" with the charming little shrug and lifted eye-brow that accompany it, you are stamped as not of the elite.

IV.

Extract from learned article by Professor Clevah Uptodate, in the *Scientific Tri-monthly*: There appears to be rapidly approaching the period when the speech of our grandmothers' time will be in common use. Already that little interjection, "Alas!" is being used in every-day conversation by the cultured man and woman, and this portends an approach to the more precise speech that we find in the old-time novels, those of Jane Austin, for instance. This change is decidedly for the better. What is vulgarly termed "slang," the tongue to which our beautiful mother language had deteriorated, is apparently to be superseded by the fine sentences that were in general use fifty years ago. This improvement will be far-reaching in its results. With the language of precision, more courteous manners will be the rule, and with better manners will come better morals.

—*The Philologist.*

The Fiend's Creation

From out the bank of gross deceit
The devil took a clod,
And fashioned it in human shape,
To imitate his God.

He wet the clay with silly pride
And sprinkled it with lust,
And seasoned it with whimperings
To form the outer crust;

Compressed it close with selfishness
And molded it with strife,
Then touched it up with petulance
And called the thing to life.

The devil laughed aloud in glee
To see this semblance human,
And cried: "The meanest creature yet
Is mine, all mine, a woman!"

—*Mabel Porter Pitts.*

January, 1902.

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No. 78,402

SUMMONS IN DIVORCE

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 5

FLORENCE G. TILTON, Plaintiff
vs.
CHARLES O. TILTON, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:
CHARLES O. TILTON, Defendant

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of defendant's wilful neglect and wilful desertion of plaintiff also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 30th day of October in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and one.

[SEAL.] WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.
By E. M. THOMPSON, Deputy Clerk.

A. W. THOMPSON, Plaintiff's Attorney,
Rooms 567-568 Parrott Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Notice of Intention to Change Principal Place of Business

Office of the Economic Oil Burner Company,
No. 139 First Street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Economic Oil Burner Company, a corporation, having its principal place of business at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, intends to change the same from said City and County of San Francisco, to the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, and that a meeting of the Directors of said Corporation for the purpose of making said change will be held at the office of said corporation, on Monday the 27th day of January, 1902, at the hour of one P. M. of said day.

Dated December 27th, 1901.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

ATTEST.
J. E. LARSON, President. J. J. BURKE, Secretary.

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On one side of this immense hotel—the largest in the world—is the wholesale and manufacturing district; on the other, theaters, retail stores, clubs, railroad offices, banks and newspaper buildings.

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Ferry boats leave San Francisco at 12 m., 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2:30 and 3 p. m., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. Last two cars on train reserved for ladies and their escorts. No smoking. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland. Also all trains via Alameda Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Fourteenth and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the track in fifteen minutes.

Returning trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 p. m. and immediately after the last race. THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President.
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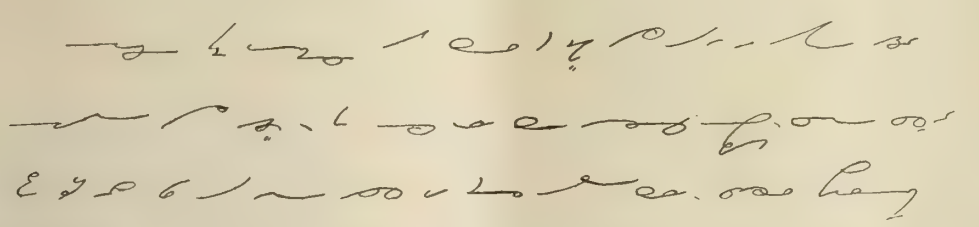

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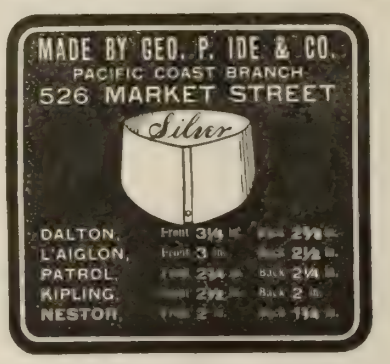

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San Francisco, January 25, 1902

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OUR OPINION

New Parental School

Chicago has grappled with the truancy problem by opening a parental school. It is a pedagogic experiment to wean youngsters from the constitutional truant habit and force them to become faithful in their school attendance. The advocates of the scheme insist that "truancy is the kindergarten of crime," and that a child graduate of the parental school is a criminal saved from the penitentiary. The new school is not for delinquents or defendants: it is for truants and incorrigibles. The habitual truant frequently becomes the delinquent, and the delinquent becomes the hardened criminal of the future. The average number of truants each month in Chicago is five hundred. Of this number two hundred are habitual truants, and of the habitual truants forty per cent are delinquents. There has always been a place to commit the delinquent, but not the habitual truants. Hence, in order to check habitual truants before they become delinquents the parental school is inaugurated. According to its founders it will be neither paradise nor purgatory. It will be a first-class corrective institution, with fairness and patience to all, with malice and mistreatment toward none. It will be equipped with teachers to direct the heart as well as the head; who will attend to the moral as well as intellectual uplift of the children committed. The new institution deprives the child of its liberty by a system of discipline and vigilance, instead of bolts and bars of frowning iron. It is not a prison. It is a school for the confinement, discipline and instruction and maintenance of children of compulsory school age who may be committed there, who are habitual truants from the public schools, or who persistently violate the rules of the public schools after repeated efforts have been made by patient principals and patient teachers to reform them. There will be a system of parole which will safeguard overcrowding, which will be an auxiliary to its reform methods. In accordance with the parental school law "no religious instruction shall be given in this school" by teachers in the classroom, but the superintendent shall so arrange that the children may receive religious instruction "in accordance with the belief of their parents." Every parental creed will be respected. Every parent may visit his or her child regularly during the terments, however, will be permitted to use this school as an ent in the reformation of the child, although home ties may be temporarily severed to attain the desired betterment and advancement of that child's life. No parents, however, will be permitted to us this school as an institution of convenience to board and clothe their children, or to get rid of them. Petitions to admit children to the new school will be filed in court by the compulsory education department. The Chicago experiment is being watched with great interest.

Startling Discovery of a Tennessee Genius

A hustling Tennessee embalmer has discovered a new solution for preserving bodies after death. No ordinary preservative this, for his results far surpass the lean and leathern products of the Egyptian artists in mummies. The chef d'oeuvres they have left us look as if they had been put through a tannery or treated with some repugnant astringent. Their process, like the methods of our new dental surgery, may have been warranted to be without pain to the recipient, but certainly the lugubrious specimens bequeathed us sadly lack in one highly important particular—there is nothing life-like or natural in their appearance. That is the very point bragged about by this nascent Tennessee genius: he guarantees to preserve the subject in "a perfectly natural pose." There is no shenannigan about his claim, either, for he has tried it on a dog. Forty days ago the visage of that dog was made glad by the sight of a succulent piece of sausage meat which was dangled before his delighted nose. Instantly he was shot full of this mysterious embalming dope and since the fatal yelp he hasn't budged a hair's breadth from his "natural life-like expression." The confident Tennesseean is willing to give a written guarantee that that dog will wear the identical gladsome, sausage-welcoming expression 4,867,364 years hence. According to his claim nothing can shake that dog's "life-like expression" but the weakening of the dope that bolsters it, and that is figured out "to beat perpetual motion to a standstill." Which brings us to another remarkable advantage this new spring opening style in mummies will have over last year's museum bargain counter remnants from Egyptian tombs. It appears that the new liquid petrifies the body and the duration of this petrifaction depends upon the dilution of the embalming fluid. Guarantees will be furnished any inquisitive applicant that if he will submit to be pumped full of the magical preservative in its A. I. strength he will be billed to adorn this mortal sphere in "a perfectly natural pose" till the last chip is blasted from under him by whatever angelic trust has the con-

tract of removing this earth from the universe. Fix a "look pleasant, please" expression on any man and give him an outside and inside needle-spray of the mixture and the Recording Angel, aeons hence, will be able to identify him and his expression without any birth certificate or Union Trust label. What a field this offers to the speculative mind. Fancy County Clerk Mahoney shot full of this dope just as he was solemnly assuring Bob Fitzgerald, Oscar Tolle and McElroy that their jobs were safe. There would be no gainsaying his petrified expression. Even the organization would have to admit that he must have committed himself. Gage, posed by an artistic embalmer, with the look he wore when he succeeded in compromising the late strike would be something beaming for future generations to gaze at. So would Henry Scott, posed with the expression he wore when he receipted the bill for the expenses of the President's visit. What priceless works of art depicting the life of our times this new discovery offers to transmit to posterity. For example, Master-of the Hounds Carolan arrayed in all his glittering regalia, with his proud lips pursed as if to shout, "Hark away!"as he lashes his good steed forward in the Blingum hunt; what a chef d'oeuvre this Tennesseean might make out of him for some suburban graveyard. And Ed. Greenway, in swallow-tail and pumps, poised like Mercury tip-toed on some heaven-kissing mount, or any similar pose which would show what he was like when leading the Friday Night cotillon. Fancy the 400 four hundred centuries hence gazing on such an inspiriting expression of our time. The world has waited too long for this Tennessee genius and his discovery. He should have hastened along several centuries ago and got in some of his deadly work for our benefit. What wouldn't we give to have Buckley's solid nine filled with this precious dope and lined up on pedestals along the wall of the Board of Supervisors' room in "perfectly natural poses." Such an exhibition would teach more than precepts in art to the studious taxpayer. Then there are shoals of others who would lose nothing under a similar treatment—unless it was their easy minds. True, the dailies claim that several of our well-known citizens have been in a petrified state for years and have simply stood around in silurian fashion blocking the city's improvement and progress. But the time must perforce come when such moss-covered conservatives will be rendered into dust and thin air, leaving no sign of their "life-like" expressions. Hail this Tennessee genius, then, who promises to squirt round his magic dope and transform our prize citizens into immutable mummies "as good as life" for the rabble of all time to rubber at.

Divorce on the Increase

The divorce habit is increasing all over the world. Recent statistics show that the United States is far in advance of all other nations in this respect. In Scotland the increase is climbing faster than population. In 1891 the land of the bonny briar bush furnished one hundred and forty-three cases; by 1901 the number had swelled to two hundred and six. During the same period population increased eleven per cent, while during the latter part of the decade the divorce mania shot up more than forty per cent. This is the high water mark for Europe but it is little more than a wavelet as compared with the divorce flood that sweeps over some States of the Union. For instance, between 1882-86 Scotland had a population of some 700,000 more people than Illinois, yet in that period the absolute number of divorces granted there was three hundred and ninety. During the same years the Illinois figures ran up to nearly twelve thousand. At that time Illinois led the States in the number of divorces, but not in percentages. During the twenty years of 1867-86 the yearly average per 100,000 of the population was as follows for the States named: Utah, 170; Colorado, 152; Oregon, 98; Rhode Island, 89; California, 87; New Hampshire, 75; Connecticut, 74; Maine, 67; Indiana, 67; Michigan, 66; Illinois, 64. And during the shorter period, 1881-86, there were several States in which the ratio of divorces to population was much greater than it was in Illinois. Among European countries Switzerland, Denmark and Germany rank high in the divorce lists, while Ireland is way at the bottom. But all Europe makes a small showing by comparison with the United States. For the years 1882-86 117,311 divorces were granted in the United States, whereas the number in Europe, with its immensely greater population, was only 85,100.

The Road to Good Reading

Those "best book" lists which the big publishing houses have lately become so fond of issuing in the form of bulletins are productive of much sapient comment on reading and its votaries. In sarcastically referring to the enormous sales of a recent popular novel one of the critics was led to remark, "Pliny says that it is well to read much, but not many things; our modern vice is to read too many things, and yet not much. After we have read much—that is to say, after we have grounded ourselves in the soundest culture, we are free, if we like, to read many things." This, in a nutshell, is the advice of the cultured mind the world over. The ideal training in books and reading is, for a few years, to live strictly with the classics. Stick to your Bible, your Shakespeare, Homer, Dante, Milton and such immortals. After such a course one is qualified to make excursions into the realms of lesser lights without imperiling the judgment or wasting mental stamina. There is also a correspondingly less danger that the great tide of printed froth let loose by the publishers in all sorts of novel guises will tempt your taste. There is too little nourishment for the properly reared mind in the average book of the day. The reader who does not strive to keep up with the inane chatter on the "latest thing in literature" may safely

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ignore it. Not until a book has proved itself by time nd in the proper quarters does it deserve a place on the book shelves. Any reader who has been raised on the best books, the classics of any literature, instinctively knows this. More, too, he acquires a rare time-s·ving judgment for perusing "the latest light literature." A glance through the pages of the last novel will give him a comprehensive idea of the whole book; for in such matter there is little meat to digest and no unusual demands are made on the judgment. That is why light and lazy minds go pleasuring by losing themselves in the amazing pages of such books: there is no effort demanded of the idle, drifting mentalities. But the active mind, in order to find enjoyment, demands a book that will exercise its powers and quicken the faculties.

The Saunterer

Reported Engaged to a Princess

The choicest tidbit of gossip that seasoned the week's tea tables was the news that Louis Bruguiere is engaged to a princess. Moral: "Young man, go East." For Louis' social halo here was as the sputtering of a candle compared to the limelight of popularity he has bathed in at Newport and in New York. First it was May Van Alen, of Astor forbears, who looked so kindly on the San Francisco youth that Mrs. Grundy held her breath and looked wise. However, the affair never ripened into a solitaire, and matrimonial wiseacres hung a "To Let" sign on Louis' heart. But unless Rumor has "got 'em again" this latest cardiac bulletin is authentic and the princess is a real live creature of flesh and blue blood. Whether she be Russian, Italian, French or Prussian is not yet known. Just the tantalizing fact that he is engaged to a princess has floated out here in a private letter, and even putting this and that together does not spell the name of the aristocratic unknown. So local society is sitting on the settee of impatience and waiting for further news.

Throwing Him Life Preservers

Louis' plunge into the New York swim has kept Mamma B. busy throwing out life-preservers in the shape of ducats. Of course, he must live up to the exaggerated wealth Newport society credits him with possessing, and the family purse is not overbulging in consequence. It is to be hoped that the titled lady of his choice is gilt-edged as well as blue-blooded, for Louis' individual slice of the Brugiere wealth will not "butter parsnips" fit for a princess. So if his princess is not financially above par, who'll pay the piper? Peter Martin might offer a suggestion.

Dissensions Among Native Daughters

I am sorry to hear these stories of strife and dissatisfaction that are circulating among the Native Daughters. The discontent should be settled before the big annual gathering here in June else that affair is likely to prove anything but the usual big success. The splendid organization has won too warm a place in the hearts of its admirers and staunch supporters for its future to be jeopardized by the jealousies of a few ambitious members and malcontents. I cannot credit most of the stories floating about regarding "rebellion" in the organization and attribute them rather to vehement feelings over differences of opinion which might be effaced by calm discussion. For instance, I feel sure that the charge that the constitution has been flagrantly violated can be easily settled by referring it to the proper committee; likewise, the claim that a number of illegal acts have been committed by autocratic and ambitious officers. The minutes of the Parlors in question submitted to a proper court of inquiry ought to quietly and satisfactorily determine such charges without resort to such threats as "impeachment," "disruption," "disgraced the order," and wilder outbursts. Prudence, fairness and foresight have so long been the mainstay of those directing the affairs of the order that they assuredly guarantee justice to any and all appealing dissatisfied members.

Heart Burning Charges

Certainly if the dissatisfied Daughters would appeal to the proper powers they could get a fair hearing of the charge that the interior Parlors are rebellious because they are taxed too heavily for the big affairs to be held in the city. But it seems like an exhibition of personal feelings when some vehement members declare that the Grand President, when she visits interior Parlors, carries along tickets on the sofa cushions which she is raffling off to raise money for her pet plan—the Home for Native Daughters. Certainly if tickets, in bunches of twenty-five, to the "Buena Vista" Parlor minstrel show were sent to the interior Parlors by an "influential" officer in the order, the solicited Parlor didn't have to buy them. There is no call on disgruntled members to further declare that they have had work enough to get along without being bled in this fashion, and they certainly betray animosity when they add that they don't care to support the Home because it gives signs of being simply a boarding house run by a close corporation of self-empowered aristocrats, which is "of the order but not in it."

Why not Settle It Amicably?

Assuredly the charge that all sorts of efforts are being made to name new Parlors so that a Genevieve Baker Parlor may be foisted on the State by the present administration ought to be quietly and

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

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calmly settled in the order without blazoning it to the world. Certainly if votes are being solicited for its charter by influential officers as a "special favor" the voters are in no way bound to consent to their request. If the discontented Daughters would prefer their charges that gambling and other questionable methods were being used at some of the fairs to raise money for the big celebration in June it would surely receive careful consideration and the question would be settled without bitter accusations and criminations. As it is the charge is simply handed about the Parlors, creating heart burnings and lessening the chances of a calm and easy settlement of the differences.

Troubles of an Unhappy Novelist

Friends here of Mrs. Stephen Townsend, better known the world over as Mrs. Frances Burnett, the novelist, have received letters to the effect that she is going to sue for a divorce from her husband. Mrs. Burnett's marriage less than a year ago to Mr. Townsend was bitterly opposed by her relatives and friends. She was some years older than he. After her divorce from her first husband, Mr. Burnett, fourteen years ago, she led a retired life with her little son Lionel, the original of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." It was the life of her choice and the most congenial to her literary pursuits. Her friends realized better than she did what an interruption by marriage meant to a woman of her temperament. Their chief objection to Townsend, however, was his character. He was an actor and they didn't think him of a nature to appreciate Mrs. Burnett's refined qualities. Notwithstanding the disparity in their ages Mrs. Burnett became deeply smitten with him when they first met abroad several years ago. The romance was helped considerably by the sudden illness of Lionel. Mr. Townsend made himself indispensable at the time and Mrs. Burnett became greatly impressed with his attachment to the little fellow. The understanding between them ripened to such an extent that when they reached London Mrs. Burnett backed Townsend in a theatrical venture to the extent of ten thousand dollars. But Townsend didn't succeed as an actor and when Mrs. Burnett returned to New York he followed her. Her friends easily guessed the way things were drifting and begged her not to marry the man but the actor's influence proved the stronger and about a year later their engagement was announced.

Divorce Imperative

Relatives and friends redoubled their efforts to block the wedding but Townsend was again victorious. To escape all this home discussion and opposition the doting couple arranged that Mrs. Burnett should go abroad. Townsend followed her later and they were married in Genoa. That was last March, less than a year ago. For a time they lived in a romantic bower in rural England. Within two months the anxious friends here began to receive letters hinting at great unhappiness. Her sister, Mrs. Jordan, was sent over to see if matters could not be straightened out, but she quickly decided that the husband was such an obnoxious person and so grossly abusive that only divorce could mend the trouble. So the elderly novelist was brought back to New York and turned over to the care of close and comforting friends, under whose protecting wing she will remain hereafter.

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Has Joined the Philistines

Amadee Joullin, who always extolled art for art's sake and scorned the dollars of the rich, has forsaken his idol. He is to paint a Last Spike picture for the Northern Pacific railroad. He will work in the figures of Grant, Villard and other great men, life-size, upon a background of snow and ice and mountains. What does this portend? It can scarcely be credited among the art students who so long looked upon Joullin as the apostle of art, true art as opposed to commercial painters. But there seems no doubt that Amadee has accepted the commission.

Thomas Hill's "Last Spike"

It is to be hoped that Joullin's "Last Spike" effort will be better appreciated than was Tom Hill's. Hill painted a huge canvas commemorating the driving of the last spike for the first trans-continental railway. The painting was ordered by Senator Stanford, who requested that his figure be given prominence over the others. Also by his orders certain men who were present at the last spike ceremony were omitted from the picture. Hill worked hard to please his patron and followed out his wishes to the letter, anticipating a payment that would handsomely cover all his outlay of time and energy. But when the painting was finished, the men whose figures were left out made vigorous protest and Stanford, rather than explain the reason of the omission, said that he never ordered the picture at all. This surprising declaration was a great blow to Hill whose work thus all went for nothing and it was long before he rallied from the disappointment and physical illness which followed.

Forgot His Wine Cards

The promoters of the big charity ball at the Palace hotel had a very lively half hour's "financial fidget" when the balances were struck. It all came about through the forgetfulness of the committeeman who handled the tap of the champagne that was to flood the supper and bring in a corresponding stream of five-dollar pieces. Great hopes were entertained by the promoters of the affair that the sale of wine at the supper would add a very handsome sum to the receipts. They were positive of this when they saw the enthusiastic way the wine was ordered. At first the

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diners appeared a bit shy but after the first bottles were opened and circulated there seemed to be a concerted and irresistible rush to order more wine. It popped and gurgled on all sides. Some of the managers wondered what could have induced several well-known parsimonious society men to suddenly become so lavish in ordering wine—that is, they wondered till some one asked how high the figures on the wine cards reached. Then it was discovered that Committeeman Mountford Wilson had forgotten the highly important detail of sending out blank wine cards with each bottle of wine: accordingly there was no certain tab on the guests who had ordered it. The guests themselves had early discovered this oversight, though it is more than probable that most of them thought that as there were no menu cards the wine must be free; hence the reckless way in which it was ordered. The agent's bill was something over three hundred dollars. Of course the matter was satisfactorily settled after a halfhour's very nervous conference and—well, the committee wasn't out of pocket and charity received a nice little sum from the general receipts of the ball.

Society Belles in—Ahems!

The story of a "stag" dinner given recently with society maids and matrons in male attire decorating the feast, has just oozed through the wall of secrecy the merry party built around their revelry. The dinner was given in the home of a Pacific avenue matron who has two daughters almost ready to bud into society, but they were pronounced too young and verdant for the stag dinner and trundled off to bed. Not even the ever-green mother-in-law of the hostess was present, but the explanation was offered that "Peter's were too long and Walter's too narrow," and, as male attire was de rigueur, at the last minute she had to phone regrets. However there were eight spirited skirtless dames and damsels present who achieved motley masculine make-up—an Uncle Sam, a pair of clowns, a trio of Willie-boys, and Tommy Atkins. The girls in conventional dress suits looked the real thing—from the waist up. Lovely woman is hopelessly feminine, after all. Tommy Atkins would never have been mistaken for the charming bride whose recent marriage was a very smart affair, but an ill-fitting moustache was responsible for that. If there were not a picture on record to tell the tale I would not credit her with such shapely ahems! They had an awfully jolly time and they solemnly joined hands and agreed to keep the lark so deep and dark that it would never by any mischance reach the ears of "horrid editors" who make "copy" out of everything. They have guarded their secret better than their brothers—which is a word to the wise.

Men Must Go Unmasked

Perhaps the committee that rules the Mardi Gras ball is right in again deciding for "No masks for the men." The artists and students say this is all wrong, but as it is not the artists and students who make the ball a financial success, the committee appears to have reason on its side. Before society formally passed judgment and decided that the Mardi Gras balls at the Hopkins Institute were a proper function to attend the committee in spite of their very best efforts could not make them a success. The Art Association lost money on them right along. But last year and the year before several wings of society took up the ball with vigor and attended in such numbers as to outshine the artistic and lesser lights. True, the real carnival spirit was lacking, but that was not owing to the fact that the men were unmasked. It was rather due to the absence of the stuff that cheers. Those who came with anything like a lively carnival spirit acquired it on the way to the ball.

Success of Three Dowerless Beauties

Mrs. Adam Grant went East last Saturday with her husband. She was hostess at a tea a few days before her departure, Mrs. Joe Grant receiving with her. The latter is the best of friends with the former, and there are few families where mother-in-law and daughter-in-law agree so well. But both are women with very good-natured and congenial traits of character. Mrs. Adam Grant is one of the most interesting women of the early California regime. Like others of her time she was a dowerless beauty when wooed and won by Adam Grant, the man of wealth and position. Her mother, Mrs. Gummer, kept a boarding-house in the days when the waters of the bay came up to Montgomery street. Emma (Mrs. Grant) was the prettiest of her three daughters, one of whom married Bob Morrow and one became the wife of William Harney.

Divided Over the Gowns

The Alexander Centers are going to vary the matinee tea routine a trifle and will give a semi-evening reception next Saturday complimentary to Mrs. Chandler Howard. The cards read "five to seven." The Center home is a very comfortable one,

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at the southwest corner of Vallejo and Fillmore streets; it is well adapted for crushes such as this is sure to be. There has been rather a flutter among those invited as to the proper thing to wear, evening clothes not being de rigueur until six under any conditions, and seven is the dinner hour nowadays of the elite. Of course, all this twittering will resolve itself to one thing—afternoon attire. Miss Elizabeth Mansfield Center will be one of the hostesses. Nellie Hopps Howard is over from Japan on one of her periodical visits and her half-hundred intimate friends are entertaining her to the best of their ability.

Ned Greenway in his Glory

The Greenway dance was a great success and Ned is walking around in a trance of delight. Just at present he would rather be himself than Emperor William. In the old Greenway days he was so sure of his divine right to the throne that he was rather catholic in his tastes. I have heard well brought-up girls say that they couldn't get on with him because they preferred to choose their hand-squeezing partners. In preparing for his new reign Greenway gave out that he had lost his old list and would have to make out a new one. That meant that no one could say he or she was crossed off. Names were simply omitted through—well, carelessness. Every one who had offended the Prince during his exile was 'forgotten," that is, if he could afford it, for even Greenways remember injuries. However, there were many whom he could not afford to "forget," and they were all there smiling ironically at him. There were many sad, broken hearts that wept out their grief while the gay remembered ones triumphantly danced the hours away. But the blue-penciling—inexorable as it was—was one of the main causes of Greenway's success. Like a true leader on the field of the cloth of gold he knows the value of no memory.

Will Return a Bride

I hear that Alec von Schroeder and Mrs. Cutter are married and are on their way here. Presently we shall learn of the young baron's resignation from the army for the Kaiser decreed long ago that none of his officers may marry divorcees and retain their commissions. Mrs. Cutter went abroad on the same steamer with the two barons last year, the *Deutschland*. En route the husband of Mrs. Cutter's friend died. Now she comes back a bride.

The Mayor Scored a Union Point

The Symphony Society managed at each of its concerts to give the audience something to talk about beside the music. At the last concert it was Mayor Schmitz. He was ushered into the box that ex-Mayor Phelan occupied during the grand opera season, and though an interesting musical number was under way, the audience's attention immediately switched from Mozart to the Mayor. He took a front seat and did not appear to object to being the cynosure of feminine eyes. Later he made a little speech by which he secured a lot of applause and cemented the affection of the Musicians' Union. But the speech was a decided play to the gallery. As an example of spread-eagleism it equaled in some particulars the flamboyant flight of a robust Fourth of July orator. Mr. Schmitz said that our symphony orchestra was as good as any in the world. Now, Mr. Steindorff's men are doing their level best to approach a high standard, but they still fall far short of the work done here by previous symphony orchestras. It will be some time before they reach the altitude of their local predecessors. Though the men themselves liked the bouquet, their intelligence rejected it. Mr. Schmitz should think before he speaks.

Steindorff's Lack of Dash

One of the local critics claims that Steindorff is too timid. He would be a more successful leader if he let himself go occasionally. It is too early in the season to speak dogmatically about the leader's proficiency or deficiency. He is too new to the work for one to expect him to be a perfect reader and leader. What Steindorff seems to lack is dash, but occasionally this quality crops up in him, as in the Von Reznicek overture last Friday. Like all Germans, he is best in works that call for sentiment and poetry. In Wagner's "Traume" he brought out all the delicate shades of meaning to a nicety. Of all the conductors that our symphony orchestras have had, Scheel was the best. But even Scheel was not so inspiring as Arditi, Walter Damrosch or Seppilli.

Identity of the "Lone Horsewoman"

The photograph of the Genthe exhibit at the Mark Hopkins Institute that attracted most attention was called "The Challenge," and public opinion was undecided as to whether the original was Fritzi Scheff or Margaret Anglin. Both names have been given, but the features are really those of Miss Doris Jeffrey who attracted so much attention at San Rafael last summer by her excellent riding. Her parents have come back from Alaska and she is living quietly out in the Western Addition. For several months she has ridden in the Park every afternoon and usually alone. She became known to frequenters there as the "lone horsewoman." Her beauty of course quickly attracted attention and a number of interested swells persisted in making searching inquiries till they learned the identity of the woman who made such a beautiful picture on horseback.

Most ladies hold the reins well. Perhaps it is not bad that they do.

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Has Fluttered the Smart Set

Kate Clement has raised the ghost of the famous Fithian yachting trip by declaring at a recent smart dinner that she has half made up her mind to write the story of that spicy jaunt. I fear Mistress Kate spoke rashly for I "hae me doots" about the tale even dripping from her pen. What torrid reading that cruise in the Southern Seas would make! If Miss Clement wishes to incarnadine yellow-back fiction she certainly has plenty of material, but it is likely to remain safely pigeon-holed in her own highly colored memory of the affair. Not even to her intimates has Kate Clement told all that happened when she went a-yachting with the Fithians. If Miss Clement wouldn't stand for the way things went on the cruise there is probably not a girl in the smart set who could; she is of the cult that does not pretend the innocence which is only ignorance wrong side out. She confessed as much to Madame Eames-Story at the Holbrook dinner. "Why, even the Parisiennes don't bite too deep into the apple of knowledge," answered the surprised prima donna. Like her friend Mrs. Joe Tobin, Miss Clement adopts the long, lean and sinuous effects. At the Phelan dinner Miss Clement was dazzling in a wonderful gown that had so little to support it in the way of shoulder straps, that the mystery of how it ever stayed "put" is as great as that which veils the famous yachting trip.

Lamenting over Casserly's Fall

Society is mildly incensed over the way some of the papers have handled Jack Casserly's forced resignation from the Board of Education. According to those who take the same brand and are therefore qualified to speak, Mr. Casserly's deviations from the path of strict sobriety are not nearly so vivid as they have been painted. His own set find him a genial, witty comrade, even ready to strum a tune or string a story; those outside the pale pronounce him a strutting cad, pompous and self-important. Perhaps Alice Rix most neatly condensed this estimate of him when she wrote him down for Jack Asserly. Casserly, as the son-in-law of Cudahy, the millionaire pork-packer of Chicago, ought to be able to light his cigars with the paltry three thousand dollar salary which he drew as a school director, but unfortunately Cudahy pere will never be traced by the shekels he has scattered Casserly's way.

His Brilliant Marriage

When Jack Casserly married Celia Cudahy it was considered the most brilliant marriage that any San Franciscan had made, not excepting Frank Carolan's marriage with Miss Pullman. Archbishop Riordan has always been credited with this match, for he first introduced the young people. Papa Cudahy saw to it that the wedding went off with the flourish befitting his pork profits and then sent the happy couple on their way with his blessing, but evidently did not embarrass them with riches. As blessings are not interest-bearing and productive only of debts, the Jack Casserlys have never been able to splurge but have lived very modestly in the Casserly family home in Buchanan street. Mrs. Casserly and her daughter, Marguerite, called "Daisy" by her intimates, also live there. Mrs. Jack Casserly does not attempt to entertain, but her charming manners and musical accomplishments make her a much-sought-after guest. She plays the harp exquisitely and touches the soul of that quaintly beautiful instrument as few amateurs can. Jack Casserly is himself a musician and though he does not belong to the Union, his friends feel Schmitz should have had a brotherly feeling for him on that score. Three thousand a year isn't much, but it was pumpkins to Casserly under the circumstances.

End of the Gashwiler Romance

A Panama steamer this week brings with her one disappointed woman, whose story is like unto that of Pauline's in Bulwer's great drama, "The Lady of Lyons." This is the Senora Robledo, nee Lottie Gashwiler, whose wedding some few months ago with Senor Don Robledo of Guatemala was one of the social events of the year. Senor Robledo was represented to be a second Monte Cristo in wealth, and it was plain to see that his social accomplishments were legion. Like Claude Melnotte, the fascinating Guatemalan breathed glowing descriptions of the magnificent splendor of his Central American home into the willing ears of Miss Gashwiler. Letters and photographs were freely shown to substantiate his statements. So well he played his part that Miss Gashwiler, with the warmest approbation of her family, accepted him. A smart wedding followed, and the future seemed very rosy for the young couple.

Like Another Baron Munchausen

The story goes that the gay senor has proved to be a veritable Baron Munchausen, and the wealth of which he had spoken existed only in his lively imagination. His palace dwindled into nothing more than an adobe hacienda on a plantation many miles burro-back from the City of Guatemala, the only inhabitants for miles around being dirty peons and negroes. Life in such a place soon became intolerable to a girl who had been used to every luxury, and at the earnest solicitation of her family she returned. There will, in all probability, be no divorce, as the Gashwilers are devout Catholics. Another sister is married to Sam Shortridge.

Is Oelrichs in a Huff?

There was considerable comment because of the absence of Hermann Oelrichs from Mr. Phelan's smart dinner at the Palace. All the friends and connections of the Martins were asked and many thought it strange that Hermann Oelrichs as the uncle-to-be of Peter Martin was not there. Some one gave this explanation in an aside with the coffee. Some time before the dinner day Mr. Oelrichs tried very hard to sell the ex-Mayor a lot belonging to the Fair estate on Bush street. At that time Mr. Phelan was looking for land on which to build the library he afterwards presented to the city. He considered Mr. Oelrichs' proposition, concluded the price was too high and ultimately bought elsewhere. From that time to this Hermann Oelrichs has not spoken to him. The doctors, however, have promised the ex-Mayor that his present trip abroad will relieve him a great deal of this affliction.

Will Not Fight His Battles

Mrs. Lawrence Scott was present at the dinner which shows she does not intend to fight her father's battles for him. The idea is extravagant but there are gossips today who really believe that Mr. Crockett holds Mr. Phelan's reforms responsible for being out in the cold, cold world without a sheltering salary. Possibly it was the same set who once so industriously shuttlecocked the rumor that the President of the Gas company was using all his pull to bring about the ex-Mayor's social boycott.

Being Feted in the East

Mrs. Jimmy Robinson, who was so popular last winter as the chaperon of her young daughter, Elena Robinson, is not going out at all this winter. Miss Elena is being feted in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson went back to San Jose early in the season. Mr. Robinson is said to be in the last stages of consumption.

Bernhardt's Bogey Story

My Paris correspondent writes me that Sarah Bernhardt told this story the other afternoon at her house in the Parc Monceau quarter. It happened to her some weeks back while she was staying at her fortress in Belle Ile. She was sound asleep in her primitive bedroom when she suddenly woke with an uncanny feeling that there was somebody in the room. It was, she judged, about two o'clock in the morning; outside boomed the misty Atlantic and round the grey old fort moaned an unquiet wind. Sarah, who always keeps a light burning in her room, sat up in bed—there was somebody at the foot of her couch staring fixedly at her! She tried to call her maid, but her tongue refused to act. All she could do was to stare as if transfixed at her mysterious visitant. She described the apparition as an old, old woman with a pallid, strangely wrinkled face, out of which the piercing eyes shone weirdly. She was gowned in the antique costume of a long past day, and Bernhardt remembers noticing a curiously-set turquoise ring on one of the shadowy white hands. Suddenly the spell was removed and Sarah sprang out of bed, but the phantom, or whatever it was, had vanished into air. Bernhardt swears that she was not dreaming, and that she had not eaten anything particularly indigestible at dinner. "Usually I sleep comme un sabot," she said, "and it is very strange that I should so unexpectedly awake to see what I did." She told the tale to her friends in her most dulcet voice, and quite in her best manner; it made delicious little creeps run up and down the spines of her hearers. "It may have been a warning of some coming disaster," laughed Sarah. "Who knows? Still, what will be will be."

DR. H. BOSWORTH CROCKER has resumed practice at his former location in the Auzerais Building 21 Powell St. Practice will be limited to office treatment of the eye, ear, nose, throat and lungs. Consultations 2 to 5, and 7 to 8; Sundays by appointment only.

School Director Mark's Shrewd Trick

A curious scene was enacted in the office of School Director Kincaid on the day when she was "not" appointed. She had an engagement to transact some business with the teachers after school. After a wait she sent down word from her office that she could not appear, owing to a headache. At that moment the evening papers arrived and one of the teachers mounted a chair and read in loud tones, "Mary Kincaid Not to be Reappointed." The teachers all shook hands with each other and there was great rejoicing among those who had made a special fight against reappointment. Mrs. Kincaid has gone to Coronado to recuperate. I wonder if she has yet forgotten how she was thimble rigged out of three years of office by that gallant but astute Mr. Mark. In drawing lots for their terms it will be remembered Mrs. Kincaid drew the one year term, and Mark caught the two year term. Having been in office this diplomat foresaw that Mayor Phelan would still be in office when the one year expired and would probably re-appoint the holder. Accordingly he chivalrously offered to exchange his two year term for her one year term. Mrs. Kincaid thought him the nicest man she ever knew until the next day some one told her she had been cleverly jockeyed out of three years of office.

Society at a New Game

Society will play "follow my leader" to Miss Jennie Blair's lead at Central Park this afternoon, where Eder Jai will be played for the benefit of the Doctor's

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Daughters. There will be some stunning frocks and fetching millinery worn, and the event will be a gala one. All the boxes were sold early in the week.

Here's a "Howdy Do" in Golf Circles

Golf games peppered with vocal tabasco are always in order when the ladies match their skill on the links. But of late the air has grown so leaden that nothing short of a thunderstorm will clarify the atmosphere. Already the rumbling, grumbling portents prove the tempest is brewing, and even a weather prophet with a crokery eye can read that it will be a record-breaker. Mrs. Gilman Brown is going to put up a silver cup and thereby hangs the tale of woe. Not a girl can be found who is willing to compete for the trophy. They all stoutly declare they will not play for it, and the cup may go a-begging or Mrs. Brown may play Mrs. Brown, for all they care. There are half a dozen players who would stand fair chances of winning out but they will not enter the lists, so here's a pretty solar plexus for true sport. The men are disgusted with the stand the women are taking and most of them wish the ladies would pack their brassies and play in their own back yards. Verbal fistics usually punctuate the women's tournaments and much hard feeling is generated. This is the first cup Mrs. Gilman Brown has offered, although she has won most of the trophies. The knockers have frequently polished their hammers on that score. "She evidently doesn't believe that it is more blessed to give than to receive," they scoffed.

Tart Comments on Her Offer

And now comes Mrs. Brown and offers a silver trophy, and they chorus: "We don't want your old cup." In common parlance this is the tactic known as "freeze-out" but the ladies should remember they are playing golf and accordingly not borrow from the ethics of their favorite card game. If Mrs. Brown is frozen out of golf her seconds will have equal chances, but as long as she plays she so far outdistances her competitors that she is in a class by herself and all the prizes come her way. When the San Francisco team went over to play the Oaklands last week, Mrs. Brown did her strenuous best to save the home team from defeat but they were beaten, largely owing to the off-game put up by Caro Crockett Scott, who was feeling ill. Miss Scott really dragged herself from a sick bed to fill her place on the team, and her playing sagged far below her usual standard. However it was the right spirit and it is a pity that all the club members are not "game" to a finish. Certainly their treatment of Mrs. Brown is not according to Hoyle. This cup episode will be a target for the finger of derision unless the women golfers come to their senses and play a "gentlemanly" game.

Cupid on a Quiet Hunt

Reports of two engagements are buzzing in the air: that of one of this season's debutantes, Pearl Landers and young Dr. Gibbons. They are looking unutterable things at each other and rumor has it they are saying them. The other couple whom the gossips are trying to marry off are Margaret Salisbury and young Baldwin. Miss Salisbury is genuinely popular and made her debut three years ago.

Maud Berri's Return

Society greeted Maude Berri's return. There was a big batch of Bohemian club men in the front rows of the theatre—Ned Greenway, Joe Howell, Colonel Trumbo and others. Mrs. Joe Tobin, Miss Spreckels and Jennie Blair were in a box party. Miss Blair wore her favorite gray; Mrs. Tobin, her black spangled frock. Across the theatre were the Tom Williams' and a box party. The Fulton Berrys were in a loge, and the handsome Princess Chic's little daughter was a witness, wide-eyed and happy, of her mother's triumph. She is a very pretty child with long light curls and a fair skin. She was dressed all in pink, with a pink bow in her hair and pink satin shoes on her tiny feet. What interested me particularly in that audience was the presence of so many elderly men, men apparently not of the usual theatre-going crowd. These were the social, business and political friends of Fulton Berry, the Fresno raisin grower. Many of them had dandled little Maude Berry on their knees when she was of the age of her own little daughter, and none of them would have missed seeing the debut of "Fulton Berry's little girl."

Society Tackles the Tiger

My Seattle correspondent writes:

Spokane's 400 introduced a new feature this year in the program of the annual charity ball. The "attraction" of the evening was a wheel of fortune from "Dutch Jake's" gambling hall kindly loaned to the ladies and operated by Spokane's boss gambler in all his glory. "Dutch Jake's" place is one of the largest and most profitable gambling houses operated in the northwest. It has three bars, a variety theatre, a dance hall and two rooms in which thirty gambling tables are run. The profits of the place are said to be in the neighborhood of one thousand dollars a night.

Unhappy Result of the Joke

The charity ball is an annual function given each year by the leading society matrons of the city for the benefit of a certain charitable institution. The list of patrons includes most of the society people of Spokane. The suggestion that the wheel of fortune be secured was made first by some young bloods of the city as a joke. Somehow it was regarded seriously and promptly taken up by the ladies. A committee

Lord Temple cigars are smoked by all clubmen who will take nothing but the best.

ALWAYS THE BEST

CALIFORNIA MARKET SAN FRANCISCO

called upon Jake and asked him for the use of the paraphernalia necessary to conduct the game. Jake was dazed with such a request coming from such quarters. Then the glory of it all dawned upon him and only lightning could beat his speed in trying to comply with everything they asked. He offered his services to personally run the games. The attraction was widely advertised. On the eventful evening it proved to be the greatest hit ever conceived by any charity show. Several society leaders of both sexes took their turn at "bucking the tiger" for the benefit of the noble cause and the profits of the wheel for the evening ran over seven hundred dollars. As soon as the ball was over there arose a wail of criticism against the good ladies who gave their sanction to the game of chance. Now the town is the scene of a bitter social controversy, while Jake and the "tiger" simply wink at each other.

Hot Shot at the Presidio

The recent entertainment for the benefit of sick soldiers at the Presidio has started an interchange of "hot shot," which rivals anything now going on between Boer and British batteries in the Transvaal. The cause of the trouble is laid at the door of the civilians who have sprouted shoulder straps and are trying to invade society on the score of being "in the army." Of late the Presidio has been utilized as a depot for troops returning from the Philippines. Among them is a batch of officers who received commissions in the late war by the grace of their "pull" rather than their knowledge of drill, tactics and skill in strategy. It goes without saying that they are not all Captain Bradlee Strongs. Of course there are many among the "new" officers who are thoroughbreds and gentlemen who are gladly welcomed. But the buccaneers, the bold buccaneers who are trying so hard to invade society, the fellows who think that because they sailed to the Philippines and back in a government transport and made the passage safely they are entitled to the entree to the homes of the smart set—it is against them the dead line is to be drawn. Directing a mule train in the islands is not the stepping-stone to leading a cotillon here, though certain shoulder-straps seem to think so. And this smouldering feeling and this dancing near the dead line finally brought about the expected explosion.

Why the Plan of Campaign Failed

It came at the recent entertainment got up to amuse the invalided soldiers. One idea was conceived of getting society girls to give a vaudeville show at the Presidio for the benefit of the hospital patients. Numbers of the "new" officers saw their opportunity, and entered into the plan with gusto the moment they saw the names of the smart girls invited to take part. When the girls learned the object of the scheme they promoted it with heart and soul and got up a strikingly good program of society amateurs, headed by the Florodora sextet. On the appointed evening the girls and their friends showed up promptly to entertain the hapless invalids; but on looking over the audience, lo and behold! instead of the faces of the weak, wan and wounded soldiers, they saw before them a glittering array of gay evening toilettes and white shirt bosoms. Far in the background was a thin fringe of crippled soldiers who had been allowed to stand against the wall. There was nothing for the amateurs to do but to go on with the show. But after the curtain—well, to put it mildly, there were very plain words spoken by several vehement girls. "Outrageous" was one of the mildest expressions. They declared that if some of the medical fraternity had directed their energies to alleviating the sufferings of the invalids instead of getting up an entertainment for themselves, they would have worked on a truer charity plan.

Glued Gowns the Latest

This way, ladies, if you would learn how La Belle Otero accomplishes the "melted and poured into your clothes" effect which is the mode, some claim the vulgar mode, of the hour. "I just glue my gown to me with glycerine," she explains. "Suffer? Some. To be beautiful one must suffer." Here is something really new, and I wonder whether any of our willowy belles will emulate the Otero's Spartanesque fashion of glueing on her clothes. The famous danseuse gives the recipe of the mixture, which consists of glycerine and rose-water in a sticky consistency that will plaster the body and remain wet for hours. "I feel slippery inside," confesses La Belle Otero. "I feel indeed as an eel may feel, but I don't mind the discomfort."

Fleshings for a Foundation

For the benefit of those who may wish to give her method a trial it must be stated that only fleshings and a suede corset are worn over the paste and then the heavy, unlined cloth is stretched to the figure. Otero says that only the perfect dressmaker and the perfect figure can attempt "glued gowns." There are several figures in the smart set that lend themselves to the clinging fashions, but no doubt Mrs. Joe Tobin, Mrs. Gus Taylor, or Alice Hager and the others are content to put on the clothes without the glycerine plaster.

Jeghers-Bromley

The marriage of Miss Mary Jeghers and Mr. George A. Bromley was very quietly solemnized at St. Stephen's on Wednesday afternoon, the rector of the church, Reverend Edgar Lion, performing the cere-

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mony. Afterwards there was an informal reception at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Mel in Lyon street, at which only relatives of the bride and bridegroom were present. The latter, who is the elder son of George T. Bromley, was married before, his present wife having been the maid of honor at his former marriage. His first wife was Kate Wakelee, the only daughter of H. P. Wakelee, the pioneer pharmacist and founder of the firm of Wakelee & Co. Somewhat of a coincidence was the fact that the late Washington Bartlett, one time Mayor of San Francisco, gave the bride away on the occasion of Mr. Bromley's first marriage, and his brother, Columbus Bartlett, performed this office for Wednesday's bride.

Papa Murphy Forbids the Match

If the latest news from Washington is true Addie Murphy is not to marry young Siebert. Murphy pere rushed on there to answer to a summons and after a careful examination of the situation has taken the stand he made in the McNutt suit. My surmises of last week were evidently right. The fortune of the fiance likely failed to come up to the expectation of the fiancee's pater. Papa Murphy loves money; he has never made any concealment of that fact. He didn't like John Biddle, the husband of his daughter Ethel, in spite of his blue blood, because the poor boy did not have dollars to back his pedigree. Possibly he thought one blooded son-in-law enough in the family; then again he may have heard something dampening about the state of the wool market. We shall have to wait for the true story until Miss Murphy herself is heard from. So another Murphy match and a Murphy catch has gone glimmering and Addie—what will Addie say?

La Fille du Regiment

Mrs. Robert Nuttall has a new sobriquet which fits her snugly. For years Mrs. Nuttall has worn hats of one pattern—pert little turbans a la Tommy Atkins—with a brush quill bobbing briskly on one side. For styles may come and styles may go, but hers goes on forever. The effect is very military and a wag recently dubbed her the "Daughter of the Regiment," which title will probably cling to her as long as she is faithful to the jaunty turban. Mrs. Nuttall's headgear is not more remarkable than the gray matter tucked under it. She is unquestionably the brightest and most versatile woman in the smart set and the ease with which she sparkles in small talk or puts to rout the heavyweights in the art of conversation has long been the wonder and delight of her friends. Whenever a celebrity dines with the ton, Mrs. Nuttall is placed to his right and the lion's roar has the edge taken off by Mrs. Nuttall's epigrams and intelligent grasp of any subject from Cicero to Cheiro. The distinguished guest is invariably impressed and leaves San Francisco with the idea that the town is another Athens. Mrs. Nuttall, as Hilda Rosenstock, was the pride of local Jewish society, but since her marriage she moves almost exclusively in the Nuttall circle. The Nuttalls are not only related by marriage to talent, but have bred in the bone cleverness. Mrs. Zelia Nuttall—who waived the right to her married name with alimony—is also a very gifted woman. She was given the order of the Italian Immortel, a rare distinction for a woman and an American at that. The family genius is not entirely feminine gender, for the Nuttall brothers are also distinguished for their cleverness in their respective lines.

There is nothing in the world more delightful than a drink of good whiskey—and Jesse Moore is good whiskey.

First Corner Politician: What's the organization doing while all this shindy's being cut up in the City Hall?

Second Politician: Oh, Phil, ain't sayin' nothin'; he's out in his woodpile fixin' up his saw.

First Politician: Well, he'd better get to work on a forty-foot buzz-saw then, with patented riveted rippers and about forty million volts velocity, or he won't be in this new sawing and jawing exposition.

Last of Jennie June's Fortune

My New York correspondent writes me that although Jennie June (Mrs. Jennie Croly) did not die in absolute want, she was rapidly reaching very reduced circumstances. Then years ago she was worth something like one hundred thousand dollars, but through the poor business advice offered by solicitous friends this was rapidly reduced till a scant few thousand dollars remained: rather a pathetic ending for the woman who pioneered the way for women in the newspaper and periodical world. In her day she was by far the best known and most popular woman writer for the press, and any paper that did not have its "Jennie June" column was not considered worth handing around the sitting room. The fortune of one hundred thousand dollars which she accumulated is the best commentary on her immense success, for in her day there were far fewer papers and a writer's emoluments were extremely meagre.

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The Procession of Stunning Gowns

After the Landers-Tallant luncheon Tuesday the girls separated and part of them went to Mrs. Chase's tea and the rest to Marie Wells'. I never saw more beautiful frocks than were worn at Mrs. Tallant's. Katherine Herrin is the most patrician looking of girls and she was a dream in pink muslin. Bernice Landers wore a handsome white embroidered crepe de chine, and Katherine Robinson was very chic in turquoise blue silk.

Latest Gossip from London

My London correspondent writes:

Sybil Sanderson is back here with her next husband, Comte Henri Fitz James. She goes to Paris in a few days to get ready for her new opera. When I asked her the date of the marriage, she laughed and said she didn't know. Comte Henri told me later, though, that it would be in February. He laid great stress on the fact that he was "not going to marry a Gaiety Girl off the stage but Madame Sanderson, a great artist, known the world over. Ah, she holds a high, a very high rank," he added. "Will she leave the stage after marriage?" I asked. "No," he replied, "I think she has no such intention. Her life as an artist, a very great artist, belongs to the world. If she had married a painter she certainly would not insist on his giving up his art. I should be just as unfair if I insisted on my future wife giving up the profession of her heart. As for myself, I hope to derive a handsome income on certain concessions others and myself have just obtained in French Guiana. The land is said to contain gold and india rubber trees in great quantities. Plans are under way to build a railroad and I feel quite confident we shall soon develop another Transvaal. My intentions now are to sail for South America some time in April, that is about a month after my marriage. No, my wife will not accompany me but will continue here to the end of her opera season. Then she may join me." I observed that Madame Sanderson didn't think it necessary to make any comment on this last statement.

A New American Beauty

One of the most striking beauties of the coming season will be Miss Gladys Deacon, the American girl, who has been taken up so much lately by the Duchess of Marlborough. (Vanderbilt). Whistler is going to paint her portrait. Her sister, only seventeen years old, is also a little beauty, and the two of them are expected to repeat the furore created by the famous Gunning sisters, a hundred years ago. No end of surprise has just been created by the fact which has just leaked out that a number of members of the highest nobility have not sent in their applications for seats in Westminster Abbey during the coronation on account of the heavy cost of the necessary robes. There will be no danger of any of the avaricious peers disposing of any of these coveted seats to the nouveau riche because those in charge, under the strictest instructions, have kept vigilant tab on every ticket issued. Should any but the proper holders present them there is sure to be something more than a social rumpus.. It looks as if lilies will share with roses the honor of being the popular flower at the coronation. Growers are making great preparations to meet such a demand, with the result that bulbs are being imported from Germany and Holland in great quantities. Another complication has arisen out of the interminable question of precedence. According to program the Duchess of Fife will be the third lady in rank coming after the Queen and the Princess of Wales, and before her two sisters. Her husband, the Duke, however, is billed to trail behind all the other dukes. The Duchess is unwilling to march in her place without her husband by her side and now the much badgered King is considering whether, by royal will, he can place Fife there without raising a storm of indignation from the ducal bench.

Troubles of an Erratic Lord

One wing of Society is very much interested now in the suit for divorce of Lord Rosslyn against his wife. Since he failed with his "system" to break the bank at Monte Carlo his notoriety has greatly increased. Managers looking for sensations are hot after him as a drawing card in their theatrical ventures. Those who advanced him the money for his assault on the Monte Carlo game have meekly pocketed their losses as the agreements entered into gives them no ground for recovery. Lord Rosslyn's wife was Violet Aline, the daughter of Robert de Gray Vyner of Grantley Hall. He is very wealthy and has taken every precaution that his erratic son-in-law shall not get any of it. Rosslyn charges his wife with desertion. She has filed no answer, being only too glad that he shall succeed in his suit.

Prince Edward's Pert Proposition

A funny incident happened the other day in the class room where little Prince Edward is being tutored. The future King of England has a profound distaste for arithmetic and is frequently sent to the corner with his face to the wall as punishment for evidencing his dislike. Very recently when he saw the books and slates got out for the day's lesson, he gravely walked to the punishment corner, cooly turned round and said, "I don't think I'll do 'rithmetic today. I'll stand in the corner instead if you don't mind." What could the poor tutor do?

The Friedlander Girls as Chefs

The Friedlander girls have proved that society women can do something beside art fallals when left to steer their own skiffs. When they first attempted to cater for the smart set they found all was not smooth sailing. People could not adjust themselves to the idea that the girls were really capable of cooking dainties to please fastidious palates. While their venture was yet young there were few who would trust them for big 'feeds," but this season they have done the cooking for some of the largest and swellest affairs. Fancy the Friedlanders wrestling with sauce mousseline or concocting punch marasquin, but fate seems to have thrown them a cook book as a sop for their fallen fortunes, and they are making the most of their culinary talents. I hear they have been given the order for the Huntington ball which is a juicy plum for their pudding. It takes brains and pluck for girls who never even boiled water to attempt and attain high-class catering and they deserve all success.

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California Miniaturists

Laura Prather's recent exhibition of miniatures at a local gallery has shown what an American girl can do when she sets herself to a task. Miss Prather is *one* clever Californian miniaturist. Miss Wores, a sister of Theodore Wores, is another who does exquisite work. The latter has studied only in San Francisco. Then there is Rose Hooper. When Miss Hooper, two years ago, went abroad, half of her circle of friends thought that she was going to Europe to "do" the continent in the usual way. None of them thought of her as a girl with a career. She was so essentially a society girl; not a bit of a "new woman." One does not think of a society girl in the role of a successful actress, artist or writer. Of course there are exceptions, such as Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. Van Rennsslaer Cruger, Miss Elsie de Wolfe, Miss Frances Joliffe and a few others, but as a rule the world of art and literature is not recruited from society's ranks. Laura Prather and Rose Hooper were both "butterflies" before they took up art as a career.

A Visiting Eastern Artist

Lillie V. O'Ryan, the painter of the original Janice Meredith miniature, is at present visiting San Francisco. She has painted Marie Oge and some other society beauties and the originals express themselves as delighted with the likeness. She is being lionized in a small way by those people who have made her acquaintance, but she does not court publicity.

Funny Accident at Target Practice

In recounting stories of funny accidents at target practice Henry Halford topped the others with this: "It was not a very clear day and as I was about to fire at the one thousand yard mark I thought it prudent to warn the marker, so I telephoned out to him, 'Are you all right?' He answered, 'All right, sir, in a minute.' It so happened that all I caught of his answer was 'All right, sir"; at any rate when I heard the 'sir' I hung up the 'phone. I fired and was calmly looking through my glass to see where I had hit, when to my horror I saw the marker rise from the ground with a livid face and stagger towards his shelter. I ran out to him believing that somehow I had committed some terrible accident. 'Are you badly hurt?' I asked. 'No, sir,' he said. 'What's the matter, then?' 'Why, you see, sir, after answering your telephone I went back to finish white-washing the target. I had just settled down with the bucket between my legs when you fired. The bullet struck it and splashed the white-wash all over me."

How Depew made His Argumeni

Chauncey Depew is being badgered and joshed at a great rate since his arrival home with his young bride. Perhaps the bright old blade may be getting a trifle rattled—certainly a rare condition for the heretofore elefor his repeating himself, for that is what the great for him repeating himself, for that is what the great "Joe" Miller of his time was caught at the other evening. The story is a good one, of course, else Chauncey wouldn't have repeated it. On the first occasion it was launched at a big Chamber of Commerce banquet. It was late in the evening when Depew was called upon. He was literally crammed with political arguments, which he was eager to fling at Cleveland, Breckenridge and other robust speakers who had preceded him. He wanted to show that the Democrats would damn the nation if they didn't explain their policy; that this nation could survive the millennium because it would be all ready for its coming. With his after-dinner perspicuity Depew quickly saw that his audience was tired, and in no humor to receive heavy arguments. So, instead, he gave them this little story to serve his point: "Up in Peekskill one time there was a Millerite excitement. Miller had predicted on a certain night, at exectly twelve o'clock, the world would end. A very pious man, a shoemaker, believed in the prophecy, left his business early in the day, and prepared with his family for the solemn event. Midnight passed, and one o'clock was approaching. The shoemaker felt that it was time to appeal to a higher power than Mr. Miller, so he got down on his knees and prayed, 'O Lord, if the millennium is to come let it come now, and then I shall be translated at once to a land where the people wear no shoes and shoemakers are happy in doing nothing; but if it is to be postponed let me know now, because I must get ready Mrs. Brown's shoes for Sunday morning church or lose the best customer I have!'"

Old Time Reporters

There has been a good deal of reminiscent chat raised as a sequel to the *Bulletin's* recent editorial on the old-time newspaper men. A correspondent who signs himself "One of the Old Time Reporters," writes me as follows:

I remember in my day that one of the most popular reporters was Ned Knight, of the *Alta*. He was Harry Livingstone's contemporary and shared with him the prestige of knowing more people than any other San Francisco reporter Livingstone, before he came to this city, was one of the shining lights on the Sacramento *Union* in that journal's palmy days. Then there was stout, jolly Steve King, of the *Sun*. When that journal passed away, King went to Nevada, becoming Wells, Fargo & Co.'s agent at Gold Run. Bob Quale worked on the *Sun* when John C. Cremony was its editor. He was a brilliant writer but his mode of life was not conducive to health. He finally went back to his Phila-

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delphia home where he died of consumption. John Urmy, another old-time reporter, raised a company during the Civil War and did good service. Mr. Kemble, the *Alta's* original proprietor, was a popular man in the fraternity. He was not a working reporter but was nevertheless a live newspaper man. After serving for a while as Paymaster in the Army, he became the New York correspondent of the California Associated Press, at his death being succeeded in that position by his son, J. C. Kemble. George Barnes, up to the time of his death dramatic critic of the *Call*, George K. Fitch of the *Bulletin*, Loring Pickering, Fred Marriott, Sr., Fred McCrellish, Roach, Soule, and John Washington, were all names familiar in the early newspaper annals of San Francisco.

Sing, hey, diddle diddle,
For Schmitz and his fiddle,
And his tune played to catch the civilian:
The job-chasers dance,
And the "pollies" all prance,
While the League leads off the cotillion.

Battling for Political Jobs

The Broad-Browed Brigade is trying to figure out the list of casualities likely to occur at the City Hall in the hot and heavy battle for possession of the public crib. Nobody outside the lawyers and those posing as "public servants" of the people have the effrontery to claim that it is anything else. The Mayor has learned a thing or two since he was repulsed in the attack on the County Clerk's office, and he isn't publishing bulletins of his intentions; but it's very well known that he intends to move up and down the City Hall corridors with his insistent cohorts and "clean out" every political office that the law allows him. This policy is a natural development of the action inaugurated by Phelan when he tried to oust a Board of Supervisors, and later fired Biggy from the Police Commissioners. The new combination with Ruef, et als.—especially the et. als.—have taken these tips. They're not shouting "To the victor belong the spoils," but they've got the best lot of hanky-panky affidavits ever turned out to satisfy the demands of a truly moral Charter, and they'll make the Charter look like a municipal sieve before they finish the campaign. How the charter-phobia "pollies" are grinning!

Stacks of "Moral" Evidence

That the new combination means business is evidenced by the remark that Mayor Schmitz let drop to Ed Williams during a breathing spell in the fight for the Justice Court clerkship. "It may look hard, but we couldn't take any chances," said the Mayor; "we had to begin somewhere, and you were the nearest." "Yes," chipped in Ruef, stretching forward a hand six feet above the floor, "we've got a stack of 'dope' affidavits that high ready to serve." The combination figured out that this "moral" charge was the easiest and cheapest way to suspend a man from office, capture his job, and make the grand-stand play of acting strictly within the provisions of the charter. With this "suspension" club the combination intends to beat its way into all the offices it can and take a chance that the law will sustain such action. If it wins there is an office for the Primary League and the others to divide; if it loses there's nothing lost—for the taxpayers foot the bills as usual.

Strategical Point in the Fight

But the failure in these two cases hasn't daunted the assailants. There are too many fat jobs along the line and some of the offices seem bound to fall. They expect gratifying results when their battering ram goes against the door of a charter office. The vital position in the contest is the Civil Service Commission. The plans to capture that strategic point have been carefully and systematically formulated. Commissioner McCarthy's name will be changed from Pin Head to Mud. Chief Examiner Moran has got to go and so has his stenographer. Intrenched in this position the winners can reach their hands into every charter office in the building and nothing will be left the "Organization Republicans" and "Disorganization Democrats" occupying those places but to decide on the form of their resignations or the style of their funerals. Meanwhile the "organization" and its affiliating wings are stoutly entrenching themselves in the county offices, where the Charter cannot trouble and the "easy" are at rest.

First Merchant (who has just joined the combine): What are we going to do with these transports after we have made our clean-up on handling freight and troops?

Second Merchant: Triple their value and sell them back to the Government under a plan to use them as an auxiliary fleet for coast defense.

Society Preparing to Entertain

With Miss Helen Gould on her way here and Mrs. Tessie Oelrichs and Mrs. Birdie Vanderbilt shortly to arrive our 400 will find themselves up to the neck in frivolity. They will surely need the forty days of penitence and prayer of Lent to sleep off the effects of all this prospective gaiety. The Crockers will probably do their best to make Miss Gould like San Francisco and its environs. Jennie Blair will see that her old chum, Tessie, doesn't find the city slow after the New York and Newport pace and Mrs. Vanderbilt will likely be seized upon by her old convent mates. Of course there will be some quiet teas and friendly luncheons at the house on the hill.

Heiress—Why should I marry you? I don't love you.

Impecunious Suitor—Oh, that's all right. I won't be home much.

Discovery of a Red Clay in Colorado and its remarkable Effect upon the Hair

This Clay is nothing more nor less than mud and water, which comes from a mine in Colorado. The Clay is perfectly harmless, will not stain the most delicate skin. Applied to the hair it changes it to beautiful shades, such as no hair dye has ever succeeded in producing. The color is regulated by the number of hours in the Clay bath—light shades from one-half hour to two hours—medium shades from two to six hours—dark from six to twelve hours. Gray hair can be changed to original color without changing the natural color, or the following tints with darker or lighter shades as desired: Black, brown, auburn and Titian red. Peroxide hair will take a rich golden or chestnut. Unlike dyes, the Clay stain is permanent, never wears off; can only be bleached off. The luxury of the shampoo can be indulged in at will as it does not effect the stain in any particular. The Clay never fails to leave the hair soft and glossy, and the one great point we claim for the Clay stain is its perfectly natural appearance. It defies detection. FRANCES C. SHERMAN

Hair specialist, 406 Sutter street.

Commander George William Bauer, Naval Militia of California
Commander of the Alumni Commissioned Officers Association of the University of California Photo by Blauert & Widder

A Military Organization

In the whirl and whirr of the closing season, one of the most brilliant events that will be recorded in the ante-Lenten social annals of 1902 will be the military ball of the Alumni Commissioned Officers' Association of the University of California in Golden Gate hall. Preparations for the ball, invitations for which were sent out well in advance of its date, January twenty-fourth, were greatly in demand. Nearly every prominent Army, Navy and National Guard officer who received cards sent an immediate acceptance. There is something very fascinating about a military ball, with its gold lace, gold buttons, swords and sashes. The patronesses of the ball, Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, Mrs. A. O. Leuchner, Mrs. I. Stringham, Mrs. Walter Magee and Mrs. F. A. Denicke, are all representatives of our best society, and the committee in charge of the ball includes the names of Colonel George W. Bauer, Lieutenant Colonel Charles H. Murphy, Major Percival Dolman, Major W. A. Brewer, Captains William Jurgens, F. A. Denicke and J. W. Miller and Lieutenants J. D. Hatch, J. A. McGee, J. Gallagher and C. Schilling. The Alumni Association consists of the commissioned officers of the regiment of cadets of the University of California, who have graduated and have been retired into the National Guard of California, ranking from second lieutenant to colonel. The association was organized with eighty members in September, 1900, and the membership is now one hundred and seventy-five. Colonel Bauer, the commander at this time, is commander of the naval militia of this State and is also a member of other fraternal organizations, in each of which he is an officer.

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[Letters from Miss Florence Dorsey, a San Francisco belle traveling abroad, to her intimate friend at home.]

London, October 6, 1901.

Dear Edith: I am too homesick to breathe. I cannot bear London, and wish I were back in our old Pacific avenue house and entertaining a bunch of you at dinner. It's so stiff here. The girls are cordial after their fashion, but it is not our way, and I do long to enjoy one of our jolly little dances at the Fortnightly where I know everybody and everybody knows me. But sister won't go back till after the coronation. She wants to be here for the whole business. We have taken a house and though the smart people are out of town now, there is quite a bit of shopping to be done, so our time is taken up. Tell dear old Bob that I shall never forget him. I can't bear the London men. They are simply hateful. Sister *must* give in to our engagement sometime—tell Bob so. Lovingly, *Flo.*

October 19, 1901.

Dearest Edith: Well, we're right in the swim. Lady Listeth—you know Sis was one of her bridesmaids at home—invited us for the shooting, and we have been here over a week, our stay being limited to two. I begin to like Englishmen. Beneath the "Johnnie Bull" exterior, I find their hearts are warm. I don't think our men—of course, my brothers, and yours, and Bob should be excepted—are as courteous as these Britishers on their own soil. We thought Sir Peter an awful boor when he married Kate, but I think Lady Listeth has got a gem, since seeing Peter on his native heath. The men here take more time to compliment you. Our men spend lots of money on us, but they won't give us their time. I *wish* we had a leisure class at home. What a pity Bob has to work in his father's insurance office. I noticed the same thing in Chicago and New York—a man takes it for granted you're willing to be friendly, his "pal," as they say here, and he doesn't spend any time *trying* to gain the liking he's sure is already his. But I'll write you more later. Must dress for dinner now and there's a ball later on. By the way, did I tell you I met a charming fellow in London, just before we came here. He is a cousin of Sir Peter's—name, Tom Listeth. His father married a tradesman's daughter, so he has lots of money. By-by. Love to Bob—don't forget. Sincerely, *Flo.*

Castleraggal, November 10, 1901.

Dear Ede: We're in Scotland, guests of Tom Listeth. He owns this place and several others. It's a magnificent old castle. I like England more and more. In my last letter I told you that our men can't come up to our British cousins in manners. Well, it's so. When I met Mr. Listeth in London he bowed low over my hand, adjusted his monocle (and he doesn't look silly, as—well, *Bob* does, when he tries a single glass) very deliberately, and said: "Charmed!" Then followed a froth of light small talk. Oh, my, Edith, why can't our fellows, who are so brainy and clever, manage small talk as Tom Listeth does? He is perfect at it; so is Sir Peter; so are all the men I've met here. You hear small talk everywhere, whether at the theatre, at four o'clock tea, at "at homes," between courses at the Trocadero, and between acts at the theatre. And all the time the man is talking he's sizing you up, as he does the horse he is thinking of buying. I thought it awfully embarrassing at first, but I'm getting used to it now. Perhaps, after this inspection, he may ask you to luncheon—Tom did. Of course, not alone, here, that would be horribly improper (and think of us *dining* alone with fellows at home, upstairs, too!), but Mr. Listeth asked Sister. She couldn't go, so I did not. But after that invitation, you can be sure whoever the Englishman is, you have safely passed the ordeal. He considers you "quite fit" to become his friend. When I first came up to this sort of thing, I said to myself, "Do these fellows never *work* at all?" For one meets them in the morning in the Park, in Regent street in the early afternoon, in the Galleries at tea hour, and in the theatre box at night. When the out-of-town visiting is on, they visit also. No matter where you see them, they are always smiling at you and sizing you up. Well, good-bye now. How are all the folks? Must be horribly dull at home now, with only those little dances and the same round of teas—and the same men. Write soon.

Yours, *Flo.*

P. S.—Remember me kindly to Bob.

London, December 17, 1901.

Dear Edith: Perhaps you won't be greatly surprised when I tell you I am going to be married—to Tom Listeth. I'll tell you just how it was. These English fellows are so dogmatic. "Because *I* wish" is their pass-key, as it were. At home you know, though the men do not compliment us much, they generally do just as *we* please. But these Englishmen! Well, perhaps one of them asks you to do something not quite pleasant. You argue the point. He insists—even if it's only wearing your hair parted instead of pompadour! He says it in that slow, cold way of his, and you—silly thing that you are!—do it just because he insists. Fancy me in a fringe! Yet, Edith, that is what my hair has come to, a real English fringe. I refused at first to wear it so; I vowed to myself I would not, but it didn't matter. I wear the fringe because Tom wishes it. And I promised to marry him because he simply insisted on my saying yes. I don't know whether I love him; perhaps I do. I *will* probably, just as I cut my hair off at his bidding. Oh, Edith, dear, you will tell Bob, won't you? Indeed, I could never have married him. Sister would never have consented, you know. Why wasn't Bob gifted with a British will?

Your devoted *Flo.*

P. S.—We are shopping now—the trousseau. I wish you could come over for the wedding. It is to be just before Lent.—*The Chaperon.*

The well known Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra has re-opened for the Fourth Season, 1901-1902. To guarantee promptness, all engagements must be made at the Studio, 718 Post street. Telephone Polk 1575. School hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m

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STAGE

A Pleasingly Reminiscent Opera

It is nice to be reminded of things. The old is better than the new. Every time I read a new novel I thank the gods for the old ones. That may be one reason why I, with a majority of the audience at the Columbia on Monday night, enjoyed "The Princess Chic." The plot is a good one and is well worked out. The book, by Kirk La Shelle, who is the namesake and proprietor of the opera, is not astonishingly clever but it is sufficiently so to be amusing. The presence of four comedians, with wits and legs of lightning-like quickness, lends sparkle to the dialogue. "The Fortune Teller" comes to mind in the heroine's several changes of character and costume. It is the music, by Julian Edwards, that delights by the flood of happy reminiscences it invokes. Every favorite bit of the old operas is suggested, whether intentionally or not does not matter. The effect is the same and it is pleasant. The choruses are excellent and are really the best parts of the score. They are well sung, too, with plenty of spirit. The chorus girls are not ravishing beauties, nor are their legs such as to make a sculptor long for them as models, but they can sing; so can the men, whose faces and lower limbs are not necessary to the story.

The Prima Donna

A lively and interesting cast interprets "The Princess Chic." It reminds one of the Bostonians' operas in that there is an even excellence that bids defiance to stars. All do well, but none does any better than the other. On Monday night, the heft of applause after Tom Leary got his warm welcome was for Maude Lillian Berri. That was as it should be, when a native daughter returns to her old home. I am glad to see that Miss Berri's head has retained its normal measurement after her succession of Eastern successes, reports of which were wafted this way. She was as natural in demeanor as if she had been singing before an audience of friends every night of her life. She is a typical comic opera prima donna. The role of the venturesome princess is sung and acted with elan. While comparisons are ever odious, I cannot refrain from saying that both D'Arville and Jessie Bartlett Davis are brought to mind by Maude Berri's Princess Chic. She is so blithe, so nimble with her sword and on her feet. She acts with so much verve. Her voice is not sweet and it lacks sympathy but it has a ringing quality on the high notes that is effective. She has a friendly way with her that is eminently attractive and goes a long way toward winning an audience.

The Others

Hubert Wilke makes of Charles the Bold a life-like and picturesque figure and sings his sword solo in the first act with plenty of spirit. A bass voice of unusual power is that of Edward Metcalfe who, with W. A. Lawrence, appears as one of the swaggering soldiers of fortune. He was twice recalled for his number in the third act. It is in this act, by the way, that many of the best things are crowded. Tom Leary and Neil McNeil have some laughable farcical scenes. They also assist in the topical quartet with Metcalfe and Lawrence, the tramp soldiers. McNeil, who has the role of the Princess Chic's steward, is original and amusing. Edna Floyd is a pretty and graceful girl with a face that is a replica of Nordica's. Knights, MacArthur, Hoyle, Bartlett and Miss Hunting fill their roles to everybody's satisfaction.

A Society Girl's Recital

The entire Jewish swim was present to applaud Eleanor Haber on Thursday night of last week, when that popular young woman made her bid for recognition as a dramatic student and not a mere society girl. Miss Haber is going to be a success. I feel sure of it. In the first place, she is very modest and entirely minus the self-consciousness that is usually the bane of amateurs. And the flowers that were passed over the footlights to her in fragrant bunches and baskets were not sweeter than the pretty girl who bowed her thanks for her friends' lavishness. Miss Haber reminds me of Julia Arthur in appearance and I should judge that she will find her fitting place in the portrayal of emotional roles. Her porgram was a varied one, embracing many old favorites and some less hackneyed numbers. Field's "The Wind" was especially good. As yet she betrays the amateur in a lack of full command of her facial expression, but that is fault that time and experience will erase. She is, I am told, going to New York to continue her studies before making a professional debut. She is an earnest and diligent student and does not intend to tempt failure with any half-fledged work.

MME. LILLIAN NORDICA, the World Famous Diva, who will be heard in Song Recitals at Metropolitan Hall Feb. 4th, 6th and 8th

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San Francisco, Cal.

A New Don Caesar

To the many "Don Caesar de Bazan" is associated with the name of young Salvini. He was the ideal Don Caesar, and to most of us will always remain so. But Edwin Arden may become the ideal Don Caesar of the new generation of play-goers if he continues to appear in the role. Mr. Arden is young, handsome, full of life and imbued with enthusiasm. He gives a very pleasing picture of the dashing Don. The Grand Opera House company is lending excellent support to the star in this play. Miss Hall is a sweet and lovely Maritana and Miss Bankson's Marchioness very cleverly seconds Mr. Byers' Marquis. Mr. Waldron, who is one of the strongest actors in the company, is a forceful Charles II, and Mr. Mayall as the prime minister goes far beyond any of his previous work. Scenically the production is finer than Salvini's.

A Prize for a Drama

Percy Haswell, the pretty actress whom we first saw here in "Shenandoah" but who has since visited us in other plays, is now a star at the head of her own company. Through her manager, Mr. George Fawcett, she announces a competition. She will give an elaborate and careful production of a new play, by an American author, at her Baltimore theatre, will pay a cash royalty the equivalent of the largest sum paid for the use of the highest priced royalty play produced by her this season, and will furthermore purchase outright, the prize play, should it make the hit expected when produced. The author retains all his rights in the premises if his play is selected, and receives in addition a cash prize equal to the average royalty paid for the use of a play by Henry Arthur Jones, Clyde Fitch, or some other recognized and successful author. The only stipulation Miss Haswell makes, is that in return for giving a production to the work of a new author, she be granted first option to purchase the play for her own use in the future. Miss Haswell requires that the play shall be original, by an American author, and that it shall be received in Baltimore before February fifteenth. All other things being equal, a play for a woman star will be preferred. The decision will be made by a committee of three Baltimore dramatic critics, in conjunction with Miss Haswell's business manager, Mr. Will A. Page. All plays intended for this competition should be addressed to Mr. Will A. Page, Chase's Lyceum Theatre, Baltimore, Md. All plays must be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return if rejected, and all plays must be submitted at the risk of the senders. The decision will be announced as soon as possible after February fifteenth, and the successful play will be given an immediate production.

Attractions Next Week

Josephine Sabel will be at the Orpheum next week and she is sure to get a rattling welcome from parquet and gallery alike. Sabel is the most dashing and magnetic singer on the circuit, and she is endeared to San Franciscans by many memories. It was she who first gave us "Hot Time" and "Don't Want to Talk Any More." Sabel's costumes are always unique and handsome, and she is sure to have a trunk full of new ones to delight the women. Burt Jordan and Rosa Crouch are novelty dancers who are new here. The great "Cycle Whirl" will be introduced. On a circular track, five feet high and built at an angle of seventy degrees, two expert wheelmen will ride, and while in full motion will perform many difficult and sensational tricks. The track is funnel shaped and the slant is so great that when the men are at their greatest speed they appear to be riding parallel with the floor. Kelly and Violette, the "fashion plate duo," will introduce the latest songs. The Nambas, a Japanese man and boy, will introduce acrobatic, equilibristic and juggling feats. The Taylor sisters, Ada Arnoldson, the Da Coma family and the biograph will fill out the bill.

Edwin Arden will appear in the dual role of actor and author at the Grand Opera House during the next week. Mr. Arden's play "Zorah" is a romantic drama which tells the story of persecution of the tribes of Israel in Russia. The play is full of incident, forcibly written and founded mainly on facts. Its action takes place in Russia and in one of the penal colonies of Siberia. The third act is down in the Siberian mines where the convicts are often chained to their wheelbarrows and even forced to sleep on them at night. The cast will be exceptionally strong and in addition to Mr. Arden and the regular members of the stock company, will include Gardner Crane and his talented wife, Margaret Terry, who have recently made such a hit at the Orpheum. The stage settings of "Zorah" are elaborate and picturesque.

Owing to the preparations now going on for a big production of "The Danites," the Alcazar management has decided to postpone its presentation for another week, and allow "Coralie & Co., Dressmakers," a French farce, to be the attraction for next week. One of the authors of "Coralie & Co." is the noted writer of the original of all French farces, "Pink Dominoes." "Coralie & Co." was originally produced at the Palais Royal, being later presented in New York. There is a lightning stage change in the first act that is a clever bit of mechanics. On the rise of the curtain the occupants are having a gay time, when the alarm is sent of the gendarmes' raid. Quick as a flash, everybody disappears, and the walls revolve at the touch of a button, and before the audience realizes it the stage has every appearance of a dressmaking apartment, with operators at sewing machines, and a young woman, partly negligee, having a dress tried on. The gendarmes apologize, and all is serene again. How they are finally discovered by accidental pressure of the button is said to be the funniest situation ever devised.

Monday evening the Tivoli will put on "The Ameer," the comic opera in which Frank Daniels formerly starred here. "The Ameer's" plot is bright, its libretto clever and

AMUSEMENTS

The Juvenile Fairyland Carnival
MECHANICS' PAVILION
From Saturday, Feb. 8th to Saturday, Feb. 15th
(Sunday Excepted)
Open from 1 to 11 o'clock P. M.

Industrial and Children's Work Exhibits, Beautiful Booths, Scores of Amusements, Specialties by Children, Grand Ballet "The Storm," 300 People Employed, Old English May Pole Dance, and Veritable Fairyland Carnival for Young and Old Don't Miss It. The Most Original Enterprise of the Season.

ADMISSION, 25c. CHILDREN, 10c.
6 Season Coupon Tickets for Sale Everywhere, $1.00

Grand Opera House—Special!
Friday Afternoon, Jan. 31st, at 3.15 sharp
(SECOND SERIES)
FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT
Under the Auspices of the
San Francisco Symphony Society
PAUL STEINDORFF, Director
Superb Orchestra Giulio Minetti, Concertmeister

Reserved Seats $1.50, $1.00, 75c. and 50c.
On Sale at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s next Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock. Subscription sale closes this afternoon at 5 o'clock. Prices for three concerts, $3.50, $2.25, $1.75 and $1.25

Metropolitan Hall.
Fifth Street just below Market

DIRECTION OF
ALFRED BOUVIER and WM. L. GREENBAUM
Tuesday and Thursday Nights, Feb. 4th and 6th
Saturday Afternoon, February 8th
MADAME LILLIAN NORDICA
In THREE SONG RECITALS
Assisted by MR. E. ROMAYNE SIMMONS, Pianist
Season Tickets $2.50, $5.00, $7.50 Single Concerts $1.00, $2.00 and $3.00
Season sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's, Wednesday, January 29th
Single seats on sale Saturday, February 1st Everett Piano used

the music very catchy. The cast will be: Iffe Khan. Ferris Hartman; Heezaburd, Harry Cashman; Blakjak Cunningham; Ralph Winston, Harold Gordon; Constance, Anna Lichter; Fanny, Annie Myers; Mirzah, Frances Graham. Anna Lichter and Frances Graham will receive a hearty welcome and the new tenor, Harold Gordon, is expected to make himself very popular.

"The Princess Chic" will easily fill the Columbia all next week. Viola Allen in "The Palace of the King" will be the next and strong attraction.

"The Fire Patrol" will be followed at the Central by "A Man of Mystery." —*The Playgoer.*

A SCENIC LINE.

One of the most picturesque calendars that have been issued this year is that of the Missouri Pacific Railway. Railroad art and literature have attained a high standard and this calendar ranks among the best. Each month has its special picture, a beautiful reproduction of a water color sketch, showing a scene on the Missouri Pacific route. There is one with a glimpse of river and mountain, others showing a group of darkies picking cotton, a lone fisherman, a cattle scene, etc. The Missouri Pacific Limited, of which L. M. Fletcher, 126 California street, is the Pacific Coast agent, passes through scenes like these and well deserves its name of being the finest service to the East over a scenic route. The road extends from San Francisco to St. Louis. A feature is personally conducted excursions to Chicago, New York, Boston and all Eastern points.

THE CARNIVAL OF FAIRYLAND

The Pacific Cat Club will have a booth at the Carnival of Fairyland which will be opened at the Mechanics' Pavilion on February eighth. Professor Bothwell Brown is drilling the children who will take part in the carnival, and a wonderful allegorical ballet is part of the program. There will be an orchestra of twenty pieces to furnish the music. On the opening night a new musical drama, "He is a Native Son" will have its initial presentation. The Carnival promises to be a most unique and pleasing affair.

A CHANGE AND A MOVE.

H. T. McKnight, who made so many friends here when he was demonstrating for the "Locomobile" company is now in an office of his own. With W. C. Anderson he is representing the Pacific Automobile Company, at 201-203 Larkin street, opposite the City Hall. This company is general agent for the Olds Mobile, one of the best liked horseless carriages in the market.

No brand of whisky is more popular than Argonaut "O. K." It is recommended by physicians and epicures. E. Martin & Co., 54-56 First street, are proprietors of Argonaut "O. K." whiskies, rye and bourbon.

The January number of *Country Life* is devoted to California and its resources. This periodical is published by Doubleday and Page, and its editor, L. H. Bailey, recently visited this State. His impressions are recorded in a vivid editorial entitled "California." Joaquin Miller contributes a poem entitled "The Heroes of the Firing Line." A. J. Wells has a good paper upon the country life of California, Charles Howard Shinn is interestingly reminiscent of the late General Bidwell's estate at Rancho Chico, and E. J. Wickson discourses upon Semi-tropical Gardening. The illustrations are beyond praise. One has never seen finer in any periodical. Where all are so excellent it is almost impossible to particularize, but special mention must be made of those of C. H. Tibbetts, reproduced by courtesy of the Southern Pacific Company. His redwoods, Monterey cypresses, palms, and cattle at Santa Ysabel are works of art. O. V. Lange and O. H. Bailey also contribute excellent photographic work.

Two famous portraits, Benjamin Ide Wheeler by Orrin Peck, and Miss Marion Holden by Janvier T. Martinez, are reproduced in the December number of the Mark Hopkins' Institute *Review of Art*, and will be examined with unusual interest. A copper plate etching of an old house in Mission street by Will Sparks is a telling bit of work. The notes of local artists and art matters make good reading.

AMUSEMENTS

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Week commencing January 27th
The greatest and most modern of French farces
"CORALIE & CO., DRESSMAKERS"
Startling Mechanical Effects. Fun Galore. Everybody and Everything in it is funny
Regular Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Seats on sale six days in advance — Prices—15c, 25c, 35c, 50c & 75c

Next . . THE DANITES

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER

Tonight, Sunday Night and for a Second and Last Week
Commencing next Monday, Kirke La Shelle Opera Co.
In the merry musical success
"The PRINCESS CHIC"
A magnificent production. — Feb. 3—Viola Allen presenting
"IN THE PALACE OF THE KING"

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT
TWO PIANO RECITALS
Next Tuesday and Thursday Afternoons, Jan. 28th and 31st, at 3 o'clock
JOSEF HOFMANN
The Great Pianist — His First Appearance Here
Reserved Seats $2.00, $1.50, $1.00 and 50 cents. Now on sale at Sherman, Clay and Co's Store

Orpheum — O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee Jan. 26th
THE GREAT CYCLE WHIRL Sabel Jordan and Crouch Kelly and Violette Three Nambas Taylor Twin Sisters Ada Arnoldson
The Biograph and the DA COMA FAMILY
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c

★TIVOLI★ — Curtain Rises at 8 p. m. sharp
Evenings at 8 sharp! — Matinee Saturday at 2 sharp!
Tonight and Tomorrow Night last of "The Toy Maker"
Monday, January 27th, first time at this house of Frank Daniels' great hit
"THE AMEER"
Popular Prices, 25c, 50c and 75c. — Telephone, Bush 9

GRAND OPERA HOUSE — Telephone, Main 532. Grand Opera House Co. Lessee.
Matinees Today and Tomorrow — Last Two Nights of "DON CAESAR DE BAZAN"
Week Beginning Monday Evening Next
The Popular Dramatic Actor EDWIN ARDEN
In an elaborate production of
"ZORAH"
A Romantic Drama in four acts by Edwin Arden and played by him with immense success
Popular Prices: 10, 15, 25, 50, 75c. Good Orchestra Seat all Matinees 25c

MUSIC

Hofmann's Programs

There will be the usual throng of music-minds at the Columbia next Tuesday and Friday afternoons, when Josef Hofmann plays through the following programs: Tuesday—Fugue, A minor, Bach-Liszt; sonate, A flat major, op. 39, Weber; Scherzo, a cappriccio, Mendelssohn; "Berceuse," "Durch die Wolken," Josef Hofmann; "Danse Macabre," Saint-Saens; ballade, G minor, two Polish songs, G flat major and G major, Chopin; "Liebestraum," "Valse Mephisto," Liszt. Friday—Variations, F minor, Haydn; sonate appassionata, F minor, Op. 57, Beethoven; impromptu, G major, "Soiree de Vienne," Schubert; ballade, A flat major, prelude No. 25, valse, A flat, Chopin; "Gnomenreigen," Liszt; "Nachstucke," Schumann; "Jongleu," Moszkowski; overture, "Tannhauser," Wagner. The advance sale of seats has been enormous.

Something about the Pianist

Josef has dimples and "unmusical hair," according to a New York writer. He is not a poseur, and he plays without affectation. He is a clever youth, and has written some good articles for the magazines. He has also rather a gift of humor. He is passionately addicted to automobiling, and also likes to go to the races.

Conservatory Recital

The recital given by the San Francisco Conservatory of Music on Wednesday the fifteenth instant was without exception and from every point of view the best public work ever done by that institution. Not alone was the program itself selected from a higher grade of music, but the work of the pupils showed an almost marvelous improvement over previous efforts. The little ones particularly excited much admiration for the preciseness of rhythm and perfect phrasing in execution and strength of finger touch. The piano and violin sonata No. 1 by Schubert, performed by little Rita Lubelski and Gladys Couth was an excellent piece of work, the little pianiste keeping perfect time to little Miss Couth's violin. The sonata in C major for two pianos, by Mozart, performed by Bessie Gregg and Madeline Buckley, the latter of whom is a mere babe, was wonderfully fine. There was not a shade's difference in time, each cue was taken on the instant, and the execution throughout was even, clean and clear-cut, showing most excellent training. Of the older pupils Mr. W. H. Beatty played the Littolff "Spinnlied" with great facility, his runs being beautifully smooth and even. Miss Rahlman gave the "Revolutionary" etude of Chopin in fine tempo and good execution and Miss Chandler showed good work also in two numbers, "Le Papillon" (Lavalee), and the "Rondo" from the Weber sonata Op. 24. Maybelle Kelley is rapidly fulfilling the promise of her early work and exceeded herself in this evening's performance. She had two numbers, the Chopin "Fantasie Impromptu" which displayed her pianistic talent strongly and later the Mendelssohn Concerto Op. 25, which was accompanied by a full orchestra from the conservatory forces. This performance was really wonderful considering that the orchestral part was done entirely by amateurs, and it was done well and creditably throughout. Miss Kelley sustained the piano part with Mr. Rogers at a second piano and her work was splendidly done. Those who composed the orchestra were: Violins, Misses J. Sultu, A. Valentino, M. Easton, Marie Abeille, A. Ahkman, Mrs. W. Castro, Messrs. J. Ross, W. Hill, A. Thiel, A. Schwartz and J. Lahrman; violas, Messrs Hunt and Harrison; flute, Mr. van Marle; cello and basso, Miss A. Conlin, Messrs. Herrick, Hartwig and Krenzburger; cornet, Mr. T. F. Kelley. The San Francisco Mandolin club gave some very enjoyable numbers and a symphony by Mendelssohn for piano and string quartet was well rendered by Misses Burns and Beaudet at the piano; violins, Miss Annie Benson and Mr. Benson; viola, Mr. Hunt, and cello, Mr. McLean. Miss Marie Abeille played a violin solo very gracefully and well and the vocal pupils, Miss Gallick, Miss Towle and Miss Slocombe, did their part toward the evening's entertainment. The two children of the vocal instructor, Alfred Kelleher, covered themselves with glory and won loud plaudits from the immense audience for their really beautiful and artistic work. Agnes Kelleher cannot be more than twelve and little Joe looks not a day over ten, but they sang the "O Holy Mother" from "Maritana" perfectly and with voices so fresh and sweet it made listening a delight. To an encore they responded with "The Hunter's Song" which was equally well done. Runs and counter work offered no obstacles to these young vocalists and veterans of long standing could scarcely have done better. Miss Nellie Ahkman opened the program with a cornet solo and between parts one and two Miss Burns was presented with a prize for highest percentage in the harmony and theory class. The conservatory under Mr. Bonelli's efficient direction is broadening and enlarging so rapidly that it has been found necessary in the past few months to add another teacher to the piano department and Rocco Laruja has been secured to assist in the violin department. The secret of success lies probably in Mr. Bonelli's enthusiasm and his own assertion that he loves the work.

The concert at Hopkins Institute on Thursday evening, January sixteenth was under the direction of Sir Henry Heyman a thorough success. A good program embraced numbers by Madame Joseph Beringer who sang the "Esser Misto" from Flotow's "Martha," besides Schumann's "Widmung," "When the Heather Blooms," by Joseph Beringer and "The Merry Brown Thrush," by Buck; Mr. Julian Eisenbach, who gave two numbers in a sweet, mellow baritone; Miss Pearl Conness, who played Svendsen's "Romanze" for the violin in beautiful style, and Mr. R. H. Hunt, who rendered some old English songs very sweetly. Mr. Emil Cruells as usual opened and closed the program with numbers on the grand organ. There was a large and appreciative attendance.

At the Haber dramatic recital on Thursday evening there was a full house which listened to a varied program with interest. Albert Elkus of Sacramento and Harry Samuels the violinist accompanied by Miss Teresa Ehrman gave the musical numbers. Mr. Samuels always plays well and this occasion was no exception to the general rule, his numbers being greatly enjoyed. Young Mr. Elkus in a Greig sonata and Listz's "Rhapsodie" did, as always, excellent work. His technique is surprisingly finished for so young a player, and his numbers were both warmly encored.

A feast of reason and a flow of soul is before us in the Nordica and Hoffmann recitals. It is not often we have two such treats in one season and the attendance at both is bound to be very large, as Nordica is a prime favorite here and Hoffman's reputation even to those who have never heard his wonderful playing would be enough to draw a full house.

Across the bay three chamber music concerts are announced at Lisser hall of Mills college, for January twenty-fifth, February eighth and February twenty-second. There will be sonatas for violin and piano by Louis Lisser and Giulio Minetti selected from Mozart, Beethoven (the Kreutzer), Arthur Foote, Grieg, Scharwenka and Rubinstein, besides which Mrs. Edward Schneider accompanied by her hus-

Jesse Moore Whiskies are famous the world over for purity and flavor as well as for all the other qualities that make good whiskey.

SIGNOR ABRAMOFF

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OLD ITALIAN METHOD

TERMS:—Ten lessons, $50.00; Twenty lessons, $70.00; Thirty lessons, $90.00. Each lesson three quarters of an hour. Pupils from California studying for the profession 25 per cent reduction.

New York City, STEINWAY HALL

band will give a number of select vocal solos on each program, on the second of which appears "A Cycle of Songs—Frauen libe und Leben" by Schumann. The concerts will doubtless be largely patronized.

Alexander Stewart the violinist of Oakland gave a recital by his pupils at the Unitarian church of Oakland last evening with a fine program, in which Miss Beulah George, Edwin Dunbar Crandall, Ernest McCandlish, Lowell Redfield and Harry Carleton assisted in vocal numbers and Wm. B. King as organist and accompanist. There were violin solos by pupils and an orchestra under Mr. Stewart's direction which rendered some choice numbers.

The Nordica Recitals

In regard to the Nordica song recitals, the first of which is dated for Tuesday evening, February fourth, the programs are most happily selected to please the many. Some of the numbers have become endeared to us through the Grau seasons of grand opera. "Voi Che Sapeti" from "The Marriage of Figaro" will ever be reminiscent of Fritzi Scheff and her inimitable Cherubino, Brunnhilde's "Call" from the "Walkure" is something inseparable from Nordica herself and sung by the great diva as no one else can possibly do it. In addition there are simple things that speak of emotions and reach the heart in a quieter way—ballads and songs from MacDowell, d'Hardelot, Allitsen, Vidal, Hahn, Delibes, Greig, Schumann, Rubenstein and Strauss. This for the first concert, with a Chopin number, the Polonaise in C sharp minor, to be rendered by Mr. Simmons, a pianist who comes well recommended. The second and third concerts, for February sixth and eighth, are equally attractive and of operatic numbers offer Elsa's Dream from "Lohengrin," the grand aria from the Hungarian opera, "Laslos" by Erkel, and the celebrated "Polonaise" from "Mignon." "The Elilland" Song Cycle (von Felitz), Handel's "Angels Ever Bright and Fair" and many other beautiful and some familiar things appear among the vocal numbers. Mr. Simmons has the "Barcarolle" (Rubenstein and "Polish Dance" (Scharwenka on the second program and the "Spinning Song" (Wagner-Liszt) on the third. There will, owing to the nature of the concerts, be a great deal of enthusiasm felt concerning them and without doubt a large attendance.

The Burrowes Method

An entirely new system of teaching music to children has recently been introduced to our city by Mrs. Frances Williams of Van Ness Seminary. Mrs. Williams went about the work systematically. After getting all the information possible concerning the different musical kindergarten methods she selected the Burrowes as being the most comprehensive; then she mastered it herself by studying under Katherine Burrowes, the founder of the system, after which she secured all the Normal rights for Central California. She has already started several teachers in the same line of work. The Burrowes Musical Kindergarten is an entirely new system intended to reach the comprehension of children from six to ten years of age. Music, that formerly in its rudiments was a bugbear to the little ones, by this inviting system becomes a delight to them. The little ones are taught in classes and the music hour is looked forward to with joy instead of dread. The theoretical part, which is usually inexpressibly wearisome to children, is by this method presented to them by gay-colored charts and bright painted blocks accompanied by jolly little songs, every line of which conveys a musical fact that is being fixed in their minds. The child's first exercise is musically attractive and must be memorized the same as the exercises that follow. First, the muscles of the waists and fingers are developed by gymnastics practiced in class with a lilting accompaniment which they sing during the exercises. Touch and finger action are taught at the Virgil clavier; then the child is prepared for piano work. In the meantime the ear has been developed by the admirable Burrowes system of ear training. After the first three months, sight reading becomes a part of each lesson. The Burrowes Musical Kindergarten Method is a finished and complete musicl system of elementary instruction and a most perfect foundation for a higher and more advanced musical education. Mrs. Wiiliams has large classes of children in Oakland, Alameda and other towns as well as in San Francisco. All of them are doing admirable work under this system. She also has as well a class of teachers whom she is preparing to carry on the work. It was Mrs. Williams who introduced the Virgil clavier to this coast.

The musicale at the studio of Miss Elizabeth Westgate, 1117 Paru street, Alameda, was one of the choicest ever given in that delightful place, and the program was intensely enjoyed by some sixty invited guests. Miss Grace Carroll's deep contralto furnished the vocal numbers and she is said never to have sung better; besides which there were concerted numbers by Miss Westgate and Alexander Stewart for piano and violin, which past experience tells me were finely rendered. The program was as follows: Sonata for piano and violin, in E minor, Mozart, Miss Westgate and Mr. Stewart; "In the Sacred Forest," from Arminius, Bruch, Miss Grace Carroll; sonata for piano and violin, op. 45, Greig, Miss Westgate and Mr. Stewart; songs, "The Young Nun," Schubert, "Morgeno send ich Dir die Veilechen," Draeseke, "Elegie" (with violin obligato) Massenet, Miss Grace Carroll; violin, with piano accompaniment, "Meditation," Glazounon; Majourka, Mlynarski, Mr. Stewart and Miss Westgate.

A Famous Opera Singer

Madame Inez Fabbri-Mueller, who next week, will have a testimonial concert, has been concerned in music here for many years, but previous to her settling for a permanency in San Francisco her career had been a brilliant one. Probably no vocal artist has created more roles than Madame Mueller, who numbers among operas introduced by herself, "The Jewess," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "L'Africaine," "The Magic Flute," "La Dame Blanche," "Alexander Stradella," "Fra Diavola," "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," "Fidelio," "Josef in Egypt," "Postillon von Longjumeau," "Mauser und Schlosser," "William Tell," "Templer und Judin" (Ivanhoe)—this between the years 1872 and 1877. Following are the names of prominent artists brought out by Madame Mueller during the same period of time: Anna Elser, Ida Valerga, Ilma de Murska, Fanny Francisca (Michelsen), Rose Relda (Adler), Jacob Mueller, Carl Spiegler, Carl Formes, Pietro Bacci, Theodor Habermann, Ugo Talbo, Fritz Lafontaine and Theodore Wachtel—all names of prominence in the musical world.

Argonaut

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Bourbon & Rye Whiskeys

Are the best on the market at any price

Every bottle, quarts, pints and half pints, is full measure

E. MARTIN & CO.

PROPRIETORS

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San Francisco, Cal.

At the egg-nog parties now all the vogue in society Chapin & Gore's whiskies are the brand used.

First of the New Series

The officers and members of the San Francisco Symphony Society are highly gratified at the result of the season sale for the second series of three symphony concerts. The subscription list has been large and that the Grand Opera House will be crowded on the Friday afternoons of January thirty-first, and February fourteenth and twenty-eighth, is a surety. Director Steindorff's coming programs have been carefully chosen and that for next Friday is: Symphony, New World, Dvorak; overture, Euryanthe, Weber; suite, The Nutcracker, Tschaikowsky; Rhapsodie Espagnol, Lalo. The sale of seats will begin at Sherman Clay and Co.'s next Tuesday morning at nine o'clock, the prices being one dollar and a half, one dollar, seventy-five cents, and fifty cents. The concert will begin at a quarter after three o'clock, the usual time.

The Pasmore Recital

In spite of the inclemency of the weather there was a good attendance at the Pasmore concert on Tuesday night and a program was given abounding in good things musical. Part one was essentially classic in character, the first number being the Beethoven trio beautifully rendered by the Pasmore children, Mary, Susan and Dorothy. Number two was Beethoven's exquisite "Adelaide," sung with fine expression by Mr. Pasmore and winning an enthusiastic encore. The "Air for G string" by Bach was one of the gems of the program and was played by Mary Pasmore accompanied by a string quartet composed of Dorothy Pasmore, Messrs. Nauman, Taubles and Pasmore. The number was exquisitely given and was applauded until the players consented to repeat it in full. Mary Pasmore is beginning to show in her work something far greater than ordinary talent. She not alone plays correctly, with a strong, supple wrist and correct bowing, but she makes her instrument *speak*. There is a serious-mindedness about this young artist that predicts volumes for future success in an artistic career, and it is the more to be remarked as she has only just entered her teens. In the Bach air there was dignity combined with ineffable sweetness and soulfulness. Each tone was brought out with velvety smoothness yet with the strength and power behind it one does not often hear except from an artist of far greater years and experience. Little Dorothy had a solo on her cello, the "Concert Piece" by Klengel which displayed to advantage the fine technique she has acquired and gave her some difficult execution to master which she handled splendidly. In the trio Susan, the young pianiste, had a difficult accompaniment which seemed but mere play to the well trained little fingers. For the rest of the program there was also much of interest. Mrs. Charles Hughes of Oakland proved a charming singer and gave four of Horatio Parker's quaint English songs in a voice of uncommon sweetness and with delightful expression. She is a lied singer of uncommon ability and her talents will win recognition for her in this line particularly. A quartet composed of Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. Basford, Messrs Nowlan and Pasmore, sang two part songs by John Harraden Pratt of this city, Serenade and "Lend Me Your Fillet, Love," of which the latter showed the greater originality and was very pleasing. Both won appreciative encores. Mrs. Gardner's Jewel Song from "Faust" was finely done and sung in full without notes. It is the best work this young singer has yet done in public and places her a good mark higher in the ranks. The entire number was sung in Italian and showed to the full the sweetness of quality and the flexibility of her voice. Mr. McCoy's original songs sung by Mrs. Basford, won credit for both singer and author. Mr. McCoy accompanied them himself and certainly no singer could have given them a more fitting interpretation than Mrs. Basford, whose deep, rich contralto seemed wedded to the sentiment of each song. "Would You" I liked the best. Strikingly original both in sentiment and the music that describes it, the song is a gem and will stand hearing many times. "When Love Passed By" and a "June Song" were the two others, the latter charming in its lilting sweetness and made the more pleasurable for the quaint running accompaniment. The number so took the audience that insistent demand brought a repetition. There is but one more of the Pasmore series, to be given on February seventh, but those who have had the pleasure of hearing them all or in part, will look forward with pleasure to the next series with the fine programs it is Mr. Pasmore's delight to arrange.

—*The Music Critic.*

A BIG LIFE INSURANCE POLICY

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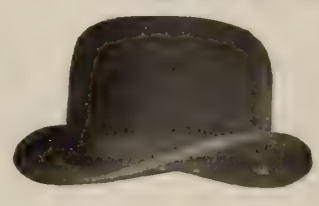

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LETTERS

A Melodramatic Novel

To those good souls who demand a happy ending to all their fiction, one can heartily commend Miss Wilkins' 'Portion of Labor," for not since the days of our grandmothers has there been such a wholesale apportionment of good things, and setting to rights of all wrongs in the final chapter as we are treated to in this book. All the characters are drawn up in a semi-circle and there is a perfect Christmas tree distribution of hearts' desires. The old couplet,—

"Come, Philander, let's be a-marchin',
Every one his true love a s'archin'

would have made an appropriate heading for the final chapter, for the characters march off the stage in pairs to the music of wedding bells, and if Andrew Brewster were not set on to tell us in so many words that the portion of labor is growth in character, we might imagine it was getting married. As a picture of life in a factory town of New England this book is probably all but photographic. As a biography of Ellen Brewster, it is satisfactory, but as a contribution to the question of the relations of capital and labor it is both inadequate and absurd. Ellen Brewster is the superior child of an operative in one of the shoe factories. The Brewsters belong to that class of New Englanders which has almost a superstitious reverence for book-learning, so Ellen is given the advantage of a course in the high school. It would be superfluous to add that she was the valedictorian of her class were it not for the remarkable events which hung upon that graduation. The high school teachers of New England must be different from those of any other community, since Ellen took occasion to score Capital and exalt Labor, and the school authorities were as much surprised as any one else. It is generally believed that these essays are submitted for inspection and correction, and read and rehearsed before the teachers, or at least the principal, precisely as any other semi-theatrical appearance is prepared for. But, be that as it may, Ellen'sefforts attracts the attention of the nephew of the owner of the principal shoe factory, and his doom is sealed. Notwithstanding the introduction of another lover, an erstwhile schoolmate, and the seeming periods of uncertainty and deliberation on the part of Ellen, we know the golden plum is hers, and can afford to ignore any hints that something else MIGHT happen. Owing to family misfortunes Ellen gives up her college career and seeks work in the factory. Why it should be considered any more of a come-down to her than to the daughter of any of the other workers is not so clear, but Ellen is regarded as a martyr to duty and circumstances. Of course, it would never do for her not to attempt to write a novel, and one can be thankful Miss Wilkins was wise enough to choke her off early in the game, but one has to wonder why nine out of ten heroines in nine out of ten novels have to be set at it. There is more of the stuff of the real heroine in Abbie Atkins, under-fed, half-clothed, and with no more education than the law demands, the eldest of a numerous family, and without the blue eyes and golden curls which are of so much assistance to Ellen. Incidentally there are throughout the story, strikes, lockouts, and the ill feeling and aggressions which grow out of them, and one cannot question the realism of the hardships which follow a shut-down in mid-winter, when the men gather to talk it over, and the women supply what income there is by crocheting woolen hoods or sewing on cotton wrappers, day and night for a few cents apiece. The factory hands are well presented. Miss Wilkins has lost none of her charm of style or minuteness of observation. Judging by the length of "The Portion of Labor," she must have designed it for an important work, but its chief value lies not in the attempts to set the feet of capital and labor in the same path, but in the depicting of the private life of the operators and in the picturing of the individual characters. [Harpers, publishers.]

Dwellers in Vans

Thousands of people must have gone flat-hunting in New York or elsewhere and had experiences approximating those of the "Van-Dwellers," and to them and those who know them, the little recital will not fail to prove interesting, while to those who have been spared the ordeal it will serve as a sort of litany to which they may devoutly respond: "Good Lord, deliver us." The dedication is "To those who have lived in flats, to those who are living in flats and to those who are thinking of living in flats," and the Scriptural quotation on the title page, "We were strangers and they took us in," is not to be accepted in the Scriptural sense. The family of four, newly-arrived from the West, and with neither theoretical nor experiential knowledge to guide them, set out in search of a home in the metropolis, and their various haps and mishaps, with the department store, the moving-man, the janitor, the hired girl and the landlord are much more entertaining to read about than to have encountered. They learn that large, light, sunny rooms, as per advertisement, are apt to turn out small, dark and cold cells, and the attractive apartments in the new jerry-built erection all but fall apart before the end of the first six months. Steam heat and other luxuries are always out of season, and in general, "things are not what they seem." The habit of house-hunting becomes chronic, and the younger members of the family, the "Precious Ones," from being taken about with their elders, soon learn the "lingo," and make moving and house-hunting a favorite play. They become so fascinated with the idea of change of residence that they ask to be taken "to look at flats," and plaintively inquire when they are going to move. After having tried old houses and new, up-town and down, first floors and more exalted elevations, the "Van Dwellers" come to the sensible conclusion that they will no longer be tossed about from pillar to post, but have a home of their own. Thus far the recital of their experience has been made with the humor which comes when the actual experience is safely in the past, but the closing words are in a more serious vein. They are a plea for charity in the consideration of janitor and hired girl, as well as for the inhabitants of the other apartments. The conclusion to be drawn from the book is that it is best not to live in a flat, but if one must, one must make the best of it. "The Van Dwellers" is a very small book—only one hundred and ninety pages, but there is more humor to the page than to anything outside of Mark Twain. It can be read at a sitting, and it very certainly will be by the one who takes it up. [Published by the J. F. Taylor Company of New York for Albert Bigelow Paine.] —*The Bookworm.*

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Notice To Creditors

Estate of Annie Griffin also known as Anne Griffin, formerly Annie Kenny

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the offices of Lent & Humphrey, Rooms 167 and 168 Crocker Building, corner of Post and Market streets, City and County of San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

PETER C. YORKE,
Executor of the last will and testament of Annie Griffin, also known as Anne Griffin, formerly Annie Kenny, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, December 28th, 1901.

Lent & Humphrey, Attorneys-at-law,
167-168 Crocker Bldg.

Estate of Carl Peter Schulz also called Charles Brown also called Charles Philibert Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. BOLAND, Administrator of the Estate of Carl Peter Schulz, also called Charles Brown, also called Charles Philibert deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business No. 238 Montgomery street, San Francisco the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

P. BOLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of Carl Peter Schulz, also called Charles Brown also called Charles Philibert Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, January 4th, 1902.

M. C. HASSETT, Attorney for Administrator,
308-10-12 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

Estate of L. SAINSERE, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. BOLAND, Administrator of the Estate of L. Sainsere deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, No. 238 Montgomery Street, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

P. BOLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of
L. SAINSERE, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco
January 18, 1902

M. C. Hassett, Attorney for Administrator.
308-10-12 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Estate of ELLEN HOLLAND, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, JOHN HOLLAND, Administrator of the Estate of Ellen Holland deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said John Holland, Administrator of the Estate of Ellen Holland, deceased, at Room 411 Parrott Building, No. 855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN HOLLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of Ellen Holland, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, January 18th, 1902.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Administrator,
Parrott Building, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE PACIFIC COLONIAL SHIP COMPANY

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a resolution of the Board of Directors of the Pacific Colonial Ship Co., a corporation, unanimously and duly adopted at a meeting of the Board of Directors duly and regularly held at the office of said Company, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 30th day of December, 1901, a special meeting of the stockholders of the said Pacific Colonial Ship Co., will be held at the office of the Company in Room 21 in that certain building known as No. 416-418 California Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being the principal place of business of the said corporation, and being the place or building where the Board of Directors of said corporation usually meet, on Monday the 3rd day of March 1902, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M.; said meeting of stockholders will be held for the purpose of determining whether or not the capital stock of said Pacific Colonial Ship Co., shall be diminished to the sum or amount of Fifty thousand ($50,000) Dollars.

Dated San Francisco, December 30th, 1901.

D. F. EWART,
Secretary of the Pacific Colonial Ship Co., a corporation.

Notice of Intention to Change Principal Place of Business

Office of the Economic Oil Burner Company,
No. 139 First Street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Economic Oil Burner Company, a corporation, having its principal place of business at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, intends to change the same from said City and County of San Francisco, to the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, and that a meeting of the Directors of said Corporation for the purpose of making said change will be held at the office of said corporation, on Monday the 27th day of January, 1902, at the hour of one P. M. of said day.

Dated December 27th, 1901

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

ATTEST.
J. E. LARSON, President. J. J. BURKE, Secretary

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the matter of the estate of MARY A. HENARIE Deceased. } Order to show cause

On reading and filing the verified petition of B. F. Brisac and Maude H. Norton, Executor and Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Mary A. Henarie deceased, this day filed herein, for an order authorizing them as such Executors to lease to one S. I. Allard certain real property belonging to the Estate of said deceased, and hereinafter particularly described, for a term of Five years from the first day of February 1902, at the monthly rent or sum of One hundred Dollars, payable in advance.

IT IS ORDERED, That all persons interested in the Estate of said deceased appear before this Court at its Court-room in the New City Hall, Department No. 9 thereof, on the Third day of February, 1902, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day or as soon thereafter as Counsel can be heard, to show cause why that certain real estate situate in the City of Eureka, Humboldt County, State of California, and described and being Lot 1 and the West 12 feet of the entire length of Lot 2 in Block 22 according to the official Plat of the City of Eureka, in said Humboldt County, with all the appurtenances and buildings thereon should not be leased for the period of five years from the first day of February 1902, at the monthly rental mentioned in the petition, to wit; at the monthly rent or sum of One hundred Dollars, payable in advance, and upon the terms set out in said verified petition on file herein, which petition on file is hereby referred to for further particulars

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that this order be published for Two successive weeks in a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 14th day of January, 1902.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge

E. B. Young and Rodgers, Paterson and Slack
Attorneys for the Estate of Mary A. Henarie, Deceased

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Della St. Claire Weston, Plaintiff, vs. William Henry Weston, Defendant. } Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to William Henry Weston, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty to plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made. All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of January, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and two.

ALBERT MAHONY, Clerk.
By THOS. F. O'NEIL, Deputy Clerk.

[SEAL.]

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Parrott Building, San Francisco.

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Where is the slang of yesterday
That folk to use saw fit;
The classic "keep on guessing,"
The short expressive "nit";
And say, "would n't that jar you?"
"You're it," "You simple jay,"
Is dead, gone and forgotten,
The slang of yesterday.
What has become of "off on base,"
Likewise the "goo goo eyes";
Where is he "tumbled," or was "on,"
The "I'm from Missouri" prize?

The good old "search me" idiocy
Has passed likewise away,
"Away back" to oblivion,
The slang of yesterday.
Where is the frozen "marble heart,"
Or genial, gay "glad hand"?
The "frosty guy" that "freezes" you,
The thing that "beat the band"?
What was the end of "dropped to it,"
Oh, can you tell me, pray,
Where are those "dopey" sayings
The slang of yesterday?

—B. W.

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THE POETS OF TO-DAY.

How write the singers of the day?
Alas! and still alas!
Three sonnets for the house rent,
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No rest for all the weary—
No gentle, kind relief;
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—*Mairie S.*

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Oh, where are the good intentions
We formed in the bright New Year?
Are they vanished quite in the *Ewigkeit*,
"Avay mit de lager bier"?
Oh, where are the good resolutions
We meant to keep so well?
And Conscience groans, "They have gone as stones
On the sulphurous road to—well!" —*The Tippler.*

HAD TO OUST HER

Mrs. Guppy Gossip: "Isn't she a member of your club?"

Mrs. Gadabout: "Not now. We had to get rid of her."

Mrs. Guppy Gossip: "You don't say so?"

Mrs. Gadabout: "Why, at one of our sessions we were discussing the servant girl question and she said the best way for us to solve the problem was for all of us to stay home and do our own work."

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Nice Girl (in confusion)—"Oh—er—indeed—but I—I—don't always just mean what I'm thinking."

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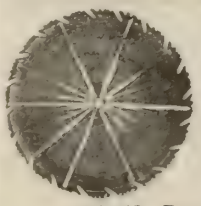

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, February 1, 1902

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THEO. F. BONNET - - - Editor
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OUR OPINION

Soaking the Globe in Sections

Just now while our farmers and miners are praying for rain it is encouraging to note that other sections of the globe are being plentifully soaked: it may yet come our turn before the season is over. This city has had seven inches so far against thirteen inches for the same period last year, so we're way behind our average; that's why the water sellers look so luguorious. But if there is a lamentable winter dryness about our doorways our next-door neighbor, Hawaii, is catching a good drenching. Ookala, in Hilo, the other day was soused with twenty inches in twenty-four hours. On Monday night it began raining in Papaikow and by seven o'clock next morning the gauge showed thirteen inches, the water was pouring over the top, and of course all record was lost. That same night over nine inches were sluiced over Waiaken and Pepeekeo was soused in over ten inches of rain. Lanpahoehoe got a ten-inch drenching in five hours and a lot of other places were water-soaked, but Ookaha with its twenty inches in twenty-four hours held high-water mark when the rain was over. That's the banner fall for the Islands for one day, but other places on the globe have beaten that record. Bombay once caught twenty-four inches in twenty-four hours; the Kasi Hills, India, thirty inches and Genoa thirty. Gibralter carries the rain banner of the world for a twenty-four hours' soaking: it is thirty-three inches. The wettest place in the world is Cherrapungi, southwestern Assam, which has an annual average rainfall of six hundred and ten inches. In 1861 it secured the marvelous record of nine hundred and five inches. Contrast that with our perennially dry little Yuma, glad to get a three-inch sprinkle each year. Port Said has to be satisfied with two inches and carries the dry banner of the world with that figure. Certainly it deserves its reputation when one remembers that the average rainfall of the globe is thirty-six inches. On this coast, Tattosh Island, Washington, is the heaviest soaked place. It has an average rainfall of ninety-two inches each year. Hatteras carries the banner for the East coast, with sixty-six inches.

Arbitration Wins Another Victory

Arbitration and conciliation have just won a notable victory in Boston by preventing a teamsters' strike which threatened to rival in its consequences the one that broke out in this city. In the Eastern case, however, the teamsters asked for shorter hours and higher pay: the employers answered that to grant these demands would be ruinous to their business and harmful to the city's trade interests. The employees were about to be called out when the State Board of Arbitration, backed by the Governor, the Mayor and the President of the Chamber of Commerce, stepped in with propositions of a compromise. They handled the matter so reasonably that the teamsters receded from almost half their demands and the employers conceded the remainder. Had the teamsters gone out as they threatened the confusion and loss to business would have been immense. The five thousand teamsters have affiliations with other unions and the strike would have unquestionably reached into other quarters through sympathy, as it did in this city. Boston is to be congratulated on the outcome and both teamsters and employers have saved a great deal besides a big pot of money in reaching such a temperate conclusion. This is the second notable victory arbitration has gained since the first of this year.

The "New" Washington

When the "new and the greater" tide swept over the country, a short time ago, leaving such landmarks as the "new" nation, "greater" New York, "greater" Chicago and "greater" San Francisco, the statesmen at the Capital were uplifted by its mighty sweep and determined on a "new" Washington. Their labors have just been crystallized in an exhibition at the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, of a plaster miniature of the proposed "Twentieth Century Capital." The display is intended as an object lesson to the country at large. Something like a year ago, and just after the "new" Washington Committee had thoroughly discussed plans and ideas, three of the leading experts of the East were dispatched abroad to study the architectural features and landscape effects of the capitals of Europe. The present exhibition is the result of their labors. The scope of the proposed work, however, is so vast that no one dare venture to guess at the time of completion and the cost. But if only the skeleton of the idea is carried out, and that might be done within a decade if historic memorials, fountains, bridges, quays and parks are constructed as provided for, Washington will certainly become the most beautiful capital in the world. In the main, the "new" Washington will follow the original plan designed by L'En-

fant and accepted by Washington, with such modifications as will suit the varying architectural and park problems raised by the needs of the Government and the growth of the city. One of the greatest "new" problems to contend with since L'Enfant's time is the handling of the many railroad lines which cut up the city. Fortunately, there is a railroad architect on the Commission, a man of eminent talent, and he has devised a plan which everybody declares is an inspiration. By it all the railroads are to enter the city at a northeast point. There the most beautiful depot in the world will be erected. It will cost three million dollars and be constructed of white marble: it will be nearly one hundred feet wider than the Capitol. This magnificent structure will face on a plaza six hundred feet in width where great bodies of troops can be assembled. Among other great improvements will be the reclamation of the Potomac flats. These are to be converted into water-side promenades and parks with granite walls and wide Venetian steps leading to the water. The reclaimed space is to be laid out in stately avenues and dotted with marble fountains, statues and monuments to the memory of great men. Only public buildings will face the Capitol. The Mall, originally designed to form a park-like connection between the Capitol and the White House, is to be restored. All private dwellings fronting on the White House are to give way to buildings of a semi-public character. A superb memorial is to be erected to the memory of Lincoln. The long island in the Potomac is to be transformed into a park with shaded drives and picturesque waterfalls. This portion of Washington is to be the little Venice. The entire river front is to be changed. With this birds-eye view of the "new" capital on exhibit before them the Committeemen in charge will be able to complete whatever skeleton of the plan is selected without losing their sense of proportion.

Another Attempt to Prohibit a Play

The presentation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on the stage has raised the wrath of the Albert Sidney Johnson chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy of Louisville, Kentucky, and they have petitioned the State Legislature to prohibit the show. Previous to this, however, they opened the attack by trying to get the manager of the opera house to take it off his boards. His business acumen prompted him to reply that "Uncle Tom seems to be holding his own pretty well and the war has been over for thirty-six years, anyhow." Beaten off in this quarter the zealous Daughters roused their partisans all over Kentucky and urged them to make a State fight over the matter. In this wise a giant petition reached the Legislature and its ardent advocates now declare they have assurances that a bill will be passed forbidding the presentation throughout the State. It seems rather singular that the Daughters of the Confederacy have not thought of a far simpler way to kill "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or any other play they object to, and that is to remain away from the performances. Theatres are run to make money, and when any manager discovers he has not a drawing show he is only too glad to change the bill. Another plan would be to hire John L. Sullivan to play the part of Simon Legree throughout the South. He is said to enact the character in a holy-terror way; certainly he proves himself a terror to the Uncle Tom in the same cast. Very recently he essayed the part in Boston and lambasted Uncle Tom so enthusiastically and true to nature that at the end of the performance the supers had to roll the much-wolloped slave in cotton and soak him in arnica. He stoutly refused to go on the stage again with John L. Sullivan even if the latter played the part as a living picture holding a stuffed whip. What's the matter with the Daughters of the Confederacy employing the redoubtable John L. to tour the South as Simon Legree? In a short season he would easily wallop all the spirit out of ambitious Uncle Toms and his cabin would have to be demolished and the hounds sent to the pound-yard. A cursory glance at this Uncle Tom pother seems to warrant the belief that the earth may be easily rolled over him without appealing to any long-winded State legislature.

Latch-Keys for the Wives

The greatest blow at the husbands' monopoly of the latch-key was delivered by an Oakland Solomon last week, when he laid down the decision that a wife has as much right as her husband to remain out all night without answering inquisitive questions as to where she had spent her time. She may turn up her nose disdainfully at his ireful and impertinent inquiries, she may rally him with badinage, or she may blandly fib to him: the learned judge says all these privileges are in the same package which he has just handed to the sex. Henceforth she is half-owner in the pass-key, with all the rights, titles and privileges thereto; the law allows it and the court awards it. Thus has she had thrust suddenly upon her the very arrogance of tremendous power but, as in the case with the magic skin, there are harrowing moments connected with its use. It's all very well to sail airily up to the front door at 3 a. m., and ostentatiously admit yourself with the pass-key, but once inside there's that old, old terror-striking ogre to lay: "My dear, where have you been?" A night-cap taken with every homeward step cannot bring sleep or ease to the belated pilgrim who faces the grim wrinkled front of that insistent, questioning ogre. Time cannot lessen nor custom soothe its crushing effects. Before it, flippancy, fibbing and persiflage are as froth in a wintry gale. It is safe to say that that ogre's look, manner and actions have kept more husbands home nights and rusted more useless night-keys than the marital decisions of all the courts in Christendom. What over-anxious Benedict is scared by the doubt that any woman will forego the privilege of asking that momentous question for the dubious right of answering it? Go to Cupid's court, dullard; consider his tips and be wise, else this difference over latch-keys may raise more than the old-time ogre in the household, as it did in the case of the Oakland couple.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

ROBERTSON, 126 Post Street San Francisco.

Latest Kind of "Free" Libraries

A commercial organization is offering to furnish the means for establishing free libraries in all the small towns of Indiana. It is an advertising scheme, pure and simple, and one that it is a wonder no one has introduced before on the same scale. If their offer is accepted the company will have the privilege of inserting pages of advertising matter in all the books furnished the library and it is confidently expected that this form of exploitation will prove as profitable as other forms of advertising. Some time ago a struggling congregation in a backwoods community contemplated laying in a new supply of hymn books. One day they were agreeably surprised to have a proposition submitted to them by a firm of patent medicine manufacturers, by which, for the privilege of inserting some advertising matter, the needed books would be donated free of any expense. The offer was gratefully accepted. Then came a startling discovery: when the congregation attempted to make use of their gift, they discovered that instead of a few leaves of advertising matter inserted at the back, one line of every hymn had been omitted, and in its place there was substituted the name of the cure-all. It is not likely that the Indiana company intends to do anything so flagrant as this. Still, if they choose to do their advertising matter in this way, they have as good a right as Carnegie, or any one else. All these apparent gifts have turned out to be white elephants, and it would be well for the rural communities to investigate thoroughly before they bind themselves by burdensome promises and obligations. These are cases where one had best not only look the gift horse in the mouth, but carefully examine his teeth and insides. They belong to the class of horses that the sharp-witted Greeks left before Troy.

The Saunterer

An Old Story Uncovered in Court

The recent marriage of one of the sons of a prominent physician to a dashing divorcee and a question that arises in the settlement of the estate of a well-known lawyer and capitalist who died very suddenly the other day have brought up for momentary consideration an old story which two families have tried their best to bury. The chances are its bones will forever be laid to rest when the court has finally disposed of several details connected with the lawyer's estate. The lawyer was noted for his "thrift and economy" and when some six years ago the story leaked out that he was under the thumbscrews of a blackmailer society pricked up ears. Cherchez la femme is an old aphorism and society quickly located her. Then it came out that she demanded six thousand dollars as the price of peace. Furthermore she stipulated that the money was to be paid to a prominent physician. The attorney groaned but circumstances forced him to acquiesce.

Society Doubly Shocked

Then came the second shock to society. The physician, so the woman claimed, glued his hands to the money and refused to turn it over to her. Attorney, friends, woman and everybody who had a finger in the pie tried his or her best to reach the money but in vain: the physician held on like grim death. The woman thought it would prove an easier task to go back and get another six thousand dollars out of the lawyer, but the latter steadfastly refused to be bled a second time. A lively three-cornered fight followed. In the midst of it the woman lost control of her judgment, gave way to her tongue, and the details of the whole unsavory matter came out. The lawyer made no bones of declaring that the woman and the doctor were standing in cahoots to squeeze him. The irate woman strenuously denied this and declared she herself was the injured party because the doctor had got away with all the money that had appeared. When the smoke of battle, and the charges and counter charges had somewhat cleared away, the doctor's 'scutcheon was so badly smudged that his wife packed her trunks and went to Europe. At the time of his wedding the physician was supposed to have made a decidedly fine catch financially. Later, however, his father-in-law failed in business and they were left dependent on his professional earnings which were then very large. By the time his wife returned from Europe, Mrs. Grundy was busy with the next scandal and the family resumed its old position in society.

Distanced His Brother in the Race

The marriage of Maxwell McNutt and Maude Treadwell was not so much of a surprise to the relatives of the young couple as outsiders may imagine. Mrs. McNutt has always taken a friendly interest in her new daughter-in-law and at one time the young heiress lived with the McNutts. As her social stratum was several layers below that of the McNutt girls the fact caused some comment, but she settled for this exclusive chaperonage and was evidently a welcome guest. However, she herself soon decided to try other quarters. At one time Fletcher McNutt, who is now busy tacking London degrees to his M.D., was supposed to be devoted to Maude Treadwell but brother Maxwell has won out.

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Day & evening suits
Overcoats & trousers
for all occasions
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THURLOW BLOCK.

Will Wed on Shrove Tuesday

The wedding of Miss Phoebe Winslow Painter and Dr. Gardner Perry Pond, at the First Congregational church on the evening of Shrove Tuesday, at nine o'clock, will be the smartest affair held in that edifice since the wedding of Miss Ives and Henry Crocker. The invitations have been issued by Mrs. Bina Staples Yemans, aunt of the bride-to-be. Shrove Tuesday comes on Mardi Gras night, but society can easily take in the wedding and the ball as well. The engagement of Miss Painter and Dr. Pond was announced last year and is an eminently pleasing one to the relatives of both. The bride to be is a granddaughter of the late D. J. Staples and since her parents' death has resided, with her sister and brother, with her mother's people.

Brace up, there's bound to be a change
In weather and worry, I wot:
If January is too cold,
July may prove too hot.

The Approaching Tramp of Soldiers

At Army Headquarters it is whispered that the Twenty-ninth Infantry, now at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, will soon bivouac at the Presidio, preparatory to sailing for service in the Philippines. The women of the regiment are in a quandary whether or not to follow their husbands. Those who think of daring the transport trip are Mrs. Reaves, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Ely, Mrs. Jamerson, Mrs. Waldron, Mrs. Twyman and Miss Woodward. Miss Woodward will probably accompany her step-father, Lieutenant Colonel Forbes. She has been quite a social success in Annapolis, the past two or three years. Mrs. Jamerson spent last winter in Alaska with her husband of the Seventh Infantry, Captain Ely's former regiment. Mrs. Miller was with Lieutenant Miller on his former trip to the Philippines. Mrs. Waldron and Mrs. Twyman are November brides.

Speaking of San Francisco Women

"The Widow," who passed through here recently from the Philippines, has a number of sprightly comments on things San Franciscan, in the bright New York weekly for which she writes. In speaking of her own sex here, she says: "My first impression of the women of my country—San Francisco women—was that they were the most beautiful things on earth. Every one of them was a dream. Complexions were clear and brilliant, and skins like satin. Belts had an additional tip in front even at the risk of deformity and of rivaling Egyptian dancing girls, and shoes peeping out from under some of the skirts were a marvel. Enormously long spools were being worn for heels on feet of all shapes. It was no longer necessary that the foot be of Southern aristocracy or a descendant of blue-blooded ancestry and the shoes be made to fit the arch and curves of acknowledged beauty. It was now the fashion, and at a glance I saw the American shoemaker had at last struck the secret of manufacture which brought the price within the scope of limited pocketbooks. The genuine French heel, which the dealers had declared for years to be death to all purchasers, was not so unpopular. It was now cheap. It was also an imitation. But neither dealer nor purchaser was worrying about death. Price does not make such a difference."

Everybody drinks Gilt Edge Whiskey Why? Because it is GOOD. WICHMAN, LUTGEN & CO., Sole Proprietors, S. F.

In Honor of a Feline Pet

The importance of the Requas across the bay is not exaggerated, as this little story illustrates. The Requas, be it known, have a lot in that show-place among Oakland's garden spots, the cemetery. An old gardener has orders to keep their lot in perfect condition and he naturally considers the Requas as grand as any of royal blood. Not long ago a monument was raised in the enclosure especially commended to the gardener's care. On the shaft appears the simple word, "Requiescat." The ancient wielder of spade and hose was showing one of his friends over the cemetery the other day, and pausing before the new monument the visitor asked: "Who's that for?"

"Well, what do you think?" answered his friend, "them Requas has gone and raised a monument to their cat."

Helen Gould's Aunt

Not everybody knows that the Goulds have an aunt in Los Angeles who is as philanthropic in her way as is her wealthier niece, who is shortly to visit California. This benevolent lady is Mrs. Anna Hough. Her husband at his death left her with a fortune larger than she could spend for everyday luxuries so she devotes a large portion of the surplus in trying to help others. She is a devout Methodist and to societies of that persuasion she has handsomely contributed. She gave one hundred thousand dollars to the endowment fund of the University of Southern California, thus following in a more circumscribed path the footsteps of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst and Mrs. Jane Stanford.

The very latest Paris fad is gloves woven from spider or cocoon silk. Smart society women pay as high as forty dollars a pair and are glad to get them at that price.

California Trotters to the Fore

The American trotter has made a hit in London and numbers of fast animals are to be seen in the Park every morning going at gaits to delight the on-lookers. Mr. Lindsey Fitz Patrick has a record-breaking span and heads the line. A short time ago he took home

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thirty fast trotters from this State with a view to acquainting his cronies with their superb merits. He has already sold off half of them. The purchasers are so delighted that the demand for the new gait makers is increasing.

Blushingly: "This is so sudden: I—I can't answer such an important question so quickly."
Flushingly: "Give me an answer in a week, then."
Gushingly: "Oh, that's too long."

Eva Withrow Painted Her Portrait

Violet Lady Rosslyn, whose husband, the much-written-about Earl of Rosslyn, divorced her last week on desertion grounds, is very well known to those artistic Californians who have been admitted to London's ultra Bohemia. Eva Withrow's portrait of Lady Violet was one of the most talked of pictures in London when it was placed on exhibition. It shows the noted beauty with her hair in floating curls and reminds one of the portraits that Sir Joshua Reynolds painted of London beauties of his day.

Breaking the Bank at Monte Carlo

Lord Rosslyn's attempt to break the bank at Monte Carlo, according to a well known local clubman who has tried the same game, was all nonsense because there is no "breaking the bank," telegraph reports of Schwab's or anybody else's success to the contrary. At each bank, or game, the management sets a limit for the day's loss and when that limit is reached the courteous croupier announces that there will be no more play at that table for the day. It is a clever and excellent way of cutting short one's losses. Monte Carlo gladly welcomes all men with "systems." The management is highly delighted when some special system makes a big winning for really there is no better way of advertising the place. Nothing pays better than an occasional heavy loss for it sustains the public in the belief that there really is a way to get the better of the bank. But the absurd fallacy that the bank was ever near being broken is disproved by the fact that Monte Carlo has paid magnificent dividends for a quarter of a century and has lived royally the while. Nobody in the principality pays any taxes and the Prince enjoys a truly princely income from the game. Even the cathedral, with the Bishop and clergy, is supported on the proceeds of gaming. Fifty years ago the place was bankrupt, over taxed and in a miserable condition. But ever since Francois Blanc opened up his gambling concession it has waxed fat and prosperous. Why shouldn't it? The wealthiest gamblers of the world support it.

Royal Cost of Running the Bank

But figures will give the best idea of its affluence and success. The direct expenses of the Casino itself amount to four million one hundred thousand dollars a year; that sum includes three million four hundred and fifty thousand for the management and pay of sixteen hundred employes. The gardens cost one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, while two hundred thousand dollars go towards paying for the theatres and the world-famous orchestra. The trifle of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars is set aside for the European press, for which it is supposed that scandals are passed lightly over and the bank's losses properly advertised. Something like sixty thousand dollars is spent annually to pay the home fares of people who are cleaned out. These are the mere expenses of the Casino, but observe that nowhere among them is any charge made to losses, nor is the name of the man who "broke the bank" anywhere given. But to hold this golden gambling privilege at Monte Carlo the management is also called upon to pay certain public bills. It gives to the Prince of Monaco two hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually for the right of running the bank; it pays for the maintenance of roads, railways, carnivals, races, not forgetting fifty thousand dollars a year for churches and schools. Outside of this it disburses one hundred thousand dollars a year for police, law courts and "general expenses" of the government. Altogether over five million dollars a year are drawn from the gamblers of Europe to pay for the privilege of trying to "break the bank" at Monte Carlo.

How a Big Winning was Made

"The most striking winning I saw on my visit there was made by a great Viennese banker at the rouge-et-noir table. It took place a few minutes before the ill-ventilated and stuffy rooms were to be closed for the night. The banker was so stout that he could hardly move; he had a great double chin, bulbous eyes with great pouches beneath, a skin half yellow, half leaden and the voice of a man being choked with his own obesity and a life of gross indulgence. But he was hugely wealthy and was playing high stakes, so everybody gathered around to watch him. He picked the red to win and played a game of double and quits. Red turned up once, twice, three times, four times and

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the pile before him mounted higher. It seemed as if his run of luck couldn't turn. The crowd went mad and as red succeeded red there arose a hum of surprise, terror, envy, every passion in a subdued murmur. In all the excitement the big, gross banker imperturbably watched the rolling ball. The croupier's last cry of 'red' was followed by the day's announcement that all games must close for the day. The banker slowly gathered in his winnings. In ten minutes with his run of luck he had won fifty thousand dollars. But I don't doubt the losses of the envious crowd of gamblers about him footed up as much and the money didn't come out of the bank's pocket."

Fly high at Monte Carlo,
And your town applauds your plays;
But tackle the tiger in your own jay town,
And you're given "thirty days."

Ambition of General Grant's Granddaughter

There is nothing new in the resolution of Vivian Sartoris to study with view to a professional career. Years ago, before she made her social debut, she expressed a desire to become an actress. At that time her friends regarded her aspiration as a romantic notion conceived by a novel-reading schoolgirl to help add to the family exchequer which her father's extravagancies had greatly reduced. Charles Frohman was expected to act as sponsor to the dramatic debut of General Grant's granddaughter. But the rumors gradually faded away into thin air. Miss Sartoris became a society bud and in time a belle, both in New York and London. Her engagement to a New Yorker, D. O. Nichols, was announced, a betrothal that came to naught.

Her Grandmother was an Actress

Then another engagement was wired across the continent—Miss Sartoris and Archibald Balfour. This has now been positively declared broken off, and the fair Vivian has asserted that she will marry nobody but will devote herself to study in Paris. Instead of the drama, her first love, she proposes to take up music. Her friends say she aims at the opera. There is no doubt that Miss Sartoris possesses remarkable talent. She has frequently appeared in amateur theatricals. She comes naturally by this love of the stage for the mother of Algernon Sartoris and the grandmother of his daughters Rosemary and Vivian, was one of the famous Kemble family of actors. She was a popular actress when Mr. Sartoris, an English gentleman, wooed her from public life.

She Inherits Her Father's Pluck

It is now fully nine years since that elegant representative of the British polisson, Mr. Algernon Charles Sartoris, passed away unlamented even by those of his own blood. The marriage of Nellie Grant with Sartoris was one of the events that should never have happened. Her family opposed it, her friends regretted it, but Nellie Grant had the same obstinacy in her character that was so strongly illustrated in her famous father when he penned that historic dispatch, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." She had set her heart on the handsome Algernon and she got a brute. This same determination kept the abused wife from dragging her misery into the divorce court. To the end she bore up like a Spartan and never in any way tried to escape the result of her unfortunate infatuation. After his death she returned to Washington and made her home with her mother.

The finest shampooing and hairdressing is done by M. E. Noel, 121 Post street. Room 12. Facial massage a specialty.

"Let me tell you," said the irate Blingumite, "that my family date back to the time when knighthood was in flower."

"Flour?" replied the bill collector, calmly knitting his brow, "I thought it was pork."

Greenway's Line of Beauties

Peter Marie of New York is famous for his collection of miniatures of beautiful women, and Ned Greenway is quite as renowned locally for his photographs of beauties of the South and West. All the Baltimore beauties, Mrs. Henry Clews, Jr., Mrs. Lee Tailer, Mrs. Jesse Tyson and Mrs. Archie Pell are here, but in all the places of honor in his rooms are the photographs of Fritzi Scheff in every conceivable pose and costume. When Greenway prepares to lead cotillons to the music of the harps on high he should catalogue his beauties and leave them to a public gallery.

The Famous Sheldon Photographs

The late Ed Sheldon's collection of society women's photographs was among the best and largest here. One of the side walls of his bedroom was covered with photographs. Everybody in local swelldom with any pretensions to being considered a beauty was in Mr. Sheldon's collection. I do not know who has the photographs now. Some of the subjects, I fancy, would not feel happy if their pictures should fall into strange hands, for there were instances where the costumes were inadequate to conceal charms that are usually hidden.

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The Coming Event in Society

The Athearn Folger ball dated for the tenth promises to be the red-letter affair of the season. The lavish expenditure of money is prodigal enough to make old Nick Luning fidget in his grave. His daughter Clara, now Mrs. Folger, was always his favorite child, but even she could never hypnotize him into hospitality. On one memorable occasion he did give her a ball at the Palace hotel. The rest of the Lunings were greatly disturbed when they heard that Clara had really gained her father's consent for a ball. One of them went so far as to ask a specialist to examine Mr. Luning and determine whether he was suffering mental aberration. However the caterers and decorators declared that Mr. Luning's bargaining betrayed he had lost none of his skill in shaving down prices. Society worked up a lemonade thirst for the affair, but they reckoned without their hostess.

When Nick Luning Scattered His Gold

Clara Luning was not the girl to do things by halves and she "did" her father thoroughly. Champagne corks popped and there were piping hot birds and all the rest of the good things that go to make a supper successful. Nick Luning decorated a dim corner while the dancers glided to the dreamy waltzes —that was before the two-step was crowned king. 'Tis said the grim old capitalist even forgot to calculate the compound interest on his gilt-edge mortgages, so busily did his eyes follow his daughter. He rubbed his palms, that heretofore had only itched for gold, in pure glee at Clara's social triumph. But when supper came and wine melted like dew, the old gentleman grew taciturn. "You and I are getting old for this sort of thing," ventured his partner in order to provoke him into speech. "If God will forgive me this time, I'll never give another ball," old Nick solemnly answered. People have said that the money spent on that ball rankled as deep in his heart as the loss of the Blythe block, which he had always hoped to acquire on a mortgage.

But none of this penuriousness has clung to his fortune. Mrs. Folger is always ready to give pleasure to her friends or to help the needy. The favors for the coming german at Native Sons' hall were imported from Paris and the few who have had a peek at them are enthusiastic over their beauty. The Folgers have kept their town house partially closed all season and have lived quietly at their San Mateo home so this grand ball comes as a delightful surprise.

End of the "Thirty Million Dollar" Ball

The smart set has whetted its appetite for a piece de resistance to mark this season's menu as blue-ribboned and the Folger ball comes to satisfy its craving. Hors d'oeuvres in the shape of teas and luncheons, dinners and dances, but for dessert every one looks forward to the H. E. Huntington ball. And after all this anticipation that much talked about affair is to be but a dancing party. The invitations were sent over the 'phone which brands the affair as very informal. This is the first entertaining the Huntingtons have attempted since Uncle Collis willed them umpty-umpty millions. Small wonder society expected something "gorgeriferous" and christened the coming event the "thirty million dollar ball." But the telephone invitations made it look like thirty cents, and people have now given up all hope of the Huntingtons ever living up to their money. The Willard Huntington dance for Edith was on a very much more elaborate scale than this affair will be. They hired a hall for the occasion and spent a pretty penny considering that their share of the C. P. Huntington estate was only one hundred thousand dollars. But the H. E. Huntingtons are giving only a house dance which means that the guests will be few in number and no splurging in supper and decorations.

A Busy Day for the Invited

It will be given on the night of the fifth and on the evening of the same day Maude Mullins marries Dr. Clark. In the afternoon Mrs. Nathaniel Gray gives a luncheon to fifty guests in the red room of the Bohemian club so those who intend to take in all three affairs will be too tired anyway to grieve over the lack of splendor at the Huntington dance.

Mrs. Will Crocker had hoped to do something handsome for her niece, Miss Sperry, but the continued illness of one of her children has delayed her plans until too late to execute them as originally intended. Lent is on the wing and Mrs. Crocker had to hurry out cards for a dancing party before the social calendar was sealed. So the Folger ball will stand out in sharp relief as the "grand ball" of the season.

The Smart Set in a Rush

Unless the social arbitre calls "Whoa!" society women will surely go on a strike for shorter hours. Some idea of the way they are driven may be gathered by a glance at the cards out for today. The ladies are rushing hither and thither trying to at least say

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"Howdy-do," at the three big teas. Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Centre and Mrs. Rawles, wife of the commanding officer at the Presidio, are all receiving and this is typical of the every-day rush. "I've been to a luncheon and three teas this afternoon," complained one girl, "and I've a dinner dance on tonight. Well, one thing: this life trains a girl to do the lightning change act and vaudeville will come easy if stocks go down."

Succeeded Where Collis Failed

The fashionable world quite readily receives the Huntingtons these days, although the brainy founder of all their wealth struggled many years for social prestige and failed. C. P. Huntington dined in his great mansion alone, except for several dependants who were obliged to go there. Yet the H. E. and the Willard Huntingtons go everywhere. It is only with the debut of Edith, the prettiest of all the debutantes, that the Willard Huntingtons have gone out at all. They have lived extremely quietly and Willard hates to part with money as much as did the great C. P. Mrs. Huntington is the daughter of Harry Orndorf, an old-time sport and well known in this city.

Prince Poniatowski's Great Fight

Prince Poniatowski's coup d'etat on the grounds of the Dunphy residence in Milbrae was not achieved without strenuous exertions. The Prince has had few harder fights than trying to plant those telegraph poles on the Dunphy property. The court gave him permission to do so but that was the easy end of the battle. The hard part was to serve the papers on the stoutly barricaded and well defended Dunphy domicile. The servants had the strictest kind of orders to refuse everything that looked like "papers" and to see that no stranger gained admission to the house, even in the guise of a peddler, book agent, telephone repairer or policeman. So when the court messenger airily drove up to the place he was easily shoved off by a vigilant maid servant. The Prince's henchmen quickly realized the character of the work cut out for them and they resorted to the usual guile deemed necessary by the legal fraternity in such instances.

How the Dunphy Household was Flanked

A runaway accident was rehearsed with a horse that was guaranteed not to kill anybody and a buggy that was fixed to give a theatrical crash in front of the Dunphy residence. All the leading lady had to do was to look terrified and faint with a shriek just as the buggy got in its crash on the spot where the outburst would attract the attention of some one in the Dunphy household. At the proper time the foxy judgment-server, accompanied by the leading lady drove along the road and cut loose, as per rehearsal. There was the proper shout, shriek and crash as he deftly turned his panting steed into the Dunphy fence and adroitly stopped the headlong flight at the exact spot calculated. Several of the curious Dunphy servants ran out to see what all the din was about. They found a fainting woman in a buggy and an excited man trying his mightiest to pacify a frightened horse. When they came out to render assistance—they were assisted to the service of the papers.

Highly Sensational Finish

But the tricky server did not escape scot free. A vigilant woman, screened behind the blinds of one of the upper windows, fired hot shot at him as long as he was in sight. As for the leading lady, she thought it prudent to remain in her dead faint so as not to draw any of the fire of the servants who were free in their remarks about such contemptible actions. Mrs. Dunphy boarded the first train to San Francisco to consult her lawyer. While she was gone the wily Prince ordered his minions to Milbrae and by the time the Dunphys were back, primed with legal advice and action, the vicious-looking telephone poles were all in place.

Maxine Elliott to Star Alone

The rumor that is floating about that Maxine Elliott and Nat Goodwin are going to separate is evidently based on the fact that the two are going to appear as separate stars in the near future. They have been considering such a course for some time and have their plans to that effect clearly defined. Goodwin offers the following explanations in a letter to a friend here: "We have had such difficulty in finding plays in which we can both have suitable parts that we have come to the conclusion to take the next best thing, and that is to appear with separate companies. We are now considering a play for Miss Elliott which has no part for me. If we should decide to accept it she will appear next season as a star under my management. If the play proves unavailable we shall probably continue another season in our oldtime successes."

And Madame Eames Never said a Word to Us

When Madame Emma Eames was in town the smart set behaved its prettiest to the diva. They dined her as often as she would submit; her rooms were kept fragrant with the choicest blooms and on her nights the stage was always embroidered deep with floral tributes. And now Madame Eames goes to Philadelphia and an unlucky boniface assigned her a suite of rooms reminiscent of the last occupant's fondness for "the weed": tobacco odor hung in every cranny. The singer rushed from the room. She cried for help and was given an apartment just deserted by a W. C. T. U. anti-tobaccoite. But the harm had been done for while some fastidious persons would have sniffed nothing wrong in the first suite, your real high-priced prima

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donna's throat is a more sensitive concern and Madame Eames could not portray the chocolate-colored "Aida" of creamy voice for the Quaker City. Madame Eames afterward acknowledged that the odor of some flowers had a similar effect on her voice. She declared that unless she sent to her prospective hostesses the request "No flowers!" her drawing room appearances were funereal as far as she was personally concerned. "The dear San Francisco people," said Eames, "were so generous with their flowers and I hated to tell them the harmful effect flowers have on my voice. I was half glad to leave there on that account and deodorize myself of floral perfume." Perhaps those who strewed Eames' path with flowers while she was here are half sorry that the lady was too considerate to air her prejudices. Harry Holbrook and several others would be in pocket had they guessed her dislikes.

Blue Blood in "Trade"

Lady Gladys Herbert Grey, wife of Earl Grey, has just arrived in New York and the ton will lionize her. It has always been supposed that Mrs. Salisbury takes her cues from Lady Grey. The titled Englishwoman has long been a striking figure in English society and is voted by many the handsomest matron in the aristocracy. But Lady Grey is poor, which is hard for flesh and blue blood to bear. So she boldly opened a fashionable tea room in London which is very successful and through which she says she hopes to pay some of her debts. This going into "trade" has not cost her the warm personal friendship of Queen Alexandra which Lady Grey has always enjoyed. There are some members of our snobocracy who have not so kindly regarded Mrs. Salisbury's waffle venture, but perhaps the unshaken prestige of Lady Grey will show them that we are not unique in the possession of a society leader who has to scratch for luxuries. Lady Grey's daughter, Lady Sibyl, who is with her mother, is counted a beauty by English standards and should a rich American fancy her, 'tis said Lady Grey will not be ungracious. A son-in-law with a handsome dot would enable Lady Grey to retire from the restaurant business. Perhaps Mrs. Salisbury will solve the distasteful boarding-house problem in the same manner.

Outwitting the "Cave Dwellers"

Dr. and Mr. Clinton Cushing recently gave a tea in Washington that poised them forever in the exclusive set of that city. They went to the capital—or rather Mrs. Cushing went, for the doctor and she do their duty to each other by living three thousand miles apart—four years ago, and bought the old house once owned and occupied by Mr. McClean, former Minister to France. At the tea given last month Mrs. Cushing's social status was fixed by the fact that the Countess of Esterhazy poured tea for her. Hereafter Mrs. Cushing is "it." Washington society is peculiar and the way to conquer it is not even by being a millionaire Senator or Cabinet officer. Wives of both have failed to be recognized by the old Washington set known as "the cave-dwellers." There is just one set in Washington greater than these, and it is the diplomatic corps. Mrs. Cushing speaks the modern languages with more or less fluency and so she won the diplomatic corps, assisted of course by her pleasing and eccentric personality.

Camilla Urso's Pathetic End

With the passing of Camilla Urso the world lost one of the greatest woman artists of the past fifty years; a violinist who was placed in the ranks with Lady Halle, Joachim and almost with Ysaye. Her end was pathetic. Two months ago in the opera house of the little Ontario town she ran her bow across the strings and was surprised to find she could not strike the chord. Again she tried and saw her fingers refuse to stretch the distance required. The woman's heart beat in trepidation and the violin wailed in her hands. The despairing music started a child to crying in its mother's arms. The great violinist drifted into an improvisation and poured out her despair in music while the tears trickled from her eyes. The audience became very much affected: none of them guessed the great change that had come so suddenly over the life of the player. She cried all night long at the hotel where she was staying. The ashes of shattered ambition and of dead hopes were all about her. Next day friends got a hint of the truth and did their best to cheer her. They spoke of doctors and operations and rest as if health and hope were only matters of a brief time. But Camilla Urso knew better: with incomparable resignation, though, she went to the hospital and to her death.

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A Don's Descendant in Court

That patriarch of the early Spaniards here, good old Governor Arguello, buried in the picturesque old church yard in the Mission, must have groaned at the tidings that a scion of his illustrious house was mixed up in a commonplace abduction case. The Arguello name is woven into the early annals of California with that of the Vallejos, Del Valles, De la Guerras and Pachecos. It crops up in stories and legends of the days antedating the Gringoes. And last week an Arguello, a lineal descendant of the Spanish Governor of California, was arrested for trying to abduct a child by his first marriage while the little one was on her way to school. The McKees, the child's maternal relatives, had Arguello and his second wife arrested. Mrs. Arguello No. 1 did not make a good impression in court, however, and the case went against her. The child said she went willingly and that her father telephoned her mother of the "seizure," saying as soon as he bought her some new clothes she could return to the McKees.

His Romantic Marriage

The short life of Louis Arguello has been peppered with strange doings. He might have been something altogether different but for the lack of training in his youth. His parents died when he was scarcely out of swaddling clothes and the relative who assumed his guardianship did not perform his duty according to the Scriptures. Louis fell in love with Clara McKee, the daughter of a Mission resident, and as soon as the law permitted he married her. When of age he came into a fortune of seventy-five thousand dollars, bought a house and furnished it for his bride. He covered her with jewels where she had not been used to brass buttons, spent his money on her family, also, and they improved their place until it became one of the finest in the Mission. They all lived at a rattling rate and enjoyed everything.

Mysterious Death Notices

Naturally, money spent at that rate could not last forever. I am not sure whether the property was in Mrs. Arguello's name or not; at any rate, the young husband came home one day to find the house sold, furniture gone and wife and child likewise. Rumor said one of Arguello's friends assisted in the flight, but whether or not this was so, the remains of the seventy-five thousand dollars had disappeared. Louis followed his wife East. Soon the report came back that he had committed suicide in Chicago under another name. The rumor was never contradicted, but Arguello did not die. Neither did he become reconciled to his wife. Eventually he returned here and began the study of medicine. One Sunday morning there was a notice in a local paper of his death—"Notice of funeral hereafter." His family had never approved his marriage and its outcome had completed the estrangement, but they were much concerned at his death—his second demise, as it were. Each relative thought the other must know how, when and where it had occurred, but no one did. Finally a friend of his turned up who said he had talked to Louis since the notice had appeared. Arguello, however, when he appeared, never gave any explanation. Subsequently the marriage of Mrs. Louis Arguello was announced without any especial reason; it likewise was left uncontradicted. But all these happenings with the so-called "abduction" as "the latest" have caused the Arguellos and the McKees to exclaim, "What next?"

Judge (to footpad): What excuse can you possibly have for your crime? You were caught red handed robbing this man and yet you had over twenty dollars in your pocket.

Prisoner: Well, Judge, you see the last time I was up I was warned to be more industrious and not such a spendthrift and that's just what I was doing.

Fred Greenwood's Quest

Society just at present is wandering and I notice that faithful Fred Greenwood is booked for the Orient. He softly denies that he is going as far as Japan but the wise ones know better. He will never leave the steamer until he reaches there, and I don't blame him. Faint heart never won fair lady, and if under the balmy Japanese skies Katherine does not look kindly upon her wooer I shall be very much surprised. Where is there a woman who can resist a man who has traveled several thousand miles for her sweet sake? Mr.

DR. CROCKER has devised a new and pleasant treatment for catarrh and offensive breath. By the aid of elaborate apparatus the patient is enabled to breathe healing, antiseptic oils. This is the only way to reach the inflamed parts. Sprays are of no value. Rooms 28, 29, 30, 21 Powell Street. 1

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Greenwood is determined that Miss Dillon shall not go abroad unless it is with him. She has said "No" for years, but constant devotion will change even the heart of an heiress.

They Rarely Speak in Passing

Mrs. Ogden Mills is supposed to make or mar one socially in New York; consequently I scanned very closely the names of those bidden to her ball. I failed to discover that Mrs. Oelrichs, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and their followers had been invited. This only confirmed what I have often heard before, that the Oelrichs-Belmont clique and Mrs. Mills scarcely speak in passing. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt was present as was Mrs. Alexander, who really goes everywhere. Mrs. Alexander has the distinction, among society people, of being "the only nice Crocker." Even Colonel Fred, the head of the house, used to talk about "perfectly elegant society," and he never got used to his greatness. Mrs. Vanderbilt Jr. was present at the reception given by the Seward Webbs to the Chauncey Depews, but Mrs. Oelrichs was absent. The Vanderbilt name carries Birdie everywhere.

Society will Celebrate Mi-Careme

Society will not forget to take advantage of the twenty-four hours of grace alloted in Mid-Lent. In European countries, especially Catholic ones, Mi-Careme is celebrated with much-ado, usually taking the form of a carnival dance with the usual appendages —confetti-throwing and what not. There will of course be no hold-over carnival spirit left in us as the Mardi Gras soaks up the driblets that we are capable of giving. But Mi-Careme will be enjoyed if not in Continental fashion. Several smart dinners are promised for the older set and there will surely be a big dance for the light-footed contingent. The Sprecke's' have about decided to give the dance for their wing of society. The two largest rooms in the new Spreckels mansion are still in the hands of the decorators so they have not yet been able to test the capacity of the house, but as the first dancing party there proved, there is plenty of room as it is, for a "small and late." So Mi-Careme will probably find a merry party at the Spreckels' home. Most of our Lenten maids translate "sackcloth and ashes" as gray crepe de Paris and poudre de riz and they manage to keep on pretty good terms with "the world, the flesh and the devil"; but nevertheless Lent is necessarily "s'ow" and the girls will make the most of Mi-Careme.

What They Wore at the Game

Black is decidedly in favor for smart costumes, judging by the gowns worn at last Saturday's Eder Jai game. Georgie Hopkins and her cousin Frances wore black corduroy. Daisy Van Ness wore an eel-fitting black cloth. Therese Morgan's suit was of some rough black material with white embroidered embellishments. Alice Hager was in black velvet. Mrs. Fred Tallant wore black cloth with a white and black feather boa. Mrs. George Lent was in black cloth. Many Persian lamb jackets were worn and these seem rather preferred this year to sealskins. To vary the black monotone, Mrs. Gus Taylor wore a tan coat. Pearl Landers' suit was navy-blue cloth and Mrs. George Boyd wore a tan cloth. Mrs. Joe Tobin looked especially stunning in a corduroy suit whose shade blended harmoniously with her mink boa and muff. Miss Spreckels' dark red cloth was very becoming. Jennie Blair wore her favorite brown, with black Persian lamb jacket. Her hat was a Frenchy little affair with a big bunch of pink baby-roses in front and another peeping from beneath the brim.

To banish the blues nothing is so efficacious as a drink of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve bourbon or rye

London society is gravely reported to be "somewhat start'ed" over the rumor that the King is on the verge of setting the fashion that "henceforth the proper thing is to be a devoted and faithful husband." No wonder the papers there take the Mrs. George Keppel incidents so seriously.

Met Her Swinging on the Front Gate

Friends of Dottie Ames and Sam Pond are pointing to them as present-day examples of the faithful lovers of our fairy books. Mr. Pond has been in love with Miss Ames ever since the day, years ago, he saw her hanging over her father's front gate at Santa Rosa. Dottie Ames is a niece of the Barclay Henleys and on her frequent visits to San Francisco the ex-Mayor's son was always very attentive. With the Klondike rush,

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JESSE MOORE
A A
WHISKEY
BEST ON EARTH

Sam Pond went to the frozen north but his long sojourn did not chill his ardor. On his return he found Miss Ames had not been carried off by another—and the wedding bells will chime for them in early spring.

Found a Fortune in the Big Canal

Contractors will have chances to make millions out of the Isthmian canal, according to Engineer Raoul Dutard, who has just returned from making a careful study of both routes. He thinks the American contractors will have by far the best chance at these millions because it was the American contractors who made by far the greatest clean-up in the old Panama days. The Slavin brothers of this city led the contractors of all nations in that race. They kept a drug store in Market street but the ownership in a newfangled dredger, that fairly ate up the earth before it, got them interested in Panama contracts and it wasn't long before they dropped their drug store and devoted themselves wholly to the new enterprise. As work progressed and they saw what golden opportunities lay before them they went East, got big capital into their schemes, floated powerful companies, and when the Panama company went to pieces they were millionaires many times over. Their remarkable good fortune was always attributed to the giant service of their dredgers, but according to Engineer Dutard, their success was in a great measure due to the careful way in which they housed and worked their men in that fever infested land. Dutard, who was under French contractors, says their camps were simply slaughterhouses; the men were worked on improper food and drink, and under the grossest sanitary conditions, and they died like flies. Wages went on while the sick were gasping in the hospitals, no money could be collected on the uncompleted contracts and bankruptcy cleaned out the Frenchmen.

Secret of His Success

The successful Americans attacked the enterprise altogether differently. Before Henry B. Slavin entered into any Panama contracts he made a careful study of the situation down there and figured out what he would have to do to keep his men in prime health and in daily working condition. He began by establishing medical and sanitary departments, cooking camps and sleeping and living quarters on military principles. He had a hospital and hospital ships as good as any the Red Cross society ever provided. He employed the best cooks money could lure to that blazing region and he had prime provisions regularly shipped to his camps from the United States. He didn't stop there but kept up this good work by having a regular sanitary corps who saw to it that the camps and their surroundings were maintained at the top notch. The Frenchmen thought Slavin was a lunatic to spend so much money in caring for his men. Of course it cost him a mint of money but he barreled half a dozen mints by this system. For instance, one of his contracts of several hundred thousand dollars yielded 120 per cent in a year. Indeed, his companies cleaned up so much that the Frenchmen used to say that all the money spent on the canal by the Panama company went into the United States. The Slavin brothers and their backers, Eugene Kelly, Bliss of Bliss, Morton & Co., and J. J. Phelan, got most of it.

Drowned Their Cares in Champagne

Warner Miller and a number of other big Eastern capitalists were hypnotized by the fortunes made by this coterie and they plunged heavily in the Nicaragua canal scheme. Some of the American stockholders in dredging and contracting companies, who had made money out of the Panama project, thought it was another golden chance and they transferred their interests in dredgers, machinery and the like to the new company. Then came the assessment and shortly afterwards everything was swallowed up. Both isthmian companies are in a bankrupt condition, unable to go ahead. That's why they are so anxious to sell out to the United States. Whichever route is now selected, this government will throw millions of dollars into pushing the work to completion and it is in the spending of these millions that the golden days of the contractors will come again, as it did with the Slavins. The Panama company spent four hundred millions in digging the incompleted ditch it is now willing to sell this government for forty millions. Most of it was spent like water. Mansions were built along the route of the canal for the directing officers to live in and princely salaries were paid them. Every effort was made on the part of the company to surround them with luxuries so they would forget la belle France for the time and be content to dwell in that blazing and fever infected climate. Champagne flowed like water and in the flood men tried to blind themselves to their surroundings. The voluptuous living along the line rivaled anything of its kind in the world. In a measure it accounted for the great death rate there. It used to be a trite saying along the canal that every foot of ground dug cost a man's life.

Mrs. Lovell White's Resignation

The first bombshell has exploded in the "color line" conflict in the California club in the resignation of Mrs. Lovell White from the presidency. That more

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explosions will come nobody doubts who has watched the vehement feelings and animosities engendered by the discussion. Mrs. White has worked indomitably for the club's welfare ever since she started it. Her best energies were exercised in trying to stave off the discussion of the question which threatens so much irreparable injury to the organization. But numbers of other influential members were stoutly determined to have it emphatically settled their own way. In consequence the last meetings have been slumbering tempests. Charges have been made and insinuations passed which I am sure the speakers will deeply regret when their vehemence has cooled.

The Great Fight in the California Club

The warmest meeting in the history of the California club was held last Tuesday in the terrific battle over the "color line." After a fashion good feeling was manifested on both sides, but—well, as one of the eagle-plumed champions subsequently tartly remarked, "Sweet smiles over the tea-cups won't settle this matter." Although some members knew that the question was to come up on January twenty-first, the club at large received no notification to that effect, and that was the beginning of the charges and trouble. The clever politicians on the colored sisters' side sent postals to their friends, and, as the conservatives declare, packed the meeting and forced the question to an issue. Could coarse men stand charged with coarser work? Members who never attend meetings were dug up for the occasion. By this means the vote was carried by about sixty to twenty. Thereupon rose cries of "Fraud," "Packed meeting," and the like. The vanquished declared they would bring the whole matter up again. So Mrs. E. L. Campbell, Mrs. J. H. Jewett and Mrs. James Denman issued a postal notice to every member of the club that at the meeting of the twenty-eighth one of them would move to rescind the action taken at the last meeting. So the fight was on with renewed vehemence.

Storm Centre of the Battle

Mrs. Lovell White, as chairman, may not be up to all the parliamentry tricks of the battle-scarred veterans and the war-horses of a dozen fraternal and woman-suffrage campaigns, but she is a lady. Apparently, the color line erasers were desperately "afraid of some trick." They kept telling each other "to watch out," to be prepared to challenge the vote, on the score of non-payment of dues, or neglect to sign the constitution. There was a great digging-up of dollars and penning of autographs. The secretary's dask became a veritable storm-centre. Mrs. Campbell, "the parliamentarian" of the club, persisted in making a daisy little speech, in which she discussed the subject before she had made her motion. For this course she was promptly called to order by cries of "Motion, motion." At last she delivered herself of her motion, and an attempt was promptly made to table the whole discussion. Eyes flashed and "things were said" and the hardest kind of a struggle followed to prevent a vote being taken. But the house was determined.

Hot Shot and Hard Feeling

Another contest developed over the time-keeper for speakers. Mrs. Sharon was chosen. Instantly there was a cry for a second time-keeper. When calls were made for Mrs. C. Mason Kinne, she refused, preferring to reserve her strength for the floor. She was terribly in earnest and was ready to fight the war all over again. It is to her that the club was indebted for the first real taste of exciting debate. At the very beginning she interrupted President White in the midst of a ruling to assure her "that we don't want the methods of a fourth ward politician brought into the California club." Mrs. White smiled her sweetest smile even in the face of this shot. What could be more delicious than her little speech before she announced the result of the ballot: "Ladies, after you know the result, I hope the victors will bear their victory with proper humbleness of spirit and try to endure the vanquished." And in this wise the color line was wiped out in the club, but—Mrs. Lovell White has resigned from the presidency, numbers of other influential members are looking daggers at each other and the battle will be resumed next Tuesday before the State Federation of Women's Clubs. The excitement isn't over by any means, and the "color line" still hangs high in the air.

Betty: Doesn't Susie look perfectly wretched these days?
Nettie: I wonder what's the cause?
Betty: Oh, she's disappointed in love.
Nettie: Why, she married the man of her choice.
Betty: That's just it.

A Malady for Croesuses Only

A certain medico of Napa, who is known for his skill and his charity, was asked recently to go to a town in the upper end of the valley to attend a young man, believed to be a victim of appendicitis.

"I'll go up on the next train," promised the doctor, "but tell me, has this patient any money?"

"No, doctor," said his friend, "I wish you'd be as light on him as possible."

"Well," replied the physician, "if he hasn't money he can't have appendicitis."

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She Writes Sunday School Books

Mrs. Isabel McDonald Alden is visiting in Los Angeles and is being feted by the women's clubs there and the religious societies. Mrs. Alden is from Boston and is best known in the literary world as "Pansy." Her books had a great vogue a few years ago among the churches and even now no Sunday-school library is considered complete without a set of them. Though they lay no claims to literary merit they are readable and have netted their author quite a tidy fortune, and have also swelled the receipts of their publisher, the D. Lothrop company. "Pansy's" muse is as prolific as that of Miss Braddon.

"I never gossip," confided Miss Telltale.

"What, never?" demanded her surprised friend.

"Never; whenever I want to hear my neighbors discussed I mention a name and simply listen to the remarks."

Who Owns the Wedding Presents?

What threatened to develop into a very serious difference between a well known young insurance man and his newly wedded wife has just been happily nipped in the bud by a sympathetic friend—oddly enough an attorney. Among the marriage presents was a beautiful silver chafing-dish outfit. Early in the honeymoon the young wife contracted the chafing-dish mania. The husband, however, enjoys a wholesome appetite that refuses to be restricted to the chafing-dish range of appetizers. He patiently controlled his gnawings for a time but as her fad showed no signs of waning, he began to protest and at last put his foot down—on the chafing-dish, figuratively speaking. This manner of objecting seemed unavailing, so one day when his wife was out he cleverly injured the chafing-dish so that it could never be used again. But the wife was clever in her own way. When she discovered what had been done she jestingly charged him with breaking the dish on purpose.

He Fell Into the Trap

Unthinkingly, he laughed and confessed that he had. The feelings of the wife promptly changed; she brust into tears and declared he was akin to a brute for destroying her wedding presents to glut his ill humor. The husband began to fire up under such charges and insisted that the dish was his own particular private property, as were all the wedding presents. The hot dispute that followed left the Sampson-Schley controversy deep in the ice-box. In all likelihood a divorce court in full swing would have been called on to settle the point had not the friend of the couple, an attorney, happened in. At once the case was dinned in his ears: to whom did the wedding presents belong, especially the chafing-dish? He was stumped for a moment but after going over the evidence he discovered that the chafing-dish had been addressed to the wife as a wedding present. She called him a Solomon, and turning to her crestfallen spouse she exclaimed: "There, didn't I tell you so?" The attorney seized the happy moment to read the young couple a sound lecture on marriage, divorce and alimony. Under the law, as he found it, if one sends a present to a person about to be married the gift belongs exclusively to the man or woman to whom it is intended and not necessarily to both of the contracting couple. Convention requires that the gift be sent to the bride's home and for the sake of delicacy no distinction is made between the bride or groom, but nevertheless the title to the gift rests in the person named by the sender. This information may save misunderstandings in some households.

"That actress has a queer idea of herself."

"Why?"

"She seems to think the more the audience sees of her the better they'll like her."

St. Dunstan's Not for Bachelors Only

There were evidently not enough well-to-do bachelors in San Francisco to fill St. Dunstan's, otherwise I cannot account for the fact that the fair sex has been admitted within the precincts of the apartment house originally designed "for gentlemen only." A few weeks ago I ran over a list of local bachelors who "keep house." The list was short and will probably diminish more this year, as I hear rumors that one or two of the house-keeping bachelors are seriously pondering matrimony. Anyhow, St. Dunstan's is not to be wholly inhabited by bachelors. Some of the apartments have been engaged by young married people who have grown tired of housekeeping on a large scale and prefer to live as so many smart people do in New York, with all the comforts of home about them and none of the disadvantages of a storied house or independent flat. As there is to be a cafe attached to St. Dunstan's, under Mr. John Tait's supervision, "keeping house" there will be an easy task. The Burns McDonalds were among the first to apply for apartments in St. Dunstan's under the new rule and they expect to be settled by the middle of Lent.

Discovery of a Red Clay in Colorado and its remarkable Effect upon the Hair

This Clay is nothing more nor less than mud and water, which comes from a mine in Colorado. The Clay is perfectly harmless, will not stain the most delicate skin. Applied to the hair it changes it to beautiful shades, such as no hair dye has ever succeeded in producing. The color is regulated by the number of hours in the Clay bath—light shades from one-half hour to two hours—medium shades from two to six hours—dark from six to twelve hours. Gray hair can be changed to original color without changing the natural color, or the following tints with darker or lighter shades as desired: Black, brown, auburn and Titian red. Peroxide hair will take a rich golden or chestnut. Unlike dyes, the Clay stain is permanent, never wears off; can only be bleached off. The luxury of the shampoo can be indulged in at will as it does not effect the stain in any particular. The Clay never fails to leave the hair soft and glossy, and the one great point we claim for the Clay stain is its perfectly natural appearance. It defies detection. FRANCES C. SHERMAN
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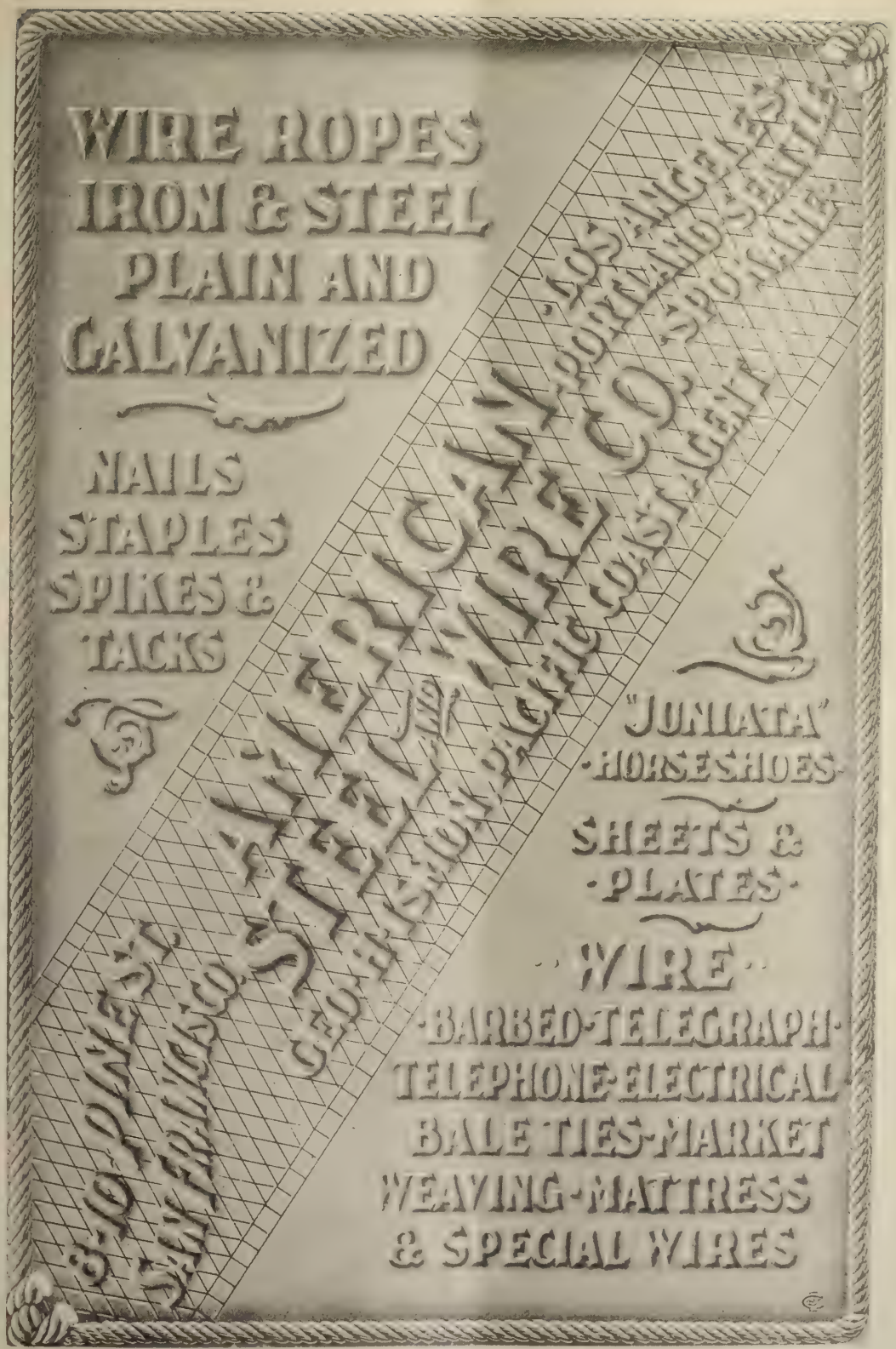
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His Study in Red

Preston Haynes took great credit to himself for having "discovered" the Glaston carriage house. The upper story certainly made an ideal studio, being large, sunny, and exquisitely finished in natural woods. It had been a nine days' wonder when old Glaston built it, but right after that the crash came, and never had the presence of a horse or even a carriage profaned it. Glaston blew out his brains, and his widow was reduced to the usual expedient of keeping boarders. She was a little faded woman with a hopeless expression of countenance, as though she had nothing more to expect from life. She lived like a nun, seeing nobody but her boarders and going nowhere but to make her daily purchases. There had been a Miss Gaston, the possessor of a Voice and Aspirations. Being a modern young woman with a will of her own she had found her way to New York and finally to Europe for purposes of study. The great world seemed to have swallowed her up.

Preston Haynes fitted up his quarters luxuriously, installing his art treasures collected abroad and what he chose to keep of his mother's belongings. He was the envy of all his acquaintances. The stable had a separate entrance on a narrow avenue, and being intended for occupancy by a coachman contained a complete suite of cosy little rooms. The view from the windows was unsurpassed: in one direction the Bay, its islands and Tamalpais; in the other directions the streets and dwellings of the busy city. The Jap from the big house kept his rooms in order, and Mrs. Glaston, in overlooking household affairs, flitted in and out like a gray ghost.

Haynes was working on a picture for the spring exhibition. It was a danseuse, all in red against a red background and holding a magnificent red rose. Withal, she had a veritable crown of red hair. As the face of the danseuse began to take distinct shape on the canvas the landlady began to show an interest in the work till at last she watched it narrowly as though fascinated. Haynes felt this to be a tribute to his art and made a remark to that effect.

"It reminds me of some one I used to know," said she, simply.

One day she found him studying a collection of photographs and sketches. She saw at once that they represented the original of the painting. The beautiful bold girl was represented in every possible pose and costume, or, more properly speaking, lack of costume. The landlady examined the photographs slowly, deliberately.

"These are all the same person?" said she, at length.

"Yes, the original of my picture."

"Who was she—an actress?"

"A singer in a cafe chantant, a model, everything, anything."

"You knew her?"

"Well, rather. We were good friends in the old days before she got her duke and her diamonds."

"Then she was not—not—a good—woman?"

"My dear Mrs. Glaston, what would you have? She had her good qualities. All the virtues are not comprised in one, you know. At all events, she has 'arrived,' as I said a moment ago."

Day after day, as the painting progressed, the landlady came in, and plied Haynes with questions about "La Belle Rhoda." She listened hungrily, never having enough of anecdote and description. Haynes rambled on, gathering inspiration from these chats, and fancying that his painting was all the better for them. He chuckled to himself with amusement, regarding it all as an old woman's curiosity about affairs out of her world.

At last the painting was finished. That day Mrs. Glaston came in with a bundle of photographs and bade him look at them. One was a little girl in dancing school dress—short skirts, light shoes and stockings, and bare, thin arms. The others were the same girl grown up, showing her in various costumes and poses. She was a beautiful, bold woman with a crown of thick, mutinous hair—the woman of his painting.

"My God," exclaimed the artist, "who is this? How did you come by these?"

"This was my daughter."

"Why—why didn't you—oh, if I had known, if I had supposed for a moment—"

"But you could not suppose. And I wanted to know—all—"

She turned and went away. Next day she did not appear. A little later the Japanese servant came in and told him that his mistress had been found dead in her bed with the gas turned on. An accident, of course.

Hayne's Study in Red was the success of the spring exhibition. *The Impressionist.*

Lord Temple cigars are smoked by all clubmen who will take nothing but the best.

COULDN'T FILL THE—PARTS

The Princess of the pantomime
  Was very sad at heart,
For while the others talked, she had
  Almost a thinking part.

Said she to the Stage-Manager:
  "I think it's horrid mean
The Prince has almost all the 'fat'
  And I have all the lean.

"She is quite plain, and cannot act,
  It needs but half a glance
To see that I am better far
  Both in the song and dance."

"You should be Prince, of course," he said,
  "If merit got its rights,
But though you well could fill her part
  You could not fill her tights!"

—*The Call Boy.*

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To a Victim of Gossip

Let the ancient tabbies spit,
Belle Marie;
Writhing in a righteous fit,
Belle Marie;
Arch their backs and show their claws,
In your beauty find a cause—
Peacock never pleased the daws,
Belle Marie.

You're our own Parisienne,
Belle Marie;
If you flirt a bit—what then?
Belle Marie?
Shall the sun refuse to shine?
Shall we drink sour grapes or wine?
Take their withered smiles for thine,
Belle Marie?

You've a weapon in your eyes,
Belle Marie;
Sharper than their venomed lies,
Belle Marie;
They may aim their idle darts,
Far above their feline arts,
You're the mistress of our hearts,
Belle Marie. —C. W.

FAIRIES WILL REVEL.

Next Saturday will be opened the fairy carnival at the Mechanic's Pavilion, for which Manager Buckley has been diligently working during the past two months. Not since the famous Authors' Carnival will the Pavilion have been the scene of such a picturesque and artistic affair. Bothwell Brown has drilled his little dancers until they are perfect in the charming evolutions of the fairy ballet. The grand march will be a beautiful sight. On the opening night "He is a Native Son," a clever musical production, will be presented and there will be tableaux and other numbers. Arrangements have been made for different evenings to be given over to societies and organizations, the members of which will be admitted as the guests of the management on those nights. The carnival will be open daily (Sunday excepted), from one to eleven o'clock p. m. There will be refreshment stands of all sorts in the building, and everything possible will be provided for the comfort of the visitors.

A CHANCE FOR COLLECTORS.

This is the time of year when the knowing dilettante goes to work to improve his collection of articles of vertu and objets d'art. It is all very well for the wealthy householder who never misses the price of an expensive painting, statue or vase to buy when it suits his fancy. But the man or woman with less well-filled pocket-books waits for the annual clearance sale at a standard art store, and then hastens to browse among the shelves of bric-a-brac and to unearth the priceless gems of art that are "marked down." The connoisseur is reveling just now in the annual clearance sale at Gump's, 113-115 Geary street. Next week will probably mark the close of this sale, for art lovers are taking brisk advantage of the cut in prices on the Gump art treasures. All the goods are being sold at twenty per cent discount. The lover of fine porcelain stands in rapture before the array of dainty cups and saucers, dinner and tea sets that are included in the clearance sale. The porcelains at Gump's are of very uncommon makes and shapes. The discount extends to the glassware and to the art goods' department upstairs, where the pictures, lamps, fancy stands and pedestals, with exquisite table and mantel ornaments and clocks, are all included in the annual clearance sale.

THE RACES.

The interest taken in the winter meeting of the California Jockey Club this season exceeds all expectations of the management. Every day there is a large crowd at the Oakland track and on Saturdays the attendance is especially good. Today a fine card has been arranged, every event being interesting. The horses entered include most of the favorites of Californian and Eastern ownership.

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STAGE

Miss Roberts in New Plays

Miss Florence Roberts, who opens her fifth annual season at the Alcazar in June, returned from New York last week bringing with her some very strong plays, which she will produce during her season. After "Zaza," which will be the feature of her season, the strongest play among them will be "Drusa Wayne" by Franklin Fyles. It is a powerful drama and had it been written for Miss Roberts could not be better suited to her great emotional powers. Miss Roberts promises an exceptional production of it. A strong play by the late Steele McKaye, a new one by Charlotte Thompson and one by another Californian writer will also be produced by Miss Roberts during her stay at the Alcazar. The advance both financially and artistically in Miss Roberts' seasons each year shows a marked increase in her popularity. She has a select and large following and draws an entirely different class of people during her season than attend the theatre in the winter seasons. She will as usual bring special support and some very handsome gowns, and quite the best season yet is expected for her.

Better than the Orignal Production

"The Ameer" made a much more emphatic hit at the Tivoli on Monday night than when Frank Daniels produced it at the Columbia. The swing of the music is brought out by Director Steindorff's men with fine effect and Ferris Hartman's quips and pranks speedily put the audience into good humor with itself and the opera. "The Ameer" is not one-half so good as "The Wizard of the Nile," nor one-quarter so good as "The Idol's Eye," but it is good for a solid run at the Tivoli with the strong cast at present presenting it. Harold Gordon, Frances Graham and Anna Lichter were all accorded a round of applause on their entrance Monday night, long-sustained hand-clappings welcoming the returned feminine pilgrims. Each of the three had a chance to earn an enthusiastic encore when the solos were apportioned, and bouquets were thrown over the footlights to them all. The choruses are finely sung, with spirit and understanding. The opera is staged with splendor and the costumes are handsome.

A Strong Organization

Even in the palmiest days of the Tivoli I can remember no season when the company was stronger, musically considered, than it is now. The principals not only can sing and act but they possess voices. Anna Lichter's soprano is of fine quality and though her work in "The Ameer" is not showing her at her best, she will be in perfect form by the time "The Serenade" and the Alice Neilsen operas are produced. Frances Graham, also, is not shown at her best in the Daniels opera which, having been written for a comedian star, is weak in the other roles. But Miss Graham will have her chance later on. In "The Serenade" she will have several strong numbers that will give opportunity to that soft, velvety contralto. Miss Lichter's spirituelle type and the more voluptuous beauty of Miss Graham are in artistic contrast and it is seldom one finds a leading soprano and contralto that balance so well. I cannot recall when the company has had such a tenor as Harold Gordon. If our climate agrees with his voice, he promises to become an acquisition that the management will do well to retain through more than one season. His tenor is singularly pure. He does not, however, handle it so well as he might if he had a better method. His intonation is throaty and only in the upper register does he manage to show of what rich timbre his organ is built. Arthur Cunningham has one of the most valuable voices in the company. His is a strong baritone under admirable control. Annie Myers, too, has a voice of remarkable value, a sweet and well trained mezzo soprano. With Ferris Hartman at the head of the trio of clever comedians—Harry Cashman and Edward Webb being the others—surely this is a splendid aggregation. The chorus contains many singers of both sexes that are capable of creditably assuming speaking roles on short notice. The array of operas underlined to follow "The Ameer" is interesting—first, the melodious "Serenade," then "The Singing Girl," and "The Fortune Teller"; the first is now in preparation. I should be glad to see a revival of "Bluff King Hal" during the engagement of these good singers. How beautifully would the voices of Anna Lichter and Harold Gordon blend in that exquisite love duet, and how cleverly would Ferris Hartman and Miss Graham act the roles of Mistress Dorothy and the High Constable. I should also like to see during the season Giacomo Minkowsky's "The Smugglers of Badayez" and Clay Greene's "Maid of Plymouth." But one ought not to ask too much. "The Serenade" ought to be enough.

A Titled Amateur

The Marquis of Annesley says his jewels are paste. These jewels were the ones that created such a sensation in the production of "Aladdin" by amateurs at Lord Anglesey's place in Wales, Plas Newydd, during the last week of the old year. Fully ten thousand dollars were spent upon the costumes and magnificent jewels were worn. Lord Anglesey is passionately fond of jewels and his attire is always enriched by price less gems. He owns as many as an Indian Prince. In the private theatricals at his place in one scene he wore a coat encrusted with diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds, embroidered in an elaborate and complicated design. However, these are the jewels that the titled amateur says were nothing but paste.

Good Vaudeville Turns

Every wheelman in town should see the "cycle whirl" at the Orpheum this week. It is the most sensational act on wheels that has been seen here. Gus Seyfried and F. W Sheelor are the riders and their turn fully fulfills the description on the bill—"every known law of gravity defied." They cycle in an inclined and enclosed circle. There is nothing of the trick rider in their act; all is legitimate. But there are times when one's eyes can scarcely follow the wheelsmen, so swiftly they fly around the circle. It is a great act. Beside the cycle whirlers, the other star number on this week's bill is Josephine Sabel, whose charm never withers. Custom could never stale the infinite variety of Sabel, who holds a place equal to that of Lydia Yeamans Titus in the hearts of Orpheum audiences. Sabel wears her hair a new way, and she wears a long skirt with a waist cut several degrees higher than of yore, otherwise she has not changed. Her new songs are like her new frock in being less pronounced than the old. But her new version of "A Hot Time," given to satisfy insistent encores, is chicly original, as is her assortment of late slang terms. I always wonder that Paris ever lets Sabel leave her. She is as great a favorite abroad as she is here, which is saying a good deal. The junior member of Jordan & Crouch is agility itself. The little Japs, the Nambas, are clever. Kelly and Violette wear some stunning costumes.

A Modern Melodrama

Edwin Arden, the actor who, like Robert Drouet, dares to defy fate by writing plays, has composed a rattling good melodrama. He has gathered together all the best situations

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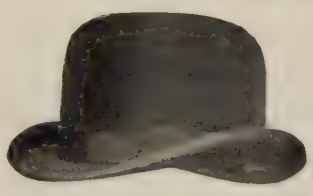

At the egg-nog parties now all the vogue in society Chapin & Gore's whiskies are the brand used

in standard melodramas and the result is "Zorah." In the first place this play, which has made such a hit at the Grand this week, has a splendid scenic environment. In the second place it has startling climaxes that, like the continued stories in the blood-and-thunder weeklies, always make one long for the next instalment. Given fine scenery and sensational climaxes and add to them a fervid dialogue and intense situations, what more could a melodrama want? Characters, of course, that combine all these qualities—picturesqueness, fervor, intensity—and these Mr. Arden has provided in the persecuted Jews and the American girl and man. The Governor, too, is a strong character. Mr. Arden is not well adapted to the Rabbi's role but as he wrote the play he may be forgiven for miscasting himself. Miss Hall as Zorah and Mr. Mayall as the Chicago broker do admirable work. Mr. and Mrs. Crane are welcome additions to the company, respectively playing the parts of the Governor and the American girl.

Attractions Next Week

"The Ameer" will run all next week at the Tivoli.

"Coralie & Co. Dressmakers," will be seen for the last time at the Alcazar tomorrow night. On Monday evening will be given Joaquin Miller's famous old Californian story which McKee Rankin helped him to arrange for the stage, "The Danites." The plot of the play, it will be recalled, centres around a society of Mormons who were banded together for the extermination of men and their families who had killed Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet. Realistic scenes of the pioneer days will add to the interest of the production, and the management intends to exert itself to do "The Danites" full justice.

"A Man of Mystery" will give place at the Central on Monday night to "Master and Man," a powerful melodrama that has not been seen here in years.

Marion Crawford's novel, "In the Palace of the King," is one of the most popular of his works, and introduces Don John and other historic characters. Lorimer Stoddard's dramatization of the novel is said to be remarkably good, not detracting in any way from its strength but rather adding to it. The play will be the Columbia's attraction next week, with Viola Allen in the character of Dolores. The prices for the engagement are two dollars, one dollar and a half, one dollar, seventy-five, fifty, and twenty-five cents. The Columbia announces as early attractions, "Way Down East," and Augustus Thomas' most succesful play, "Arizona."

Though "Zorah" has made such a hit at the Grand it will be withdrawn after tomorow night to make way for "Jim, the Penman." The latter is one of the most popular dramas ever written and never loses its drawing powers. Edwin Arden, who has established himself firmly in favor with the Grand Opera House's audiences, will be the title hero—or villain, what you will.

Adelina Roattino, prima donna, will lead the novelties on next week's Orpheum bill. Joseph Reichens and his hand balancing dogs, direct from Europe, will be new here. The Faust trio—Victor Jerome ("The Demon"), Lottie Fremont, the mechanical doll, and Harry N. Walsh, the diminutive comedian—will present "The Haunted Mill," abounding in surprises. Josephine Sabel, Kelly and Violette, Jordan and Crouch, the Da Comas and the great cycle whirl will all be on the program. Sabel has two new songs.

—*The Playgoer.*

A POPULAR RESTAURANT'S REMOVAL

Since 1876 the Original Vienna Bakery, Cafe and Restaurant has been established at 205 Kearny street. For the last three years Mr. F. B. Galindo has been the manager, and under his management the Original Vienna increased in popularity, being liberally patronized to an extent that finally caused its removal to larger quarters. The new location of the Vienna Bakery is at 133-135 O'Farrell street, next to the Orpheum, which is both central and convenient. The same prices that made the Vienna at its old location so popular will prevail at the new cafe.

The well known Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra has re-opened for the Fourth Season, 1901-1902. To guarantee promptness, all engagements must be made at the Studio, 718 Post street. Telephone Polk 1575. School hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m

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There is nothing in the world more delightful than a drink of good whiskey—and Jesse Moore is good whiskey.

MUSIC

Josef Hofmann's Art

The big audience that filled the Columbia last Tuesday afternoon was at once conquered by the earnestness and simplicity of Josef Hofmann's art. The pianist, though he is twenty-four years of age now and no longer to be termed a phenomenon, appears still but a lad. There is nothing freakish about him. The same direct and sincere characteristics that mark Josef Hofmann the man are shown in the work of the pianist. He is absolutely without pretense. His appearance, with his short hair and pleasant, open countenance, is as devoid of affectation as his playing. His program included Haydn's F minor variations, Beethoven's Sonate Appassionata Schubert's Impromptu in G major and Soiree de Vienne, Chopin's ballade in A flat, Prelude No. 25 and valse in A flat, Liszt's Gnomenreigen, Schumann's Nachstucke, Moszkowski's Jongleur and the overture to "Tannhauser." His playing of all these varied themes and emotions was positive, intellectually valuable, clear and strong. The "Tannhauser" overture was waited for with interest, as this is considered one of the greatest things in Hofmann's repertory, and on a par with Rosenthal's great Schumann number. It was a masterly technical feat, and roused the audience to such a pitch of excitement that, though it was the concluding number, nobody would go until the applause had brought the pianist out again to bow, in his quiet, composed manner. He finally responded to the plaudits by seating himself at the piano and giving the most brilliant rendition ever heard here of the Schubert-Tausig "Marche Militaire." This and the Liszt number were the most showy of his selections. The Chopin ballade was a poetic interpretation, and the Schumann "Nachstucke," though the audience failed to give it its due meed of applause, was a beautiful number. The more one hears a player like Hofmann the more one is sure to like him. I read his "Five Piano Lessons" in last Sunday's *Chronicle*, and found them of interest and value. Like their author's playing, they appeal directly to the understanding. There are no unnecessary words. He says what he has to say in few sentences, but none of these could be omitted. The second Hofmann recital occurred yesterday. On Thursday night Tuesday's program was repeated in Oakland. To satisfy the demand, two extra recitals will be given week after next in Metropolitan hall, one on Wednesday night, the twelfth, and one on Saturday afternoon, the fifteenth, the programs for which will be shortly announced.

The Symphony Season

The first concert of the second series of symphony concerts was given yesterday, too late for review this week. The third concert of the first series showed conclusively that the orchestra is going to do excellent work under Paul Steindorff's direction now that it is getting accustomed to his leadership. And the leader is warming to his work. He has found his bearings, so to speak, and is sure to forge ahead in a manner that augurs well for the permanency of our symphony orchestra. Walter Damrosch constantly reiterated that the musical life of our city would never amount to anything without a permanent symphony orchestra. Through the efforts of the San Francisco Symphony Society we seem about to gain such an orchestra. There are still some of our best musicians, members of the Bauer and other symphony orchestras, who have failed to enroll themselves within the present organization. But as it stands, it is a band of very earnest workers, all anxious to gain perfection by steady practice. Steindorff is very popular with his men and they recognize the concert master, Minetti, as one of themselves and a worthy second to the leader. If the second series of symphony concerts fulfills the hopes of the society, it will be encouraged to hold together for good and all. Those who fancy the Symphony Society is expecting to make money by the concerts are much mistaken. At the low prices of subscription and admission, even if the Grand Opera House were packed at every concert, there would be but a small surplus in the treasury. It is an artistic success that the society looks for, and its work is undertaken in the cause of musical culture.

The Nordica Concerts

The first Nordica recital, on Tuesday night, will be a society affair, of course. There will be three concerts next week, all in Metropolitan hall. Tuesday and Thursday nights and Saturday matinee are the dates of the recitals. I gave the program of the first recital last week; it will include "Voi Che Sapeti" from "The Marriage of Figaro," Brunhilde's Call from "Die Walkure," ballads by MacDowell, d'Hardelot, Grieg and others. At the second recital Elsa's Dream from "Lohengrin" will be sung and the aria from Erkel's "Laslos," also the polonaise from "Mignon." The song cycle by Von Fielitz, "Eliland," is on the third program, the Saturday matinee. Prices for the recitals range from one to three dollars. Mr. E. Romayne Simmons, pianist, will assist Madame Nordica at her recitals.

Bouvier and Greenbaum have several fine attractions to follow Nordica. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra in concerts is the first.

At the Von Meyerinck School

The Von Meyerinck School of Music will give a children's recital this afternoon in the recital hall of the school, when the following program will be presented: Piano duet, La Grace, Bohm, Alice Levy, assisted by Miss Nedda Blackaller; piano, By the Spring, Gurlett, By the Fireside, Chittenden, Lonely Rose, Hazel Sexton; songs, Rocking Baby, Neidlinger, Evening Star, Das Wandern, Schubert, Pearl Giles; piano, Little Waltz, Hunting song, Echment, Maud Curley; songs—Sik and Leven, King Cole, McCurrie, Our Flag, Neidlinger, Herbert von Meyerinck; piano, Evening Star, Chittenden, duet, March, Wessey Skillen; songs—Butterfly Page's song from McCurrie's "Rival Queens," In Winter, Nevin, Hardenroslei, Schubert, Hazel Sexton; club swinging, children's physical culture class, under direction of Mrs. McKay; piano duet, march, Herman Frank, Hazel Sexton and Herbert von Meyerinck; piano, Valse Serieuse, Fradel, Birthday Song, Rohde, Hunting Song, Spindler, H. von Meyerinck; recitation, Lucile Luise, The Hospital, Hazel Sexton; piano, Bitte, Emery, Alice Levy; piano, duet, Polka, Rohde, H. von Meyerinck, assisted by Madame von Meyerinck. On February thirteenth, a dramatic recital will be given with this program: Song of the Norns, Hofmann, by Class I and II; soli, Misses Maude Fay and Helen Heath; second act of "The Freischutz," Weber—Agathe, Miss Helen Heath, Aennchen, Miss Mae Cullen, Bridesmaid, Miss Craig, chorus by the dramatic class. On the nineteenth there will be a piano recital by the pupils, assisted by a vocal quartet and a solo violin.

Camilla Urso

Camilla Urso, who died last week, was very well known here, both among society and musical people. She was always much entertained when in San Francisco. On her last visit she appeared at the Orpheum, having taken her speaking violin into vaudeville. Madame Urso was an indefatigable worker. Every day she took an hour for slow and patient practice in making long-sustained notes. This was to obtain a strong and pure tone. Then she played scales and finger exercises for two more hours, and then such sonatas and other great works as she used in her concerts. In all this she never hurried, never gave any particular expression to her music, and seldom played it up to the full time in which the piece is written. Everything was played slowly, carefully and thoughtfully. When the long practice hours were over, and she came upon the stage to play, all thoughtful effort was abandoned, and her emotions controlled the music. The practicing was mere mental and technical work—the performance the blooming of a great genius in music.

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New York City, STEINWAY HALL

A piano recital was given in Byron Mauzy hall last Friday evening by pupils of Miss Clara Nolan, assisted by Mr. Bautista Boronda, tenor. A program of twenty-three numbers was successfully rendered, the participants being Misses Clara Gorham, Lillian Olsen, Hazel Dodge, Helena Bredhoff, Pearl Vidy, Dorothy Farrell, Mary G. Fitzpatrick, Kathryn and May Powers, Kathryn Sullivan, Evelyn Kiley, Miriam Grace, Adele Coleman, Marguerite Gorham, Elvise Nolan, Grace Gleason, Ella and Martha Hoyt and Alice Dwyer, Master Raymond Nolan and Miss Clara Nolan. A large audience enjoyed the recital.

Madame Fabbri-Mueller's seventieth birthday was celebrated on Monday evening with a testimonial concert under the patronage of the leading musical people of the city. The program was contributed by Mrs. Birmingham, Miss Joseph, Madame de Seminario, Miss Samuels, Mrs. de Mott, Miss George, the Pasmore sisters, Messrs. Aspland, Barnhart, Pasmore, Hecht, Lewis and Fickenscher. All the prominent musicians and patrons of music were in attendance at the concert.

At the recent election of officers in the Music Teachers' Association of California the following were chosen to fill the positions for the ensuing year: President, H. W. Patrick; vice-president, A. Spadina; secretary, Mrs. J. A. Whiteside; treasurer, Mrs. P. O. Paterson. The directors elected were Joseph Greven, T. O. Herzog and Madame Ellen Coursen-Roeckel.

Dr. Stewart in Boston

The *Churchman* of New York in a recent issue pays a flattering tribute to the ability of Dr. H. J. Stewart as a composer of sacred music. Dr. Stewart's Christmas oratorio, "The Nativity" was performed in Trinity church, Boston, of which the composer is now organist and director, this being its initial performance in that city under his direction, though the Sunday before it had been performed in Park Congregational church. The oratorio was sung by the regular choir of the church assisted by Mrs. Follett, soprano, Mrs. Sawyer, contralto, Frederic Smith, tenor and Arthur Beresford, bass, Claud Fisher, violinist and Van Veachton Rogers, harpist. Dr. Stewart presided at the organ. The *Churchman* says: "It will doubtless increase the already favorable impression that Mr. Stewart has made since being identified with the musical life of Boston."

—*The Music Critic*

The Pearls will be Real

There have been plays written up to and around many objects since Nicholas Nickleby participated in a drama built about a pump. "Blue Jeans" was written around a buzz-saw, and "Under the Gaslight" around a steam engine. But an opera written around a smile is the newest. Edna Wallace Hopper is to have it—"The Laughing Lady." Edna's portrait, with all her teeth showing in a broad laugh, has been familiar to bill posters and half-tone artists for years. She wil not need to have new posters made when she stars in "The Laughing Lady," which is, by the way, not founded in any way upon Mrs. Verdenals's "The Laughing Girl," which Clara Lipman and Louis Mann produced here many seasons back.

Credit to the Helpers

Ernest Seton-Thompson, in his note to the reader prefacing "Lives of the Hunted," explains the part which Mrs. Seton-Thompson takes in the preparation of his books. "The stories are written by myself, and all the pictures, including the marginals, are my own handiwork; but in choice of subject to illustrate, in ideas of its treatment, and in technical book-making and the preliminary designs for cover and title page, and in the literary revision of the text, her assistance has been essential. In giving special credit for the book-making, I am standing for a principle. Give a person credit for his work, and he will put his heart in it. Every book lovingly made should bear the maker's name; then we should have more books of the kind that the old masters left behind." In this Mr. Seton-Thompson is carrying out an idea expressed some time ago by J. H. Bulloch, English correspondent of the *Book-Buyer*. Mr. Bulloch suggested that the general public would take more interest in knowing who was responsible for perfect typography and press work than in who edited or annoted a book, and he suggested that, instead of letting some learned obscurity earn a vicarious fame by having his name appear on the title page of some reprinted classic, it would be more to the purpose to let the real book-maker reap the reward of his labor. Then we might have modern printers and publishers, whose names would be as well known and stand for as much as any of the celebrated craftsmen of earlier centuries. It is becoming quite common, however, within the last few years, for publishers to give due credit, on the reverse of the title page, to the printer or pressman, if not both, and lovers of books are learning to know that certain firms can be depended upon to produce good work. It will take some time before the whole public is educated, but there is no reason in the world why the names of book-makers should not be as well known as those of other manufacturers, and why the purchaser intent on excellence of workmanship and good taste should not ask for the productions of some favorite publisher, just as one asks for French china or cut glass.

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Never was the demand for Hunter Baltimore Rye better than during the past year. The sales of this standard brand of whisky, known all over the world as "the American gentleman's drink," have been enormous and are always on the increase. Hunter Rye is handled by the Christy & Wise Co., Inc., 223 California street, San Francisco.

Here is a recent palmistry prediction in a local daily: "Mrs Jack Jacks—Your greatest ambition in life will yet be realized. You will become a widow in the fall of 1907."

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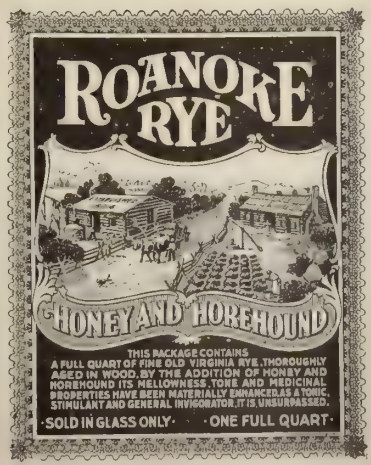

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LETTERS

Stoddard's "Footprints"

It is all too seldom that the veteran Charles Warren Stoddard places his name on a title page, and we have, therefore, double reason for rejoicing in his latest book, which cannot fail to be of special interest to Californians. Mr. Stoddard left New York, a boy of twelve years, for the distant land of California and the first half of his volume, "In the Footprints of the Padres," details his recollections of the voyage upon the two oceans and across "the isthmus," and life in the early days of San Francisco. Pioneer days and pioneer times have been described by all sorts and conditions of people until there would seem to be but little left to tell, but Mr. Stoddard has given us a new point of view, that of a child when children were few. There is hardly a page that does not yield some gem of description or some reminiscence that sends the mind wandering back to the days that are no more. Telegraph Hill, with its tiny houses clinging like birds' nests, where "their garden-plots were set on end; they must needs adapt themselves to the angle of demarkation; they loomed above their front yards while their back yards lorded it over their roofs"; Black Point, a wilderness of scrub oak; the old "plank road" to the Mission Dolores, then a separate settlement, the Willows, Russ Garden, South Park and Lone Mountain. There are a boy's glimpses of the wide-open gambling houses, strolls through Chinatown, journeys of exploration and adventure beyond the limits of settlement, and that primitive industry of smelting the solder from old tin cans, by which the young Argonauts put money into their purses. The temptation toward making extracts is withstood only by the difficulty of choosing selections. "A Memory of Monterey" recalls the "dear, old, stupid town" of but half a dozen thinly populated streets, before she fell into the hands of a Croesus" and became a summer resort. "Inland Yachting," "Egg-Pickers of the Farallones," "A Bit of Old China," and "In a California Bungalow," make up the remainder of the contents. Some ninety pages under the title "A Mysterious History" are devoted to the story of Theresa Longworth, Lady Yelverton, Viscountess Avonmore, whose singular history was the basis of Wilkie Collins' novel, "Man and Wife," and who came to San Francisco on a lecturing and elocutionary tour which proved a dismal failure. The illustrations are of unusual interest since they are mostly reproductions of contemporary photographs; there are two drawings by Peixotto, and the cover design, by McQuaid, represents a procession of friars against the sunset sky entering the church of the Carmel Mission. It is a pity that a book so meritorious in every other respect should be marred by inexcusably careless proof-reading. One can hardly pardon even the compositor of San Francisco for such slips as "Knob" Hill or Josiah "Joyce," and these are but two of a host. "Footprints of the Padres" is published by A. M. Robertson and adds one more to the number of exceptionally artistic volumes which he has lately produced.

The Divorce Question Novelly Treated

'Let Not Man Put Asunder" is a novel treating with the divorce problem, and handling the same without gloves. Though it deals primarily with the lives of Petrina Faneuil and Henry Vassall, they are not the only characters who play with the fire, and though the principal scenes take place in Boston, there is a shifting to London and Italy before the final dropping of the curtain in Boston. Petrina Faneuil, the last of her family, inheriting wealth and position, decides to marry Henry Vassall, a descendant of the Puritans. Petrina's main motive in marrying is to obtain more liberty. "Her attitude towards marriage was that which she assumed towards the world; it was not to give but to get; not to enter into a husband's life, but to absorb a husband's into her own." Vassall has views almost diametrically opposite. He is of the opinion that a man is the head of the family and believes in the permanency of matrimony, while Petrina regards it as a "temporary co-operation," and from the first has planned for a speedy divorce. A pretext for separation is found within a year from the marriage and divorce follows in due time. A daughter of the Vassalls, married to Sir Humphrey de Bohun, has become a leader in the Prince's fast set in England. She flirts, gambles, and neglects her children, and finally, with a view primarily to marrying some one else, divorces her husband, in order as she says to give her children a father. Dick Lechmere, another scion of Puritan stock, has divorced his wife, an operatic prima donna, for good and sufficient reasons. These are the principal actors in the drama. Though there is no question about the stand which Basil King, the author of the novel, has taken about the advisability of seeking divorce on trivial grounds, there is less certainty about the desirability of holding man or woman bound through life to an undesirable partner. It is not the resort to divorce in cases of necessity, but the abuse which is the crying evil. It is possible that an occasional and exceptional woman, in families where divorce has not yet become all but hereditary, may look her position squarely in the face, and see herself as second-rate and damaged goods, but it will be only the exception. Mr. King is undoubtedly right in setting forth the social ostracism of the separated as the solution of the problem, but it is not so easy to see how society is to be brought to view the matter in this light. Mothers, themselves divorced, cannot refuse recognition to daughters who have followed in the path where they have led, nor can fathers and husbands insist on drawing a line which will exclude their own relatives. The woman of social position today who attempted to make distinctions based on divorce would find herself alone in her mansion. When ministers and legislators head the scrambling procession to the divorce court, and lawyers put forth their noblest efforts in finding loopholes in the law, who is there to make public opinion? The state of society as Mr. King describes it in the fast set of England will do very well as descriptive of smart society anywhere else. "Let Not Man Put Asunder" is a sane and wholesome book and the situations and conversations are by no means confined to discussions of the divorce question. There are some intensely dramatic scenes, some of them not without a touch of comedy. The conversations sparkle with wit, without being so intensely brilliant and epigrammatic as to be unnatural. This is one of the series of novels dealing with special phases of American life the publication of which was undertaken some time ago by the Harpers and the venture has given us some of the most notable, if not the best selling books of the year.

—The Bookworm.

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Notice To Creditors

Estate of Carl Peter Schulz also called Charles Brown also called Charles Philibert Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. BOLAND, Administrator of the Estate of Carl Peter Schulz, also called Charles Brown, also called Charles Philibert deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business No. 238 Montgomery street, San Francisco the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

P. BOLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of Carl Peter Schulz, also called Charles Brown also called Charles Philibert Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, January 4th, 1902.

M. C HASSETT, Attorney for Administrator,
308-10-12 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

Estate of L. SAINSERE, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. BOLAND, Administrator of the Estate of L. Sainsere deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, No. 238 Montgomery Street, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

P. BOLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of L. SAINSERE, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco January 18, 1902

M. C. Hassett, Attorney for Administrator. 308-10-12 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Estate of ELLEN HOLLAND, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, JOHN HOLLAND, Administrator of the Estate of Ellen Holland deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said John Holland, Administrator of the Estate of Ellen Holland, deceased, at Room 411 Parrott Building, No. 855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN HOLLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of Ellen Holland, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, January 18th, 1902.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Administrator,
Parrott Building, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE PACIFIC COLONIAL SHIP COMPANY

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a resolution of the Board of Directors of the Pacific Colonial Ship Co., a corporation, unanimously and duly adopted at a meeting of the Board of Directors duly and regularly held at the office of said Company, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 30th day of December, 1901, a special meeting of the stockholders of the said Pacific Colonial Ship Co., will be held at the office of the Company in Room 21 in that certain building known as No. 416-418 California Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being the principal place of business of the said corporation, and being the place or building where the Board of Directors of said corporation usually meet, on Monday the 3rd day of March 1902, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M.; said meeting of stockholders will be held for the purpose of determining whether or not the capital stock of said Pacific Colonial Ship Co., shall be diminished to the sum or amount of Fifty thousand ($50,000) Dollars.

Dated San Francisco, December 30th, 1901.

D. F. EWART,
Secretary of the Pacific Colonial Ship Co., a corporation.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the matter of the estate of MARY A. HENARIE, Deceased } Order to show cause

On reading and filing the verified petition of B. F. Brisac and Maude H Norton, Executor and Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Mary A. Henarie deceased, this day filed herein, for an order authorizing them as such Executors to lease to one S. I. Allard certain real property belonging to the Estate of said deceased, and hereinafter particularly described, for a term of Five years from the first day of February 1902, at the monthly rent or sum of One hundred Dollars, payable in advance.

IT IS ORDERED, That all persons interested in the Estate of said deceased appear before this Court at its Court-room in the New City Hall, Department No. 9 thereof, on the Third day of February, 1902, at 10 o'clock A M of said day or as soon thereafter as Counsel can be heard, to show cause why that certain real estate situate in the City of Eureka, Humboldt County, State of California, and described and being Lot 1 and the West 12 feet of the entire length of Lot 2 in Block 22 according to the official Plat of the City of Eureka, in said Humboldt County, with all the appurtenances and buildings thereon should not be leased for the period of five years from the first day of February 1902 at the monthly rental mentioned in the petition, to wit; at the monthly rent or sum of One hundred Dollars, payable in advance, and upon the terms set out in said verified petition on file herein, which petition on file is hereby referred to for further particulars

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that this order be published for Two successive weeks in a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 14th day of January, 1902.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge

E. B. Young and Rodgers, Paterson and Slack
Attorneys for the Estate of Mary A. Henarie, Deceased

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Della St. Claire Weston, Plaintiff, vs. William Henry Weston, Defendant. } Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to William Henry Weston, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty to plaintiff, also for general relief as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made. All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of January, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and two.

ALBERT MAHONY, Clerk.
By THOS. F. O'NEIL, Deputy Clerk.

[SEAL.]

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff,
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THE WAYS OF WOMEN.

The country lass delights to read
Of fashion's gilded train;
Her hero is a noble youth;
She sighs and sighs in vain.
But when a lordly specimen
She sees among the crowd
With monocle and all the rest,
She giggles right out loud.

The lady fair of high degree
To shepherds turns her heart,
She fain would hear the echoes ring
Unto his carols smart.
But when she sees a farmer boy
And hears his rustic lay,
She looks at him through a lorgnette
And says: "Oh, what a jay."

—*The Troubadour.*

HIS ANSWER BETRAYED HIM.

"Kindly pass the sugar."

This was the modest request of the young woman at the far end of the table. She was startled almost into hysterics at the frown that heavily wrinkled the brow of him to whom she preferred her desire. She had roused the gentleman from a brown study.

"No, my dear madam," he said, with courteous firmness, "the rule has just gone into effect. No more passes on our road."

The young lady boarder had disturbed the revery of the assistant secretary of the N. L. S. R. R.

—*The Waiter.*

ALWAYS KNEW HER RIGHTS.

Mrs. Newlywed.—My, did you see this? The paper says that an Oakland judge has decided that a married woman has just as much right as her husband to remain out all night without telling where she has been.

Mrs. Henpeck.—My dear, in our household I carry the key and not Mr. Henpeck. I hope you haven't been waiting for a judge to tell you your rights in such matters.

AT THE CITY HALL.

Examiner: What qualifications have you for the office you seek?

Civil Service Applicant: I was for six years behind the tympani in Seidl's orchestra.

Examiner: Passed. Report to head copyist. Next.

—*The Stenographer*

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"No, she says she has decided to marry Fred."

"Why, she told me herself Ted was willing to die for her and—"

"That's just it; Fred offered to give her all she wanted to live for."

—*The Bell Boy*

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Mr. Plutocrat—Money hasn't brought happiness, after all.

Mrs. Plutocrat—That may be true, but see what a crop of envy it has enabled us to raise.

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In "In the Palace of the King" at the Columbia

May—How lovely your frocks fit, dear. Aren't college girls above such trifles?

Hypatia—Oh, well, after the style of the philosophers we believe in the survival of the best fitted.

Surething: I can't stand the game any longer: I'm going to send for my wife to come home.

His friend: What's the matter—is she spending too much money?

Surething: No, but I've got a losing streak at the track, and I know if she's here she'll cut in on my going to the track and that'll stop my losses.

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CAUGHT IN HIS DECEPTION.

Mrs. Simpleton—"What did you enjoy most about your fishing trip, dear?"

Mr. Simpleton—"I got most excited when I was reeling in, my love."

Mrs. Simpleton (bursting into tears)—"And to—to think you promised me y-you wou'dn't ever again d-drink a drop!"

FREE WITH HER PURSE.

"Yes," remarked florid Mrs. Newly Riche, when speaking of her daughter's marriage, "we didn't spare the expense. I give the caterer and the florist and the dressmaker all carriage blache to spend money."

ELAINE'S RARE GIFT.

Pearl—"Elaine is an unusually gifted girl."

Daisy—"Yes, indeed. Why, she has more ways of making you feel inferior than any other girl I know."

AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

My wife and I have love to burn,
But goodness bless your soul!
It didn't take us long to learn,
We can't use that for coal.
—*The Rhapsodist.*

NO WIFE TO ABSTRACT HIS COIN.

"That man is a bachelor," said Sherlock Holmes, indicating a solid citizen who had just paid his fare to the conductor.

"Why, how can you tell?" asked the amateur.

"He keeps his coin in his trousers pocket," answered the great detective.

"Well, so do I," returned the amateur, a married man.

"Ah, but note his unworried expression. *He* had no doubts when he placed his hand in his pocket that he would find the same sum that he had placed there the night before."
—*The Passenger.*

ENTITLED TO EARN THE MONEY.

"Hey, Hardup, isn't it time you paid back that dollar you borrowed last month?"

"Why, Skinflint, old man, I worked so hard getting it out of you that I think I earned it."

"Lovidove and his wife seem very much in love with each other."

"Hypocrites."

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HOW HE EMBARRASSED HER.

May—"I had an awful time when I refused him."

Pearl—"How?"

May—"Why, he took it in earnest and looked so broken that I had to come right out and explain that I didn't mean it."

TOO BUSY TO SPEAK.

Flora—"What do you think? Harry asked me to kiss him last evening."

Dora—"My! And what did you say?"

Flora—"I was so shocked I couldn't say a word."

Dora—"What did he say, then?"

Flora—"Oh, he wasn't in a position to say anything."

THE MASCOT IN TWINS.

Mr. Overblest—"Great Scott! this is too much. This is the fourth time my wife has had twins."

Dr. Hoodoo—"That's all right. Keep right along at that gait and you're sure to avoid the unlucky number thirteen."

PROVING HER POSITION.

Mrs. Highflier (musingly)—"And suppose I should publish your love letters, my dear fellow?"

Mr. Highflier (desperately)—"Why not make a public acknowledgment in the papers that you married a fool?"

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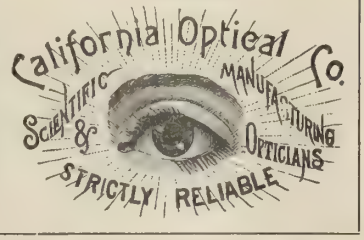

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, February 8, 1902

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THEO. F. BONNET - - - Editor
CHARLES S. SMITH - Business Manager

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Pay no money to persons representing themselves to be connected with TOWN TALK unless a written authority to receipt for the same is shown and accept no receipt unless it be on our printed blanks.

OUR OPINION

The Passing of the Dole Regime

With the appointment of Colonel Sam Parker to succeed Governor Dole in office comes the end of a notable era in Hawaiian affairs. He contributed as much as any man to the overthrow of the native kingdom and the floating of the Stars and Stripes over the new territory. But having prepared the way for the Americans and for the coming of American ideas, he stopped short, congested with conflicting emotions. As the first governor of the new territory, a rare opportunity was offered him to become the channel through which the new American spirit should be diffused over the islands. But his long course of training under the monarchy gave him peculiar ideas regarding the autocratic position of the governing power. He showed this dominant trait on times and occasions that made him strong and bitter enemies. They believed he governed more like a king than a man selected to direct affairs under a Republican form of government; they resented not only his manners but his actions. It was all plain sailing with Sanford B. Dole up to the time he became governor of the territory. From that time several powerful combinations were made against him. They became more active when he drew his authority from Washington, for in that place they found what they had so long wanted—a higher power to which they could readily appeal. The governor was surrounded and heartily backed by strong and influential partisans, but the intrepid and tireless coalition kept hammering away till at last they wore a hole through his defences—and Washington began to listen to the unceasing complaints. He was flatly accused of arbitrary and high-handed usurpation of the functions of the Legislature, with attempting to coerce that body into accepting his will as a sufficient reason for action—with, in fact, playing the part of a petty king. That he was not always right in his policies or correct in his judgments is demonstrated by the fact that his decisions in land matters were repeatedly overruled by the Interior Department when sent up for confirmation in the regular order of business. For the better part of the time he was at war with a large element of the natives as well as a large number of influential men on the islands. His retirement will have an immense influence in settling lively differences which have disturbed the territory ever since his appointment. Whatever reputation he has won since the question of Hawaiian annexation first arose will be accorded him for the good work he accomplished before the Stars and Stripes were raised rather than for what he has done since that event. That he failed to grasp the true spirit of American institutions and to govern in accordance with it was more the fault of his temperament than his understanding.

American Girls Chaperoned in Paris

"Don't come to Paris without chaperons" is the advice that Mrs. Gowdy, wife of the American Consul-General at Paris, is writing to her friends in this country. She explains that a residence of five years in Paris "convinces me that American girls coming here without a chaperon make a grievous mistake. It is very delightful in the United States for young girls to go without an eternal chaperon at their heels, but when one comes here unaccompanied, all our explanations about her independence do not save her from cruel remarks by clubmen, boulevard lawyers and even from members of her own sex who are not so pretty." Of course the rugged "new woman" will scoff at this advice and it is to be hoped that the sensitive girl with aspirations for art who has planned to study abroad will treat it as lightly. Why switch one's future on account of wicked remarks of street loungers, or club cads? One does not have to go to Paris to find species of their kind. The experiences in this line of those who have cut out an art career for themselves have been pretty much the same in London, Berlin, Paris, New York and San Francisco. A good woman need have no fear of malicious remarks at home or abroad, and no ambitious American girl of any spirit will be daunted by the warning published by Mrs. Gowdy.

Why Not Color the Hair Pea Green?

A New York chemist is standing suit for damages incurred by an actress who used some of his preparations with a view to coloring her hair a coveted auburn hue, instead of which it came out pea-green, and she demands monetary compensation for her wounded feelings and damaged locks. The chemist has made answer alleging that the fault lay not in his preparation but in its unskilful appliance, and has called in experts to support his assertion. This is "ye ancient and honorable defense" in such suits and the usual outcome is easy to guess: the physician

will save his fee, that is, as much of it as his lawyer doesn't mulct him of, and the lady will retire with her pea-green hair. But if beauty-hunting woman is determined to change the color of her hair and nature's handiwork, why shouldn't pea-green satisfy her? That color most frequently matches the complexion of the women who want to change the tint of their hair. Certainly it is distinctive and striking, and that seems to be the better part of the object sought. Likewise is it beautiful. Mark the lovely green effects on the vain, strutting pea-fowl, the very bird of beautiful, high-born Venus herself. Odd as it may seem, this same pea-green color is one selected by Nature into which she sometimes changes the color of the shocks she has hurriedly turned out. To be sure, it is one of her wild, weird, chemical changes, but so are the changes brought about by "beauty doctors," so that ought to commend it to aspirants for a new colored top-knot. Up in northern California the workmen engaged in certain smelting operations about a copper mine all have their hair and beards turned a beautiful effulgent pea-green. The color sticks, too, and doesn't lose its vividness and grip with a few paltry latherings of soap and water. People go to the springs to benefit their color and complexions; why shouldn't ladies with aspirations for a brighter and more unique coiffure go to northern California and sit about the vicinity of the copper smelters till they take on a lovely pea-green covering? Pea-green can be made the fashionable hair color in time. More than one philosopher has declared that most anything can be made fashionable by the proper business handling. Hail the day, then, when this new pea-green top-gear shall lead the procession of Titian "blondes," strawberry "blunders," blackberry brunettes, chestnut browns, salmon "pinks," cream-colored "bronzes," tow heads, French brunes, Albino "freaks," pink-eyed "beauts," plain snub-nosed "mixed" and all the other blends, brands and "blunders" turned out by the so-called beauty doctors.

Mrs. Meynell's Literary "Dog Biscuit"

"Extract of Ruskin" is what a certain critic has seen fit to call Mrs. Meynell's volume in the series of "Modern English Writers." The same critic refers to these condensations as "literary dog biscuit," and seems to consider it a species of desecration that any one should admit the desirability of taking a short-cut in order to become somewhat familiar with the style and opinions of the literary demigods. The simple, plain truth is that no author is always at his best, and those who have been prolific in their printed productions have given forth much that is of no particular worth or interest. There is no reason why one should consider every paragraph and sentence of Ruskin or Dickens, or Carlyle, or any of the rest of them, as inspired. Life is no longer a simple matter, and the scholar of today, no matter what his inclination, must earn his dry bread in some other way than by poring over dusty and moldy manuscripts. A busy man or woman may have the best of intentions with regard to voluminous authors of standard reputation, and yet be appalled by an array of a dozen volumes of close print, with never a hint of guidance as to what will make good skipping. It does not follow necessarily that the time saved by taking Ruskin a la Liebig will be devoted to the latest popular novel. A judicious and well edited selection will often prove more palatable than the compact original. This is especially apt to be the case with authors of a bygone generation.

Predicament of the Cheap Magazines

It is reported that the cheap magazines are on the verge of literary bankruptcy. They cannot obtain a sufficient quantity of good manuscript to keep themselves going, for although they are deluged with articles of all kinds, the mass of it is so poor in quality as not to be worth printing. One would like to know the origin of the report, for, as far as one can be judged by the contents, the ten-cent magazines are not doing badly. It is true that not all of them are on the same level, and the degrees of excellence in any one of them varies from month to month, but on the whole the astonishing point is that they can give so much material and of such good quality for one dime. The theory which has gained currency that any kind of pen work, whether it be sneered at as journalism or respected as literature, is remunerative, has set a horde of people writing, or at least attempting to write. Absolute ignorance of grammar, spelling, punctuation, or any other of the fundamental requirements does not debar aspirants; and the idea that their valuable contributions can by any possibility be rejected is the last thing which occurs to them. First-class productions in any branch of writing always command a premium. Good second-class articles are none too plentiful, but tons and tons of "fair to middling" grade and inferior stock which are passed back and forth, and go the rounds of rejection, simply help to support the Post Office Department. No doubt the publishers of cheap magazines have strongly commented on the quantity of worthless manuscript which they have been obliged to decline. The same complaint comes likewise from the publishers of the high-priced publications. If courtesy did not seem to demand that articles unsolicited should be either returned or kept until called for, such useless manuscripts would go a long way towards canceling coal bills and keeping the editorial blaze going. However, if the advertising patronage of the leading cheap magazines continues to hold out as heretofore it is safe to say that the managements will discover something readable to print on the few pages devoted to "literature."

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The Saunterer

Lily Lawler's Paris Triumph

Friends of Lily Lawler, who were rather disappointed when the word came from Paris that her voice would never scale the heights of grand opera, may console themselves with the fact that Miss Lawler has achieved social prominence in the American-Paris smart set, a distinction not easily won nor lightly held. Santos-Dumont, aerial navigator, and social lion, is responsible for Miss Lawler's debut into "high life," though the ascent was not accomplished by means of his air-ship. Santos-Dumont has been most devoted to Miss Lawler and the match-makers are tuning their ears for wedding bells, which they bill to chime after Dumont's next trip. This is probably mere gossip, but there is no doubt that M. Dumont takes a warm interest in Miss Lawler. The "flying" man is the hero of the hour in Paris, and is feted by the Faubourg St. Germain, and courted by resident foreigners with the social virus. Fancy the chagrin of the latter class, whom M. Dumont has rather snubbed, when they saw a Califorienne without wealth the recipient of marked favor from the sky soarer, and enjoying the coveted social "boost" which such attention naturally carried in its wake. For the past three months Miss Lawler has been received by ancient families in the Faubourg St. Germain, to which even the Mackay gold has not paved the way for Mrs. Mackay. Old friends of the Lawlers in Honolulu and San Francisco will rub their eyes twice at this, but Santos Dumont has accomplished for Lily what money often fails to do.

Mrs. Spreckels as a Fairy Godmother

Mrs. Gus Spreckels' part in Miss Lawler's triumph cannot be overlooked. When Mrs. Spreckels and Lurline left Paris for a brief jaunt to California, they put their gorgeous equipages at Miss Lawler's disposal. The coachman was given orders to report daily at her apartments and Miss Lawler "took the air" in the luxurious carriages that have been the wonder of the Bois. On the day that Santos Dumont first barely missed winning the Eiffel Tower prize, she drove up after the descent, the magnificent turnout, with its handsome trappings and liveried flunkies attracting more than passing glances from the crowd. M. Dumont, receiving the congratulations of his friends, saw that the attention of the spectators was roving toward some new arrival. He followed their glances and his eyes rested on the young American girl, sitting in solitary state in the Spreckels' carriage. The man who knows the feel of riding with the clouds inquired the name of "La Belle Americaine." Pouf! her reputation was made. Santos Dumont had singled her out. Ah, la, la, la, of such stuff social success is made. He asked to be introduced and Miss Lawler's triumph was done to a crisp. Nor did it make any difference to Mr. Dumont, when he heard some time afterward that the carriage was only borrowed and "La Belle Americaine" was merely an aspirant for musical honors and the protegee of wealthy friends. Santos Dumont graciously allowed Miss Lawler to give a tea in his honor. With such a lion as the magnet, the tea of course drew a smart crush, and snobs in the American colony, who had hesitated about receiving Miss Lawler, were glad to go to her apartments and eat humble pie. So if the Spreckels' carriage was not a "pumpkin coach," Mrs. Spreckels is undoubtedly the fairy godmother of the affair.

She was Born Under a Lucky Star

Astrologers would certainly not have much difficulty in stamping Lily Lawler as a girl "born under a lucky star." Her father at one time managed a hotel in Honolulu and afterwards engaged in the same business in San Francisco. When the family moved to this city Lily's musical ability brought her into touch with the music lovers in the smart set. She had a pronounced talent for making valuable friends, which some unkind critics said was even greater than her musical talents. After her mother's death a wealthy patroness sent her to Paris to have Marchesi put the finishing frills on her promising voice. But the voice has not developed into anything bigger than a delightful drawing-room attraction. After her father's death Miss Lawler returned to San Francisco for a brief visit. His estate netted her an income of about one hundred dollars a month. However, Mrs. Spreckels and other San Franciscans in Paris have strewn her path with the flowers her income could not purchase. And now comes Santos Dumont, puts the seal of his approval on her, and bien! Lily Lawler becomes a social lioness only less mighty than M. Dumont himself. While she is enjoying her Paris triumph he is sailing through the blue skies along the shores of the Mediterranean, trying to perfect his dirigible balloon so that it will capture the one hundred thousand dollars offered by the St. Louis Fair management for the best ship to navigate the air.

He is Still a Bohemian

Paul Neumann, the ex-Bohemian club president, who died a few months ago, was a Jew by birth, but did not live up to the tenets of his forefathers. He

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THE WORLD OVER

was buried by the Masons, to which order he belonged. Mrs. Neumann, the widow, is of Spanish birth, and is a devout Catholic. Now I hear that, she has been grieving to a heart-rending extent because she fears that she can never meet her Maker on the Judgment Day until her late husband's ashes are exhumed and buried again according to the rites of her church. In furtherance of these wishes she wants to have the body moved, but certain friends oppose her on the score that such action will create a lively discussion. It would be interesting to know what the object of the controversy would have to say in the matter were he to return to his old haunts. It would likely be something to be recorded in Bohemia, for Paul Neumann dearly loved to make sport of the things of life.

Trying to Reach the Goal of Fame

Vivian Sartoris, granddaughter of General Grant, will not find it an easy matter to enter the Beaux Arts. She is fitting herself for the examinations, but there is a wide gap between private ateliers and the national school which many students fail to span. The number of pupils admitted is limited and foreigners are not given first preference—in fact, they have to score so high in the entrance examinations that few of the many foreign aspirants ever manage to enter. It would be folly to fancy that any bars will be taken down for Miss Sartoris to vault over and if her mind be half as fickle as her heart there is not much hope of her ever being enrolled on the coveted Beaux Arts register. It was Vivian Sartoris who announced in a crowded Washington drawing room that Croesus, not Cupid, is the modern matchmaker. Miss Sartoris declared that she herself hungered for love.

Thought of the Proposals She might Miss

Her cousin, Miss Florence Mason of Alameda, evidently hugs the same idea to her heart. Three years ago, when Miss Mason was a senior at the University of California, she inherited a snug little fortune. The Masons are near relatives of the Grants, and have for years resided in a fine old Alameda mansion. Florence was the beauty of her class at college, and was the first co-ed to popularize the posteresque mode there. She prided herself on her reed-like slimness, and had the fatal faculty of making even prettily plump suddenly appear gross in comparison to her finely drawn angles. When the news of Miss Mason's gift from Dame Fortune traveled campusward, she was treated to a shower bath of congratulations, which she ducked, naively answering: "Oh, I don't know that I'm so glad. I'm afraid now that some poor man who may fall in love with me will not propose for fear he'll be classed as a fortune-hunter. Think of the proposals I may miss!" This certainly has the real "Vivianesque" ring.

Could Break the Bank if He Tried

The recent attempt of Lord Rosslyn to break the bank at Monte Carlo has brought out a lot of half-forgotten stock anecdotes of the place. One of the most curious is that regarding the Wandering Jew. The first person, according to this legend, to enter the gaming room at Monte Carlo, the day after Good Friday—the one day in the year when the rooms are closed—is an old man of venerable aspect. He wastes no time, as do many of the habitues, in seeking to divine what number is likely to appear, but with the trembling fingers of extreme age places his coin upon a certain number. The wheel is turned and the croupier calls out the winning number. Invariably the old man wins and invariably he snatches up the coins with a savage exclamation and hurls them about the room as he hastens from the Casino. The legend is that until he can lose the Wandering Jew must haunt the earth.

Don't drink Jesse Moore Whiskey unless you want the best.

Hanging the Club on the "Color Line"

Will it all end with the remnants of the good old California club being hung out on the "color line" for town and gown to gibber at? Several rabid, battle-scarred campaigners boast that that will be the end. Some of the "dreamers, theorists and fanatics," as Mrs. Lovell White is reported to have characterized one wing of those who forced the club to consider the "color line" snarl, are elatedly declaring that they hope her resignation will be accepted so quickly it will make her dizzy. The effort under Mrs. A. D. Sharon's leadership to influence her to withdraw the resignation does not daunt them a bit. Out of the rack, din and smoke of battle comes the defiant chorus of the "old guard" that "that vote'll show Mrs. White that she couldn't run things." From the other side rises the wailing explanation that it was all the work of a roving band of society bushwhackers, full of impracticable ideas, self-advertising schemes and money-making plans, who had been relentlessly suppressed by Mrs. White and they took advantage of Tuesday's fateful scrimmage to "get back at her," woe's the day!

Clubbing the "Angels of Discord"

One wing explains the recent fierce outbreak on the ground that the club of late has been growing too fast. The Board of Directors recognized this fact and tried to make admissions more difficult. Such action roused intense feelings in certain quarters and charges were fired into the opposing camp "that some people seem to think that this club is simply a chance to rehabilitate themselves in a social way, or, what is just as bad, a golden opportunity to social recognition." One resolute champion came out and boldly put herself on record by saying further, "Add to these certain disciples of the gospel of push—the camp 'hornets' who have set one society after another by the ears, those angels of discord: take all these elements and a club—becomes a bludgeon. Thanks to our democratic principles the tinker's daughter or the

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retired servant girl can elbow the woman whose mother is a Vere de Vere, and the erstwhile keeper of a cheap boarding-house can outvote, certainly outtalk, the lady of Nob Hill.

Troubles of the Uere de Ueres

It is all right to talk of social equality, it sounds well to say that we are all working for the betterment of humanity, but the one fact remains—whenever a chance comes for the graduate of the back alley to smite Vere de Vere, it is done—every time. She smote Vere de Vere with her vote at that terrible meeting.

That Lamentable Barnes Incident

The "Barnes incident" isn't settled yet by any means, as was proved at a recent meeting when the secretary's friends tried to save her and Mrs. President Sharon left the room, declaring that any action taken after her withdrawal from the chair was unofficial. Mrs. White's friends claim that Mrs. Secretary Barnes, in an adroit way, "aided and abetted the rude, obstructionary and filibustering tactics of the radicals on the fateful Tuesday when they tried as hard as they could to confuse Mrs. White." During the fall of motions, amendments, cues for order, etc., that was rained upon Mrs. President White, she asked Mrs. Secretary Barnes to move up beside her and assist in keeping tab on them. And now the great question is, did she "defiantly laugh and toss back her head" because she gleefully thought Mrs. White was becoming confused; or did she simply laugh and ignore the appeal; or did she "protest in a stubborn manner and exhibit herself as a contumacious rebellious little officer"; or did she flatly say, "I won't," as some aver? At any rate Mrs. White had to appeal to the house to have the secretary go up on the platform beside the president and take down the motions. The incident, like a score of similar ones, showed the spirit that characterized that much lamented and fateful Tuesday's meeting. And the friends of Mrs. White are determined that it shall not go uncorrected.

Who will Capture the Coveted Prize?

If the color line champions can keep Mrs. Lovell White out of the presidency, who will win her coveted position? It is pretty well understood that if Mrs. White can't be "saved" her friend, Mrs. A. D. Sharon, will follow her outside the club's portals. Two women are said to be quietly and steadfastly working to gain the honor, Mrs. George Law Smith and Mrs. C. Mason Kinne. Already the ardent friends of Mrs. White are after the chignon of Mrs. Smith. "Where was Mrs. Smith on the fatal day?" they ask, sarcastically. "Why didn't she redeem her promise to place herself on record and speak against the obliteration of the color line?" To cap this they have dug up her society record and they gleefully blazon the discovery that "she started as a society charity worker at the old Author's Carnival." "Why," they wail, "oh, why did she and two other ladies become apostles of blackballing in Sorosis and try to keep the club ultra select; oh, why?" And they talk of the old Colonnade days and things that have slipped into forgotten past of most people. As for Mrs. C. Mason Kinne, they remember how neatly she slipped into the chief office of the Woman's Relief Corps at Rockport, Ill., when three states were struggling mightily for the prize and they wonder if she will as readily see her way clear in the present mix-up to slip into the coveted seat.

Who is the Princess?

When Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and her fifteen elusive trunks are safely anchored in town, several fair maidens intend to solve the mystery of Fred Hotaling's rumored engagement. Mr. Hotaling has lately returned home from a three months' visit in New, York, and while there his heart was either lost, strayed or stolen. As Mrs. Herman Oelrichs is supposed to be the match-maker who introduced him to his divinity, on a certain evening at a very swell dinner at Sherry's, she will be able to name the fair unknown for those in the dark. At present Mr. Hotaling is cultivating writer's cramp penning billet-doux to his lady-love. The young lady is said to be very wealthy in her own right, and as pa's rich and ma doesn't take in washing the affair has plenty of glitter. The Hotalings themselves are not in want, so if Cupid has really pierced their hearts it will be a brilliant match from every view-point.

The Robinson Reillys May Settle Here

It is more than probable that the Robinson Reillys will settle in San Francisco, as this is the only place where they are really "it," and Mrs. Goad-Martin-Reilly does not relish being an outsider elsewhere. Genevieve Goad's new husband is hand-

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some, and dresses after the latest style. For years he assiduously hunted to capture a big "dot," and he was at last unusually fortunate in finding it, accompanied by the beauty of the Coast. Mrs. Reilly has something like three hundred thousand dollars. Her husband is said to have enough for his expenses, so they need not worry over their board bills for some time to come. The Reillys in Washington are a nice family. Mr. Reilly's sisters are said to be charming, but they are not the real thing socially. I learn that one of the great objections the Goads had to Robinson was his name. "Martin," they declared, "was bad enough, but Reilly is worse."

New Pace of the Smart Set

Society is auditing its accounts now that the season is singing its swan song, and "Extravagance" is the epitaph that will ornament its bier. The smart set has put more money into circulation than is usually scattered in half a dozen seasons. Mrs. McBean's famous lament delivered several years ago, "Living is so riotous now, that one can't give even a small dinner for less than a hundred dollars," would be a welcome dirge these days for the cost has more than doubled. People not only live better but they dress infinitely better. Perhaps at no function is the loosening of the purse strings so evident as at weddings. Presents are costly beyond the dreams of yester year brides. A belle who married about seven years ago averaged the cost of her gifts and decided that fifty dollars apiece was a fair estimate. An experienced eye that ran over Mary Scott's presents averaged them at three hundred dollars apiece. Of course, the few gifts, like jewels and solid silver services that cost thousands, brings up the average of the less costly presents. But every gift is an expensive article that will not jar in elegant surroundings. The strain on the people in society whose position is in inverse ratio to their incomes has been terrific. This "poor but proud" contingent will sigh Te Deums when the season's wedding bells are hushed.

A Record in Costly Presents

Elaborate as our wedding presents have grown, they are bagatelles compared to the royal gifts received by Lady Helen Stewart and Lord Stavordale, whose recent wedding was the most brilliant affair London has seen in a decade. Two princesses, eight duchesses and scores of the lesser nobility were present. The wedding gifts numbered seven hundred and were worth one million seven hundred dollars at a modest estimate. This means the average value of the presents was about $2,500. Lord Stavordale's gifts to his bride were alone valued at half a million and King Edward and Queen Alexandra presented her with a magnificent diamond and turquoise brooch.

Helped Her Dad in the Same Fix

Here is a story that has just come to light regarding one of the venerated Bishops who was a prominent delegate at the recent Episcopal convention. He is advanced in years, somewhat infirm and frequently visited the sunny nooks in the Park for the benefit of his health. After sitting one afternoon for some time on a cosy seat he found his joints a trifle stiff and had some difficulty in rising. A dowdily clad little girl and her infant brother were passing at the time. She promptly ran up, exclaiming, "Let me help you; I can help." The elderly Bishop smiled at her kindly earnestness, and said, "It's good of you, little girl, but I hardly think you're strong enough." "Oh, yes, I am," she replied promptly, "I know I am, 'cos I often help dad when he's a worse sight drunker 'n you are."

Heve Taken to Tea Drinking

There was a time when middle-aged women of San Francisco threatened to pass the rest of their lives in playing cards. They took lessons in bridge whist, and they used to figuratively scratch each other's eyes out over should win the prize. Oddly enough, this winter society has been trying to drink itself to death on tea. At nearly every house tea is served, and girls who make from fifteen to twenty calls in an afternoon tell me when they reach home at night they fancy themselves perambulating teapots. Mrs. Walter Dean's card party was the first really fashionable one of the season. This scarcity of card parties has been brought about by the heart trouble of William P. Morgan. Mrs. Morgan and her daughters have not been going out this winter. Formerly Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Dean, Mrs. Charlie Josselyn, Mrs. Smedberg, Mrs. Boardman, and Mrs. Gibbs used to hold weekly meetings at one another's houses. Mr. Morgan's illness has broken this coterie of card players, for Mrs. Morgan was the leader of this group.

Will Contest the Widow's Fortune

From Sacramento comes a long list of the grievances of the nephews of the late Banker Coleman. They have just started a contest of his will bequeathing a quarter of a million dollars. One of the reasons given me for their act is that the widow, whom he had married but six years before his death,

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never put on weeds for him; within a few months after his demise she came out in a dashing combination of black and white. Mrs. Coleman, before her marriage, used to live at the Savoy.

His Fatal Mistake

An athletic young man named Ford
Has "worked" our hotels for his board,
Likewise our society,
Our clubs for variety—
But only our trades-people roared.

Oh, athletic young man, named Ford,
Nobody, I'm sure, would have roared
Had you "put up" at Blingum,
Talked in "aws," "haws" and "string 'em,"
And passed yourself off as a lord.

Fate of a Photograph

Leontine Blakeman who was maid-of-honor at the Clark-Mullins wedding, prides herself on never having had her picture in the paper. With eel-like wriggles she has escaped the picture hunters whose business it is to flare up the faces of society maidens. "I never give my picture to the papers," declares Miss Blakeman and she stands pat. When Charlotte Cunningham was married it was agreed that the bridal party should be photographed as souvenirs of the happy occasion. Leontine was one of the bridesmaids and she positively refused to face the camera. "There are so many of us,the papers will surely get hold of a picture and I simply will not have my photograph served with coffee and rolls." But there are worse things, even, than having one's picture in the papers. A certain gallant officer must have carried her counterfeit presentment for it was picked up on the Presidio grounds by a volunteer who forgot to remove it from his pocket when he pawned his uniform. The picture was afterwards recovered in—well, that's another story and even a sadder one than is told about some newspaper half-tones.

"Thank heaven," said Henpeck, to his bosom friend, as they boarded the cars. "here's one train I can step on and walk all over without being called a brute."

Why She Broke Her Engagement

Sybil Sanderson has explained in a private letter to one of her San Francisco friends her reason for breaking her engagement with Count Henri de Fitz-James. Count de Fitz-James is a Roman Catholic and was divorced a couple of years ago. "When we became engaged in America," writes the fair Sybil, "I did not appreciate what a serious obstacle his divorce offered to our union, but on my return to France this matter was discussed and I realized it was impossible that our marriage be celebrated by the Roman Catholic church, and that we could only be married civilly. In view of the religious ideas of the Fitz-James family and social connections, this would lead to an equivocal situation unacceptable to both of us. We therefore mutually agreed to end our engagement and remain the best of friends. Count de Fitz-James will go to South America the beginning of next February with the intention of making a long stay there and I will leave shortly to fulfill engagements in Belgium and Holland and then return to Paris. Don't credit the report that I will forfeit my inheritance from Mr. Terry if I marry again. This rumor is positively untrue. I only inherited half the income from the estate and it was given unconditionally."

That a little thing like waiving the religious ceremony should block Sybil's path to the altar is surprising to the friends who knew her when she took her fences more boldly.

Mrs. Chubby: "Don't grumble, I've done nothing but practice economy ever since we were married."
Mr. Chubby: "Yes, and it's cost me every cent I could make."

Our Girls Have a Word to Say

Mrs. George Law, the pretty New York widow, who is most conspicuous in Paris-American society, declares that the Parisienne is the only woman who can indulge in social gayeties late at nights and not look less beautiful next morning. "Woman here," says Mrs. Law, "stay up late at balls but nevertheless they arise early in the morning to go walking, riding, or dining. I have seen a Parisienne of sixty look pretty after a night's ball. They never seem to grow old or ugly."

Tut, tut, my dear Mrs. George, what about that story of the Countess De Castiglione hiding herself from mortal view when her loveliness faded? And as for Parisiennes being the only late to bed and early to risers there are some girls in this neck of the woods who can look pretty with little or no beauty sleep. I have seen Alice Hager, Caro Crockett-Scott and Alice Hoffman part at a ball at 2 G. M. and meet on the golf links before the town clock struck nine. And there's never a telltale circle or line to prove that Morpheus has been cheated.

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Lord Temple cigars are smoked by all clubmen who will take nothing but the best.

Where shall the Line be Drawn in Decollete

Quite a little discussion is now going on here over the decided droop in decollete gowns. At the three last smart dinner dances the prudes were outspoken in condemning the mode. Several young women wore their shoulder bands so low that the inner curve of the arm was exposed—a line that is not beautiful when thus "half concealed, half revealed." So on the score of beauty, if not modesty, these bodices sin. They make the wearer seem about to emerge from her clothes—an effect which is a bit disconcerting. Oddly enough the men are loudest in their criticism, but as yet the din and clatter has not reached the ears of the Peri at the social gate. In Philadelphia, however, the young men have dragged the question into the public market place and there's a lively squall in the Delft teapots of the Quaker City. Eight young men of the swell Belmont Cricket club recently attempted to act as censors over the cut of the gowns of their fair guests at the club hops. Just before last week's dance the members of the club were notified to send to this dance committee the names of the ladies who would be invited. The committee then declined to send cards to several young women whose names were put up and who had attended previous dances.

Disliked the Cut of their Gowns

Committeemen frankly explained that they did not approve the cut of their gowns and also found fault with the method in which they held their trains. Two of the young ladies thus dropped from the list were Miss Edith Chase Lewis and Miss May Hollinshead, both members of wealthy and aristocratic families. Their escorts to be, Philip Watson, a son of the president of the Consolidated National bank and Lewis King, a high official in the Ketson Electric Light company, were naturally furious at this censorship and the families of the young women are indignant. The committee acknowledged that the young ladies' gowns would be de rigueur in New York, but they intend to fight against "full undress" in Philadelphia. The members of the dance committee are eight of the most prominent in the Cricket club and their action is denounced and commended with equal vigor by Philadelphians. These Philadelphians certainly have more courage than our men, for name me an octet of local society leaders who would dare to demand that our women dress according to their ideas. But these doughty Puritans dared to put their objections into writing and then the trouble began to brew which perhaps the Philadelphia lawyers will have to subdue.

Not the Famous Lawyer's Widow

Nearly all of the papers, in referring to the death of Mrs. Homer King's sister, Mrs. Frances Edgerton, last week, spoke of her as the widow of Henry Edgerton. In reality she was his divorced wife. His widow married Dr. W. J. Younger and has been living abroad for some years. She was a music teacher, I have heard, before her marriage, and has always been loyal to her old friends who knew her before she gained social distinction. She made excellent matches for her stepdaughters, two of whom married into the nobility of Germany. But this is not difficult on the continent, as each of the girls inherited about five thousand dollars a year from her mother's estate, and they are nice, well-bred girls. When they lived here they were interested in all kinds of musical societies, and Maude and Bessie belonged to the Saturday Morning Orchestra. The late Camilla Urso was an intimate friend of the second Mrs. Younger and on her professional visits here was always entertained by her. One of the Younger girls is Mrs. Burns Macdonald. Another became engaged to a Rough Rider of high lineage and some fortune, but she afterwards went to New York and became interested in Social Settlement work, something of the Angels of the Slums order.

Her Many Disappointments

Mrs. Frances Edgerton once classed with Mrs. Taverner Graham, the two being considered the finest elocution teachers in this city. The former made a great hit fifteen years ago as Lady Teazle to Walter Leman's Sir Peter, in an entertainment given for a fashionable charity. She had studied in Dresden and later with Steele Mackaye and was a graduate of the Philadelphia School of Oratory. But when she formally went on the stage, five years ago, she did not make the success her friends expected. She appeared in "Mary Stuart" with Modjeska; her voice was too sweet or too light, her gestures too Delsartean for her part, or something of that sort. Anyhow, she failed to please the critics. Mrs. Edgerton had the bitterest feeling for her husband's second wife and always spoke of her as "that woman who is living with my husband."

Fatality that Overhangs a Mother

I see that Callaghan Byrne is wending his way slowly homeward from his trip abroad, where he went to heal his wounded heart after he and his wife separated. A child was born after the separation and I believe Mr. Byrne has never yet seen his offspring.

A lady of culture and refinement, experienced in foreign travel, will chaperone one or three ladies for a tour of the world or any part of Europe. References exchanged.

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Most ladies hold the reins well. Perhaps it is not bad that they do.

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Mrs. Hope-Ellis-Sherwood-Byrne has two children, both sons; and Bert Sherwood has never even had a peep at his son. A curious fatality seems to attend the children of this handsome woman.

The Real Reasen of the Break

The first Mrs. Sherwood, Mamie Blethen that was, has a house out in the Western Addition. She is as beautiful as when she was a girl and I am surprised she does not wed. By the way, I have heard a new version of the breaking of the engagement between Mrs. Blethen-Sherwood and Harry Macfarlane, who married Polly Dunn the other day. It seems that Mrs. Sherwood was very fond of her young fiance until she went to Honolulu and saw his relatives. He doesn't show his Hawaiian blood, but his very near relatives are quite black, some of them scarcely speaking English and Mrs. Sherwood decided she could never bear to marry into so much color.

Lord Sholto Douglas "In Beer"

Lord Sholto Douglas, a scion of the Marquis of Queensberry, has bought a seventeen hundred dollar saloon in Spokane and proposes to conduct the place as a business because he and his wife "are tired of notoriety and want to settle down to a quiet life." He says he has about fifty thousand dollars left which he is willing to devote to courting retirement. His two children and his wife, the daughter of a San Francisco policeman named Mooney, are with him.

They say, Lord Sholto Douglas, dear,
You think of "going into beer"
To court a quiet spell;
Alas, 'tis not all beer and skittles,
This peddling jags for "weal and wittles";
'Tis often nearly—well,
I hope you'll meet Spokane's gay quizzes
With prime cocktails and brisk gin fizzes,
And all their thirsts dispel.

Alice Nielsen has announced her retirement from comic opera and will make her debut as a concert singer in London, this month.

A Clever Californienne

Eleanor Calhoun has launched herself upon the British public in a new role. Miss Calhoun is one of the most enterprising Californians that ever went abroad. She is the same young woman whom Mrs. Phoebe Hearst designed as a bride for her son, but neither the wealthy widow's protege nor the young newspaper Monarch fell in with the program so kindly arranged for them. She was placed upon the local dramatic horizon by Mrs. Julia Melville Snyder so many years ago that the memory of that effulgent debut still lives in the minds of the friendly audience that cheered "Nellie" on to fame. She got the fame all right. It came with her perfect Paris accent, laboriously acquired on the tongue's native ground, but warranted to stand wear and tear and change of scene. Coquelin, the great Coquelin, spoke of Miss Calhoun in glowing terms when he was in San Francisco. A girl who will go to work and learn to speak real French so that she may act in French plays possesses pure pluck. Miss Calhoun's new venture, with which she will invade the territory hitherto occupied by the Elizabethan Stage Society, is to give "Romeo and Juliet" and other Elizabethan plays strictly in the Elizabethan manner. Arnold Dolmetsch, the musician who plays on antique instruments in "ye old style," will be a feature of Miss Calhoun's productions. Wiliam Poel, the apostle of the Elizabethans, is expected to espouse the new movement and help its projector to conquer the Philistines.

Riordan: "Don't argue with me; I tell you these Justice Court clerks are not as black as they're painted."

Ruef: "Maybe not, but I'm sure they're not as white as they're whitewashed."

Jennie Blair's New Attraction

The Doctors' Daughters have as much trouble dispensing their largess worthily as they endure in collecting the wherewithal. Of all the members Jennie Blair is most successful in reading an applicant's worth. The sniveling "wife and seven children" sort slink away after one of her keen glances, yet she it is who always wins the confidence of the unfortunates, and into her sympathetic ears are poured the heart-jerking tales. "I don't know how she wins them," complained an ardent worker, "for they just seem to freeze up with me, and yet my heart bleeds for them." "Perhaps it's her Titian locks that attract them," was the irrelevant answer.

"I suppose you would call that capillary attraction," answered Miss Blair, who happened to overhear.

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Pretty Priscillas Will Pore over Palms

Lent is not going to be so horribly dull if the younger club women have anything to say in the matter. The Alden club is going to hold an "afternoon with St. Valentine and the other Saints" next Friday at the residence of the secretary, Mabel Adams Ayer, in Clay street. The affair is for the benefit of philanthropic work but the Alden club is in no sense a charity organization, as some of the papers have described it. Jennie McFarland is the president and among the members are Paula Wolff, May Morton, Edna Spinney, Grace Whitney, the Garoutte sisters and Mrs. William Harvey Jardine. Mrs. Jewett, Mrs. Merrill, Mrs. de Greayer and Mrs. Bucknall are associate members. St. Valentine's birthday will be brightly celebrated with a program of music and other things. Mrs. Stroufe-Looseley will give a character sketch in costume. Miss Jean Klink, who has had remarkable success in a clever amateur way in deciphering palms, will be there to read characters by the hand mode. Mrs. Cushing and Miss Morton will also act as palmists.

A Visitor from London

London air agrees finely with some transplanted Californians. Mrs. Holbrook Blinn, who is out here visiting her relatives, is an instance. She has gained wonderfully in poise and style during the years that have elapsed since her last visit here. Her husband is one of the best character actors in London. The Blinns are very happy. They live in a charming flat and entertain everybody who is of importance in ultra-Bohemia. They go in largely for out-of-door sports and "bicycle" as they call it over there. Mrs. Blinn talks English with quite the correct Lunnon accent though "American" is in favor now and has been for the past two years.

She Was an Amateur Once

Mrs. Blinn, who was then Ruth Benson, was a member of the much written about amateur company that had Mrs. Louis Auzerais as its proprietor and star. The little band of players was known as the Lucille Palmer company. Miss Benson had been a member of the Alameda public school department but she found acting more to her taste and shortly after the amateurs came back she joined the Effie Ellsler company and went East. After her marriage to Holbrook Blinn, the latter's chum, Chester Bailey Fernald, staged his *Century* story, "The Cat and the Cherub," and both husband and wife were given the principal roles. They went to London with it and, with the exception of one or two New York trips and one here, they have remained there.

History of the Auzerais Company

It was nearly seven years ago, by the way, that the Lucille Palmer company took that famous trip to the frozen North. One of the members, Mrs. Arthur B. Price, wrote an elaborate account of the trip in which she referred to the troupe as the Loosewheel Farmer company. The article was a sharp satire on the whole aggregation. Mrs. Price said that the four women in the company had a sisterly fondness for one another because they were all in love with the young leading man (Mr. Blinn). The annals were purely personal and the names given were fictitious but everybody knew who was indicated. The skit appeared in a Toronto paper but was copied here and caused the usual nine days' fierce talk.

Mrs. B. Shortridge: "The doctor says you'll soon be another man."

Attorney B. Shortridge: "That's good. Tell him to send his bill to the other man."

Has Permission to Attend the Ball

Mrs. Guy Scott is not yet well enough to return East. There was never a healthier girl in body or mind than Leila Voorhies and it is a torture for her now to be confined to her room. It is not a dangerous illness but the doctors have prescribed absolute quiet and rest which is the hardest prescription for the active to take. Lieutenant Scott has had his furlough extended so as to stay here with his wife. Both Elizabeth Huntington and Elsie Sperry, who visited Mrs. Scott at Fort Richmond, had planned to entertain her as soon as she is able to enjoy it, but the death of Miss Sperry's uncle will hang crepe on their festivities. The doctors, however, have consented that Mrs. Scott shall have kings ex on the night of the Huntington ball.

The *Pandex of the Press*, a new publication launched recently amid great promise, made a tremendous splurge over the prospective publication of Mammy Pleasant's memories. It was absolutely silent on the subject in the next number. Few people wonder why.

Music a Lenten Relaxation

"What shall we do next week after the Mardi Gras is over?" That's what society said until Mrs Gus Taylor solved the problem. "Go to the theatre," she said, "and to concerts. It is quite permissible to do that, you know." So society will go to the symphony concert next Friday, unless Madame La Mode changes her mind. Everybody in New York goes to the

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symphony concerts, whether they are given in Lent or not. It is the proper thing to know all about symphonic music, counterpoint, harmony and themes. In Boston it is more than good form to go to the concerts. It is a religion. From all the little villages in and about Chicago, smart ladies flock to the Auditorium on symphony afternoons. No excuse except illness would be accepted. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra, by the way, will visit us shortly.

Has Such "a Pleasing Way Wiz Her"

Ever since Marie Pichon captured a sugar-coated Oxnard, society has kept its eyes peeled for any other designing maid who might be angling in the matrimonial preserves of the gratin du gratin. Not long ago a Burlingame matron hired a handmaiden who went about her duties as meekly as a lamb and mint sauce. But the young woman must have cast sheep's eyes at Madame's brother-in-law for that worthy gentleman discovered that the maid had a "nice little way wiz her." One night last week Madame's husband was detained in town on business and Madame was left in the big country house with the servants and brother-in-law. Towards morning she was awakened by sounds evidently coming from the stable and decided that thieves were stealing some of the blue-blooded horses. She clanged the servants' bells and managed to rouse the butler who refused however to beard the thieves in their den. It was only when Madame and the cook agreed to accompany him that he consented. When the incongruous trio reached the stable they found only brother-in-law and the maid putting up the team with which they had been enjoying a moonlight ride. Tableau vivant! Madame dismissed maid then and there and marched the errant youth into the house. The repentant girl was forced to sit up at the station and wait for the first train. Madame shipped bag and baggage after her but her drastic action has caused the story of the midnight ride to reach even the ears of the rustics.

Mrs. Roosevelt's Hints to Society

A letter from Hildegarde McKenna to one of her girl friends in this city throws a new light on Mrs. Roosevelt. The first lady of the land may not care for society, but now that it has been thrust upon her she evidently intends to live up to it. Mrs. Roosevelt is at home every Tuesday morning to confer with the Cabinet women and discuss the plans of the week. At the last conference she announced that she was very partial to light colors and expected the ladies to consider her preferences as far as official receptions are concerned. This means that there will be sombrely garbed woman at the White House. Mrs. Roosevelt declared that she especially dislikes black, which will put many handsome black gowns out of commission. This edict in favor of color will be felt in all circles of Washington society and the chances are that in the end Mrs. Roosevelt will look kindly on any black gowns that serve as a sedative to the coming din of color. Mrs. Roosevelt's especial preference is white, so it may mean another pastel season

Afraid to Take the Ransom Now

The abduction of Miss Stone by Bulgarian brigands has reached another unique stage: the committee, carrying the ransom demanded, have been searching the highways and by ways of the banditti-infested country with a view to settling for cash, but not a robber could they unearth who was willing to take the money and deliver up the captive. Now the committee has gone back to Constantinople to wait "for further developments." A cheerful laureate on timely topics rhapsodizes over the situation thus:

The ransom is forthcoming; its subscribers so have grown,
That shortly in our midst we shall observe Miss Mary Stone.
Society is blase, and just aches for a novel craze;
We'll take her up and feed her in our own Byzantine ways.
And Mary looks as though she were well capable to eat;
A heavy load of Stone is she for gastronomic feat.
A Phelan-Greenwood banquet scarce her "tummy" could suffice;
So let us have for her a feed of everything that's nice.

Poker Versus Bridge Whist

Despite bland denials, every one knows that the fashionable hotels and boarding-houses are inoculated with the poker virus. Occasionally the cry "cheat" echoes beyond the stuffed keyholes, and even the doormat knows what's going on inside. Bridge whist has somehow not made a hit with the ladies out here, though it has been press-agented by the fact that elsewhere it rages in swaggerdom. Perhaps, if the ladies could be weaned to it, there would be fewer charges of unfair play. For, according to Mrs. Pat Campbell, New York bridge whist devotees play a "square" game. Mrs. Campbell lays her hand on her heart and swears by the shade of the second Mrs. Tanqueray that never has she played with such "fair" players. But then Mrs. Pat is used to playing in England, don't you know, where they have their little peccadilloes in baccarat if not bridge whist. Mrs. Campbell scouts the idea that she has won twenty-two thousand dollars at the game, but confesses that she did win two thousand dollars one night. "I have asked friends to visit me," she explained, "and we have played bridge whist. Isn't that preferable to gossip? Besides, it doesn't prevent tea and a flavor of gossip besides.

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Last Concert, Friday, Feb 28.

Was a San Francisco Boy

Father A. P. Doyle, whose recent article in the *Outlook* is being so widely copied, was a San Francisco boy. He hadn't any idea of being a priest but was just out of St. Mary's college when some of the Paulists came here to give a mission. Aleck was a bright and interesting boy and a mutual liking sprang up between him and the holy fathers. Therefore, when one of them suggested that Aleck try the seminary his people agreed willingly enough. Father Doyle's father and three brothers still live here; they are carpenters and builders. His two sisters entered the Order of Mercy. Father Doyle conducted the ceremony in one case.

Absent Athenians

It was the commercial element that saved the Athenian club of Oakland from going to pieces; this fact was acknowledged at the big housewarming held in the Oakland club's new home last Saturday night. At the most critical period in its career the Athenian was assisted to its feet by the very determined effort of John A. Britton, its present president. The housewarming was a very glad event, and the only sad drop in the cup of pleasure was when memory brought back the faces of absent members. Phil Remillard, who was Mr. Britton's right-hand man in rehabilitating the organization, was killed last year by falling from the window of Delmonico's in this city. John Lathrop, another well loved Athenian, is in poor health and went to the South Sea islands some time since. Rev. Samuel Kelly has charge of a parish in Pennsylvania. Among the other absent members were Bert Brayton, W. A. Mix and E. B. Jerome—all three have passed away since the founding of the club.

How Cape Nome was Named

Professor George Davidson, who has been cudgelling his brains and searching high and low for some hint as to the derivation of the name of Cape Nome has at last unearthed the long-sought information. Having about exhausted conjecture, he finally concluded that it was probably given by the expedition of the *Herald* and *Plover*, when those vessels were sent in search of Sir John Franklin, and he made inquiry of the Royal Geographical Society in order to discover whether any person by the name of "Nome" accompanied the expedition. It seems that when the chart of the coast was made on board the *Herald* the point was marked "? Name." This was transformed in copying, first to C. Name, and next to C. Nome (Cape Nome), which it will probably remain.

Daughter of a Pioneer

Adele Perkins, whose engagement to George Gibbs was recently announced, is the younger daughter of William L. Perkins of St. Paul, Minnesota. Her mother, who died a few years ago, was a relative of Mrs. Charles Gibbs, whose son Miss Perkins is to marry. The bride to be has an elder sister, Mabel, who was born in California, and a younger brother, William Jr. Her father, "Billy" Perkins as he is best known to his old-time Californian friends, has only lived in St. Paul during his later years. He was one of the coterie of younger pioneers and thirty years ago was prominent in the local business world as his wife was in society. The Perkins residence was situated in a then very fashionable part of the city, Eleventh street near Mission, and Mrs. Perkins, who was a handsome and gracious hostess, entertained with delightful hospitality. Afterwards this house was occupied by Charles Knox, the grain broker whose daughter Elsie married young Edward Jennings. George Gibbs, Miss Perkins' fiance, is a son of the Charles Gibbs'. His unmarried sisters, Helen, Mary and Virginia, are great favorites in society. Addie married an Eastern man and Sophie is Mrs. Fred Johnson of this city.

Big Prices at the Coronation

Extraordinary stories are floating about London regarding the prices which are being offered for private houses during the coronation season. A gentleman in the Sloane street district has been offered five thousand dollars for three months' use of his home. Another family in Grosvenor Square has been offered twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars for a similar period and is holding out for twenty-five thousand. Of course there will be a big slump in prices as soon as the climax in the coronation festivities is passed. But for the moment the owner of the town house is making a rich harvest under the prospect of Royal sunshine.

Her Brilliant Success

The proposed visit of the Count and Countess von Waldersee to America will give Philadelphia a chance to fly a feather in its bonnet, for the famous Countess' maiden name was Mary Esther Lee, and her father was a Quaker City wholesale grocer. It is not improbable that the Countess will lengthen her journey to San Francisco, as she has always expressed an interest in the queen city of the West. The musical prodigies—and their name is legion—whom

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we have sent to Berlin have always found a kind patroness in the all-powerful Countess von Waldersee, who has often been called the "power behind the German throne." Little Alma Stencel's Berlin debut was given the cachet of royalty owing to the Countess von Waldersee's influence. American girls who aspire to titles might take their cue from this compatriot, who has twice wedded into the aristocracy, neither time paying for the privilege. She was morganatically married to Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein in 1864. She was twenty-six years old at the time, and he was seventy. Six months after their marriage Prince Frederick died, leaving her a large fortune, but of course no legal right to his title. However, the widow had sufficient persuasive power to induce the Emperor of Austria to bestow upon her the title of Princess von Noez. She is the only American woman who could ever claim the title of Princess as her own. Princess von Noez was but two years a widow when she married Count von Waldersee, whose brilliant career has been almost entirely due to his wonderful American wife. This will be the Countess' first visit to her girlhood home since making her home abroad.

At the Convention of Woman's Clubs:

Visitor: "Grace, you've been attending these clubs for two years past: how much culture have you acquired; what do you know?"

Mrs. Many Clubs: "Oh, I know everybody."

Celebrated the Ceding of California

Mrs. J. A. Jewett has fully recovered from her long and serious illness, as was apparent by her presence at the reception given by the Women's Auxiliary of the Society of California Pioneers. She received with the other officers of the society and looked very distingue in a black and white toilette. Among the various receptions given last Saturday afternoon none was a more decided crush. But in spite of the crowd it was an enjoyable affair.

Who Raised the Flag?

J. Hoyt Toler, who rendered a solo at the function, was referred to as the son of "William P. Toler, who raised the first American flag in California, at Monterey, on October 19, 1842." Now, the distinction of having raised the first flag in California has in its time aroused as much dispute as the old question of who struck Billy Patterson. It has been answered in all sorts of ways, and the descendants of the famous flag-raiser may in time, if they join forces, become as large and influential a society as the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution. Ask almost any Californian who put up the Stars and Stripes at the critical period, and he will answer, "General Fremont." Ask anybody else and he'll say, "Commodore Stockton." Of course this refers to the raising of the American flag at Monterey in 1846, when California was taken into the Union. An old pioneer tells me that neither the Pathfinder nor Stockton raised the flag, for both were many leagues away at the time. Fremont was the raiser of the bear flag, some time before this, but the credit of raising Old Glory belongs to Commodore John Sloat of the frigate *Savannah*. He was seconded by Lieutenant Beal, who afterwards became a General.

Everybody drinks Gilt Edge Whiskey—Why? Because it is GOOD. WICHMAN, LUTGEN & CO., Sole Proprietors, S. F.

Crusade Against too much Exercise

The fiat has gone forth that unless the American girl curbs her love for exercise the population census will be as meagre as that of France. This is really a startling statement that staggers at first glance and sounds absurd in view of the wide-spread belief that muscle power is health. But according to experts this is a fallacy that has done much to foster the notion that women and girls who are able to play golf or tennis all day have improved in health in proportion as they have improved in muscle power. But the real reason that the women and girls of today are able to expend so much force upon walking, cycling, tennis, golf and other exercise is because they have withdrawn from other and more valuable faculties and have put it into muscles. The fact that women are growing taller and muscularly stronger is no test at all of physical improvement. The change arises from a lengthening of the lower limbs. Naturally a woman's legs are shorter in proportion to her height than a man's. Modern women's legs are approximating the masculine proportion to height—and this the physiologist claims is achieved by impoverishing the condition and development of important internal organs. Tall, muscular women are by no means, physiologically speaking, the best mothers, and very tall women rarely have children.

The West Noted for Tall Women

San Francisco women have always been noted for towering over their men-folk. The number of tall girls in society is only equaled by the number of squat youths. It is a rare sight at a cotillon to see a man's head bobbing above a woman's shoulder. Helen-Hopkins Taylor is perhaps the tallest woman in the smart set but Mrs. Joe Tobin, Mrs. McCarthy, Edith McBean and dozens of others approach her stature. Our women have always prided themselves on their height and deplored the lesser inches of the men. But now it appears that "long legs" are physiologically dangerous, and over-exercise is held responsible for this new threat to posterity.

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WALTER HOBART—Drink, pretty creature, drink!

M. D.—Not to succeed is social high treason.

BURBANK SOMERS—
Soprano, basso, even the contra alto
Wished him five fathoms under the Rialto.

H. O.—The sentiment which men find most difficult to bear is pity, especially when they deserve it.

HELEN HOPKINS-TAYLOR—
See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring!

T. H.—"As you please," is the wife's first word of indifference.

LANSING MIZNER—
Satire 's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run amuck and tilt at all I meet.

L. R.—When a woman is no longer jealous of her husband all is said—she no longer loves him.

FRED GREENWOOD—
O, love, love, love, love!
Love is like a dizziness;
It winna let a poor body
Gang about his biziness!

J. G.—A lover is the herald who proclaims the merits, the beauty, or the wit of a woman. What does the husband proclaim?

LAURA McKINSTRY—
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the candid friend.

M. S.—Every fortune legally made is either due to luck, a discovery or to a legal robbery.

LEONTINE BLAKEMAN—
In the School of Coquettes,
Leontine is a scholar;
O, they fish with all nets
In the School of Coquettes.

MARIE OGE—
'Tis good in every case you know
To have two strings unto your bow!

PETER MARTIN—
I care not for Roses,
Red, or white as snow;
But a chaliced lily,
O, I want it so!

THERESE MORGAN—
Psh! is't true the smart set
Has gone over to the cigarette?

ETHYL HAGER—
'Twas a hand,
White, delicate, dimpled, warm, languid and bland.

KATHRYN CLEMENT—
Katydid, Katydid, tell me, is it true,
What on earth did Katy do?

TRUXTON BEALE—
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit.

EDITH HUNTINGTON—
You'd swear
When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,
That her steps are of light, that her home is the air,
And she only par complaisance touches the ground.

CHARLOTTE ELLINWOOD—
Like a lovely tree
She grew to womanhood, and betweenwhiles
Rejected several suitors just to learn
How to accept a better in his turn.

GEORGE HALL—
The ladies call him sweet,
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.

NED GREENWAY—
It is such a bore to be always caught tripping
In dull uniformity, year after year;
Invent something new, and you'll set me a-skipping:
I want a new figure to dance with my Dear.

MARIE WELLS—
She French and Spanish speaks with greater ease
Than pigs eat acorns and tame pigeons pease.

J. B.—Why don't the men propose, mamma,
Why don't the men propose?

RAPHAEL WEILL—
Heaven sends us good meat but the Devil sends us cooks.

EDITH McBEAN—
GEORGIE HOPKINS—
Misses! the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry—
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.

GENEVIEVE GOAD-REILLY—
Yet even her fickleness had such a grace
The women pardoned all—except her face.

JACK CASSERLY—
Nose, nose, nose, nose,
And who gave thee that jolly red nose?
Liniment and Ginger, Nutmegs and Cloves,
And that gave me my jolly red nose.

MRS. ELEANOR MARTIN—
To be seventy years young is sometimes far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old.

SAM SHORTRIDGE—
Good at a fight, but better at a play;
Godlike in giving, but the devil to pay.

TO SOME OTHERS IN SOCIETY—
They eat and drink and scheme and plod,
They go to church on Sunday,
And many are afraid of God,
And more of Mrs. Grundy.

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Her One Experience

Mrs. Helmsley arose from the deep cushioned arm chair and advanced to meet her niece with a look of admiration in her deep gray eyes. The girl was undeniably pretty, pretty with all the freshness, color and spirit that invigorating country air lends to budding womanhood. Her naturally well-rounded figure had acquired lithe strength and suppleness in the simple outdoor sports of Hillsboro. Life and health seemed to shine in the luxurious coils of her brown hair and clear, limpid blue eyes.

"My dear," exclaimed the delighted aunt, fervently kissing the young face, "how came these Hillsboro gallants ever to allow you to escape? But haven't I heard—yes, I remember now: what is his name? Ross Sayres, isn't it? Tell me, has he any claim?"

"Not the slightest, auntie," was the laughing rejoinder, "I'm fancy free."

Mrs. Helmsley was charmed with the keen, naive interest Norma manifested in everything and she determined to make her visit to the city a series of captivating delights. She arranged cosy little teas, took her on the routine calls, planned excursions for her and made the regulation rounds of the theatres and concert halls with a resolute determination that Norma should miss nothing.

One matinee found them at the Victoria listening to the sextet in "Florodora." On Norma's left was seated a well-known young clubman of a reputation that kept him in hot water. But he possessed an excellent family name, was wealthy, handsome and companionable, so his clubmates knocked about with him while their wives only accorded him a bowing recognition. The fresh face of Norma and the delight she took in her surroundings quickly attracted his jaded attention.

"Burke," he whispered, elbowing his companion, a smooth-faced clean-cut man, slightly gray with a deep laughing dimple exactly in the centre of his chin, "Burke, here's a rare Phyllis come to town. I wonder what fly she'd rise to?"

"Behave yourself, Sanders," said the other quickly, "don't attempt any of your pranks here. 'Ware that she-dragon with her."

Sanders smiled to himself and out of the corners of his eye he ran over the fine supple figure of the girl. Presently she became conscious of his gaze and her color deepened. Sanders, who instinctively noted every emotion in his game, noted this and the half-smile on his face gave way as his chin settled resolutely.

A few moments later he covertly tore off the end of one of his cards and under cover of his upturned program he penciled: "THE GEISHAS, AT 4 TOMORROW."

Burke fidgeted uneasily. "Quit that, Sand," he whispered sharply. "Don't try those tricks here. If that she-dragon catches you there'll be trouble."

The lines on Sanders' jaded face set with their old-time purpose, as he softly repeated:

"'Old man, old man, for whom diggest thou this grave?
In the heart of London town?'
And the deep-toned voice of the digger replied,
'We're laying a gas pipe down.'

"Don't worry, old chap, I know my game too well. Watch the play: that's your limit."

* * * * * * * * * *

At the moment when all eyes were centred on the stage where the chorus was singing the finale amid crashing salvos of music, Sanders leaned over and carelessly rested his right hand next to Norma's jacket, hanging from the seat rack in front of her. Under cover of his program he attempted to slip the bit of card into the pockets; but the rack supported the garment so lightly that the instant he tried to press the card into place the jacket fell to the floor, and, dire mishap, it swept with it the program and thereby exposed the card fluttering lightly downward. Norma and her aunt instantly divined what had happened. The exposed card was damnatory proof. Sanders, with a muttered apology, coolly picked up the jacket and handed it to Norma, apparently oblivious of the indignation flashing from the blazing gray eyes of the aunt. The same instant he felt his left arm gripped by Burke who dragged him hastily up the aisle, while he muttered imprecations on such folly. The aunt swooped down on the card like an angry hawk. "THE GEISHAS AT 4 TOMORROW," she read. "The impertinent puppy! What does he mean? I wish there was an officer in sight. Oh, no, I don't; it would create such a scene. But it's so flustering. Come, dear, try to forget it. 'The Geishas at 4.' The idea!"

Norma mentally repeated after her. "The Geishas at 4," but she did not say anything. She was wondering what manner of man this could be who dared to do such things.

Next day, shortly before four o'clock, Burke came sauntering down the street and turned into the marble tiled front of The Geishas. An unexpected wire had called Sanders away and Burke, out of sheer curiosity, was following up the game to discover whether that shrewd Lothario was right or wrong in his surmise of the bright-eyed Phyllis. He passed up the broad aisle, looking among the chairs and tables, and wondered if she would dare to come.

Down the street a few minutes later sauntered Norma. She had just come from Marshall's after having matched a bit of lace for her aunt. She noted The Geishas with a merry twinkle in her eyes and on the big clock hanging outside a watchmaker's she noted it was four o'clock. How daring it all seemed, but then—just at that moment who should step from the broad doorway but the smooth-faced gentleman, the companion of the daring fellow of the card. She noted the laughing dimple in his chin, as he lifted his hat. "By your leave," he said, fearlessly, "I'll walk a step with you." She was too embarrassed at his boldness to answer. What kind of men were these who dared treat women so? She had read of them in novels and she had heard her Hillsboro schoolmates discuss them in the abstract; but here was one in the real flesh and blood. She stole a glance at him. He didn't look like the demon she had pictured. He was fairly good looking and scrupulously groomed but she knew a score of men at home who would please the eye as well. Were his vaunted arts and his wicked wiles as ordinary? He suggested that they return and step into The Geishas for a moment's rest. She had been there one evening with her aunt and a theatre party and she remembered it as a spacious place adorned with elaborate frescoes with smart-looking people eating and drinking at the many small tables, while a string band tried to drown the ceaseless hum of small talk. To be in such a place seemed as safe as being on the street.

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When would she get such an opportunity again to study one of these wicked men? What possible harm could there be? He turned as he spoke of The Geishas and for no other reason, except that she could see no harm, she followed him.

When she reached her aunt's home some two hours later she was very flushed and she passed hurriedly to her room, evidently trying to avoid meeting any of the household. Later she sent down word that she had a racking headache and begged to be excused from dinner. At bedtime when her aunt dropped into her room an unwonted luminous light in her eyes and a burning color gave signs of her undue exhilaration, but her aunt attributed them to the headache and declared she'd be all right next day. So they planned to take an early drive in the morning.

Toward the end of the week, however, a change gradually came over her. She became extremely nervous; a drawn look crept over her face and an anxious expression into her eyes. She complained of headaches and kept to her room. Her aunt suggested all sorts of remedies and tried to comfort her but she buried her face in her pillow and refused to be comforted.

As the days passed she began to suffer from hysteria. Then came the day when she arose with a look of resolution in her drawn face. "I'm going home, auntie," she announced, "it's cruel to say it, but I'm thoroughly homesick. I know it's silly, but I must go home. Positively, I must. Please don't ask me to stay any longer."

"Wait a week, dearie," was the reply, "and see if you don't come out of this."

But she was adamant. She packed her trunks that afternoon and the next night was home at peaceful Hillsboro. Her girl friends offered her loads of sympathy when they found she had returned in ill-health. She declared it must be neuralgia, for her head was splitting. But the anxious look never left her face till the afternoon when Ross Sayers, having heard that she had unexpectedly returned, hastened to the house.

Just a week later they were married. Norma only consented to the wedding on condition that it should take place within a week. Ross was more than elated with such a condition. In due time a sturdy little son was born to her. He had a charming dimple in the centre of his chin, which seemed to laugh at her every time she caught herself looking at him. She always hated the child. She never had another.

—*The Moralist*

PAST THE EDGE OF THE WORLD.

I dreamed. And then I thought I lay along
The world's edge, till space drew me unaware
Into its depths, and out I sent a stare
At all the flying stars, a blinding throng.
No hope seemed left to me. I felt the strong
Breath of vast winds ingathering in the air,
And upcaught, I caught hold upon despair,
Which lashed, as slaves are anguished by a thong.

Forward I fell and fell, and a strange night
Eddied about me, what though all the light
Of all the stars went whirling through the dark.
Then, at the end, I cried on Love, on Love—
And there, with what wild wonder not dreamed of,
My forehead felt Love's touch and visible mark.

M. O.

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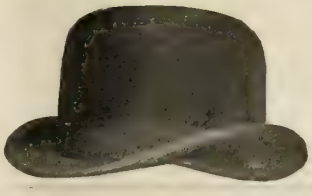
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STAGE

The Book and the Play

Taking everything into consideration, a good book is better than a good play. "In the Palace of the King" the novel, is superior to "In the Palace of the King" the play. But the play is more "popular," since none of Marion Crawford's novels could ever reach the renown implied in that term. Crawford's books are written in English of too fine grade ever to appeal to the vast herd that devours the bucolic and pseudo-historical fictions that belch forth from the publishing houses in such mighty force day by day. In "Via Crucis" he came nearer to penning a "popular" novel than in anything he had hitherto written. "Via Crucis," while dramatically interesting is from a literary point of view far beneath any of its Crawford precursors. "In the Palace of the King," then, while never more than a few steps on the road to becoming a book of the people, is far more dramatic in its chapters than are the scenes of the play constructed from it. The novel holds the interest far more closely than does the play. And, by the way, those censors who publicly plume themselves on never reading modern novels from which plays are taken remind me very much of Little Jack Horner who patted himself on the back for finding a plum in his pie. They cry, "See what a good boy am I" for no virtue at all, unless ignorance of the literature of the day be one. Crawford is not a literary fad. One who goes to the theatre for the purpose of criticism does not go for enjoyment, but to give an impartial and intelligent judgment. It is quite true that those who read the book will not enjoy the play so well as those who left it on the bookshelves until after they had seen the drama. The reason of this is obvious: The play, being written for a star, has all the characters subordinated to Dolores Mendoza, the heroine who afterwards becomes the wife of Don John of Austria. The blind girl Inez is a very cogent personage in the novel, while she has but one important scene in the play—where she goes to the ball in her sister's place. The introduction of the Cardinal spoils one of Inez' best chances of distinction and causes the omission of one of the most charming chapters in the book. This is where Don John, supposedly killed by King Philip and left unattended in his room, is coaxed back to life by the kisses of Inez whom he mistakes for Dolores. In the play the entire sense is changed. It is the peacemaking Cardinal who is the victim of the blade, and Don John is arrested for the murder.

Leaving the novel out of the question it must be universally acknowledged that the combined brains of author, star and playwright have been the means of giving us a romantic drama of direct and brilliant quality, a sumptuous medium for Viola Allen's mobile art. We do not need her name in capitals, as it is on the bill, to know who is the star. It is impossible to figure out what the play would be without her dominating personality. Miss Allen is said to have had many conversations over this play with Mr. Crawford before Mr. Stoddard put his hand to its dramatization. She liked the character of Dolores and had her own ideas of its stage presentment. With the aid of Dolores' creator, added to her own conception, she has evolved a charming creature more French than Spanish, more American than French, and more Viola Allen than Dolores Mendoza. Miss Allen is one of the most convincing stars graduated from the stock schools. She is grace itself in every movement and all her training and natural intelligence are brought to bear upon this part of the loving, faithful and proud Spanish girl. She is winsome and arch in the second scene where Don John, the young conqueror, returns from the wars; fierce and sad by turns in the scene where her father asserts his authority and forbids her to go to the ball; fond and tender and strong in the scene in Don John's rooms. If there is something studied in Miss Allen's art, it is nevertheless always agreeable acting that she gives us. Her finest dramatic work is in the throne room scene, where she makes the useless sacrifice of her name and rouses the nobles to rally around her hero lover. There is a whole scale of expression to run in the six scenes and none loses in contrast with the others. As is usual in a one-star play there is no opportunity for especially noteworthy work from the other players. But the cast as a whole contains ap parently no weaknesses, the ensemble being eminently satisfactory. Mr. Pascoe acts the splendid hero with romantic fervor. Mr. Bonney gives a most effective view of Philip II, the royal villain. Mr. Hoyt as Adonis the court fool, upon whom much of the action of the play falls, is an actor of unusual ability and force and carries his part with discernment. The old Captain who places his duty to his King above his filial affection is faithfully portrayed by Mr. Benrimo, once of the Alcazar company and always a fine character actor. Miss Warren is a sweet and lovable Inez. Miss Prince, who served her apprenticeship in Augustin Daly's company, is a beautiful picture as the wily, revengeful Princess, a character of far more moment in the book than in the play. "In the Palace of the King" is one of the handsomest spectacles ever seen here, ranking in this respect with "Henry VIII." Not a detail is disdained. The supers look as if they could act if given a part on short notice. The little incident opening the second scene, that of the frolicking pages, is an instance of a minor circumstance given prominence that it may add to a perfect whole.

Survival of an Old Melodrama

It is curious how certain plays keep in favor, long after the conditions portrayed in them have changed. Such a one is "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; "The Danites," the Alcazar's attraction this week, is another. Joaquin Miller wrote "The Danites" when California was young. Like the Bret Harte novels it was doubtless an animated picture of early life in our State. But it interests now only as a bit of primitive history. The Alcazar presentation is generous as to accessories and the view of the school-teacher's cabin by moonlight is a jubilee of scenic art. It strikes me, however, that "The Danites," with its heavy climaxes, loud-voiced pathos and corresponding comedy, would be more at home on the Central's stage. The players take their parts very seriously, with too great seriousness in many cases. Notably good acting is that of Miss Wycherly as the schoolma'am who marries the "typical hero of the early days"; Mr. Bacon, as the Judge; Mr. Osbourne as the Parson; Miss Howe and Miss Woodthorpe as the Rough Diamonds; and Mr. Scott as a Danite. Mr. Scott's make-up is worthy of a stronger part.

Alphonse Luttringer, who is now playing small parts at the Grand, was once one of the leading members of the old San Francisco Operatic Society when Adolph Schleicher, Mrs. Madden, Alvina Heuer and Charles Parent were members.

Argonaut

O. K.

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PROPRIETORS

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Fulton G. Berry went every night to the Columbia to see "The Princess Chic." Can you blame him? His daughter is certainly one of the best all-round comic opera prime donne on the American stage. She came with a good company, too, and the Kirke La Shelle organization is sure to be well received when it comes here again. It is as strong a band of players and singers as the old-time Bostonians.

Attractions Next Week

"The Ameer" is good to run on at the Tivoli for some time, when "The Serenade" will be given.

"In the Palace of the King" is playing to crowded houses. It runs another week and will be succeeded by one of last season's successes, "Way Down East."

Following "The Danites" at the Alcazar will be a fine production of Henry Arthur Jones' "The Rogue's Comedy." Mr. Willard's famous part of Baily Prothero will be taken by Mr. Alsop who has been studying it for some time.

After "Master and Man" at the Central will come "A Young Wife."

"Jim the Penman" is having an admirable presentation at the Grand this week. Mr. Arden's "Zorah" was such a success that the management will put on another of his plays next week—"Raglan's Way," which had a long run at the old Union Square theatre in New York. The play has a clever plot and gives scope for much dramatic action. The cast will include the full strength of the stock company, with Mr. Arden in the star part of Guy Raglan. The Eastern and Southern press is said to have enthused over his portrayal of the part and the general excellence of the play. It will be mounted in the usual sumptuous manner.

Mary Norman, the talented elocutionist whose refinement and charm are remembered with pleasure by Orpheum patrons, will be on next week's bill. Her specialty is impersonating the society girls of different cities. Dempsey, Mack & Co. have a one-act farce based on a divorce complication. The marvelous Merrills, comedy cyclists, have a new act. Winchermann's trained bears are something quite new, coming direct from Russia via Australia, this being their first American appearance. Rose and Jeannette, the dainty danseuses, will return for one week. Roattino will have new songs. The best of this week's people are on the bill.

—*The Playgoer.*

From the Plutonian Post

My Dear Barrett: I wish you could have made it convenient to accompany me to earth on the evening of February second, 1902. I took a fancy to attend a first night at the old theatre where you and I played so many years, and which was then the principal playhouse of the city. The place has degenerated to a frightful extent, and now enjoys the reputation of giving the "jayest" shows in town. Mrs. Fiske told me she had heard that her company was the only first class one that had played there in ages.

But Sunday night—queer night for a premier, isn't it?—is what I was intending to describe. I don't wonder now at what we heard of James K. Hackett's dismal failure in "The Pride of Jennico." It was a sure thing. No one could have succeeded in such a play. Why, even you and I, my dear Lawrence, could not have carried the thing. What I do wonder at is that such a play should ever have been seriously considered and sent West; verily, the cast is enough to damn the production without the accessory evils. "The Pride of Jennico" is melodrama gone mad with a vengeance—and it gluts its passion on the patience of the poor audience. As a burlesque of the romantic drama of "The Prisoner of Zenda" order—you remember we saw Hackett in that—with Joseph Hart, May Irwin, Jennie Yeamans, De Wolf Hopper, Frank Daniels and an all-star cast of clever burlesquers to interpret it, I could fancy its having a great vogue. Considered as a burlesque, "The Pride of Jennico" is fine fun, but considered seriously, it cannot hope to invite attention, as experience in the East with a far better cast and brighter scenery has proved. I felt so depressed to see the way our old theatre had degenerated that I came home without attending the joyous supper where the shades of Mrs. Drew, McCullough and others of our friends were to foregather.

Yours affectionately, —*Booth.*

AMUSEMENTS

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VIOLA ALLEN and Company presenting
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Matinees Wednesday Saturday and Sunday
Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c

LETTERS

Modern Valentines

The poster idea has been very cleverly utilized by Elder & Shepard, the publishers of 238 Post street, in a series of most artistic valentines. These are a wide departure from the old-style lace paper valentine and appeal to the understanding as well as to the eye. They are in various shapes and designs, the pictures drawn by artists of some note, and the verses are from the muse of poets who have made more than a local reputation. They are moderate in price, not exceeding in this the lace paper monstrosities, and the designs cover a large field. "A Fool's Alphabet" is a scroll tied with a cardinal ribbon, and the verses begin:

"The teachers all, in every school
Have branded me an awful fool
Because no matter how I try
I learn no more than U—and why?
Because no matter what I do
I care for none excepting U."

There are some bright little valentines for the children, with verses that adults as well as the juveniles will appreciate. These belong to the Youngster series. The "A is for Arrows," an alphabet, has pictures of two little dunces. Another tells how

"Two sleek Crows sat one day
On a fine 'simmon tree.
One was bored, t'other was gay;
What can the matter be?"

A valentine for the "Strenuous" life relates in ready verse how things went in the days of the post-chaise. An acrostic, "To My Valentine," is after an ancient scroll design. The Sphinx, the Dog and the Jack Ass valentines are amusing. An old eighteenth century riddle is printed on Japan vellum and makes a timely love missive. The Hoodlum's valentine is one of Wallace Irwin's bits of southside verse, and is illustrated by Gelett Burgess. These artistic valentines will be pleasing little mementoes to send to Eastern friends. They are all in envelopes ready for mailing. Only a limited edition has been printed.

For Fun

"Junk" is a collection of verses "instigated" by Leon Lempert, Jr., gotten out in a gay cover, colored ink and comic pictures, and is as lively as a clown at a circus. There are twenty-five jingles and rhymes—

A little bit of everything
Picked up from day to day,
A bunch of merry jinglings
To drive dull care away:
And just a touch of seriousness,
But not enough to harm,
For seriousness, I must admit,
Fills me with wild alarm.

The quotation from the introduction gives a sufficient example of the style of the composition, and the subjects treated spring moving, cat concerts, air castles, whistling, and such topics, are familiar to every one. It is "a book to stagger sorrow," and is not meant to do more than lighten a dull half-hour. It is certain to do that. C. M. Clark company of Boston are the publishers.

Handmade Lamps

Typograhpical errors are aggravating enough at any time, and the perfect proof-reader is yet to be evolved, but it seems as if the imp of the perverse takes a particular pride in having a hand whenever a specially nice piece of work is attempted. A Chicago firm of publishers recently got out an edition of Milton's "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity." It was a holiday publication, printed on hand-made paper, and this fact seems to have impressed "ye intelligent compositor," for the seventeenth verse is made to read:

"But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest;
Time is our tedious song should here have ending;
Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with hand-made lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable."

The *Critic* used the "Ode" as a special feature of the Christmas number, with illustrations, border, rubricated initials and other embellishments, by Ralph Fletcher Seymour, and has since issued an edition from the same plates, but there also is the "hand-made lamp" in all its glory.

—*The Bookworm.*

THE ORIGINAL VIENNA BAKERY'S NEW HOME.

The large way in which the Original Vienna Bakery is being patronized shows that its manager, Mr. F. B. Galindo, showed admirable foresight in moving to a more central location than the old quarters in Kearny street. Everything about the new Vienna cafe at 133-135 O'Farrell street is fresh, clean and attractive. The daintiness of its table furnishings commends it to the most fastidious, as does the deft and rapid service, and the well-cooked menu. The show windows are fitted up after the latest models, with hardwood on which the Vienna's specialties in confectionery are displayed. Original Vienna bread, rolls and wedding cake are famous since the days of '76, when the bakery was first established. The new location is very convenient, and commends itself not only for lunch and dinner, but for ladies on afternoon shopping tours desiring a light refreshment, and for suppers after the theatre.

INSTANTANEOUS WATER HEATER.

No residence is complete without one. No family that has not had one can appreciate the luxury of an unlimited quantity of hot water at any moment, day or night. Joseph H. Forderer of the Forderer Cornice Works says: "The Ribbon Water Heater, which I purchased some time ago, is giving entire satisfaction, and is all you represent it to be. We regard it as indispensable in our household, and would not be without it for ten times its cost." See advertisement on page 30.

N. S. HAND THE EXPERT HANDICAPPER

And author of the original "American Handicapping System" and of "Hand's Improved System of Handicapping," has returned from the East and opened an office in this city for the purpose of supplying old and new subscribers with legitimate and high-class handicap figures on the California races.

We figure solely on the **class and form of horses and jockeys as shown in actual races, and not on track information, private "tips"** or imaginary "good things"—the result being that we have given our subscribers an average of nearly 50 per cent of the winners during the past four years.

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MUSIC

Madame Nordica's Illness

It was with great regret that Messrs. Bouvier and Greenbaum called the Nordica recitals off, but the doctor's orders were imperative. Madame Nordica has the reputation of being the most reliable of all the great singers and in the many years of her connection with the Metropolitan opera company never disappointed an audience. She takes this unfortunate experience very much to heart, and says that when she is perfectly recovered she wants to come back to San Francisco, no matter what her future dates may be, and sing for our people, who have been so kind to her in her illness. Fortunately Madame Nordica's illness is not in any way connected with her vocal organs, but simply severe shock to the nervous system, only requiring absolute rest. The next attraction coming under this management is the Chicago Symphony Orchestra of over fifty artists, under the direction of Mr. Adolph Rosenbecker and assisted by four soloists, Madame Ragna Linne, soprano, Mr. C. Towne, tenor, Jan Van Oordt, violinist, and Franz Wagner, 'cellist. At their four concerts the following symphonies will be played in the order named: Mendelssohn's Scotch, Tschaikowsky's Pathetique, Beethoven's Seventh and Raff's Leonore. The prices will be popular theatre prices.

The Symphony Concert

The opportunity for a great musical treat was lost last Friday when the symphony orchestra played in the Grand Opera House and Josef Hofmann in the Columbia theatre. What a fine combination would the two have made. A divided set of music lovers would have been better satisfied and the Grand would have been packed from pit to dome. As it was, only the family circle and gallery were well filled, the dress circle and orchestra seats holding but a meagre number of hearers to listen to a finely rendered program, beginning with Dvorak's American symphony. I have heard the "New World" played several times, once by the Chicago symphony orchestra, but never better done than on Friday afternoon. The violins were in especially good trim and their bows rose and fell as with one man. Director Steindorff's reading of the symphony varies considerably from those of other leaders, but I think the composer would have been satisfied with it. He brought out the meaning of the *largo* and *scherzo* movements so plainly that no one could fail to understand and follow the theme. In the finale one obstreperous horn marred the perfection but that was but a minor blot. The audience was exceedingly enthusiastic and insisted on calling Mr. Steindorff out after the number. The overture from Weber's "Der Freischuetz" was given with fine intelligence and grasp. The odd "Nutcracker" suite of Tschaikowsky, a familiar number but full of surprises, was admirably given. The Arabian and Chinese dances were particularly pleasing to the audience. The danse des mirlitons went with a splendid swing. Lalo's Spanish rhapsody closed the program. The second concert of this series will be given next Friday afternoon at the usual time and place. Schubert's unfinished B minor symphony will be given, with Glinka's overture, "The Life for the Czar," Jadassohn's "Serenade" and Saint-Saens' symphonic poem, "Phaeton." There should be a larger attendance at this concert than at its predecessors, for there will be fewer affairs claiming precedence.

Let the Talkers become Doers

Last week I said that the Symphony Society is not a money-making association, but aims for artistic success and the spread of musical culture. That by no means implies that the society can achieve this result without money. If the concerts are not financial successes they cannot of course be continued indefinitely. The three or four strong purses among the officers and members cannot be expected to shoulder all the expense. The purse of Fortunatus does not exist even in this day of easily acquired millions. But though the subscriptions for the symphony concerts are sufficient to cover the actual outlay, they do not allow for any branching out. If the enterprise becomes popular, and the opera house is crowded or even comfortably filled at every concert, the society could arrange for additions to the programs such as Eastern symphony concerts have—great visiting artists to appear as soloists, etc. What we need is more active interest shown. The people who talk so much about our city's being "jay," and lacking appreciation of true art, are the very ones who, when they have a chance to help on the cause of art, refuse their aid. There is a very devoted band of musical people here, but they cannot do everything to keep interest alive.

Personnel of the Orchestra

There are fifty-five musicians in the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Paul Steindorff, the director, is also musical director at the Tivoli Opera House. Giulio Minetti, the concert master, is one of our best known violinists and the founder and director of the Minetti String Quartet. No one has accomplished more than he in the interests of good music. Year after year, with little financial encouragement, his quartet has given chamber music concerts, the best compositions of the best ancient and modern composers being given. Next to Mr. Minetti, among the first violins, sits Ferdinand Stark, leader of the Zinkand orchestra and a veritable wizard at his instrument. Hother Wismer, another of the first violins, studied in Berlin under the best masters. Edward Lada is leader of the Alcazar orchestra, but does not disdain to sit among the first violins of the symphony orchestra. E. Carlmueller is a violinist who has had service in the Tivoli and other orchestras and with the Minetti quartet. Sam Savannah and H. Siering have also appeared with local quartets giving chamber music recitals. G. Kalthoff and Louis Ritzau appear among the second violins. Charles Heinsen of the Minetti quartet, Bernat Jaulus, leader of the Hungarian orchestra at the Louvre, Conrad Fuhrer and Fred Knell are among the violins. The 'cellests form a strong quintet—P. Friedhofer, F. S. Gutterson, H. Langstroth, F. Mayor and Arthur Weiss. Weiss is one of the finest 'cellists in this part of the world, and when he first came to San Francisco and appeared in concert he was at once taken into favor. Newbauer, Oesterreich and Paulsen are the flutes. Among the horns is E. Schlott, who has few equals on his instrument and who has had experience with many symphony orchestras. It is impossible to make individual mention of an organization containing fifty-five musicians, but sufficient has been said to show what a very good set of players Mr. Steindorff has under his leadership.

The Hofmann Recitals

At the recital to be given on Wednesday night by Josef Hofmann at Metropolitan hall a Chopin concerto will be played by the young pianist accompanied on a second piano by his father, Casimer Hofmann. The other numbers at this recital will be: Variations, D minor, Handel; Rondo G minor, Beethoven; Marche Militaire, Schubert-Tausig; Alceste, Gluck-St. Saens; Gnomenreigen, Liebestraum, Mefisto valse, Liszt. The Marche Militaire was played by Hofmann as an encore at his first concert. The second program, to be given on Saturday afternoon at three o'clock, will be: Praeludium und Fuge D major, Bach-d'Albert; Rondo A moll, Mozart; Marsch aus den Ruinen v. Athen, Beethoven-Rubinstein; Variations serieuses, Mendelssohn; Berceuse, valse A flat major, valse E minor, Chopin; Erl-Konig, Morgenstandchen, Schubert-Liszt; Barcarolle, Robinstein; Rhapsodie, Liszt. Great interest is naturally being taken in these recitals and there is large demand for seats, which are two dollars, one dollar and a half, one dollar, and fifty cents, now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

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For the egg-nog now all the vogue in society Chapin & Gore's whiskies are the brand used.

Mr. Louis H. Eaton, organist of Trinity church, has arraged a series of organ recitals, admission to which will be free, and the first of which will be given at the church next Monday evening at eight o'clock. The program will be: Bach's Prelude and Fugue in G major; Cesar Franck's Fantasie in C; Mendelssohn's "Hear Ye, Israel," Miss M. Flynn; Guilmant's First Meditation, op. 20; Schubert's "Great is Jehovah," Mrs. J. E. Birmingham; Charles Marie Widor's Symphonie VI, op. 42, No. 2. Miss Flynn is the soprano of Trinity's choir and Mrs. Birmingham the contralto.

The fifth and last concert of the Minetti string quartet will take place this evening in the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium. The program will be: String quartet in C minor, op. 18, No. 4, Beethoven; violin sonate A major, Handel; piano quintet, A major, op. 81, Dvorak. Samuel Fleishman will be the pianist of the occasion. Though these concerts are strictly subscription affairs, tickets are to be on sale at the box office for this one as it the last of the series.

Clever Juveniles

The juvenile department of the Von Meyerinck School of Music gave an entertainment last Saturday afternoon before a large and interested audience. The young students, ranging in age from nine to twelve years, rendered a varied program of vocal and piano numbers (solos and duets) and there was an exhibition of physical culture, drill and club-swinging, all gone through with thoroughness and artistic finish. As each of the little students must take up piano, singing and physical culture, it is obvious to see how even at such tender age what good results can be reached with systematic work. The participants were: Hazel Sexton, Parl Giles, Alive Levy, Maud Conley, Wessie Skillen and Herbert von Meyerinck.

The Von Meyerinck School has issued invitations for an entertainment to be given by the members of the dramatic department next Thursday in the recital hall of the school. The program includes excerpts from the opera "Der Freischutz" with Miss Heath and Miss Cullen in the principal parts, assisted by the members of the class in the chorus; an exhibition of fencing by Mrs. B. M. McKay, the teacher of physical culture at the school, and Professor Tronchet, who has kindly consented to assist; and a fancy dance by Miss Agnes Ahkman, one of Signora Matildita's class of students at the school. The opening number will be a cantata for women's voices, "The Horns," by Hofmann, with solos by Miss Maude Fay and Miss Heath. Fred Maurer will be at the piano and Miss Gowan will assist at the organ.

—*The Music Critic*

A recital will be given by the pupils of Fräulein Lotte Siegel on Friday, February fourteenth, Sherman Clay Hall, and arias and songs by Lassen, Mozart, Grieg and Leoncavallo will be rendered.

FAMOUS FOR ITS LINGERIE

It is worthy of retaining in the recollection that when the stork paid his first visit at the home of the Princess Colonna, he found a trousseau of Californian make awaiting his infant charge's arrival. The Princess' mother, Mrs. John Mackay, would permit her grandchild to wear none but the finest garments to be obtained, therefore she sent to Davis, Schonwasser & Co., of 128-134 Post street, in this city, an order for an expensive baby-trousseau. Those who saw the tiny garments when they reached Paris exclaimed at their beauty, and the fame of the San Francisco firm naturally spread over the world's capital. The name has always been well-known in New York, by reason of the fact that nearly all the great actresses that come this way buy their fine underwear at Davis, Schonwasser & Co's. Just now the firm is having its annual sale of undergarments, the dainty bits of muslin, lace and embroidery being sold at a great reduction from the original prices. Petticoats, drawers, corset-covers and chemises of exquisite make and embellishment are included in the sale.

To banish the blues nothing is so efficacious as a drink of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve bourbon or rye.

Notice To Creditors

Estate of L. SAINSERE, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. BOLAND, Administrator of the Estate of L. Sainsere deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) monthsafter the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, No. 238 Montgomery Street, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

P. BOLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of
L. SAINSERE, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco
January 18, 1902

M. C. Hassett, Attorney for Administrator.
308-10-12 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Estate of ELLEN HOLLAND, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, JOHN HOLLAND, Administrator of the Estate of Ellen Holland deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said John Holland, Administrator of the Estate of Ellen Holland, deceased, at Room 411 Parrott Building, No. 855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN HOLLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of Ellen Holland, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, January 18th, 1902.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Administrator,
Parrott Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Estate of James Slade (sometimes known as and called Dennis Driscoll) deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Hannah Barry, Administratrix of the estate of James Slade, (sometimes known as and called Dennis Driscoll), deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Hannah Barry, Administratrix as aforesaid, at Room 411 Parrott Building, No 855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

HANNAH BARRY
Administratrix of the estate of James Slade, (sometimes known as and called Dennis Driscoll), deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 8, 1902.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Administratrix
Parrott Building 855 Market St., San Francisco.

NOTICE TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE PACIFIC COLONIAL SHIP COMPANY

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a resolution of the Board of Directors of the Pacific Colonial Ship Co., a corporation, unanimously and duly adopted at a meeting of the Board of Directors duly and regularly held at the office of said Company, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 30th day of December, 1901, a special meeting of the stockholders of the said Pacific Colonial Ship Co., will be held at the office of the Company in Room 21 in that certain building known as No. 416-418 California Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being the principal place of business of the said corporation, and being the place or building where the Board of Directors of said corporation usually meet, on Monday the 3rd day of March 1902, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M.; said meeting of stockholders will be held for the purpose of determining whether or not the capital stock of said Pacific Colonial Ship Co., shall be diminished to the sum or amount of Fifty thousand ($50,000) Dollars.

Dated San Francisco, December 30th, 1901.

D. F. EWART,
Secretary of the Pacific Colonial Ship Co., a corporation.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Della St. Claire Weston, Plaintiff,
vs.
William Henry Weston, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to William Henry Weston, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty to plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made. All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of January, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and two.

ALBERT MAHONY, Clerk.
By THOS. F. O'NEIL, Deputy Clerk.

[SEAL]

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Parrott Building, San Francisco.

Miss Westgate wrote the following in the Alameda *Argus* last Saturday: "One recently heard with great pleasure the playing of Mrs. H. H. Sherwood and three talented children, at a small gathering at the Sherwood home. Mrs. Sherwood played lute and Miss Avis mandolin, both being students with Mr. Adelstein. As a somewhat recent convert—and a somewhat unwilling one, too—to the recognition of the value of these instruments for giving out music, the undersigned more than ever enjoys expressing the pleasure received. Master Warner has unusual talent for violin, and has studied well. Miss Mary takes delight in the piano, and has an instinct for accompanying unusual in a child. They have a repertory of unhackneyed compositions, for Mr. Adelstein's Florentine and Venetian music friends keep him supplied with the best things in mandolin literature. Their playing is full of light and shade, and they give a musicianly interpretation of everything they attempt. As a rule, the melodies are given to the mandolin, the violin affords for the most part a viola-like assistance, the lute is a good deal like a 'cello in its effect, and the piano supplies the necessary background. The ensemble work has all been done under Mr. Adelstein's direction."

The Berkeley Oratorio Society and the Berkeley Orchestral Society, twenty instruments, will present Handel's "Messiah" under the direction of Clinton R. Morse, at Shattuck hall in Berkeley on February thirteenth. Miss Grace I. Davis, soprano. Mrs. Lena Carroll-Nicholson, contralto, Mr. Roy Max Smith tenor, Mr. S. Homer Henley bass, and Miss Maud Wellendorff pianist, will assist.

Josef Hofmann will play in Oakland at the Unitarian church next Friday night and will give the same program that was played here last Friday afternoon. Alfred Wilkie is the manager for the Oakland recital, as he was for the one given there on Thursday evening of last week.

Sybil Sanderson and Rose Relda are among the five Americans who have had the honor of singing at the Opera Comique, Paris. An absolutely perfect French accent is required, or what is the same thing, no trace of any other accent is tolerated from singers who appear at the Comique. Fanchon Thompson, Mary Garden and Claude Allbright are the other three Americans and the last two are singing there now. Madame Acte of Belgium is the only other foreigner in the Comique company. —*The Music Critic.*

A TRANSFORMATION SCENE

How different the Mechanic's Pavilion looks today from its appearance one week ago. Everything is ready for the opening this afternoon of the Carnival of Fairyland, which Manager Buckley has been preparing for weeks past. It is like a transformation scene. The big bare interior is changed so that it is unrecognizable. No former carnival had such a beautiful background as this one will have. The fairyland idea has been charmingly carried out and with the little dancing fairies on the stage the visitor will fancy himself in direct communication with Queen Titania and her subjects. The Pacific Cat Club will have a large showing of high-bred felines, one portion of the Pavilion being allotted to the club. All the booths of the different exhibitors are ranged about the Pavilion and the largest stage ever seen in this city is at the Polk street end. The program for next week is as follows: On Monday the Eintracht pupils will make matters merry; on Tuesday Turn Verein children will give an exhibition; on Wednesday the little fellows who were reviewed by the Governor a few weeks ago will repeat their drill; Thursday will be Baby Show day with a parade in carriages; on Friday there will be a championship juvenile cakewalk, and the battle of confetti. On the closing day—Saturday—the principal features of the week will be repeated. A military band will be heard from a stand in the centre of the building.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

For many years it was the custom of business men to sneer at the work of the business college. They regarded its graduates as mere theorists, useless in practical work. There was, and still is, in many instances, ground for this feeling. As long as the teachers were mere theorists, their pupils could be no better. With the advent of the San Francisco Business College this condition was changed. Its proprietors are men who have spent years in the active practice of book-keeping and shorthand. They brought into their college the training and methods of the business house. The change was immediately apparent. The graduate went forth a trained, accurate, capable accountant or shorthand writer. Business men are satisfied with their work and highly commend the San Francisco Business College.

A shorthand student of this college recently made the phenomenal record of two hundred and six words per minute in shorthand. This high rate is due largely to the speed of the system used—the Gregg, which is undoubtedly the fastest system, as well as the most legible, in use. The college has adopted the novel and very attractive plan of furnishing a typewriter to each pupil in his own home. Nearly three hundred young people are placed in profitable positions each year by this college.

THE POPULAR PURITAN

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THE GRAYBEARDS LAMENT.

I wonder where the sylphs have gone
Who once cotillon's halls did grace
With dainty, slender, tapering forms;
They needed not the binding lace—
Lithe as Diana's at the chase.
The wind has whisked them far away,
And buxom dames are in their place.
Where are the sylphs of yesterday?
—*The Elderly Boy.*

WHERE THE COST COMES IN.

Mrs. Newlywed in tears).—Does your husband ever forget to kiss you when he leaves for business in the morning?

Mrs. Olderwed.—Never; he has to come to me in the morning for his day's carfare.

CLOSE CUTTING ALL AROUND.

Rawson, in disgust.—I'm going to quit my boarding-house. The food's getting so thin. I believe the landlady cuts the beef with a carpenter's plane.

Dawson, cheerfully.—That's nothing; up at the boarding-house where I live the landlady shaves the meat with a safety razor.

POPULAR EVERYWHERE.

City boy, showing his country cousin the sights.—Are the five-cent stores in your town very popular?

Jayboy.—Are they? I should say so; they're all beer saloons.

THE ROCK IT SPLIT ON.

"I wonder why Penman's play wasn't a success. Didn't he found it on one of his novels?"

"No, he foundered it there."

Miss Sourgrape.—The loss of his first wife must have affected his mind.

Her friend.—Why?

Miss Sourgrape.—They say he's going to marry Maude Makeup.

CLEVERLY SIDE-STEPPED.

"I hear your wife won an automobile from you on recount for supervisors. That was a heavy loss."

"Not a bit. I compromised on a lovely automobile coat that out-googoos anything in town."

Henpeck: There goes the bravest woman I ever met.

Frostbite: What did she ever do?

Henpeck: She said. "Nonsense!" once to an argument with my wife.

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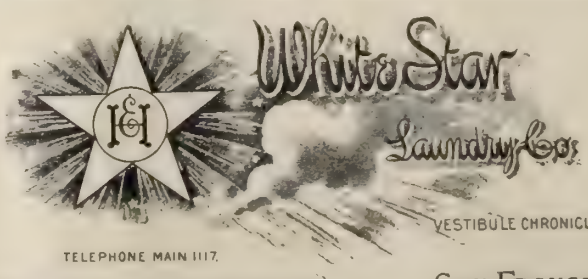

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WILLING TO WORK HER WAY.

Were I a wife,
Upon my life,
No duty would I shirk.
No time I'd lose
In morning snooze,
But hasten to my work.

I'd chop the wood,
As woman should,
What sphere would I wish higher?
I'd grab a match,
Which I would scratch,
And rush and light the fire.

A meal I'd bring,
Fit for a king,
To bed where "hubby's" snoring;
With gentle word
I'd rouse my lord,
And serve, the while adoring.

Then when at eve,
He took his leave,
Of business that so tires,
He'd feel no woes
Because he knows
His wife would "light the fires."

—*The Lone Spinster.*

LOVE WILL FIND A WAY.

"Have you heard the news, dear?"
"No."
"Maude is married at last and Love wasn't blind in her case, I'm sure."
"Why?"
"Her husband is an oculist."

He.—Are you superstitious about opals?

She.—Well, I think it's unlucky to lose a chance of getting one.

BOTH AT SCRATCH.

He forced her pa to toe the mark:
'Twas quite a hit.
Alas! her pa did toe the mark
And he was It.

—*The Referee.*

AT THE CLUB.

"Anybody hurt in that scrap Chubley had with Henderson?"

"No; but after they were separated Chubley complained of a gnawing sensation in his stomach. Singular, wasn't it?"

"Not a bit; he must have swallowed his false teeth."

"When did you first get acquainted with your wife?"

"About three months after I married her."

"Jagson's confidence ought to help him along in the world a big lot."

"It would, only it's misplaced."

THE SAME OLD SONG.

Slowboy.—What was in that extra the newsboys were shouting on the street so early this morning?

Brightboy.—Nothing extra.

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She is delicate and sweet;
She is pretty and petite;
Her hair is neither fluffy nor in curl;
And a man with any taste
Would go far to clasp her waist;
While her dainty ankle makes your senses whirl.

—*The Fotographer.*

A WOMAN'S WAY.

A man will buy his shoes to fit—
Whatever be the bulk of it;
But woman, with persistent care,
Must have the size she used to wear.

—*The Shoe Clerk.*

Higgsby.—My wife was upbraiding me this morning because I had not been to church in three years. I got into trouble enough the last time I was there.

Griggsby.—How so?

Higgsby.—I was married.

COUNTED WITHOUT HIS COST.

"When Grigsby said he'd never marry, he counted his chickens before they were hatched."

"So I understand: one of them proved to be a duck."

LOTS OF WORK AHEAD.

First Assistant Menagerie Man.—I'm working hard, overtime: our giraffe has a bad sore throat.

Second ditto.—So 'm I: our centipedes are all laid up with cold feet.

NOT A MATTER OF CHOICE.

Her Bosom Friend.—Daisy told me she had always remained single from choice.

Her Friend's Friend.—It must be her own choice then.

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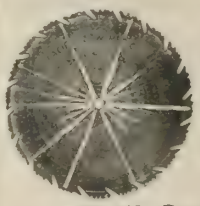

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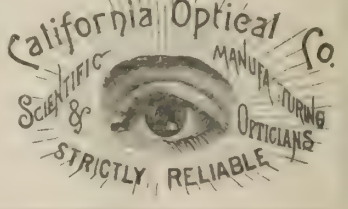

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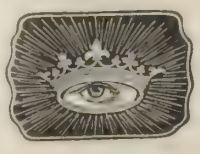
TRADE  MARK

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, February 15, 1902

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OUR OPINION

Disgracing the State

The long-drawn-out trial of the Modoc county lynchers will inevitably result in an acquittal or a disagreement of the jury. This has been evident to the most casual readers who have followed the case. It would be hard to say which member of the court is doing most to make a farce of the whole affair. Meantime, the jurors are compelled to neglect their own affairs and the expenses pile up while the unseemly squabble is kept going. If it is a specimen of the way trials are conducted in that part of the State, no better justification for the lynchings could be cited. It is a case in which the prisoners are on trial for their lives, and the process of law should be conducted with at least an outward show of dignity and responsibility. California had some dim hope of emerging from the fog which has enveloped her as a result of Bret Harte's early romancing, but this Modoc county affair will be confirmatory evidence, wherever the report of the farcical trial penetrates, that we are still a community of red-shirted miners and sombreroed cowboys. Unfortunately for us, on the principle that untraveled Europeans believe that the schoolboys of Gotham spend their Saturday afternoons throwing sticks over Niagara Falls, every place in California is only across the bay from San Francisco. It would be a work of supererogation to attempt to explain that Modoc is a frontier community, for to most Easterners the whole State is a frontier. Neither would it be of any use to state that Alturas is further from the bay in a bee line than the width of several of the Atlantic States, nor that it is only a few years ago since that part of the State was given over to a tribe of savage Indians, who gave Uncle Sam's troops a stubborn fight before they were subdued. The State at large will suffer for the shortcomings of this out-of-the-way corner. But if the result is a demand for more dignity in court proceedings and more respect on the part of counsel and spectators, it will be an appreciated blessing.

War on the Comic Valentine

The Woman's club of Ravenswood, a Chicago suburb, has declared war on the comic valentine. Sympathizing club women of Chicago have not only endorsed their sentiments, but are going to support them in the forthcoming campaign. The great annual comic is marked for onslaught because, forsooth, it doesn't live up to its name and reputation: the attacking women's clubs declare that its pictures are not comic, its verses are not funny, and that it is a parody on art with evil and malicious tendencies. Thus the old, old fate that has attacked many a man who tried to be funny is barking at the heels of the comic valentine. Instead of being taken in a jesting spirit it is taken seriously and as the great purveyor of annual nonsense its job is up. The dreadful thing is that both sides are taking the matter in deadly seriousness, for the pursued valentine has its champions. Dr. Frances Dickinson, in an effort to protect its threatened head from the uplifted clubs of the good ladies of the Ravenswood club, says: "Those who can't appreciate the comic valentine seem to me to be lacking in humor, and humor is all that saves us from becoming pessimists. Of one thing I am sure, and that is that comic valentines are less objectionable than sentimental ones. Give me comedy every time.." Do the good ladies of the Ravenswood club want to reduce life to the Puritanical idea of straight-laced "sense in spectacles," or are they unconsciously making of themselves a "comic" for some pencil genius?

Shall Woman do the Proposing?

The Rev. Charles K. Kloss of St. Louis is probably the most surprised and the most abashed man on the continent today. He got his feet into the fire like a great big awkward man by trying to compliment advanced woman. In the fulness of a good heart, and without taking any advice from the ladies, he recently proclaimed from his pulpit that if the gentler sex be allowed to propose marriage the ideal husband would soon become a reality and divorce would soon be out of fashion. Ordinary man would think that such a "bouquet of real sense" would tickle the pride of the stately leaders of the Amazon advance. Far from it. They promptly told Rev. Kloss to go way back and sit down. The reason is not far to seek. Many a brave, happy-go-lucky man who dreamed that he led the marriage procession has later on awakened to the fact that he was artfully pushed to the altar. Most men never wake up and that's why advanced women don't want Dr. Kloss to talk so loud. The tale of many Benedicts is the story of the man who met a girl friend and burst out with this delightful news: "I've got something to surprise you, Prue. I proposed to Nellie today

and we're going to be married." "No news at all," Prue replied, "Nellie asked me to be her bridesmaid a month ago." All the intrepid leaders, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mrs. Charles H. Dennison, president of Sorosis, and Lillie Devereaux Blake take exception to Dr. Kloss' suggestion, though Mrs. Blake is a bit inclined to think that perhaps woman ought to be allowed just a little more leeway in wooing. As befits one of her exalted position Mrs. Stanton suavely points out that no matter what man may think, or say, or do in the "pop question," lovely woman will continue, as she always has done, to decide the whole matter. "Women have done the proposing since the beginning of time," she says. "Of course I don't mean they have ever done so vulgar a thing as to ask men to marry them. They are too intuitive for that ever to be necessary. But there are thousands of ways in which woman's preference and selection of husbands are shown. Did Desdemona openly propose marriage to Othello? Of course not; but she loved and wanted him for a husband and she got him, after a woman's way, didn't she?" Mrs. Blake encourages the diffident and the hesitating among the supposed sterner sex in this fashion: Where the advantages of position are entirely with the woman there is no doubt that it is quite fair for her to give a preferred suitor so much encouragement as shall make it plain that a proposal of marriage will be welcome. Social queens who have much to give may very properly extend to favored admirers some token of their preference. So bide a bit, shy suitor, and, like Othello, and a long list of others, you'll soon learn whether you are to be made a husband. As for the Rev. Charles K. Kloss, what can he do with this rain of replying batteries coming down on his astonished head? He will probably know better next time than to offer advice to advanced woman.

College Athletes Under Investigation

Right at the heels of the concerted movement on the part of Michigan universities to do away with football comes the report of President Eliot for the college year 1900-1901, discussing college athletics and declaring that, contrary to general impression, success on the athletic field is no barometer on college attendance. This is in line with the conclusion arrived at by the Michigan investigators. At a recent meeting of the State Teachers' Association they accordingly voted to recommend that all colleges unite to prevent the game on the grounds that it is physically injurious and has not performed the office which its friends claim for it, namely, that of increasing the attendance. The faculties of nearly all the colleges in the State are now considering the recommendations. President Eliot's inquiry into this much discussed question is exceedingly interesting because Harvard is one of the leading participants in intercollegiate sports. He prints a table covering the period of the past ten years in which the defeat or victory of Harvard and Yale in each form of athletics is set down, together with the size of the Freshman class, its increase or loss in the same year, both in the college department and the scientific schools connected with these universities. In only one year was defeat at Harvard followed by a loss in the Freshman class, and victory for Yale has had no decided effect in increasing the size of its Freshman classes. During the ten years covered the preponderance of victory was in favor of Yale and yet the gain in the size of the Freshman classes was largely on the side of Harvard. The same result holds good in comparing Yale and Princeton though not in so striking a manner. Princeton has made a larger percentage of growth in the ten years notwithstanding the fact that Yale has won more victories in athletics. Summing up, President Eliot says: "If the American colleges and universities could satisfy themselves that success in athletics is not indispensable to college growth, or better still, be persuaded that too much attention to athletic sports, or a bad tone in regard to them, hinders college growth, there would probably be a greater improvement in the spirit in which intercollegiate contests are conducted, they would come to be regarded as the by-play they really are, and would be carried on in a sportsmanlike way as interesting and profitable amusements." College presidents will undoubtedly find much food for thought in these conclusions.

Hero Hobson as a Pensioner

Hero Hobson, having developed political aspirations, has considerately applied to the Naval Board to be retired on three thousand dollars a year in order that he may be eligible to serve the country in Congress. Hobson, of course, does not state his plans in just this way. His application is based on physical disability, for he claims that his eyesight has failed so that he is no longer able to be of use as a constructor. The Retiring Board has not seen fit to agree with him, and now the young gentleman is confronted with the alternative of active service or resigning both salary and commission. In the latter event he will go into politics on the same footing as others who have not enjoyed an education and an appointment from the government. Just now Hobson is something of a problem for the Navy Department; he has the rank of captain and only the experience of a junior constructor. It is therefore difficult to find him occupation suitable to both rank and title. If he is incapacitated there is no reason to continue him in the service against his wish. If, on the other hand, he is suffering to such an extent that he cannot support himself in any civilian employment, there is surely enough patriotism in the country to protest against his entering a home for adult blind and learning the trade of broom-making and basket-weaving. But a strong suspicion is abroad in the land that his case is like that of many other army and navy men—merely entering a career that promises a better

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chance to make money, and at the same time hold on to a fair competence in case the new venture does not turn out all it promises. The plain, every-day citizen is growing tired of supporting able-bodied pensioners who make no return for the money. No one for a moment grudges the needy veteran the few dollars that are doled out to him in his old age as a scanty return for the service he rendered the country. But there is a growing conviction that the army of pensioners receives recruits altogether out of proportion to the number who saw active service. It is an unquestioned fact that a large part of the drafts on the treasury go to men who are in no need of public assistance. Many of them have private means; many more are well able to support themselves. They apply for pensions simply because pensions can be had so readily with a little influence. They entirely lose sight of the fact that they are virtually posing as paupers and subsisting on public bounty. When men who have been educated at the public expense and employed in the public service at good salaries have the hardihood to make excuses in order to escape rendering value received, and still expect to be compensated, there is no reason to expect that others, less fortunate and less indebted, will stay their hands. At the time the system of government pensions was inaugurated, it was expected that in the course of time the pensioners would pass away and the list grow smaller. Instead of this there has been a steady increase, and now, when the War of the Rebellion is nearly forty years behind us, we have an army of pensioners almost as great as the force in the field. The pension system not only breeds but it is catching. There is a strong feeling amongst the clerks in the various civil departments of the government that they are entitled to a share of the plums; at every session of Congress some effort is made towards providing them with a Fortunatus purse at the conclusion of a certain period. Municipalities have been beguiled into making provision for employes, ex-policemen, ex-firemen and ex-other things, who have not a particle of hesitation about drawing a comfortable salary in private employment, and presenting their warrants to the county treasury in addition. The whole pension business is so charged with fraud and misrepresentation that an honest man hesitates to have anything to do with it. Hero Hobson is neither better nor worse than others. When it is raining porridge, he may as well hold out his dish. The thing to do is to exercise judgment in controlling the rain of porridge, which, under the present system, falls alike on the just and the unjust.

The Saunterer

A Tale of Several Cities

My Salt Lake correspondent writes me that a prominent mining engineer has got himself into an awkward predicament through trying to smuggle a chere amie along on a Russian mining expedition as his wife. The expedition, on behalf of a rich corporation, was to consist of three well-known engineers; each was accorded the privilege of taking along his better-half. The gay engineer was married all right, but for two years he had been maintaining his spouse abroad on the plea of her poor health. She was unknown to the other men so they never questioned the identity of the woman he introduced for the trip as his wife. Quite by accident the secret came out that he had met the woman while on a New York business trip and had become greatly smitten with her charms. Both were married at the time but that proved no bar to their mutual expressions of warm esteem. The Gay Engineer is a man of daring expedients and strong will where his own pleasures are concerned. In addition he has something over half a million dollars to gratify them. He quietly arranged matters so that the woman got a divorce from her husband in Butte; then he brought her West to live. To rearrange his own menage he gave his wife fifty thousand dollars and sent her to Europe to buy dresses and see if she couldn't recover her health. After she had been gone about a year he quietly began suit in San Francisco for a divorce on the ground of desertion. Meanwhile, he set up a handsome establishment here for housing his beautifully attired Thais, and lived quietly so that no hint of the affair should reach the ears of the Eastern mining Croesus whom he represents on this coast.

The Fatal Accident

The Russian mining expedition offered such big returns that he couldn't refuse the chance of going, nor could his daring spirit decline the chance of smuggling along his Lais when the invitation was tendered each member to bring along his wife. In the midst of all this came along the accident that disclosed to true state of affairs. On a visit to Salt Lake he sent the lady to elegant apartments in the leading hotel, while he took rooms at a swell club. One afternoon he visited her and then—well, she was advised to leave the place at once. She blazed her indignation and with flashing eyes declared that Mr. Gay Enginer would demand the reason why his wife was treated in such a manner. Unluckily for her an intimate friend of the real wife heard her claim and at once sent news of the whole affair to Europe. Now the wife is on the eve of returning and creating a disturbance by revealing his business and domestic perfidy. With this expectation he has just put all his property out of his hands so she can't injure his pocket. The truth about the woman who was to pass as his wife has reached the ears of the other members of the Russian trip. In a roundabout way he has been informed of that fact and that he had better resign from

THE STANDARD FOR CHAMPAGNE QUALITY IS

THE WORLD OVER

the expedition. Now he is on nettles till time shall develop what steps his wife and the Eastern Croesus will take in the affair.

Mrs. Carolan's Bete Noir is Gone

The Sanger Pullmans have really bidden good-bye to Blingum. Mrs. Frank Carolan can breathe freely and need no longer drive abroad with fear in her heart that she may be called upon to cut her suster-in-law. Word has flown westward that Sanger and his wife are going to make their home in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Why Bridgeport nobody seems able to figure out, unless the Wests of whom Mrs. Sanger is one have connections there. Connecticut is a conservative State. A Connecticut town is as full of closely drawn social castes as the country of the Hindu. Probably Sanger Pullman has no desire to invade Bridgeport society and if that be the case there is no reason why he should not live as comfortably there as in Chicago or Blingum. Bridgeport is only a short journey from New York, and if the tabbies discuss the Sanger Pullman menage with the venom that the New England tabby usually imparts to her gossip it will be easy to pull up stakes and migrate to the great metropolis which has swallowed unmoved greater newspaper notorieties than the son of Mrs. George Pullman.

Whom Did She Mean?

Perhaps it was the recent hot debate in the California Club over the "color line" that led the president of another woman's club to close her interesting paper on hygiene, the other day, with the following suggestive remarks: "Relax, ladies, if you wish to cultivate elasticity of mind and body. Let go the muscles of your backs, fingers and toes. Surrender your elbows; let them hang loosely. When you hold them tightly they express self-assertion, egotism, self-consciousness. You have no idea what effect the surrender of the tongue and jaw will have upon the voice. It also makes one more amiable. It does everything. If you surrender the jaw you will not like backbiting." And as the ladies filed out to tea they wondered who was meant.

Her Lineage Passes Muster

Word comes to me from New York that Ethel Keeney has won the hearts of the relatives of her husband-to-be, and that everything will in consequence be smooth sailing for her in that quarter. Ethel Keeney has no end of tact and adaptability and as one of her mottoes is "Do in Rome as the Romans do," she never fails to win friends in all classes and castes. The fact that her mother belongs to Sequoia chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution naturally counts for a good deal in exclusive Yonkers, where Mrs. Tomlinson lives and where Miss Keeney is now visiting. The Westchester and adjacent county people pride themselves on their revolutionary ancestry. In New Rochelle and thereabouts they have a society of Sons of Huguenots, and this branch of early colonists is even more set up in its pride than are the Revolutionary Sons and Daughters. Mr. Tomlinson knew what would please his family when he asked Ethel Keeney to be his bride. Of course he was dreadfully in love, as his pursuit of the beauty at Del Monte for two seasons betrayed. But the Keeneys are very nice people to be related to. Mrs. William Alvord, the grandmamma, is a charming woman. Both of her marriages were good ones, socially and financially, first to the U. S. Army surgeon and then to the ex-Mayor of San Francisco. Charles McIntosh Keeney, Ethel's father, is a genial man and a good fellow, his daughter inheriting these qualities from him as she took her sparkling beauty from her mother. Dr. Jim Keeney, Ethel's uncle, also married into a good family, his wife being Miss Jones, a step-daughter of Judge Pratt.

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Mrs. Martin in the South

You never know how much you like a person, or how necessary he or she is to your life, until absence makes the loss felt. This is very true of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, who was decidedly missed at the final gayeties that marked the coming of Lent. But Mrs. Martin is having a good time in new fields. In Los Angeles last week Mrs. O. W. Childs gave a luncheon in her honor and a few days before the Randolph Miners entertained her at a dinner.

Joined Her Husband in His Faith

When Cora Myerstein married "Billy" Stinson the Myersteins forsook the Talmud for the New Testament. This open defection from the ranks of the "chosen" people to a plush-padded pew in a Christian church has naturally raised a crop of interrogation points. Why? query the Hebrews from their side of the religious fence; and Why? echo the Protestants. There are not a few instances of Jewesses embracing the faith of their Gentile husbands, but for Hebrew parents to adopt such a son-in-law's religion is a reminder of the adage, "Miracles never cease." Several explanations are offered by the gossips, but the Myersteins themselves pursue the even tenor of their new religious way. One version of the affair is that the Myersteins were very wealthy once and were socially above par in Hebrew circles. But when their fortunes fell they found that they were scratched off the lists of the Hebrew social leaders, and they knitted closer the bonds that held them to the few Gentile friends who were faithful in adversity. As drooping fortune began to perk up a bit this circle of Christian acquaintances grew, and when their daughter Cora chose to marry one of this number, the parents decided that they too would forsake the faith of their fathers for the son-in-law's. "Gentiles were their friends in need so they became Christians indeed," is the version in a nutshell.

Smooth Sailing in the Swim

"Nonsense!" cry the opposing camp. "The blood-brotherhood of the Jews is too strong for such a thing to happen." This faction claims that the truth of the matter is that the Myersteins did not want to associate with their co-religionists and that Cora was anx-

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ious to carve a niche for herself in the Gentile ton. Her marriage to "Billy" Stinson paved the way and now that her parents have joined a Protestant church, there will be smoother sailing. So the pros and cons weigh the question and the Myersteins alone seem unconcerned in the hubbub of discussion.

Fatal Note Told the Story

When the pot calls the kettle black things always reach a boiling point. Not long ago a fond mamma accidentally overheard that her son is devoted to a young lady who once hung on to the outer fringes of society but was dropped with a sickening thud when—however, that's another story. The fluttered parent confided her fears to her brother who set about to save the youngster from the clutches of Circe. He knew how hard it is to resist "when she does comme ca jusque la." He forgot that "God made wine and the Devil made ink," and he wrote a letter to the charmer telling her that his nephew was private property and to keep off the grass. He referred to their own friendship in the past and suggested that one in a family ought to be enough to feed the flame of her vanity. Now whether the young woman purposely dropped the letter in the path of four society girls, or whether the telltale breezes mischievously blew it their way, history does not tell. But the girls picked it up at the junction of the Sutter and Larkin street cars. As the writer had been paying devoirs that seemed all wool and a yard wide to one of the girls she was naturally a bit surprised to find that he had incense to burn at another's altar—and not an orthodox one. Half the people in the smart set have by this time either heard of or read the fatal missive and there is one wrathy young uncle in town who says his nephew can go to the demnition bow wows by all the short cuts before he'll ever put his pen to paper again to save him.

Cupid Settled It Nicely, After All

Mrs. Laurie Adams of Oakland has been one of the most striking figures at the recent smart receptions on this rim of the bay. It is remarkable how very much Mrs. Adams and Helen Hopkins-Taylor resemble each other. Feature for feature they are not duplicates, but the general make-up of the two women is strikingly similar. Time was when Laurie Adams cooled his heels at the Hopkins door and it was diamonds to doughnuts that she looked kindly on his suit. But then came the rush to the Klondike and Mr. Adams was sent up there on important business. Cupid evidently resented this placing business before courtship and the impudent little fellow got in his deadly work. When Mr. Adams returned from the frozen fields of the far north he found that the Klondike was torrid in comparison to the marble heart handed him by Miss Hopkins. When she married Gus Taylor, Mr. Adams took his heart out of the sling and sent it to Cupid's repair shop where its functions were deftly mended. His marriage to a charming Oakland girl proved the dent was not so deep after all. It was at a tea given the other day that Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Taylor met for the first time. People expected them to touch finger tips and shed icicles but they were frankly cordial and warmed up to each other in surprising fashion. Mrs. Adams just misses Mrs. Taylor's height and she is as pronounced a blonde.

Phoebe Painter a Pretty Bride

Weddings in the First Congregational church necessitate a strain on the witnesses' necks. You have to rubber to catch a glimpse of anything or anybody, not only because the church is such a big barn but because the back pews are shut in, fencelike, by a high railing curtained like a choir-rail. Therefore, there was an immense amount of rubbering at the Painter-Pond wedding on Tuesday night. The church was full, except the galleries, which were closed, but as the reception that followed the ceremony was for the bridal party and relatives only there was no smart dressing among the church guests. The bride looked as pretty as a bride should, but Phoebe Painter could not look otherwise, for she has been pretty all her life. Her sister Lizzie, the maid of honor, is the image of her aunt, Mrs. Yemans, when the latter was Kittie Staples. The bridegroom's father, Rev. W. C. Pond, assisted the pastor of the church, Rev. Dr. Adams, in the ceremony.

To what society girl did the beautiful marquise sapphire ring belong on which swindler Ford raised six hundred dollars? They say it originally cost twice that sum.

Signs of the Sisterhood

None of our belles who set the styles seems anxious to be the first to make the Empire frock popular. Yet advices from abroad say that the Empire modes are the only thing worn. Somebody will have to set a new style here, if only to distinguish the woman of the ton from her copying cousin of south-of-the-slot. Last Sunday at the Cliff House in the procession of southside

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beauties there was a striking prevalence of the straight front. The military walk, the flat abdomen, the bulging back—all a faithful copy of the smart sister from the higher levels of society. It was sad, but what can the poor girls do? Can't Mrs. Joe Tobin suggest a remedy? She is always full of ideas and knows more about designing gowns than a professional modiste.

Senator Perkins' Start in Life

Here is a story that has been started on a course through the East to show that our Senator Perkins is in the same class as Carnegie, Hill and Field when it comes to energy, pluck and enterprise. According to the biographer, Perkins struck out for California from his home in Maine when he was only twelve years old. In the gold regions he got a job as errand boy in a grocery store at thirty dollars a month and board. His earnings were carefully laid away till such opportunity should occur for their safe investment, and then he had an eight hundred dollar bank account. One day the man who owned the ferry across a near-by stream ran his boat aground. After exhausting his patience to get her off he gave out that he was tired of the business and would sell out cheap for cash. Young Perkins was quick to see his chance. "How much?" he asked. "One thousand dollars, and not a cent less," was the reply. The lad agreed to furnish that price before sundown. He drew his money from the bank, and then canvassed the town to raise the two hundred dollars balance. He went to every business man with whom he had a speaking acquaintance and raised everything in the shape of money he could. The largest sum he got from one person was forty dollars; the lowest was a quarter, and he was glad to get it, for every penny swelled his pile. When sundown came he turned over the money and the boat was his. But for a long time his new investment was nonproductive. It took him three months to cut away the sandbar, for he had to do all the work himself. But he never lost heart, and his faith and energy were amply rewarded when, after running the ferry a few months, he sold out for three thousand dollars.

Spreading of the Crocker Clan

Though the C. B. Alexanders are not coming to California this year but will go to Egypt instead, the Sloat Fassetts and Mrs. George Crocker will make a very good-sized Crocker contingent added to the local branches. Mrs. Sloat Fassett is the elder daughter of the late Mrs. Margaret Crocker and though her visits to California have been few and far between she cherishes kindly feelings for her old home in Sacramento and for those of her girlhood's friends who survive. She has a lovely home in Elmira and is devoted to her brilliant husband. What a host of Crockers there are, by the way! Of the E. B. branch there still remain Mrs. Fassett and Mrs. Ashe-Gillig-Gouraud, with their children. Then there is Will Crocker, and through his wife's connection the Princess Poniatowski may properly be counted in, for the sisters in spite of their occasional differences are very fond of each other. There is no chance of the Will Crocker branch's dying out. Mrs. George Crocker's dot included the children of her former husband, and George regards them with true fatherly affection. The late Colonel Fred Crocker's branch is hale and strong. Templeton will probably recover from his unfortunate accident. Mary, Mrs. Scott, is the picture of health, as is her sister Jennie. Mrs. Alexander belongs with George and Will to the Charles Crocker branch. Then comes the Clark branch—Henry, the eldest, with an array of handsome, healthy olive branches; Fannie, Mrs. McCreary of Sacramento; Julia, Mrs. Sam Buckbee. There is still another set of Crockers—the Henry branch, which has a son Charles. Some time the Crocker clans should hold a grand reunion. The old home built by Charles Crocker on Nob Hill would be the proper place to hold such a gathering.

"Wasn't that new novel the most thrilling story you ever read?"

"I should say so. I skipped right through to the last page."

His Name will Create a Stir

Like all the big Expositions, the forthcoming Coronation in London is going to have an immense variety of great side attractions. The last drawing card the English papers have picked up to discuss is "Hwfa Mon," the Archdruid of Wales. "Hwfa" is nearly eighty years old and resides in Wagolten. Some ten years ago he succeeded as Archdruid the late "Clwydfardd," who lived to be ninety. "Hwfa" is always a great figure at the national Eisteddfodan. "Hwfa" is a fine figure of a man, being very tall and commanding, with white hair descending to his shoulders. It is probable he will wear his official robes at the Coronation ceremony, and if he does his appearance will no doubt create something like a stir. The robes are of pure white, with gold breastplate and wreath of oak leaves.

Ned Greenway is purring with satisfaction. Boston has picked up Fritzi Scheff and she has been the star at two of the smartest musicals of the winter. As usual the men seem to be somewhat more smitten than the women by the captivating Fraulein.

Colonel C. S. Scott was elected cashier of the Western National bank the other day, succeeding Mr. R. B. Murdoch, who resigned to enter a new commercial field. Colonel Scott has been in the banking business for more than twenty years.

And is now open for business at
223 Sutter St. NEAR KEARNY

Addie Murphy in the Hands of Conspirators

Pretty Addie Murphy, there are no more at home like you! Fancy any other girl but her in the smart set openly acknowledging that she was engaged to a man at the time he married another woman. Such a condition would cause most girls to suffer either from a pain in the temper or vanity. But Addie Murphy did neither. She took it as a great joke and still has hold-over ha! ha's to enliven the subject with. Several gay friends who called on her the day after her arrival home determined to use Machiavellian methods and get at the truth of the Robinson-Reilly entanglement. They laid their plans with keen artifice and commenced to yank the wires immediately after warmly greeting her. "You're all very clever, and about as transparent as the window pane," interrupted Addie, "don't waste any fine work on me because I'll tell you all about it without coaxing." Forthwith she proceeded to relate incidents of the long days and starlit nights on board the steamer, with Robinson Reilly dangling over steamer chairs or promenading the deck. "But Genevieve didn't play leading lady to his fetching attitudes," she explained, "I had the centre of the stage myself."

Rescued by Dear Genevieve

Then Miss Murphy laughingly confessed that she really did become engaged to Mr. Reilly in London. "It's either mal de mer or ennui on shipboard, unless you can work yourself up to a flirtation and I managed to do it. So when we got to town an engagement was the only artistic finish to the affair. Dear mamma, she kept the cables jumping with Washington messages about Mr. Reilly and all of us were in a deliciously lovely state of excitement. Can't you guess mamma's temperature?" Poor Mrs. Murphy! she must have breathed happier when Genevieve "went and did it" instead of her own darling. "I never cared much about him," admitted Addie, "and I had about as much intention of marrying him as I have of taking a short cut to heaven. But the engagement helped passer le temps. The thing was getting to be somewhat of a bore, though, when dear Genevieve, like the brick she is, took him off my hands."

Won at Last by "Bunko Bill"

The Siebert affair Miss Murphy does not discuss so airily. When her father's train pulled into Washington, Addie was sorrowfully taken into his arms and with choking voice and a sprinkle of tears, he said, "Is my other girlie going to desert her old father, too?" Actor Stoddart himself could have taken pointers on the pathetic father act. It worked like a charm. Impulsive Addie declared that she'd marry no one if dear old "Bunko Bill"—a pet name for her father—was going to take it so hard. She promised to break her engagement at once and come to the lovely house the Murphys have built. Mr. Murphy has as much trouble wedding his daughter to single bliss as most parents have in marrying theirs off.

Wooed Two Heiresses at Once

The tabbies in the Oakland set are just now having a delectable time discussing the surprising way in which the engagement of a very well known Oakland belle and a young man living on this side of the bay was terminated. This captivating young Orpheus is good looking, venturesome and would be called cheeky if he had not learned to curb the betrayal of his desires. He returned from Paris a short time ago, whither he went to cultivate his musical aspirations. His father holds a respensible position in one of the biggest down town wholesale stores. The genius of the son is looked upon as the talisman that will lift the family above all this. Certainly if his talent for cultivating the attention of marriageable heiresses continues as it has begun he will realize some of the fondest dreams of the hopeful relatives. It was on his way home from Paris that this young Orpheus met the Chicago heiress and began coquetting with gilt-adorned hearts. When he arrived here he resumed his acquaintance of the Oakland belle and it wasn't long before their friends knew that everything had been settled except the naming of the wedding day.

DR. PARKER'S COUGH CURE
One dose will stop a cough, it never fails, try it, price 25c.

Choice of the Perfidious Orpheus

The first inkling the Oakland belle had that she was not the bona fide Eurydice of this Orpheus was when she picked up an evening paper last week and was stunned to read the notice of his engagement and approaching marriage with the Chicago heiress. The heiress, by the by, arrived here several weeks ago preparatory to the wedding. Up to the date of her arrival the swan-like swain, instead of humming his own death song, as most men would have done on the eve of such a meeting of heart claimants, continued to troll his gay love lay to the enraptured Oakland belle. He must have completely hypnotized her for he borrowed a snug little sum of money of her. At least she says so since she has waked up and learned of his perfidy. She can afford the entertainment however for her father is one of the richest and most influential men in Oakland. As for the pursued Orpheus he doesn't sing the famous gem from the Beggars' opera—

"How happy could I be with either
Were t'other dear charmer away."

For rich as the Oakland belle is her Chicago rival is the richer and the student from Paris frankly avows his heart's choice is with Chicago, as per the announcement of the wedding set for the middle of March. Meanwhile the Oakland belle is receiving the sympathy of her friends over "her lucky escape."

PROGRESS AND GAINS

End of Year	Assets	Income	Business Written Life Dept.	Business In Force Life Dept.
1897	$3,259,518	$1,045,977	$ 4,472,847	$16,638,552
1898	3,428,790	1,086,407	5,412,577	18,522,754
1899	3,729,993	1,342,577	7,067,758	21,255,954
1900	4,112,116	1,534,687	10,222,966	27,151,612
1901	5,004,789	2,256,619	12,436,325	34,076,805

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Cherishes Stage Aspirations, But—

Vesta Shortridge, the only daughter of Charles Shortridge, is thinking of going upon the stage. She has already made a success in amateur theatricals and this gives her much encouragement. She will not be the only one of Shortridge blood to nourish Thespian ambitions. The three daughters of Mrs. Clara Foltz went on the stage and one of them is now acting in a New York theatre. Trella, the eldest, who went on the stage after the death of her husband, young Dr. Toland, was leading lady in a company before she married a New York man and retired. Vesta is very attractive and would be a hit on the stage judging by her popularity in society. I have a suspcion that Emil Bruguiere may prevent her becoming an actress for he has been devotion itself for several months, and friends of both expect an interesting announcement.

Surprised at the Engagement

Every one is very much surprised over the engagement of Miss Eels and Conrad Babcock for the reason that he is one of the young army officers who were supposed to be ready to espouse only a dot. For a long time he was devoted to Mary Scott Martin. Then she married Walter. Miss Eels has no money and it is purely a love match. It is generally thought that Mr. Eels is an Englishman but he is an American. Mrs. Eels was Miss Shephard of Oakland. Both the Babcocks and the Eels' are very happy over the engagement, for they feel that it is a nice safe match.

First Friend—I hear that right after the marriage they confessed their pasts to each other."

Second Friend—What a memory she must have!

One of Ralph Strong's Stories

Ralph Strong, who died last week in Los Angeles from the effects of an operation on his ear, at one time worked on the now defunct *Daily Report* in this city. At one time he worked in Southern California. He was a clever youth and fond of a joke. One he told had himself, Governor Gage and Dion O'Leary, who married Alice Rix, as the principals. Strong had to see Gage in Los Angeles for his paper, and as he explained that his hearing was poor the Governor raised his voice in speaking to him. Not long after this O'Leary waylaid the Governor on his way to San Francisco, and Gage mistaking him for Strong conversed with him in tones audible several feet away from his carriage. O'Leary stood it for awhile and then the Governor's reason for using such stentorian tones dawned upon him. Mastering his natural hesitation of speech by a supreme effort, he said "Beg p-p-pardon, G-g-overnor. You have m-m-made a m-m-mistake. I'm not the f-f-fellow who c-c-can't hear. I'm the one that c-c-can't talk."

Off the Corean Reservation

Prince Huiwha Jin Jshaper, third son of the King of Corea, is at the Corean Legation in Washington, waiting for the thirty thousand dollars from home to get him out of pawn for his debts. His father gave him an allowance of four thousand dollars a year, and sent him to this country to attend Roanoke University. The twenty-year-old lad staid long enough to learn the customs of the country and then made a trip to see the sights of Coney Island. When he awoke from his dream, several days later, he found that the money-lenders and ladies of Coney Island had mortgages on most of his castles in Corea. Not only had he spent all his money, but he had given them his notes, at high rates of interest, for over thirty thousand dollars. The Corean Legation is now trying to straighten out the affair.

Gay Prince Huiwha Jin Jshaper
It is not the proper caper
To blow your father's scads in.
Like a giddy young Aladdin
On a boozy little spree.

Drop these lively little whirls in
Giddy Coney and its girls in
Pink silk tights
And all such sights,
With their woozy little whee!

Don the Prince and doff the yap;
Take a pointer, verbum sap.,
For the sharks in York's Judea
Are as sharp as in Corea,
And more high-priced in their fee.

Turn and haunt the halls of learning;
Set the midnight oil to burning.
In the founts of Roanoke
Is your chance to go an' soak
To the chin for a decree.

Startled some of the Spectators

The surprise at the Mardi Gras ball was the appearance together of Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, and in the same box, too. People could hardly believe their eyes but this noble and self-sacrificing act on their part quelled rumors. It was like Wilhelmina and her prince consort appearing together in a carriage. Mrs. Oelrichs looked tired and her big tiara was enough to weary anyone with its weight. In New York, which is so closely in touch with London, every other woman wears a tiara, but here bows of ribbon and roses are extravagance and so Mrs. Oelrichs' tiara was the most conspicuous thing at the ball—after Hermann.

For the egg-nog now all the vogue in society Chapin & Gore's whiskies are the brand used.

Most ladies hold the reins well. Perhaps it is not bad that they do.

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Peace Perches Over Club

Mrs. Lovell White has withdrawn her resignation and returned to her position in the California club and things are running as lovely as if nothing had happened. The credit of this happy deliverance is given to Mrs. E. L. Campbell, Mrs. W. S. Leake and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Sr., the committee appointed by the executive board to try and settle all the bitter feelings dividing the club. The prospects look as lovely as a springtime morning. Mrs. White is going to preside, as usual, at the club meeting next Monday morning, the past will be entirely ignored and the re-united members will buckle down to the task of discussing the details of their new dovecote, that is the proposed new club house in Clay street. The lot will cost them ten thousand dollars. They have already paid one thousand dollars deposit. Mrs. George Law Smith and a committee have been working like troopers to raise the balance and have already succeeded in getting something like seven thousand dollars promised. So the prospects of paying for the lot are excellent. Afterwards the property will be bonded and in this wise funds will be raised to erect the building.

Will she run for the Presidency?

What may prove a very lively number on the program of Monday's meeting is the appointment of a committee to nominate the officers of the club for the ensuing year. The interesting question is: After what has transpired will Mrs. White run again for the presidency? Will her friends demand a vindication for her? It's a nice question just at this juncture. Mrs. White herself says she will not be a candidate again. She has held the office for four years. The candidate most talked of for the position is Mrs. J. W. Orr, the present Corresponding Secretary of the State Federation of Women's Clubs. The club election will be held earlier than usual this year on account of the date set for the gathering of the State Federation in Los Angeles next month. Mrs. White, by virtue of her office, will be the club's delegate to that convention.

Passing of Mrs. de Guigne

In the midst of the Mardi Gras gayeties thoughts turned toward the Parrott home, so sadly bereaved in the death of Mrs. Christian de Guigne, the eldest daughter. Marie Christine de Guigne, the eldest of the three children now left without a mother, had only a slight taste of society's pleasures when her cousins, the Parrott girls, came out. Her mother's illness was one of long standing though the end came rather more suddenly than was expected. Those who knew the De Guignes well enough to be entertained by them remember what a delightful way Mrs. de Guigne had of making her guests at home. It was only a year or so ago that the Parrott house in Sutter street was the scene of a most elaborate ball at which Mrs. de Guigne was hostess. The Winthrop Lesters and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis are the only ones here who entertain in that broad, cordial, truly hospitable manner that bespeaks the hostess to the manner born.

John Parrott's Hobbies

"Capitalist and dilettante, musician and composer," one of the papers dubbed John Parrott, referring to him among the other relatives of Mrs. de Guigne. Why not have mentioned "and equine enthusiast"? Surely it is not forgotten that Jack Parrott's hackney farm was, when he first conceived it, as great a delight to him as his money-bags, his pictures, his charming songs and bits of melody, his prize violets and chrysanthemums. Why, Jack Parrott paid ten thousand dollars to George Green for Rufus, whose sire was Champion Rufus, to lead his hackney stud. He also bought from Mr. Fairfax, at the same time, Lady Levina, for which mare he gave two thousand five hundred dollars, and Alberto and Alanda which cost him one thousand apiece. This was not so many years ago and the New Yorkers who sold Parrott the prize animals still remember his purchases. The hackneys were exhibited in the first local horse show, which was the joint hobby of Henry Crocker and John Parrott, and which brought little to them or to the other gentlemen who backed it except glory. San Francisco was not then educated to a horse show.

Still harping on Danforth

A few weeks ago the rumor of Miss Salisbury's engagement to Mr. Baldwin was published. Now comes another rumor, for Dame Gossip is determined to marry this young lady off although she is but twenty-one. Danforth Boardman is the fortunate man this time and the announcement seems authentic. They are seen a great deal together and their names are constantly coupled. Danforth Boardman is the brother of Sam Boardman who is so popular in society and one of the best partis. Mrs. George Boardman is a leader of the smart set. Danforth Boardman is extremely clever, and has a business of his own. Some day he will have about a hundred thousand dollars from his mother. His brother Chauncey married Miss Salisbury's cousin, Miss Mercado.

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"Rush" and "Crush" at the Mardi Gras

The Mardi Gras was as tame as Algy's lions. Several of the men had evidently tried to fizz up to the carnival spirit, but they only managed to prove that stupidity is the one natural gift which can not be cultivated. Things limped along on crutches till midnight and then livened up for a brief bit, only to relapse again. The tyro in chemistry knows that oil and water will not mix but the managers of the Mardi Gras attempt to mix those born with 24-carat spoons, and those born spoonless, and the cross does'nt make anything better then a soup ladle. At no time during the night was the affair as lively as a wake. All the confetti that Rome ever scattered would not leaven a carnival unless the heart beats with the hand that throws it. To meander through the rooms and throw confetti with about as much spirit and abandon as a peasant sows seed, is not mirth productive. This Mardi Gras will certainly have to go down on the social menu as a fat, sloppy dumpling—too large to be treated like a retiring noodle, too soggy for a swagger oyster patti. The decorations were pretty, the music was excellent, the costumes were indifferent and the supper was different—from all that a good supper should be. The society people sniffed at the viands set before them and even the "barbarians" did not make a square meal. When supper was announced there was the usual rush—even a worse crush than crowds the free lunch counters during hard times—but when the word came out to those unable to squeeze in with the first onslaught that the supper was poor, there was no more scrambling.

Had Their Suppers Elsewhere

Some of the people who got the tip in time, drove down to the Palace Grill and supped there. The Joe Tobins, Kate Clement, the Walter Magees and several others took this course. As there were several large dinners that lasted until ten given before the ball, one might have supposed that people could stay the pangs of hunger with the dishes offered at the Mardi Gras. But Society evidently has an appetite that nightingales' tonges and truffles does not satisfy. What the supper lacked in goodies was made up at the smart private dinners given before the ball. At the Byrne dinner the older set were conspicuous and the Joe Tobin dinner was made up of the hunting set at Burlingame, the Carolans, McCreerys, Tom Magees and Poniatowskis.

Reason the Waiters were Indignant

The waiters who served the supper and champagne held an indignation meeting in the wee sma' hours and consigned San Francisco's society to a place south of the Tehachapi. It seems that the waiters, instead of receiving any wages for their work, paid from two dollars to five dollars for the privilege of being there. Not that the gentlemen of the napkins and trays are anxious to see the smart set en masque, but because they expected to make twenty or thirty dollars each on tips, as they did last year. This year, however, there was not the same liberality displayed and several of the waiters complained that they had not evened up on the sum paid for their jobs. There was not much champagne imbibed, and it is the wine bibbers who give most generously to the servants.

Sportive belles in gay gowns and in beauty,
Scattered frivols at Tuesday night's ball;
Mild matrons with husbands on duty
Wafted looks—to the frames on the wall:
But my own heart was blue as the devil,
While I grieved in a corner alone;
How could I be keen for the revel?
I saw nothing but Maude's chaperon.

"Devils" in Private Dressing Rooms

It was grumblingly noted that the management handled the band of "devils" with silk gloves. They arrived in a bunch and were immediately assigned a separate dressing room. This distinction tagged them at once as elite but such skimming of cream and milk was unusual. Just why a dozen girls should be allowed to spread over a big private room while the rest of the women were forced to elbow en masse is not very clear. The identity of the "devils" furnishes one clue to the preferences. Such an aggregation as the Hopkins girls, Flora Dean-Magee, Caro Crockett-Scott, Bertha Dolbeer, Edith McBean and Alice Hager would naturally feel entitled to privileges. It is said that Mr. Byrne himself offered them a private dressing room on the ground that as Aunt Jemimas they had enlivened the previous revel and deserved it. But the personnel of the "Aunt Jemima" jovials was not exactly that of the "devils." The Aunt Jemimas cut far better capers—in fact, the "devils" were not real devilish. The only time they approached impishness was when one of their number slipped in the dance and was ungallantly deserted by her partner who caused the fall. The devil-ess moaned pitifully and gasped that her ankle was broken. Immediately she was surrounded by her horned sisters who cried for help. Several anxious men rushed to lift the half-fainting girl and carefully bore her toward a dressing room. "See whether there is a doctor here," cried one man; another started off to scurry up smelling-

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salts, while a third hurried for cold water. But no sooner was the half-fainting girl laid on a couch than she jumped up and with a saucy moue pirouetted away, twinkling two openwork ankles in full repair. "Sold!" chorused the rest of the "devils."

Gay Times promised by the Artists

There was more than the usual number of tickets sold and the venture proved so profitable that the chances are all in favor of the Association's giving another ball next year. The artists, however, are anxious to get in their innings and score on Society. If they succeed in carrying out their plans there will be a procession through the streets with floats such as they have in Paris and in New Orleans: everybody will be masked and strenuous efforts will be made to have the carnival spirit rampant.

The Ruffles were Not His Wife's

The Folger ball really had more of the tang that goes with masks than the Mardi Gras. One of the figures was danced in mask and domino and merriment reached the high water mark. All the disguises being alike it was impossible to tell one person from another, and there were some very amusing mix-ups. One girl insisted that a youth was her brother and wagered a kiss. Of course she was very much embarrassed when his identity was cleared. It is not positively known whether she discounted the bill by paying cash that night or whether he is waiting to demand interest. However, there were plenty of cosy corners in the room, so there was really no excuse for not collecting his wager on the spot. It's a wise husband that knows his own wife, as many of the benedicts found, to their chagrin. One mistaken husband would not be convinced until his partner flirted the skirt of her ball gown and betrayed foamy ruffles of white lace. As "wifey's" petticoats are always coquettish with pink bows he had to look elsewhere.

Wails for Lost Favors

When the music hushed, there was a scramble to collect the beautiful favors and from all sides came wails, "I can't find my hat," or "My wings and muff are gone." Only those who stuck to their favors closer than library paste went home with any. Some of the lighter-fingered ones must have annexed half a dozen of each, judging from the disgruntled ones who had to leave favorless. The supper the Folgers gave their guests made most of the other spreads of the season taste like ordinary fare. There was everything that gourmet could conjure up, and more than could be comfortably tucked away. Champagne was there by the case, and the glasses were always "with beaded bubbles winking at the brim." The two Greenway cotillons were fine, but then they were subscription. So there is really no affair that can be backed for "place" with the Folger ball so far in the lead. Money had greased the mechanical end of it—the decorations, music, favors and supper were lavish, and the guests saw that nothing had been spared to fill their cup of enjoyment to the brim. "The time of my life" is the praise every one bestows on the ball.

A lady of culture and refinement, experienced in foreign travel, will chaperone one or three ladies for a tour of the world or any part of Europe. References exchanged.

MRS. HELEN WATKINS HART,
3601 Broadway, Oakland

Will Try His Luck in Waikiki

Fred Greenwood will not go as far as Japan, after all, in pursuit of his will o' the wisp. Miss Dillon is going to visit the McGrews in Honolulu and "Freddie" who had also planned to stay over at the islands, can ask the same old question on the moonlit beaches at Waikiki, where, when the golden moon is roundest, they drink Kipling's toast—

"To the cool of our deep verandas,
To the crest of our jeweled main,
To the night, to the music,
And the fireflies in the cane."

If the moon and the palm fringed gardens do not move Miss Dillon into the yielding mood there are still the Kahunas who ought to be able to work the charm. These Hawaiian "witch doctors" are said to know the secrets of love potions that knock spots out of the hocus pocus recipes of our medicine-men—and hoodoos. If Mr. Greenwood finds a love-philter in Hawaii it is to be hoped that he will bring some of it back with him. A few drops sprayed on some of the married couples in the smart set would not be amiss.

Cupid on Their Trail

The gossip who keeps the tail of her eye turned on couples who seem to gravitate toward the altar, is furtively watching Mr. Duperu and the daughter of one of the prominent families in the "railroad" set. There are all the signs and signals that hint of a coming engagement and people are keen for the climax. As the girl is a debutante and Mr. Duperu has never before threatened to stray out of bachelordom the affair is exciting unusual interest.

Keep "Mumm"

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Dr. Yemans in Manila

Somebody was asking at the Painter-Pond wedding, the other night, what had become of Dr. Yemans, the former husband of the bride's aunt and guardian. Since he was last heard of in Dawson City, about three years ago, no one knew whence he had drifted. Now an occasional correspondent writes me from Manila that one of the most popular physicians there is Dr. Herbert W. Yemans, the very man inquired about. It is a long trip from the frozen north to the Philippine Islands but the move appears to have been a good one. Dr. Yemans has been appointed police surgeon in Manila, but he by no means confines himself to his police duties. "He is making a name for himself," writes my correspondent, "as a specialist in skin diseases and is forging ahead in the world of science." There are still many who remember him when he was city physician and police surgeon here. Before that he was in the U. S. A. and was stationed at different times in Portland, Or., Sitka, San Diego and Galveston. After he resigned from the army he took up private practice as his wife preferred to live in San Francisco near her parents. But Dr. Yemans' irregular habits lost him his official position and finally led to a divorce. It appears that the doctor has sowed his wild oats now and will do credit to the fine training he received in early life. He is a graduate of the Detroit, Mich., Medical College and a post graduate of Strasburg University in Germany.

"They say Jenkins made his pile of money following the horses."

"I didn't know he played the races."

"He didn't; he was a stage-driver."

Stockton Ministers Correcting Society

My Stockton correspondent writes:

Church circles here are tinted just now with the paler shades of sensational yellow journalism. The divorce suit of the Rev. J. T. Bryan, following his voluntary resignation of the pastorate of St. John's Episcopal church, where he was well liked, fell like a bomb among us. The rector's ill-health was the reason advanced for leaving his fashionable parish; but it is clear now that the contemplated divorce suit was back of the resignation. As usual, sympathy is about evenly divided among those who knew the least of the Bryans, some claiming that a man so scholarly could not be a very agreeable husband, while others claim to know that Mrs. Bryan had a lively temper. Mr. Bryan's late parishioners keep a discreet silence on the subject, as become good Episcopalians. Indeed, their example is commended to the Bryans.

Things were moving along as usual in Dr. Evans' church until last Sunday, when the reverend gentleman took the centre of the stage and created a sensation by demanding that his salary be paid. He took pains to show that folks that don't pay up go to a warmer place than Stockton some day. But the notion is growing that Dr. Evans likes a sensation. He is the one who dubbed the other Stockton ministers "two by fours." I fancy his pulpit is a pretty hot box because a part of the congregation is decidedly opposed to him.

After the Giddy Teachers

But these things are nothing as compared with the moral crusade which threatens to move upon Stockton's social circles under guidance of the Ministerial Union. The first guns have been fired in the effort to have the school authorities suppress fraternities, sororities, balls, banquets, card parties, etc., among pupils who attend the High school. The school people will probably claim that their authority does not extend to the pupils after they go home. Following these preliminaries a little ministerial hot shot has been fired about the heads of the hard-working teachers because, at one of their socials, they livened up the gloom by dancing. This disposes of the question of whether dancing is wicked in itself or only when indulged with one of the opposite sex, for it is known that there are never half men enough to go around at these teachers' parties and the women have to dance together or miss the mazy waltz and the seductive two-step. Apparently it is clear to the ministerial mind that teachers who indulge in such wild dissipation are not qualified to properly influence the young minds. The teachers ought to play "Krokinole." It is expected that the ministerial crusade will next attack the society women's card clubs. It is known that after-theatre suppers by parents of children are also under the ministerial ban.

Repetition of a Famous Stage Jealousy

The recent extraordinary reception in Rome accorded to the great actress Adelaide Ristori, on attaining her eightieth birthday, calls to mind that the number of famous ones who delighted the world a generation ago is very rapidly lessening. In her day Ristori was regarded as one of the world's greatest actresses. Her tours were veritable stage triumphs. In Paris she enjoyed as great a success as in London, but she roused the jealousy of her magnificent contemporary, Rachel. Ristori, on her arrival in the French capital, wished to place herself under the protection of Rachel, but the latter was out of town. One night, as Ristori was playing "Mirra," she was told that the great French actress had entered the house with Prince Jerome Bonaparte. Accordingly, she put forth all her energies, and the audience was swept off its feet by her wonderful art. During the fourth act Rachel rose impetuously from her seat, tore up her libretto, and left the theatre in a rage. A few days later Ristori received a message that Mme. Rachel would receive her at home with pleasure. The invitation was heartily accepted. A few nights later Rachel sent Ristori a box when she was playing "Fedra," and there the threatened enmity ended. Recently there has been a repetition of this situation between two great actresses representing the same countries; but how different was the attitude of Sarah Bernhardt towards Eleanor Duse.

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Testing an Old Criminal Theory

The efforts to catch the brutal culprit in the Nora Fuller case reminds me of a story that ex-Chief of Police Crowley used to tell of a similar case that happened in the early days of the city. The body of the child was found among the rocks under one of the wharves. Not the faintest clue was there anywhere about to give an inkling of the perpetrator of the deed. The whole city was aroused by the dreadful occurrence and spurred the police with appeals and rewards to run the villain down. Days slipped by and nothing transpired to furnish even a hint of the identity or whereabouts of the culprit. One afternoon the Chief was greatly impressed with the idea to test an old theory that has been very much discussed by criminologists: that is that such offenders, in gloating over their base acts, have an uncontrollable desire to return to the scene of their crimes, and live over the details again. Accordingly a watch was set under the wharf and on the second day the criminal was caught. The police had all they could do to save him from the mob.

Beauty Culture from Famous View Points

In the everlasting wrangles among so-called beauty doctors over the virtues of their various lotions, creams and balms, it is refreshing to get the beauty culture opinions of well known artists who really do keep their good looks. It seems rather singular that in spite of the wear and tear of an intensely busy life, late hours, irregular and hurried meals, the actresses and most other women who have to live in the thick of a worldly world remain much younger in appearance than the quiet, reposeful and methodical matrons who sit quietly in their comfortable armchairs, go to bed at ten and have nothing to do between meals. From the replies of famous actresses it seems that "what is medicine for one is poison for another" and that every woman must use her best judgment in ministering to her own particular complexion wants.

Madame Patti's Idea

Madame Patti explained her idea of the best beauty culture in reciting her own experience: "I observe great abstemiousness and find courage enough to drink nothing but milk and water. I always sleep eight hours out of the twenty-four and I never shut the windows of my bedroom, being careful, however, to remain away from the draft. I take daily, quick and hot baths, and only wash my face and neck once a week with tepid water and soap; this always at night, mind, as I should never care to let the wind play on a recently washed skin. On the other days I use plenty of rose water, and dab my face thoroughly with a ball of cotton wool."

Sarah Bernhardt's Confession

In her turn Sarah Bernhardt says: "I should be a perfect fright now, with a face like the back of a crocodile, if I followed Madame Patti's hygiene. I do not want air at all. On the contrary, I like to be preserved from all kinds of slight drafts. I go to bed at three a. m. and get up at nine. I eat plenty of fish and absorb eggs by the dozen—ten a day, very often. I drink champagne—not sparingly. Then I drive to my theatre, where I generally spend twelve hours a day without seeing the light of day. True, I go every summer to my home on Belle Isle-on-Sea to renew my vitality, but even then I seldom go about without having my face well muffled up, as I am always in danger of having my skin crack and chip. And now, hurry, bustle, excitement, nervous exhaustion and constant india rubber ball performances are what my life is composed of, and all this does not kill me or age me—on the contrary. If I were to remain one week in complete peace and quietness my muscles would relax at once, and show to myself and my friends that I am a chicken no longer—a fact which we all easily forget."

Madame Jane Hading says her hygiene is fresh air and traveling. "I repose every day in my big, open-air garden. After that what keeps me young is traveling. To sit down in a railway carriage or in my steamer chair on a vessel, having nothing else to do but to be taken where I want to go, nobody to order about, but to surrender my sceptre and follow suit, means for me a complete course of rejuvenation, and I always arrive at my destination as fresh as a rose. A woman, to keep young, must travel at least six months in the year, and then the year will not mean for her more than six months."

Why They Believe in Exclusion

Anent the Chinese Exclusion bill a correspondent sends me this story, as having happened in the family of P. B. Cornwall. Mr. Cornwall told it himself, as a good joke on the gullibility of his household. The Cornwalls had a Chinese servant who had been with them for years and was the personification of all the virtues. He was meek and submissive, tractable, thrifty, neat, economical, a good cook and general servant, and above all, things honest. John announced that he had made enough to retire on and was going home to end his days in his own country. The family was near to heart-broken at the contemplated departure. But nothing would change the cook's mind, so they had to accept the inevitable. When the final day arrived, he wanted to prepare a specially fine luncheon as a parting gift to the household. Of course they accepted his offer. They were afraid lest his devotion to their comfort would make him lose his steamer, but he said he had everything fixed. His baggage had gone ahead and in just bare time to get to the Mail wharf a hack called for John and he went off amidst a shower of blessings, with only a small parcel in his hand. An hour later, a member of the family went upstairs and noticed that some small article of value was missing from its place. This led to an investigation. It was discovered that every bit of jewelry had departed to the Orient, and a good part of the table silver had gone with it. The steamer was too far out to catch him.

Didn't Like the Sauce

This story reminds me of another that I heard the other day of how the late Judge Hastings, the father of Mrs. John A. Darling, became converted to the Chinese exclusion doctrine. The Hastings' had a Chinese cook

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who had been with them for years and whom the Judge considered the equal of any Parisian chef. He could serve a state dinner to perfection and was capable of everything from decorating the board to serving the black coffee. One day a holiday dinner was under way and it so happened that the Judge went into the butler's pantry unexpectedly. There he, himself unobserved, saw the Chinese chef putting the finishing touches to the plum pudding. He was doing this in his own way, the same way the Chinese washerman sprinkles the clothes. He had the brandy in his mouth, and blew it over the pudding. The Judge said nothing then, but as he withdrew his wrath was simmering. The dinner was served and the guests enjoyed a succession of dainty dishes. But when the pudding, decorated with holly, came on—"Don't touch a morsel of it," roared the Judge, "take it away!" The beautiful pudding was removed, and later the Judge explained why. After that the family believed in exclusion for Chinese—cooks.

Noted Beauties Uisit Us

Two strikingly beautiful women visited the city this week and then sped on their ways. They were Mrs. Kenneth Wilson of London and the new Baroness Monchuern of Washington. The Kenneth Wilsons have gone to Southern California but they will return later in the season. Wilson's father was a leading spirit in the old-time Prince of Wales set. It was at his beautiful country residence that the famous baccarat scandal took place. Kenneth Wilson and his wife were at the Mardi Gras ball to get an idea of how San Francisco society exhibits the carnival spirit. Mrs. Wilson was in a stunning Paris gown. She is a noted London beauty and the fine lines of her face and figure quickly drew the admiration of the gay throng.

Another notable figure was Baron Monchuern, the Belgian Minister to Washington. He left the capital a month ago for Mexico City where he was married to the daughter of United States Ambassador Clayton. Husband and wife paid this city a brief visit and then left for Washington. The new Baroness Monchuern is a strikingly handsome woman and will undoubtedly be ranked among the beauties of the present administration.

Quiet Life of Alice Hoffman

Alice Hoffman is busy with her handsome new house over at San Rafael. It is quite near the Sidney Smiths. She not only inherited about forty thousand dollars a few years ago, but she increased that materially by speculations in sugar while she was in Honolulu some time since. I have never yet heard any one make an unpleasant remark about her. She used to dress extremely well, but she does not seem to care for clothes now. Probably no girl has so many invitations as she does but she refuses them all. I have seen her at but one place this winter and that was at the Schmiedells' amateur theatricals.

Making American Coronets

My London correspondent writes me that several of the leading papers are making fun out of a rumor that a number of wealthy American dames have adopted replica of royal crowns as part of their jewelry and that the Coronation will see a number of the new coronets sported in triumph. Mrs. Bradley-Martin is credited with being worth nearly two million dollars and to have tiaras in proportion. Mrs. Charles Yerkes of Chicago, wife of the street railroad magnate who has invaded London, is said to have had a fac-simile of the crown of the Queen Regent of Spain made for her. Mrs. Howard Gould wears a diadem copied from the regalia of the Queen of Italy. Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. Clarence Mackay are said to affect copies of Queen Alexandra's crown. The list is growing with each publication.

The recent death of Mrs. J. L. Hughes of Sacramenta was particularly sad, as her husband, Lieutenant Hughes, had just been assigned to duty at the Presidio and Mrs. Hughes was looking forward with pleasure to her sojourn here. Mrs. Hughes was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Gerrish of Sacramento and a sister of Mrs. Younger of Portland, and of Mrs. A. Wedmore Jones of this city.

The New "Wishbone Trip"

Pleasure seekers have just had opened to them a delightful run skirting the bay shore. The Southern Pacific company has dubbed it "The Wishbone Trip." The initial run last Saturday proved so enjoyable that many of the excursionists are going again. The party left on the 8:30 a. m. ferry. Across the bay a handsome chair car, in charge of a porter and special agent, was allotted to their special use. It was hitched to the train that runs through Niles, Warm Springs and the long green undulating slopes on the east side of the bay. At San Jose this special car was sidetracked for the time while the party was divided among several comfortable

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A HANDSOME HOTEL.

The march of progress has taken the smart people up town. Time was when all the fashionable hotels were situated in or adjacent to the business district; but *nous avons change tout cela.* As business has moved westward, the hotels have kept ahead and have gone still farther toward the setting sun.

We need no longer say that San Francisco cannot compare with the Eastern cities in the matter of hotels, since every day new hostelries are taking the place of the old . The latest addition to the list of first-class family hotels here is the Manhattan, Frederick L. Skaggs, proprietor. This hotel opened Fegruary first and has already demonstrated its success. Many Army and Navy people are staying at the Manhattan and the register shows an array of names that proves the hotel to be popular among the *ton.*

The excellent location of the Manhattan commends it to the business man, as well as to the tourist. It is situated at the junction of Market, Fell and Polk streets, opposite Tenth, and is thus on the route of the principal car lines of the city, also in easy walking distance of the commercial quarter. It has been newly and elegantly furnished, and contains every known modern convenience for the guests' comfort: electric elevators, electric lights; new sanitary plumbing; hot and cold running water in every room. The cuisine and service are irreproachable.

automobiles and whirled at a twenty-mile gait to the most interesting points in the beautiful town. Another special car then picked them up and took them to Los Gatos for luncheon. On returning to San Jose their special car was tacked to the regular train going north among the oaks and orchards lining the west side of the bay. At Palo Alto the party took busses, visited the University buildings, listened to an organ recital in the quaint little church or wandered about the picturesque "quads." At 5:30 they were back in the city, in good time for dinner and brimming over with the delights of the most enjoyable trip to be had around the bay.

Wandering Lawyers Locate a Witness

A footpad was on trial before Superior Judge Lawlor during the past week whose counsel, two young Jewish gentlemen, are just "breaking into" the law. Their nervousness was painful and the air of self-confidence with which they sought to cloak their inexperience was exceedingly ludicrous. The slightest interruption sent their wits a-scattering and they floundered hopelessly about. At last Deputy District Attorney Alford, losing patience, exclaimed:

"If the court please, I wish your honor would instruct the gentlemen to respect, if only in a slight degree, the rules of evidence. They persist in wandering all over the case, without rhyme or reason." The young attorneys were admonished. The next witness was a man who could not speak two words correctly.

"Where were you on the night in question?" he was asked by one of the youthful Kents.

"In my libery, readin'." This caused a titter, that subsided as counsel entered on a tiresome fishing expedition. Suddenly the inquisitor asked, with the biggest voice he could command:

"What were you reading?"

"The Wanderin' Jew," said the witness, wondering what caused the merriment.

Discovery of a Red Clay in Colorado and its remarkable Effect upon the Hair

This Clay is nothing more nor less than mud and water, which comes from a mine in Colorado. The Clay is perfectly harmless, will not stain the most delicate skin. Applied to the hair it changes it to beautiful shades, such as no hair dye has ever succeeded in producing. The color is regulated by the number of hours in the Clay bath—light shades from one-half hour to two hours—medium shades from two to six hours—dark from six to twelve hours. Gray hair can be changed to original color without changing the natural color, or the following tints with darker or lighter shades as desired: Black, brown, auburn and Titian red. Peroxide hair will take a rich golden or chestnut. Unlike dyes, the Clay stain is permanent, never wears off; can only be bleached off. The luxury of the shampoo can be indulged in at will as it does not effect the stain in any particular. The Clay never fails to leave the hair soft and glossy, and the one great point we claim for the Clay stain is its perfectly natural appearance. It defies detection. FRANCES C. SHERMAN

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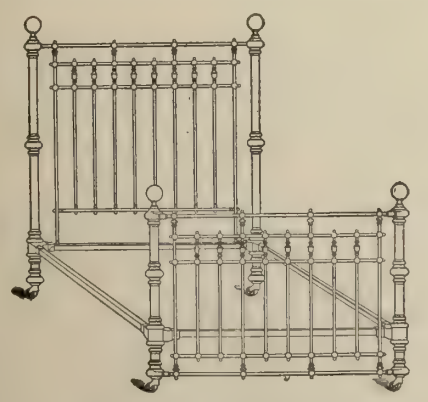
A symphony expresses harmony. Every part must be in absolute consonance with its fellows. That is why El Symphonie cigar has remained so popular among smokers ever since it was put on the market. It is a perfectly made genuine Havana cigar. Other brands come and go, but El Symphonie stays in favor. It is the choice of connoisseurs. Rinaldo Bros. & Co., the coast distributors of El Symphonie cigars, have been established here since 1870.

Business men and women who find it impossible to go home to lunch consider the Puritan Dining Room, 413 Market street, an excellent substitute. No purer foods or neater service can be obtained at home than at the popular Puritan.



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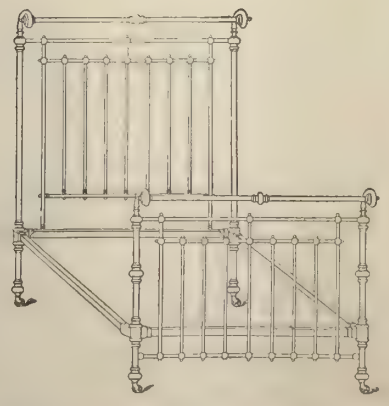

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The Lesson of Venus

Ralston Standish had been brought up on what Rudyard Kipling has called "The Sheltered Life" system, and never having been to a public school, he found when he went to Yale that his outlook on life was very different from that of the men of his year. Nevertheless he soon became friendly enough with them and he was regarded as "a good sort" even if he was a bit "straight-laced." When college was over and he began his career he was still classed by the gay twentieth century youths as being thoroughly unsophisticated and a long way from being up-to-date. For this reason none of them could understand the friendship that existed between him and Jack Blades, the gayest rounder of their set. Yet the two seemed to find solace in each other whenever they met.

It was Jack Blades who persuaded Standish to go to the Trocadero and the after supper the night of beautiful Sapho Delorme's premier. He protested at first and declared that that sort of thing wasn't in his line and they could easily fill in with some other man who enjoyed such scenes and company. But for some reason Jack had his heart set on the program. "Come along, old man," he urged, "Blazdell is giving the supper and he's going to be married next month, you know, so everything's bound to be strictly proper. Miss Delorme is coming with her chaperon. I'll give a bond she'll be as quiet as the directress of a girls' boarding school."

So Standish consented, but the sight he saw at the Trocadero was anything but a guarantee that the supper would be a quiet affair. Sapho Delorme was the first woman to win a second glance from Ralston Standish; it was the glance of aroused interest. Perhaps the reports he had read in the papers of her alluring career had something to do with this. The two men had a box opposite the prompt side of the stage and saw her as she came into her dressing room. The arrangements were such that all the boxes on that side commanded a full view of it. And like all the others they saw her with the assistance of her smartly-attired maid proceed leisurely to unrobe and then, with the utmost nonchalance, trip up the steps of a raised pedestal on which stood a gigantic gilded oyster shell waiting to receive her in the character of Aphrodite Anadyomene, or Venus rising from the Foam. She stood there smiling calmly as the curtain rolled down on this first of her famous tableaux vivants.

Standish went to the supper somewhat stunned. Very much to his surprise it proved to be a festive but strictly proper affair. Miss Delorme was attired in an evening gown which was a model of decorum and her behavior would not have been out of place in a model drawing-room. He sat next her and marveled at the change that had come over her. On her part she found his guileless simplicity a refreshing change from the gay sparks who thought brightness meant badness. Her duenna, who was a real chaperon and not the bogus figure-head trotted about by some stars, was likewise much impressed with his "nice" ways. So when he timidly inquired if he might call in the near future they unhesitatingly said "Yes."

As Jack and Standish were standing on the sidewalk after seeing Miss Delorme and her chaperon into their carriage, the irrepressible Blades slapped Ralston on the back, and gleefully remarked, "Jove, old chap, you're it. Everybody's talking of the hit you've made with her. She's always so stand-offish at these suppers. How did you do it?"

"Go slow, Jack," said Standish, "you fellows are mistaken in her, that's all. She's really a nice girl at heart and she's a heap too good to be forced to exhibit herself as she does."

"Maybe so but she gets a thumping big salary for it, just the same."

"Then she ought to learn to spend some of it on her clothes. But I suppose she was educated to think of that life as her profession and she doesn't see the dreadfulness of it all. But she's a lady at heart." And he hailed a cab and went home.

* * * * * * * * * *

"I wonder if that was the wealthy Ralston Standish that I've read of in the papers?" remarked the duenna to Miss Delorme, as they were being driven homeward.

"Yes," was the reply, "I think it is. He's quite different from the others, isn't he? I fancy he doesn't quite approve of me, or of my costumes in the tableaux. Perhaps he thinks I ought to wear an extra coat of paint."

"Or more skirts," added the duenna, "and he's right."

Miss Delorme laughed. This question of the amount of covering was the subject of constant dispute between them, so she murmured softly:

"The ancient actors wore no clothes
But a dab of red on the tip of the nose."

The following day Standish called on Miss Delorme. He found her so happy and domesticated that it seemed almost impossible to believe she was the same person who appeared nightly to public view as the much talked of "Paint and Garter Venus." On her part she discovered he was not the goody-goody young man she had fancied him. By the time the excellent tea she set before him was over, they were a long way on the road to becoming fast friends.

These calls had been going on for some weeks before the fact leaked out among Standish's friends. Dick was delighted with the way Ralston was "getting on." "He's all right," he said to Blazdell, "he'll be a suburban winner yet."

"Why, I thought he was supposed to be engaged to that rich Susan Tavish, who is doing so much tenement work, or slum work, or some such thing."

"Not a bit of it: it was a hard crush once but now that he's smashed on Sapho, I suppose that's all off."

"You don't think Venus will win against Minerva if Standish is the judge, do you? Why, he's almost in Minerva's class in piety."

"Four to one on Venus," was the laughing reply.

* * * * * * * * * *

Meanwhile, Miss Delorme was becoming more and more interested in her conscientious admirer.

"He's very wealthy, and you really might do worse, my dear," one day hazarded the duenna. She received a reply that almost snapped her head off, and murmured to herself, "Why, upon my word, I do believe the girl is really falling in love with him."

As for Standish, he was sublimely unconscious of the way his friends were discussing his intimacy with Miss Delorme. It certainly never occurred to him that the latter looked on him as anything but an ordinary acquaintance. He never told her of his new life, but he used to go to the Trocadero almost every night and gradually he became accustomed to seeing her in scant stage attire. The place didn't seem to be so dreadful, after all.

* * * * * * * * * *

One day when he called on her she found him in an unusually melancholy and sentimental mood. She made tea exactly to his taste, as she had adroitly learned, and when he was comfortably settled in the big arm chair, she sympathetically said, "Tell me all about it."

So encouraged by the tea, and the genial surroundings and her kindly manner, he confessed that a girl was the cause of it all.

"Some one you care for very much?" she asked.

"She's all the world to me," he confessed, looking at her with luminous eyes. "I sometimes think she regards me as a perfect idiot because I don't know life as she knows it; because I don't approve of everything she does."

"And have you told her of your love?"

"No, not exactly; but I fancy she may guess it. I hope so, anyway."

"Have you asked her to give up the things you disapprove of?"

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"Well, no; but she knows what they are; she's bright and don't require such notice."

Then he swallowed a big, lugubrious sigh and tore himself away from the inviting surroundings. But the conversation seemed to have done him good and he looked more cheerful.

Left alone, Miss Delorme went to a bureau drawer and drew out a big envelope which had arrived from abroad that morning. When the duenna came into the room half an hour later she was still wrapped up in its contents. "Well, my dear," said the duenna, "have you made up your mind about that manager's offer? How much is it a week?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"Bless me, that's nearly twice what you're getting here. You must be out of your senses not to snap at it."

"Perhaps; but I'm going to refuse it, just the same. I'm going to give up the tableau business."

The duenna threw up her hands. Then she seemed to comprehend. "May I congratulate you, dear?" she said.

"Oh, no—at least, not yet," said Miss Delorme, with a show of color.

Next day she paid particular attention to her toilet. Then she sat dreaming till a certain ring at the bell brought the color again to her cheeks. Standish came in looking bright and happy.

"Why, Ralston," she said, "how you've cheered up!"

"Why shouldn't I?" he exclaimed, with animation, "she loves me," and he looked at her joyfully.

"How did you find it out?" she asked playfully.

"Why, I took your advice: I asked her."

"Asked her—when—how? What's her name?"

"Sue Tavish, you must have heard of her. She's the girl who has been doing such wonderful settlement work."

"I-I—yes, of course, I've heard of her." And she congratulated him.

Soon after he had gone the curious duenna found Miss Delorme again absorbed in the contents of the big envelope. "I thought you wrote them a refusal, this morning," she said.

"Yes, I did," replied the famous Venus, "but man proposes and—not always to the right girl. I'm just writing them a cable to cancel my letter and send me the contract."

—*The Manager.*

THE WAY OF THE GAY WORLD.

(An O'er True Fable.)

A Needy Young Woman with a Fair Lineage, some Beauty and a Large and Combative Taste for Luxury, set her Heart on wedding a Young Man of Loose Morals and a big Bank Account. She obtained the coveted Introduction and followed up the Chase right briskly. After the marriage she helped him to Disburse his Money in a Princely Fashion that gave the Gossips gilt-edge material to Talk about. The staple of the Functions given by the young couple was Plenty to Drink, and they set the Joyous Example. The Lady had a Steadier Head than her Husband, so she stood the Pace better, and was quite Fit when he was compelled to seek Refuge.

By and by, the Fortune took Wings.

"Never mind," said the Husband, "I will *work* and carve a new fortune."

"Never mind," said the Wife, "I can Sing a little. I will go into Vaudeville."

They Talked Nobly and so Loud they were heard by the Reporters and Special Writers, and soon the Whole World became interested in their Struggle to Climb back to their Wealthy Station. The Man soon dropped into Obscurity, but the Woman went on the Stage and made a Pot of Money. Then she began to think it was not Right for her to be Earning Money that might be Called For any day by her needy Husband. She decided to Divorce him. As the Easiest Way she rang in the plea of Habitual Intemperance. The Judge liked the looks of the Lady and she got her decree in less than an hour and sailed out from the Courtroom triumphantly—a Free Woman.

A few days later she was seen walking in the street with her ex-Husband. One of those who had watched the affair from Start to Finish—the Chase, the Capture, the Chaotic Crash—saw them promenading and he said:

"Verily, she's willing to be Friends with him, because Kind Words and Smiles cost Nothing, but as a Husband—well, he would be an Expensive Luxury."

—*The Fabler.*

MAMIE'S STUNNING STYLE.

Mamie wears a stunning raglan—oh, dear me!
Mamie in her stunning raglan is a sight to see!
For the way that Mamie wears it, and the way she twists and bends,
Makes it hard to tell just where the raglan starts and Mamie ends.
Mamie wouldn't wear a coffee sack, of that I'm sure.
Mamie likes to be in style and Mamie is demure,
Yet Mamie doesn't hesitate to amble up the street
Looking like a bale of hay that's grown a pair of feet.

—*C. C. T.*

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STAGE

At the Alcazar

While Mr. Alsop does some remarkably good acting as Bailey Prothero in "The Rogue's Comedy" at the Alcazar this week, it is to Mr. Osbourne that the laurels should go for the best sustained character. As Robert Cushing, the sub-villain who does Prothero's dirty work and incidentally helps himself to his chief's silverware and cigars, Osbourne leaves nothing to be desired. The men are rather better than the women, as a whole. Either Miss Convere has been miscast in every role she has sustained since she assumed her position at this theatre or else she is incapable of filling leading parts. Whatever the reason, she has been unsuited to everything she has appeared in thus far. She is a pretty woman but so self-conscious that she never forgets her identity for five minutes at a time. I have looked for her to do good work in a comedy part but the few that have fallen to her have not fitted her any better than the emotional roles.

Not so Good as "Zorah"

If "Raglan's Way" had come before "Zorah" there would have been considerably less disappointment with regard to the former. For in "Zorah" Edwin Arden showed such decided strength as a playwright that "Raglan's Way" seems all the more threadbare in contrast. The play at the Grand this week lacks clearness and while there is some originality displayed in the dialogue and situations there is nothing sufficiently striking to remain in memory after one has left the theatre. The play is well acted if without much brilliancy.

Belasco and Thall are expecting in the near future to present a new play by Charles Francis Bryant, who is not without experience in that line, having made several adaptations in the past several years. Mr. Bryant states that his play is a departure from the present dramatic theory and that he has some original ideas that will make old timers open their eyes.

Miss "Libby" Cone, who a year ago surprised her friends by going on the stage while on a visit to New York is now home again after a successful tour with Broadhurst's own "What Happened to Jones" company. Her stage name is Elizabeth Elliston, and it is hoped that she will go on at one of the local theatres during the summer before going East to join Frohman.

Ade's Hair Turned Red

George Ade whose Filipino satire, "The Sultan of Zulu," will shortly be produced in Chicago, has appeared in a new character, that of a census expert. Mr. Ade says that there are several hundred million red-headed girls in Chicago, and bases his statistics on the fact that his recent advertisement for six-Titian-tinted chorus girls brought applications from an army of red-haired damsels, which swamped the capacity of the two stage doors of the Studebaker theatre and choked navigation along the adjacent thoroughfare. As Titian blondes are proverbially emotional and tempestuous, the awful riot on the part of the several hundred million chorus girls who were not selected, Mr. Ade says, turned his hair red in a single night.

Cardinals have been exploited on the stage more than once. Richelieu and Wolsey, as seen in "The Three Guardsmen" and "Henry VIII," respectively, are not flattering characterizations of the wearers of the Red Hat. The Cardinal in "In the Palace of the King" is not noteworthy. But Cardinal de Medici, whom Mr. Willard impersonates in his new play, is said to be a most lovable person. It is a bold stroke on the part of a dramatist to introduce a confessional scene on the stage. Mr. Parker has done it in "The Cardinal," using the scene to ennoble the confessor.

How Viola Became Violent

Viola Allen earned the sobriquet of "Violent" Allen, which still clings to her in New York, through "The Conquerors," Paul Potter's tempestuous play, when it had its Gotham premier. There was a large ballet in the piece and the girls were

Hawaiian Glee Club, at the Orpheum

so much struck with Miss Allen's efforts to evade the Russian officer in the act where he chases her around the stage that they named her Violent. I can well understand why Frank Worthing refused to play John Storm to Viola Allen's Glory Quayle in the original production of "The Christian," and why E. J. Morgan resigned from the role after a short season of it. The other people in the play seem like marionettes beside Miss Allen. In "In the Palace of the King" she dwarfs everybody but *the* dwarf, and he is so amazingly good that he positively cannot be thrust into the background. Miss Allen has changed much since she appeared here with Joe Jefferson as Lydia Languish in "The Rivals." She has gained in beauty and poise, even, since her last visit here somewhat over five years ago. But I prefer her in a stock company rather than as a star.

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Clever Little Minstrels

Of all the Midway Plaisance shows at the Fairyland Carnival that closes tonight at the Pavilion, none attracted such favorable attention as Professor Bothwell Browne's Juvenile Minstrel Company, of which H. B. Tiedemann is the business manager. The children have been splendidly drilled and being naturally talented their performance is of a high order. The program given by the little minstrels is: Grand introductory overture, The Military Man; German specialty, Eunice Gilman; The Mick Who Threw the Brick, Robert Kavanaugh; French specialty, Myrtle Dingwall; coon song, Jessie Brown; soprano solo, Philip Atkins; Polish dance, Henrietta Keller and Ernest Young; Chinese song, Marie Nichols; instep dance, Montague Barton; American dance, Elsie Wahlicht; grand finale, ragtime Florodora, Philip Atkins, the interlocutor is as effective in his role as the great West himself. The bones, Charles Lamp and Ernest Young, and the tambos, Herbert Kavanaugh and Montague Barton, are likewise gifted with agile wit.

Lillian Burkhart is the author of a very clever article in the February *Home* magazine of New York. She writes about "Little Laughs Behind the Scenes." One of the "little laughs" concerns the rather pathetic manner in which a stage-struck wife was cured of her desires, and it is worth perusal by all who labor under the delusion that stage life is a synonym for an easy and happy existence.

Attractions Next Week

There'll be a new star at the Grand next week—George Ober, who for many years was principal comedian for Charles Hoyt. While Mr. Ober is especially known for his creations of Uncle Joe, the Oldest Inhabitant and Judge Doe, in "A Temperance Town," and also for his work in "What Happened to Jones" and other Hoyt and Broadhurst plays, his stage record extends much further back than that. He once played Cockles to the Rip of Joseph Jefferson and he was a member of the famous cast which supported Frank Mayo in "Macbeth." During his engagement at the Grand he will be seen in four of Hoyt's clever plays. The opening bill will be "A Temperance Town" which probably made more money for Hoyt than any other single play he ever wrote. The cast required for the play is large and in addition to Mr. Ober and the regular stock company of the theatre, a number of new people have been engaged.

Winchermann's trained bears and monkeys are the stars on the Orpheum's bill this week and will continue to delight old and young all next week. Mary Norman's caricatures of society girls are clever; she will vary her monologue next week. The Merrills will also remain and the new people will be headed by the Hawaiian Glee Club of ten men who appear for the first time in vaudeville. They wear the white costume of the tropics and play on large and small guitars, 'cello, flute and saxophone, giving six vocal numbers. During the reign of King Kalakaua the Glee Club was the official musical organization of the court, and since the time of abolishing the monarchical form of government has been the centre of attraction and the principal entertainer of visitors to Honolulu. The Blossoms, comedy acrobats, and Warren and Blanchard, lyric comedians, will complete the novelties.

Prices will be brought to the regular level for "Way Down East" which comes to the Columbia next week for a fortnight run which is sure to duplicate the play's popularity last season. The bucolic drama appeals to a large class of theatregoers and is always sure of drawing large houses. The snowstorm scene in "Way Down East" is a very clever bit of stage mechanism.

"The Ameer" will have some new songs next week for its farewell. It has had a most successful run. "The Serenade" will follow, on February twenty-fourth. This was one of the Bostonians' biggest hits, its only superior in their repertory being "Robin Hood." This will be the first time the opera has ever been given at popular prices. All the original business will be used.

"The Oriental Express," a clean, wholesome comedy in three acts from the German of "Die Orient Reise," will follow "The Rogue's Comedy" at the Alcazar next Monday night. The authors of this farce also wrote "At the White Horse Tavern," which will shortly be produced at the Alcazar. The plot of "The Oriental Express" deals with Robert Fetherston, who, with his wife, is touring Europe on what is called "circular" tickets, many complications resulting from a change of these en route.

"An African King" will follow "A Young Wife" at the Central.

Mrs. Fred H. Hanson, the talented elocutionist of Boston, gave one of her delightful monologue recitals before the students of Mills college on Friday evening, and also appeared before the Philomath club on Monday afternoon.

—*The Playgoer.*

PALMISTRY A POPULAR SCIENCE.

Interest in the science of palmistry continues to increase, and the professional palmist has attained a wonderful vogue. One of the most successful exponents of this fascinating science is Professor Weller, of 1007½ Market street, who combines the talents of clairvoyant, scientific palmist and card reader. He has had great success in deciphering palms, reading futures and delineating characters. Professor Weller teaches his profession to others. His fees are moderate.

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LETTERS

A Real Child

Since first the child was discovered as a motive in story writing we have had children a-plenty in all their variety from the little prigs and Pharisees who have successfully undertaken the conversion of their families, the rehabilitation of the family fortunes and the regeneration of the world down to the blackguard and guttersnipe type, irreclaimable by either law or gospel. It would seem as if there were no possible condition which had been exploited and no deed left undone and unchronicled. All the while there was treasure trove for the right seeker, and when George Madden Martin began to give in *McClure's* the story of Emmy Lou's progress through the public school, it was recognized not only that she had discovered a new child, but a new field as well. Emmy is a very ordinary little girl, sweet and natural, but neither an imp nor an angel. She is just the kind of a child who would be expected to have no history in particular, but to plod along in the beaten track, an "average child." This is just about what Emmy is doing, and it is just here that she becomes a valuable addition to the chronicles of child life. Mrs. Martin is not making any effort to produce an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the public schools but for all that, no one can read the experiences of this child without feeling that the school is more or less on trial. No one is to conclude from this that there are any "awful disclosures" of cruelty, neglect, or other evils. Emmy is doing very well and holding her own, thus far, but glimpses of school from the child's standpoint when the child is neither a spoiled darling nor an unlicked cub are a useful innovation.

The proverbial saying with regard to the lack of honor which attends the prophet in his own home assuredly does not hold good for San Francisco. Local publications, if they have a shadow of merit are invariably well received at first, and given a chance to prove their worth, and in the *Bookman* list of the best selling for the month ending January first, we note three—"Jingles from Japan," "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum" and "California Violets," all home productions, and what is still more worth noting in these prosaic times, all poetry.

Marie Corelli has been made the recipient of a massive silver rose bowl bearing the inscription: "Presented to Miss Marie Corelli by the Edinburg Philosophical Institution, in grateful recognition of the brilliant address delivered by her on the nineteenth of November, 1901." In making the presentation, the chairman, Mr. Sutherland, mentioned that a similar acknowledgement of eminent service to the institution had been made to Charles Dickens. After that, where do the carping critics stand?

Maxim Gorky has excited more consternation in Russia, in the brief time since he has taken to literature, than has Tolstoi in all the years of his career. There is positive alarm at his popularity, and occasion is found or made for his arrest whenever possible. Tolstoi is too unstable and so apt to swing from one extreme to the other, that when some criticism was recently directed against Isabel Hapgood, who is the medium through whom most of his work finds its way into English, because of her alleged inaccuracies, Madame Tolstoi herself came to the rescue with the assurance that the fault was not with Miss Hapgood but with the author himself, who was given not only to changing the form of expression, but the ideas, so that by the time any piece of work had finally escaped from his hands, it stood a fair chance to be in direct contradiction to what it was in its inception.

It has been said that any one could write at least one story, and in these days it is little more than a fact that most people make at least one attempt. Therefore there is nothing surprising in the announcement that John Philip Sousa has tried his hand and given the world "The Fifth String."

Cyrus Townsend Brady's novel just completed in the "Century" is already on its way to the stage. With the name changed from "Barbarossa" to "Hohenzollern," it is to be produced by James K. Hackett. Mr. Brady, it will be remembered, was, until quite recently, a minister, but concluded that there was more money for him in a literary career.

—*The Bookworm*

The well known Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra has re-opened for the Fourth Season, 1901-1902. To guarantee promptness, all engagements must be made at the Studio, 718 Post street. Telephone Polk 1575. School hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m

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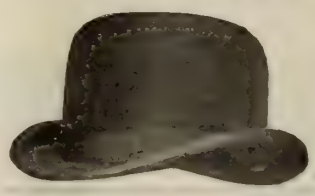

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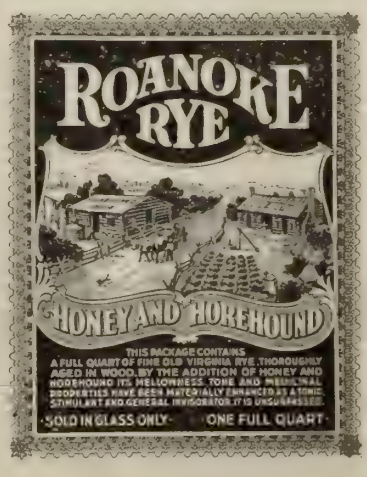

MUSIC

Nordica Will Sing Next Week

It is good news to hear that Madame Nordica is herself again and that the three deferred song recitals will be given next week, on Monday and Wednesday nights and Saturday afternoon. The last date being a legal holiday, no doubt many more gentlemen will be present than is usual at matinee performances. Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. The following brilliant programs will be rendered: *Monday*, The Robin Sings, Thy Beaming Eyes, MacDowell; All For You, d'Hardelot; Song of Thanksgiving, Allitsen; Voi Che Sapete, Mozart; Ariette, Vidal; Si Mes Vers Avaient des Ailes, Hahn; Filles de Cadiz, Delibes; Polonaise (C sharp minor), Chopin, Mr. Simmons; Ich Liebe Dich, Im Kahn, Grieg; Lotusblume, Schumann; Es Blinkt der Thau, Rubinstein; Serenade, Richard Strauss; Brunhilde's Call, Wagner. *Wednesday.*—Serenade, Boucher, Berceuse, Chaminade, Chere Nuit, Bachelet; Elsa's Dream, Wagner; Widmung and Waldesgesprach, Schumann, Solvejg's Wiegenlied, Grieg; Veilchen, Kirchgang, Von Fielitz; Barcarolle, Rubinstein; Polish Dance, Scharwenka, Mr. Simmons; Longing, Schlesinger, Ecstasy, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, At Parting, Rogers, Titania's Cradle, Liza Lehmann, Spring Song, Oscar Weil, Grand Aria from Hungarian Opera "Laslos," Erkel. *Saturday.*—Eliland song cycle, Von Fielitz; Spinning Song, Wagner-Liszt, Mr. Simmons; Obstination, Fontenailles, Toujours, Maude V. White, A'Toi, Bemberg; Haidenroeslein, Schubert; Angels Ever Bright and Fair, Handel, Serenade, Richard Strauss; Polonaise (Mignon), Thomas.

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra

The largest musical organization that has visited this city in many years is the Chicago Symphony orchestra, which will be heard here in four concerts the last week of this month. This orchestra consists of over half a hundred instrumentalists, under the direction of Mr. Adolph Rosenbecker, and is accompanied on its tour by four eminent soloists. Madame Ragna Linne is a dramatic soprano, who made a great success with the Grau English opera company, E. C. Towne is an American tenor who has been soloist with all the big oratorio societies, Mr. Jan Van Oordt, the violinist, is a Hollander and has met with success at the Thomas and Damrosch concerts, and Mr. Franz Wagner is a violoncellist of the first rank. All these artists will be heard in important works at these concerts. The symphonies to be played are: Wednesday night, February twenty-sixth, Mendelssohn's "Scotch"; Friday night, the twenty-eighth, Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique"; Saturday afternoon, March first, Beethoven's Seventh; and Saturday night, Raff's "Leonore." The Saturday afternoon concert will be devoted entirely to the works of Beethoven and Wagner, and Saturday night will be "soloist's night" on which occasion each of the four soloists will contribute numbers. These concerts will not be strictly symphony concerts, but the programs will each be divided into two parts, the first being symphonic in character and the second in lighter vein. Among the attractive numbers to be rendered are Bizet's Carmen suite, Grieg's Peer Gynt suite, Tschaikowsky's overture 1812, which describes Napoleon's invasion of Moscow, Litolf's Robespierre overture, Saint-Saens' Dance of Death, etc. The violinist will play the Wieniawski and Beethoven concertos, and the cellist's number will be the Saint-Saens and Volkmann concertos. Complete programs can be had at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s where the sale of seats for the season opens Monday morning. Seats for single concerts will be ready Thursday morning. Prices are popular, ranging from seventy-five cents to one dollar and a half.

The Pasmores in Oaklend

The Pasmores will give a concert at the First Unitarian church, Oakland, on Tuesday evening, the twenty-fifth instant. The vocalists will be Mrs. Edith Scott Basford, Mrs. Charles C. Hughes and Mr. H. B. Pasmore. Among the numbers will be the trio in E flat, op. 1, No. 1, by Beethoven, which was so brilliantly played at a concert in this city and at the Fabbri-Mueller testimonial; three songs by W. J. McCoy; "Adelaide," by Beethoven; the air for the G string by Bach, accompanied by a string quartet of Alexander Stewart's pupils.

Among our younger singers none is making better progress than Beulah George, who is working very hard and is full of ambition. When Emma Nevada last visited us she was particularly taken with her method of using her voice. She told Mrs. Mills, before a lot of the college students, that Miss George's voice was the best of any young singer she had heard in America.

Of Rose Relda's trial performance recently in Frankfort-on-the-Main the *Nachrichten* said: "In the role of Lucia Miss Relda gave proof of diligent study and unusual talent. Her coloratura is pure and accurate. Her acting showed great promise. It is but fair to state that the singer was hampered by having to sing German, a language in which she is a novice, and that Edgardo gave her miserable support." Any news of Relda's success is welcomed by her San Francisco friends who are following her career with warmest interest. The impression created in her last work here, some two years ago, was flattering and rosy prophecies were then made for her future.

Arthur Friedheim, contemporary with Hugo Mansfeldt of this city and a piano virtuoso of European fame, is at work on an opera, "The Festival of Dionysius."

Professor Carl Reinecke, who has had under his tuition not a few of our local artists, has, after forty-two years' service in the Leipsic Conservatory, handed in his resignation, to take effect on July first.

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IDEAL SERVICE

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The Sacramento Saturday club at its one hundred and twentieth recital gave an entire program on Shakespeare music, including many interesting numbers. The program opened by a a paper, "Shakespeare in Music," by Mrs. W. E. Briggs, illustrated musically by Mrs. Robert Hawley and Miss Dierssen, and this was followed by a varied program of vocal and instrumental numbers, all illustrative of the subject. Mrs. W. E. Briggs was director for the day.

Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt gave a brilliant rendition of a Chopin valse before the recent Federation of Women's Clubs in this city. It was Mrs. Mansfeldt's first public appearance since her long illness, which debarred her from all public work for a tedious period.

The Birmingham (England) *Daily Mail* has the following in one of its January issues: "Madame Caro Roma, the popular prima donna of Mr. J. W. Turner's opera company, is not only an accomplished cantatrice but also an authoress and composer of distinction. Some time ago we reviewed in the *Mail* her exquisite little volume of poems entitled, 'Some Idle Moments,' and a number of charming lyrical songs. Before us we have her latest contribution to the musical literature of the day, which is a song cycle, 'The Wandering One,' both words and music by Madame Roma (M. Witmark and Sons, New York and London). The cycle comprises six numbers, Absence, The Lament, Doubt Not, The Prayer, The Letter, and The Return. A leitmotive of four bars is employed throughout the cycle, and appears interwoven in all kinds of forms and harmonic varieties. The subject at once attracts attention by its captivating melodic charm, which can be easily traced. An impassioned character, an exquisite and polyphonic accompaniment, help to make these admirably-written songs rare gems of their kind. Novel features of the composition are the instrumental modulations, prefaced to each song, so that each can be sung independently. It needs an artist to sing them, an artist who has temperament, also a cultured performer to cope with the elaborate accompaniments. 'The Prayer' is a monotone for the voice, the accompaniment expressing a language of its own. 'The Letter' has an accompaniment in chords of sixths for alternate hands, conceived in the manner of Henselt's famous 'Bird Study.' 'The Return' is in tempo di valse, most brilliantly and effectively written. The whole cycle will be sung for the first time here by Miss Amy Kendal at one of the Royal Society of Artists' musical matinees in the spring." I have received a copy of the song cycle so well described by the English critic. It is a very fine composition and places our Californian Roma high in the ranks of song writers. A song cycle is a difficult thing to write and only one well versed in poetry and harmony would dare attempt this form of composition.

SOMETHING NEW IN NEGLIGEES.

Men who like to be comfortable in warm weather have hitherto objected to the negligee shirt to be worn without a waistcoat on the ground that they felt only half-dressed with their suspenders so close to their coats. This objection has been swept aside by the very clever contrivance in the Geo. P. Ide & Co. "Gold" waists for men. In these negligees, the suspenders are attached to the inside of the shirt and are thus invisible. The "Gold" brand shirt waist commends itself to the sensible man who is not averse to being in fashion. Geo. P. Ide & Co.'s "Silver" brand collars are the correct thing to be worn on a negligee or soft front shirt. The local agency for the Geo. P. Ide & Co. shirts, collars and cuffs is at 516-518 Market street.

THE ORIGINAL VIENNA UP-TOWN

Already the old patrons of the Original Vienna Bakery, when it was located at 205 Kearny street, have become used to the new location at 133-135 O'Farrell street. Mr. Galindo, the proprietor, feels that he could not have made a better move than this one, judging by the steady patronage of the new cafe, patronage constantly increasing. Everything in the Original Vienna Cafe, from the menu to the service and table-furnishings, is of the best.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of George Granopolos, also known as George Johnson Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, Administrator of the Estate of George Granopolos also known as George Johnson deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 79, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM
Administrator of the Estate of George Granopolos also known as George Johnson, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 15, 1902

FRANK McGOWAN, Attorney for Administrator
Rooms 75-79 and 80 Chronicle Building

Estate of Mary D. Sullivan, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Dennis Sullivan, Administrator of the estate of Mary D. Sullivan, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Dennis Sullivan, Administrator, at Room 411 Parrott Building, No 855 Market street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

DENNIS SULLIVAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary D. Sullivan, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco. February 15, 1902

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Administrator
Parrott Building, San Francisco

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In a Persian Garden

Liza Lehmann's song cycle "In a Persian Garden," from the Rubaiyat was rendered in Portland on February first, by a quartet consisting of Mrs. Albert Sheldon, soprano, Mrs. Walter Reed (Rose Coursen), contralto, William Webster, tenor, M. Fleischner, bass; Mrs. Edward Drake at the piano. Apropos this song recital, many requests have been made for a repetition of the recent rendition under H. B. Pasmore's direction, thus overriding the ultra-critical opinion that Liza Lehmann's work is "poor stuff." It may be poor to the instrumentalist, but Mr. Pasmore himself says, "I hold that as a vehicle for showing the artistic powers of the *singer*, both from the technical standpoint and that of artisic expression it is one of the best things of late years. In fact I know of nothing else so good."

The Eaton Organ Recital

The first of the free organ recitals by Mr. Louis H. Eaton, organist of Trinity church, given last Monday evening was a complete artistic success, the program being interesting and well chosen. Organ recitals have been given in this city at various times, sometimes by visiting organists of world-wide fame, at other times by our local organists. While they never drew large audiences they were always enjoyed by the more musical in our midst. I remember more than one series of delightful recitals by Dr. H. J. Stewart, Mr. Eaton's predecessor at Trinity. The program selected by Mr. Eaton consisted of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in G major, Cesar Franck's Fantasie in C, Alexandre Guilmant's First Meditation, op. 20, and Charles Marie Widor's Symphonie VI, op. 42, No. 2. The four movements of the Franck fantasie range through many moods which the organist interpreted with fine understanding, bringing this quality also to the five movements of the Widor symphony. Two vocal numbers varied the organ recital. Mrs. Birmingham rendered the Schubert aria "Great is Jehovah" and Miss Flynn the Mendelssohn aria "Hear Ye Israel," both being in admirable voice.

A Correction

In regard to a recent article concerning the introduction of the Burrowes musical kindergarten system here by Mrs. Frances B. Williams, it appears that I did not present a correct impression in connection with two factors in the case. Mrs. Williams tells me that she did not introduce the Virgil Clavier here, but bought a number of them from a pupil of A. K. Virgil, who was out here some years ago, and has supplied the places of those disposed of from time to time though never really having the agency for them. It was a natural mistake as it was through Mrs. Williams that many of our musicians came to know the value of the Clavier. Again her knowledge of the Burrowes Musical Kindergarten system was obtained from a Burrowes pupil, who was on the coast some time since. Mrs. Williams is so advanced in her ideas one does not stop to consider the source of her knowledge, but considers easily the prominent fact that she has acquired something new and is dispensing it for public musical benefit.

Josef Hofmann will give one more recital here after his matinee today, and then he will positively say good-bye. The last recital will be given tomorrow evening at the Columbia theatre, when he will play a program of the most successful numbers in his repertory. Among these are the "Tannhauser" overture the Schubert-Liszt "Marche Hongroise," three Chopin compositions, two of Mendelssohn's and two of Moszkowski's. He will also play Beethoven's "32 Variations."

The choir of St. Dominic's church will at the regular monthly musical service tomorrow evening present the first part of Verdi's celebrated Marzoni Requiem, a dramatic work rarely given. The music will be under the direction of James Hamilton Howe, organist and director, and there will also be given the Prelude and Fugue (Bach), Priere (Guilmant), "The Storm" (Lemmens), "Processional" (Verdi)

Emma Nevada will give one song recital here early in March. She has in her company this year Pablo Casals, 'cellist, Maquarre, flutist, and Moreau, pianist.

Notice To Creditors

Estate of L. SAINSERE, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, P. BOLAND, Administrator of the Estate of L. Sainsere deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) monthsafter the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, No. 238 Montgomery Street, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

P. BOLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of
L. SAINSERE, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco
January 18, 1902

M. C. Hassett, Attorney for Administrator.
308-10-12 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco,Cal.

Estate of ELLEN HOLLAND, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, JOHN HOLLAND, Administrator of the Estate of Ellen Holland deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said John Holland, Administrator of the Estate of Ellen Holland, deceased, at Room 411 Parrott Building, No. 855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN HOLLAND,
Administrator of the Estate of Ellen Holland, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, January 18th, 1902.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Administrator,
Parrott Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Estate of James Slade (sometimes known as and called Dennis Driscoll) deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Hannah Barry, Administratrix of the estate of James Slade, (sometimes known as and called Dennis Driscoll), deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Hannah Barry, Administratrix as aforesaid, at Room 411 Parrott Building, No 855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

HANNAH BARRY
Administratrix of the estate of James Slade, (sometimes known as and called Dennis Driscoll), deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 8, 1902.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Administratrix
Parrott Building 855 Market St., San Francisco.

NOTICE TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE PACIFIC COLONIAL SHIP COMPANY

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a resolution of the Board of Directors of the Pacific Colonial Ship Co., a corporation, unanimously and duly adopted at a meeting of the Board of Directors duly and regularly held at the office of said Company, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 30th day of December, 1901, a special meeting of the stockholders of the said Pacific Colonial Ship Co., will be held at the office of the Company in Room 21 in that certain building known as No. 416-418 California Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being the principal place of business of the said corporation, and being the place or building where the Board of Directors of said corporation usually meet, on Monday the 3rd day of March 1902, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M.; said meeting of stockholders will be held for the purpose of determining whether or not the capital stock of said Pacific Colonial Ship Co., shall be diminished to the sum or amount of Fifty thousand ($50,000) Dollars.

Dated San Francisco, December 30th, 1901.

D. F. EWART,
Secretary of the Pacific Colonial Ship Co., a corporation.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Della St. Claire Weston, Plaintiff, vs. William Henry Weston, Defendant. — Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to William Henry Weston, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty to plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made. All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of January, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and two.

ALBERT MAHONY, Clerk.
By THOS. F. O'NEIL, Deputy Clerk.

[SEAL.]

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Parrott Building, San Francisco.

The Last Minetti

There was any number of musicians among the audience at the final recital of the Minetti string quartet. One could tell that by the way they applauded. Only a musician familiar with the technical difficulties of the works rendered could give them real appreciation though their beauty might commend them to the unlearned. The first number was the Beethoven string quartet in C minor, op. 18, No. 4. This was given with fine exactitude, and the five movements delineated with skill and expression. The *andante scherzoso quasi allegretto* was very pleasing, though not, perhaps, more so than the final *allegro*. A violin sonate in A major by Handel was rendered by Mr. Minetti, with Mr. Fleishman at the piano, a most scholarly interpretation in every particular. Mr. Minetti seems to take great delight in bringing out the beauties of these old compositions, so full of delicate harmonies. The Dvorak piano quintet in A major, op. 81, was given with brilliant effect. The quartet this season is formed by G. Minetti, first violin; S. Savannah, second violin; L. Kowalski, viola; A. Weiss, violoncello. S. G. Fleishman was the pianist at Saturday evening's concert. These recitals appeal strongly to our cultured musical people and I do not see why they are not more largely attended by students of music. Living, as we do, so far away from the great musical centres, it seems to me that our students should learn to appreciate what opportunities there are here. An acquaintance with chamber music is certainly as much a part of a piano or string student's education as is knowledge of the best ancient and modern authors to a student of literature. I should imagine that a series of chamber music recitals during the Lenten period might become popular. They could be given in the morning, eleven o'clock being a suitable hour, and I predict that they would speedily gain a large attendance.

Californians in New York

The *Staatszeitung* of New York, the foremost German newspaper in the United States, contained a critique on "concert night" at the Arion club on January sixteenth, from which I clip the following as of interest to San Franciscans: "Particular lustre was imparted to the performance by two guests, Signor Abramoff and his pupil, Miss Edith Decker, from San Francisco. The latter has been endowed by nature with great charm and possesses a soprano voice of fine quality, the excellent schooling of which distinctly shows the master hand of her teacher. Miss Decker delighted her large audience with an air by Gounod while Signor Abramoff also earned rapt applause for his admirable rendering of the famous bass air from 'Fra Diavalo.'"

Madame Julie Rosewald announces a vocal recital by her pupils on Friday evening, March seventh. —*The Music Critic*

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Her trailing robes are of snowy lace,
And as white is the beautiful, mocking face;
And it dims in the firelight's fainter play
As it fades and dies into ashes gray.
And I sigh as I think what my soul could feel
If my beautiful Valentine girl were real.

L. T. P.

A SUBTLE DISTINCTION.

"That men are forward nowadays,"
The careful mother cried,
"And must be sat upon sometimes,
By no one is denied."

Her giddy daughter smiled and said,
"You need not warn me more.
The ways are known to me and I
Have sat on them before."

—Gwendolen G.

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"The play's the thing," so used to run
The motto of the stage
In Garrick's and in Siddons' time,
When *acting* was the rage.
But times are changed. A play succeeds,
And loud the plaudits ring,
Provided all the critics say
"The dresses are 'the thing.'"

—The First Nighter.

AFFECTIONATE, BUT MIXED.

Here is an item from last week's issue of the *Cork Weekly*: John writes to Mary:

"Dear Mary: We are all very well, only mother has hysterics, Tim has the toothache, Jane has a baby and I hope you are the same way. Your affectionate brother *John."*

A NEWSPAPER NOTE

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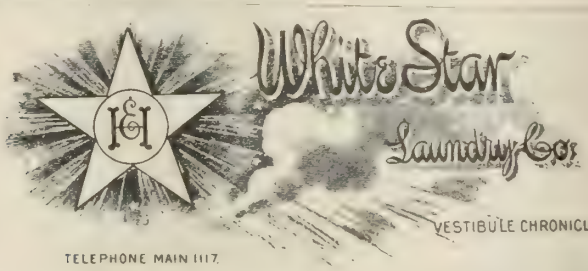

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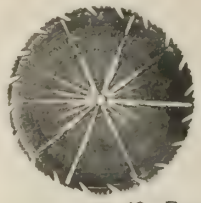

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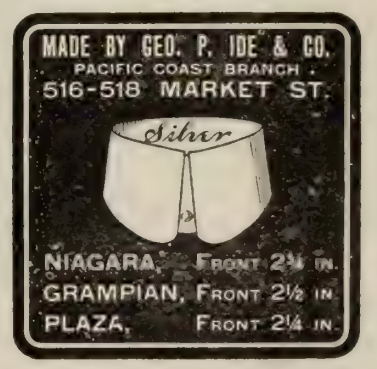

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, February 22, 1902

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THEO. F. BONNET - - - Editor
CHARLES S. SMITH - Business Manager

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OUR OPINION

Our Boom in Social Display

The contrast in prosperity between rising young America and effete Europe seems to be more marked in social circles than in business affairs. Social life in New York, according to report, has never reveled in more brilliant display, while in London the papers are lamenting the social stagnation. Shopkeepers in the English metropolis are grumbling and some persons are beginning to argue that the smart set is becoming so lazy that it will not exert itself even in search of entertainment. Preparations for the coronation furnish topics for endless discussion and chat, but it seems that titled personages are averse to parading their state coaches in procession to the House of Lords, or to becoming conspicuous figures in a public procession. Earl Roberts drove to Westminster in an ordinary cab on the opening of Parliament. Most of the newspapers agree that the day of pomp is gone by. Contrast this state of affairs with the newspaper comments of gay society life in New York. They call it the Era of Burning Money. The bonfires are said to be flaming all along the swell Fifth avenue shopping district, and going at a rate that would have made the ancients, fabled for their luxury, stare and write themselves down novices. In the jewelers', the florists', the modistes', the milliners', the furnishers' —everywhere it is the same. Ask any tradesman in the fashionable district and he will tell you that his sales have increased fifty per cent during the last eighteen months and that his prices have gone up in proportion. Rents in this favored shopping section are bounding upward at a tremendous rate, thus offering a barometer on the fabulous profits the shopkeepers must be reaping and an index on what the wealthy customers must be spending. For instance, a wealthy tailor bought a piece of property with a twenty-five foot frontage on Fifth avenue some two years ago on speculation. Today he holds it at two hundred thousand dollars. He has declined an offer of thirteen thousand dollars a year for ground rent, or more than five hundred dollars a front foot. He wants fifteen thousand dollars and the chances are he will get it and in addition will get a rent equal to ten per cent for all improvements. As the old building will have to be torn down and a new one erected for business purposes, say at a cost of forty-thousand dollars, this means that the property will bring, in rents, when improved, nineteen thousand dollars a year, under a ten years' lease, or an assured income of one hundred and ninety thousand dollars on an investment of less than eighty-five thousand dollars. This, the newspapers claim, is an illustration of the way fortunes are being made in New York real estate. Incidentally it also shows the extravagant expenditures of the smart set, for the high rents obtained by this lucky landlord must be made by his tenant out of the society people who patronize his store. These profits are safe and certain. In the same block where this property is located a fashionable woman last week bought a dress costing seventeen hundred dollars. It was a beautiful imported and exclusive design and she took it without a murmur at the price. Profits on sales of this kind are stimulating to the cheerful Manhattan shopkeepers. No wonder that London is in the dumps and New York rejoices over the social display.

Mrs. Blaine's Plan Fizzles Out

The servant girl question seems to be as far as ever from solution. Some time ago it was heralded abroad that Mrs. Blaine of Chicago had found a satisfactory adjustment to the difficulty by arranging that her help should have only eight hours of continuous service and the servants should have the same amount of leisure as other workers enjoy. The recent announcement that Mrs. Blaine has given up housekeeping and gone to board seems to indicate that the arrangement was not an ideal one, after all. Matters appear to move smoothly enough in hotels, where there is an unvarying system, and in large private establishments. But the women who employ one or two assistants, and the general servants themselves are at perennial swords' points. Many women, when they keep a single servant, imagine they should be emancipated from any household duty. The girl must be up early and down late, and on her feet all day long, with neither rest nor recreation. Nagging and tyrannizing cause perhaps as much of the trouble as independence, carelessness and laziness. Much has been said and written about the tractable and meek Mongolian who is supposed to have solved the problem for the housewives of this coast, but in addition to the exaggeration of the ease and comfort which they are supposed to enjoy there is another factor In the bottom of her heart every woman has a wholesome fear of

a man, and many of the irritations which are practiced with impunity on a white woman are not dreamed of with the Chinese male. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps gave us, in her "Successors to Mary the First," a picture of the kind of women who are most exacting of their servants. Here was a family of three, husband, wife and half-grown daughter, who had had a good servant, and the whole domestic arrangement was shifted to Mary's shoulders, while the mistress wrote club papers and the daughter careered about the streets on her bicycle. Mary concluded to preside over a home of her own, and the Hollis family sat about with hands in their laps and called on Providence to work a miracle for them. The wife could not find her way about her own kitchen nor the daughter make her own bed, and yet Mrs. Phelps represented them as martyrs to their domestics, and seemed to think that a woman so utterly useless and helpless was fit to give directions to a competent girl. What was intended as an arraignment of the servants was in reality an exposure of the incompetency of the mistresses. If men had as little practical knowledge of the businesses they conduct and as small comprehension of their endurance and capacity as most women of their servants and household labor the problem would be an appalling tangle. As it is, the servant problem is a thing apart, and until most housewives become educated to more than a feeble knowledge of their domestic affairs there will always be a servant problem. Meanwhile, the eight-hour, which is impracticable in most instances, appears to have proved a failure under the most favorable instances, and it is in order for some one to make a new suggestion.

Safeguarding the Life of the Individual

The guarantee of our community to look after the lives of its members was emphasized the other day when a New York physician, in the course of an argument, announced that, under certain circumstances, he would be willing to submit to vivisection. The authorities at once made the following statement: "In case the doctor's offer should be accepted and he should really undergo an operation, we could do nothing to prevent, for it would be legally merely a misdemeanor. But if the doctor should die under the operation every one concerned in the case, active participants, counsellors, any one who advised, aided or abetted the act, would be liable to prosecution for manslaughter and would be punished according to law, no matter what his position might be." The case again draws attention to the fact that the individual has no legal right to say whether he shall live or not live. Suicide in any form is a crime. The life of the individual belongs to the State and is to be protected even against himself. The question of putting to death incurable patients was started in this country not long ago by a Southern doctor announcing that such an act had more than the element of mercy in it. The Solons of the world think differently and at this stage of the world's civilization their views strongly prevail as was evidenced recently in the Saxon Parliament. A bill was introduced by a set of persons calling themselves "humanitarians" to permit doctors to put to death at their requests patients whose recovery was hopeless. The measure was quickly killed. The principal arguments in opposition were directed against the clause protecting the doctors from legal complications if they arranged such a taking off for their patients. The *London Spectator* summed them up as follows: "As a rule, with few exceptions, doctors are good people; but there are many of them and some must be bad. To give a legal right to administer poison on demand without responsibility would be to arm every profligate heir with a dangerous weapon. Who is to tell after death whether the patient has consented to his own death, or whether the last ray of hope of saving his life had really disappeared or not? It would be bad enough if such things were suspected, as they would be by the suspicious; but the suspicion might be justified once and that once would destroy a confidence which does much to diminish in households the miserable impact of disease. Every patient of wealth would ask himself if there could be any one with an interest for putting him out of the way. Kings and great leaders of parties would have special reason for fear, and what the great apprehend, the little soon believe to be a possibility, vide the whole history of the Middle Ages, when all who were great expected assassination, and all who were little, if the great died inconveniently, howled out charges of poison. It is not well, for the sake of the class itself, to trust the power of life and death to any class which of necessity must exercise it in secret. It may be said that the power is trusted now and so it is, but with the usual guarantees, and this additional one, that the rule of the profession is to preserve life while they can." It will be a long while before the so-called "humanitarians" will be able to batter down these reasons for safeguarding the individual.

The Perennial Stimulant Question

Another of that conscientious brigade of centenarians has broken out in the newspapers with the boast he has attained one hundred and seven years of life and joy because he has never smoked, chewed or drunk fiery liquors. His name is John Barlow and his voice is lifted from Oak Ridge, New York. Mr. Barlow differs in a degree from his aged mates in that he claims that he has never had a toothache and that no maker of liver pills has ever received a cent of his money. Centenarian Barlow doesn't openly assert that the non-use of whisky and tobacco has protected his liver and teeth from their fell destroyers, but his enthusiastic friends do and they furthermore insist that good man Barlow would have died decades ago had he trifled with the pleasures of tobacco and drink. How many honest souls have fought, wrangled and lost their good tempers over this old, old question. Hale, hearty and cheerful persons have reached the century mark without the use of tobacco and strong drink, and fellows of their physical

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and mental trim have used them to a moderate degree and jogged serenely over the same mark. The abstemious centenarians are not so numerous, or at least are not so often heard from. This to the superficial investigator proves at once that whisky and tobacco are allies of longevity. The truth is that most people who climb beyond the proverbial three score and ten start in the race so well equipped physically that only a sledge hammer fiercely wielded in place of a reaper will carry them off. This much discussed question has no chance of being settled because it possesses one vital point that can never be determined, and that is there is no way of showing that a man who used whisky and tobacco and lived to be one hundred years old might not have lived one hundred and fifty if he had never used those stimulants. Then again, nobody will ever be able to satisfactorily demonstrate that men like Barlow would have died before fifty had they used tobacco and whisky. This old-time question may yield some service by being given to fledgling school debaters to wrangle over but no one else will be able to get any profit out of it in these strenuous days.

The Saunterer

Reincarnated Angels

Since the development of Colonizer Harris' scheme at Santa Rosa and the flight of his awakened "gods and goddesses" to the four quarters of the globe no plan of a "new life" has attracted more attention here than the transforming of "Babs" resort on the ocean beach into an earthly home for "reincarnated angels." Those who are acquainted with the arch-priestess, Mrs. Ida Evelyn Russell, are not surprised at her success. There is no doubt that Mrs. Drexler with her two millions is the real "angel" of the new company, according to theatrical interpretation, for it is her money that makes the "wheels go round." But opinion is divided as to the effect of the wonderful influence Mrs. Russell has over her half-dozen converts. Some of those who have come into closer contact with their home than the *Bulletin* reporter who managed to wriggle into the carefully guarded place, declare that Mrs. Russell is an unknown power for good in the community. An enthusiastic woman who has had business relations with the unusual household, asserts that it is indeed "heaven on earth."

Do their Share of Drudgery

The people whose identity the daily papers have been unable to discover are a young woman who formerly taught in the Alameda schools, her married sister and husband, who is connected with one of the Henry Crocker companies, and another young woman employed by the same firm. "There is never an unkind word spoken there," says my sympathizing informant, "and Dame Gossip has to pack her things and roost elsewhere. It is true the house is beautifully furnished and that Mrs. Russell encourages the women to look their best. They always wear tea gowns in the house—simple house dresses for morning wear and very elaborate tea gowns for dinner. But nothing has been said of the work. Mrs. Russell says she believes that every one should do his or her share of menial labor so that those ground down by drudgery may have a chance to expand and put forth finer blossoms. A cook and maid are employed by the new society but every member of the household has appointed tasks, sharing even a part of the cooking and dishwashing, and thus giving the servants leisure to develop their higher qualities."

Mrs. Drexler's Ambition

The same admirer of the new colony declares that "Mrs. Russell employs a trained nurse who ministers to the indigent sick, and the nurse is supplied with the medicines and luxuries that coax back health. I know of a case," she said, "where a man who had been peculiarly unfortunate in business was loaned several thousand dollars by Mrs. Russell to help him jolt over the rough places to competency. No interest was charged and no capitulation to her cult demanded. The man and his family are not, and never have been members of her household. In fact they do not know just what the beliefs of the sect are. In all my own dealings with Mrs. Russell she has never attempted my conversion. Mrs. Drexler herself once candidly told me that she wanted to do the greatest possible good with the great wealth bequeathed her, and she looked to Mrs. Russell to help her distribute her largess wisely. It is Mrs. Russell's idea to employ a trained nurse for the poor and seek out individual cases worthy of help. Mrs. Drexler's money makes this possible."

Will it End in the Old Way?

Harris is now living in sumptuous ease in New York off the enormous profits of his Santa Rosa colony scheme, and there are those who prophesy that in the near future Mrs. Russell herself will be living in splendor off the money contributed by her present converts. The converts, however, are well acquainted with the charges of selfishness made against Mrs. Russell but to date all of them, and Mrs. Drexler most of all, have deep faith in the sincerity of her teachings. As for the physical operation they are said to undergo, my informant says she is not qualified to deny the report; "but," she declares, "if you saw the married ones, happy, normal couples, you'd have to doubt it."

When Mrs. Russell was a Girl

An old schoolmate of Mrs. Russell, by the way, is now paying a short visit to her ranch in California. This is Mrs. Richardson Clover, wife of the military attache at the U. S. Embassy in London. Mrs. Clover (then Dora Miller) was a pupil at the "select" school kept by Miss Prince which Mrs. Russell (then Ida Connor) at-

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

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tended. The latter was by no means so highly situated socially as the other girls who attended the school. Dora Miller's father was a U. S. Senator. The Callaghan girls were daughters of a wealthy citizen and their home in Eddy street was then one of the handsomest in San Francisco. Mamie Toy was a sister of George Toy, now of Bovee, Toy & Co. The other girls—there were not more than a dozen in the school—were all of like social status. But Ida Connor's mother kept a boarding-house—and not a Salisbury boarding-house, either. Still Ida had the "way wiz her" that made friends and she was very popular among her aristocratic school fellows. Teachers of the old Pine and Larkin primary school are raking up their recollections of Mrs. Russell, when she was a little tot in short skirts and her hair hanging down her back. They say she had "hypnotic power" even then, for she always had a string of little girls following her and carrying her books, as if she were a princess.

Gay Demeanor is the Thing Now

The repose of Vere de Vere is no longer the proper thing in New York demeanor, if Mrs. Oelrichs may be taken as a criterion. She is all life and animation, whether the occasion is a concert party or a luncheon. She is really Gallic in her facial play and gesture. Mrs. Oelrichs has quite lost her figure and grows more and more in build like her mother, the late Mrs. Theresa Fair. However, the resemblance ceases there, for "Tessie" has retained her clear white skin and her delicacy of feature. Somebody in commenting on Mrs. Oelrichs at the Mardi Gras ball said that she was not so pretty as her sister, Mrs. Vanderbilt. Now, except the Sunday Supp. writers, who call everybody a beauty whose lingerie and dots they are called on to describe, nobody was ever so obtuse as to dub Birdie Fair a beauty. She has lovely, soft, dark eyes and a sweet mouth, but her nose is impossible. There are noses slightly tip-tilted like the poet's flower-petals, but Mrs. Vanderbilt's is not that kind. Her sister's features are absolutely classic.

Mrs. Fair's Business Foresight

If Mrs. Oelrichs fulfills her intention and builds her Nob Hill hotel, she will be following closely in the footsteps of her mother, who built the Bella Vista for Mrs. Volney Spaulding. Mrs. Fair was a firm believer in improved real estate and especially did her financial instinct incline to the family hotel as a means of income. She showed keen foresight. If Mrs. Fair were living now she would be able to say, "I told you so," with regard to the present popularity of the family hotel.

Mrs. De La Montagne's Ultimatum

No wonder that Josephine Drexel, Elizabeth Rensen, Eloise Breese, Miss De Forest, Miss Callender and others of New York's rich bachelor maids cling to their single state when so many of their married friends are seeking to throw off their irksome bonds. The little rift within the lute of the Ernest de la Montagne household has been widening for some time, within full view of an interested audience of family friends. It was when Mrs. de la Montagne was abroad that her husband began to be talked about in connection with the wife of a Philadelphia stock broker. Last summer his attentions were offered and accepted so boldly that the prudes of the Quaker city went from whispers to loud talking, which finally reached the ears of the absent wife on the other side of the ocean. Not since the Borrowe-Astor and Sloane-Vanderbilt affairs had the tabbies been given such a chance to wag their tongues, and they embraced the opportunity with alacrity.

Reason of Her Resolve

Mrs. de la Montagne possesses all the spirit and resolution that have made the Hastings family, from which she sprang, such notable Californian examples. She would not let her dignity be compromised. Immediately she placed the alternative before her husband of choosing between her and his Quaker friend. It was an ultimatum. But her husband, who comes of fiery and headstrong French stock, refused to be dictated to with regard to his choice of feminine friends. His wife's reply was to announce her intention of visiting her mother, Mrs. John A. Darling, in California for awhile and then to go to Newport, to take up a legal residence with view of suing for a divorce.

His Former Love

The social prominence of the couple renders their domestic squabble of public interest. Nobody takes much notice of its cause beyond wondering what the Quaker lady's husband is going to do in the affair. His wife is accused of nothing worse than folly, so far as present rumors go. De la Montagne has only lately deserted horses to take up the pursuit of Venus. A few years ago his whole heart, aside from his wife and son, was devoted to the race course. They used to say then that his business when in the judge's stand was largely that of introducing the champagne imported by his father's house.

What will Mamma Advocate?

Society here is interested to know what Mrs. Darling will do in the way of advising her daughter. Mrs. Darling was never an approver of divorces. Like Lady de Bohun, in Basil King's novel that lately stirred up New York and London and caused them to fall a-guessing about the heroes' and heroines' identity, Mrs. Darlig has always said: "'There is only one safe condition for a woman * * * to be either single, married or a widow. To be divorced is nothing at all. For a free woman with a husband, or a free man with a wife, there is no place * * *. Their footing is uncertain; and in human society, when once your footing is uncertain,

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you are as good as lost. * * * There is only one course for a woman who has divorced a husband; it is to marry again. * * * A single woman may stay single; a widow may prefer a state of widowhood; but the divorced woman must go on. * * * As soon as she has lost one man's protection she must get under another's." Clara Hastings Catherwood was a widow herself when she married Major Darling. Her daughter, Jennie Catherwood, Mrs. de la Montagne's sister, is said to be very happy with her husband, Dr. Morton Grinnell, and delights to assist him in his literary labors.

After Eight Years

More closely home comes the news of Mrs. Duke Farnsworth Baxter's application for divorce. It seems scarcely eight years, though it is fully that, since Hilda Macdonald married Luke Baxter and went South to live. After about two years' residence there she returned here about the time her brother Burns married Bessie Younger. Colonel Macdonald, their father, it will be remembered, married his stenographer, a cultured and clever Jewish girl. This second marriage was happy, and so has been that of his son. Only pretty Hilda found her marital ties galling and has finally decided to throw them off.

End of the "Plug Cut" Wedding

Right on top of the talk of the De la Montagne separation came Mrs. Suffern Tailer's arrival at the Cataract hotel, Sioux Falls, which was of course immediately wired across the continent. As South Dakota is rarely visited save by would-be divorcees, the inference naturally comes of itself. I remember well when Maude Lorillard married T. Suffern Tailer. The Astor set called it "the Plug Cut wedding," and said it was absurd that the children of two retired American tradesmen should be married in such style, as if they were sprigs of nobility. The wedding was solemnized in Calvary church, New York, on a dark and stormy day. The superstitious ones who were present shook their heads and said, "Blessed is the bride that the sun shines on." They can revive their gloomy predictions now that a divorce is talked of.

When Love Dies Out

But sunshine or not, Suffern Tailer was a most jubilant looking bridegroom and walked out of church with a proud and happy air. There seemed no reason on earth why the prince and princess should not have lived happily ever after, with their mutual love of life and horses and sports and no dissimilar tastes. But evidently, to quote Lady de Bohun again: "Love is like a garment. When it is new we wear it wth pleasure. When it has lost its freshness we wear it still—but with less pride. When it is old we twist it and turn it and try to make it serve some useful end. But a day comes round when we are tired to death at the sight of it, and are glad to give it away." When the Suffern Tailers visited San Francisco, not long after their marriage, love was burning brightly, but nearly nine years have passed since then.

Not up on Lingerie

When Rear Admiral Schley visited Nashville last week the committee in charge of his reception telegraphed to their Congressman, John W. Gaines, at Washington, for information regarding the proper salutes and other honors to be accorded him. Mr. Gaines went to the Navy Department, got the information, and wired back to the committee at Nashville:

"Give him a salute of thirteen guns, with two ruffles and flourishes."

Of course this meant the "ruffle of the drums" and the "flourish of the trumpets." The Nashville people, though, puzzled over the despatch with knitted brows, trying to solve the problem. Then they wired back:

"What do you mean by ruffles and flourishes? We are not up on that kind of lingerie."

The monocle fad is on its way west, according to London and New York experts, and it won't be long before we see them flashing on Market street.

Perils of "Larks" in Washington

My Washington correspondent writes me that one or two episodes in which young and inexperienced girls have been deplorably prominent have opened the eyes of a good many people to the fact that too much champagne is frequently consumed at the society functions. One of these young girls has just been sent to her home in the far West as a result of her indiscretion. It happened at an afternoon reception given by the wife of a foreign diplomat. After all the other guests had departed a wrap belonging to the Western girl was found in the dressing room. The hostess, suspecting that something was wrong, instituted a search and the girl was found in the billiard room on the top story. She was hopelessly intoxicated. Her relatives were summoned at once and the girl was put to bed. On regaining consciousness the girl was put to shame and told the story. A dapper young foreign scoundrel had smuggled several bottles of champagne under his coat and induced her to go to the billiard room with him "just for a lark." Just

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about the time the guests began to leave she felt the first symptoms of intoxication. The young foreigner became alarmed at her condition and hurriedly left.

Dowagers Roused to the Dangers

The staid dowagers who direct Society are considering the necessity of adopting measures to prevent such incidents. As it is girls of little or no experience come from their quiet homes and are suddenly thrown into contact with the dissipation and free-and-easy conditions of life at the Capital. Foreign diplomats and attaches in their gorgeous uniforms dazzle such inexperienced persons. A waltz or two aggravates their excited condition, and often what begins in a harmless flirtation leads to some madcap freak which brings them perilously close to disgrace. It is to remedy all this that the dowagers are now in consultation.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst has just sold her magnificent home in Washington to the Italian Ambassador, Signor des Planches. This means that hereafter she will not spend so much of her time in the East.

Figured on the Divorce

Oakland, which is so terribly proper sometimes, took kindly to Mr. Frank Moulan, and did not make any malapropos remarks about marital experiences within his hearing or that of Maude Berri, his handsome wife. However, I am told that Chicago and New York people have not yet figured out who is entitled to write herself Mrs. Moulan. After Maude Berri Fisher and the Castle Square tenor celebrated their wedding, the former Mrs. Moulan, from whom the bridegroom thought he had been legally freed, had him haled into court for bigamy. Thence he went to jail, but Maude Berri's liberality soon provided the wherewithal for his release. Possibly it was all quietly arranged later, though no word of such arrangement has appeared in the press despatches. But Moulan came out here with the prima donna of Kirk La Shelle's company, and was presented to her family and a select few of her friends as her husband. He was a guest at the supper Billy Foote gave on Shrove Tuesday night in honor of Maude Berri. Most of those there had known her former husband, Frank Fisher, but none made any invidious comparisons between the two men. Dr. Fisher was a devoted husband, but he died just as his wife was on the threshold of stage success.

Enter the Matron-of-Honor

Georgie Hopkins, after the manner of the other up-to-date brides, is to have a matron-of-honor for her wedding. Her sister, Edna Hopkins Taylor, will have the part. Mary Scott Martin acted in that capacity for her chum Caro Crockett. East and West the matron-of-honor is now the proper adjunct of all swell weddings. Her duties are manifold and delicate. She it is who writes the nice little letters to the bride's dear personal friends, telling them all about the engagement and hinting at the time of the wedding, with other interesting and important details. She it is who hovers like a guardian angel around the happy couple, relieving them of every embarrassment and making the path toward the altar smooth and easy (and if she possesses tact and knows her business she will never be *too* present, but always just present enough). At the ceremony it is the matron of honor who, after superintending the arrangements of the wedding presents and the last touches to the bride's toilet, takes the place next behind the bridesmaids in the wedding procession to the altar, and in every respect fills the position of "best woman" to her interesting charge.

Lord Temple cigars are smoked by all clubmen who will take nothing but the best.

Prefers Sculpturing to Society

Sadie Whitney has evidently no intention of changing her condition in spite of that engagement she entered into while in Paris. At least she says nothing about getting married to anybody and seems wholly wedded to her art. She has a studio in Clay street up many flights of stairs and there she wields the knife and molds the pliant clay from early morn until dewy eve, or until she gets ready to catch the boat that will bring her home in time for dinner. Miss Whitney is very enthusiatic over her art and seems determined to go ahead and become a sculptor in dead earnest. Society no longer appears to have any charms for her. She is at present busy upon the bust of a Bohemian club member and has some other casts under way.

Mr. McKnight had Josef Hofmann out in an Oldsmobile the other day. Young Hofmann is an expert automobilist and an enthusiast. The Park Commission granted him a special permit to go on the south drive.

Why the Curate was Dismissed

The craze for athletics has taken such a hold on the world that it is not at all surprising to find amongst the qualifications for servants advertised for in the English papers a knowledge of tennis, cricket or some other out-door game, but it is a little staggering to read of the excuse given by an Anglican clergyman for dismissing his curate. Though the assistant was acknowledged to be unexceptional in other respects, he did not come up to the requirements as a cricketer, and his vicar felt

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compelled to part with him, declaring that "what this parish really needs is a good, fast bowler, with a break from the off." No doubt the worthy vicar was wise in his generation.

Their Auto Ran into Cocktails

Several moonlight automobile rides are being planned to relieve the monotony of Lent—providing the weather prophet is propitious. The last time Lady Moon was "full" a merry crowd of society people took advantage of her condition and enjoyed a trip to the Cliff and supper. The machine was a rented one, and somewhere near the Panhandle began to kick up lively didoes, sending the girls and the chaperon into seriocomic hysterics. The amateur chaffeur, who knows more about cotillons than mechanical stunts, couldn't make the auto's insides behave, so there was nothing for it but to leave the "mobe," foot back to the Casino and telephone for carriages. The chaperon was very much perturbed over taking her charges to a resort frequented by wine-bibbers, but she wouldn't court neuralgia waiting "on the benches in the park" for carriages. The girls thought it a jolly lark and one of them deposed the polite Boniface who holds up the bar and proceeded to prove her own skill as a mixicologist. Those present evidently found her cocktails to taste and the chaperon was very much relieved when the carriages arrived.

Did she Give him a Love Philter?

It is whispered that a gilded youth who has for some time been dallying his devoirs at the shrine of a belle declared himself then and there and the engagement will be publicly anounced at the next smart wedding where the young lady herself officiates as bridesmaid. Some one has been unkind enough to hint that the cocktail she mixed the evasive youth was really a love philter that brought him to time. If so we should like to have her send the recipe to this office C. O. D—P. D. Q., as we know several other young ladies in the smart set who could use it.

Ethyl Hager will Lead the "Autos"

Alec Tobin, Eugene Murphy and Laurance Scott are about the only society chaffeurs who are keen enough about the sport to own automobiles, so they will be counted upon for the Lenten rides. Sara Drum is the only girl in the smart set who has her own "mobe" and she handles it like a veteran. Ethyl Hager has already ordered one and a very smart affair it promises to be, made in her own colors. It is purposed to include automobile races at the September meet in Monterey. At the Newport races there were ladies' entries so there is no reason why the fair sex should not have a try-out of skill at Monterey. Miss Drum, Miss Hager and two or three other girls who know how to handle "mobes" could put the men on their mettle.

"They say Mamie's twice as happy since her divorce."
"She ought to be. Her husband used to allow her $30 a month for spending money; now he has to give her $60 in alimony."

Both Girls are Kept Talking

It's like taking a trip abroad to call at the Palace these days. With Addie Murphy and Mamie Josselyn both staying there, it's an easy jump from London to Paris and no mal de mer. The Josselyns spent most of their time in England while Mrs. Murphy and Addie lingered longest in Paris. Both girls would probably enjoy a visit to the deaf and dumb institute for they are being questioned to death.

"What did you discuss at the club today, dear?"
"Oh, we didn't get any further than the characters of the women who want to be president."

She will come home to her Mother

Mrs. Ernest de la Montagne will shortly arrive in San Francisco and will probably spend most of her time with her mother at the family ranch near Napa. Mrs. Darling is not nearly so fluttered over the approaching divorce as was expected by those who know her ideas on the subject. "We've got divorce in the family," she said tartly, to an Aunty Doleful, "but then there are worse things—locomotor ataxia, for instance." As two near relatives of the lady with the crocodile tear habit have died from that dread disease the arrow pierced the mark. At the time of Mrs. Darling's own divorce from her first husband, there was a great amount of speculation as to whether she would ever commit matrimony again. It was generally believed that as she was a Catholic and a divorcee she would have to be content with grass widowhood. When Mrs. Catherwood's engagement to Mayor Darling was announced, she happened to overhear some friends discussing her second dive into unsounded waters. "I owe it to mankind," she calmly announced, "it wouldn't be right to go to my grave thinking marriage is a failure without giving it a second trial."

Flight of the Hastings' Clan

From all appearances this second venture has been a success and wiped out the bitter taste left by the first mistake. Mrs. Darling's sister is also a divorcee and has resumed her maiden name, carding herself Mrs. Hastings. In the elder days of San Francisco society no social affair had the right flavor unless the Hastings' were represented. They were the vanilla of society. But of late years they have scattered here, there and everywhere with only occasional jaunts to San Francisco. When the Hastings' home in Sutter street was sold to the Century club people felt that the last anchorage that held them here as residents was swept away.

PROGRESS AND GAINS

End of Year	Assets	Income	Business Written Life Dept.	Business In Force Life Dept.
1897	$3,259,518	$1,045,977	$ 4,472.847	$16,638,552
1898	3,428,790	1,086,407	5,412,577	18,522,754
1899	3,729,993	1,342,577	7,067,758	21,255.954
1900	4,112,116	1,534,687	10,222,966	27,151,612
1901	5,004,789	2,256,619	12,436.325	34,076,805

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Another Family Tragedy

When a well-known clubman, with an uncontrolable taste for country sports, started eastward some weeks ago to meet his charming wife, who had been traveling along the Atlantic seaboard for several months visiting friends, those who had prophesied an estrangement in the family admitted their error and ceased to gossip. Later, however, it was discovered that on the same train with her, but not in the same car, was the gentleman who had been reported in her company traveling between certain well-known Eastern cities. Forthwith the tongues began the wag again and this time to a still more unpleasant tune. Her fortune is said to be still very large. "Mari complaisant," the gossips say, and shrug their shoulders. Others declare this is only the first act in another family tragedy.

Gertrude Elliott Scoring a Success

A Californian in London writes me: "But two things are on the public tongue just now—the Coronation and the Smallpox scare. Everybody is being vaccinated and everybody is preparing for the fete. The King and Queen appeared for the first time in public at the production of Madeline Lucette Ryley's 'Mice and Men,' played by Gertrude Elliott and her husband. Gertrude became a mother not long ago, and the maternal look adds greatly to her beauty. She is a big favorite in London. Maxine was not a success in the Goodwins' last play. Just to show how queer the British public is, I must tell you that though Goodwin's play had fine notices it was not a success. Now, Gillette in 'Sherlock Holmes' was roasted to pieces by the press, yet it is still playing to enormous business. Gillette is the social lion of the hour. Alice Neilsen made her debut in concert Shrove Tuesday at Albert hall. Another American, Bernice Carew, a pupil of Bohuy in Paris, has arrived in town and will give her concert at St. James' under the protection of our Ambassador.

Mr. Keppel's New Honor

"Mr. George Keppel has been appointed master of the Stables to His Majesty, King Albert, and the latter has set aside for him a suite of apartments directly opposite the Buckingham Palace. All courts are hereafter to be held at night, and we shall be quite gay. London is to have a National theatre and the good old stock days will return. Plays will then be the things instead of the milliners' exhibit and the walking dressmakers' signs.' We are to have English opera, too. Royalty will patronize the arts now and where *it* goes the faithful sheep will follow."

"Hello, Glumley, out walking for your health?"
"Yes, I'm going to the doctor's."

Grant an Admirer of Female Beauty

The pretty wife of a member of the Cosmos club tells the story on Hugh Grant, who some of the papers seem to think knows more of the Nora Fuller case than he is willing to confess. "I was walking along the street with my husband one day," she said, "when a man on a passing car started in to stare at me. He was rubbering for all he was worth when all at once the car gave a jerk and presto! he fell flat in the street. It occurred so suddenly that my husband and I laughed aloud. The incident was brought to my mind the other day when I saw Grant's picture in the paper. 'I seem to know that face,' I said to my husband. 'Of course you do!' he answered; 'that's the man that admired you so much that he had a fall in consequence.'"

Important results are expected from the meeting of representative Democrats from thirty-eight States of the Union at the Manhattan club, New York, on Washington's Birthday. Leaders of the party regard this as the first step toward organization for the maintenance of the fundamental principles of the Democracy.

Paris Shocked by the "Rastas"

My Paris correspondent writes me that certain "Kings in Exile" there are again causing a deal of comment on account of their disgraceful ways. The French have a phrase for the foreigner who comes to Paris simply because he believes that that alluring city offers more numerous, safer and worse opportunities for self-indulgence of mere vicious inclination than any other place in the world. The boulevardiers call him a "rasta-quouere" or "rasta" for short. It is notorious fact that the worst "rastas" of Europe are either reigning or dethroned monarchs. There is one king in particular who, the very day he comes to Paris, finds no better place to amuse himself than the Moulin Rouge—a ghastly hole where all that is lowest and most debased in the life of Paris, male and female, nightly congregate. You can not go to any race-course in Paris without seeing the paddock crowded with a dozen of foreign princes, Russian grand-dukes, German princelings and the like. King Milan of Servia was regarded with something like horror even among the decadents in such capitals as

Most ladies hold the reins well. Perhaps it is not bad that they do.

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Paris and Vienna. There is a living monarch whose name is constantly associated with that of either one or the other of the most famous or infamous leaders of a certain class of theatrical society.

Imprisoned for Wooing a Princess

Just now the Continental papers are full of two court scandals which are colored with as much of squalor as if they were enacted in an East-side den. They remind one of that awful tragedy which involved the shocking deaths of the Austrian Crown Prince and of the poor, beautiful young woman whose body was found beside his and whose corpse was hurried off to a funeral as furtive and obscure as that of a wretched pauper One of these latter tragedies began a few years ago, when a young Austrian lieutenant was suddenly seized on the charge of forging bills in the name of the Archduchess Stephanie, widow of the Crown Prince. He is still the inmate of a military prison and is intercommunicado. The charge is generally believed to have been trumped up in order to get rid of him because he had been the friend and confidant of the reigning Princess This Princess, the daughter of a well-known monarch, was about the same time placed in a lunatic asylum. Of course she receives the very best of care and attention, but there are those who claim that she is no more demented than the young lieutenant is guilty of forgery The whole story is like one of those founded on the lettre-de-cachet, so frequently used by influential persons during the time of the Bastile to put inconvenient people out of the way.

Tragedy of a Bob-Tail Hunter

Mr. Emil Fischer, diamond expert and equestrian, will not bestride his bob-tailed, bottle-nosed sorrel at the opening meet of the San Rafael Hunt club in April. The horse was a beauty. He might have been considered by the unknowing either a cob, hack, jade, palfrey, hunter, jument, pony, galloway, pad, sheltie, steed, barb or punch, but to his admiring owner he was the gem of the genus equine. Pending the opening of the hunting season in San Rafael he was given the run of the low lands below that delightful burg in order to bring up his magnificent form to the top racing standard. This mettlesome horse met his fate in company of San Rafael warriors, whose achievements are part of the history of the State. They compose Company D, Fifth Regiment, N. G. C. The chief excellency of the company is its proficiency in markmanship. A few weeks ago Captain Cheda, First Lieutenant Smith, Second Lieutenant Hawkins and Private Martinelli, the last-named ex-district attorney of the county, repaired to the "flats" to indulge in target practice. Directly after the first fusillade rang out came a squeal of pain from an oblique point, and to the amazement of the soldiers, Fischer's horse was discovered out over the flats writhing in his death agony.

Plans a Wholesale Revenge

No one knew who fired the fatal shot. After a hasty counsel of war it was decided to send out a funeral detail and give the famous hunter proper burial. Prompt action would serve two purposes. First, decent observance of established custom; and second, removal of evidence—corpus delicti—until such time as best suited the "marksmen" to divulge the tale. So the horse was quietly and silently buried. Of course Fischer soon discovered his loss, but no one could give him the faintest clue of when, where or how the nag had disappeared. Not till the day dawned, when the marksmen deemed it best to drop a hint, did Fischer get an inkling of the truth. The penitent marksmen offered him fifty dollars to wipe out the fatal score. Fischer scorned the offer. The marksmen tried to parley with him but Fischer had learned the details of the tragedy by this time and had worked himself into a rage worthy of Achilles. He determined his famous sorrel hunter should have revenge, so he has brought suit against Captain Cheda, First Lieutenant Smith, Second Lieutenant Hawkins and Private Martinelli for three hundred dollars in compensation of his great loss and to assuage his grief, etc. In his turn he proposes to pump them full of hot, scathing, bitter shot when the case comes up in court.

Gold and Silver Weddings

The golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Pope will be celebrated next Saturday afternoon with a reception at their home in Pine street. Mr. Pope is a pioneer of San Francisco. He was one of the earliest members of the Bohemian club, though he does not now belong to the organization. The Popes have three children, the eldest of whom, Overton C. Pope, is not married. Edith is Mrs. R. Beach and Kate, the elder daughter, married Mr. King, of the publishing house of King, Law & Co. Her home is in Chicago.

Last Saturday night, Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Pettis celebrated their silver wedding anniversary, many friends being present to congratulate them on their twenty-five years of wedded happiness.

When you ask for Jesse Moore Whisky be sure you get it. Don't let anyone tell you they have something just as good.

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A Mild, Pleasant and Tasteless Laxative
cures Headache, Nervousness and Dyspepsia
50c. A BOTTLE
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38-40 Third Street

Society Doffing its Sombre Colors

People are growing acclimated to the non-wearing of the weeds when near relatives depart this world of life and color. At one time it was considered the thing to wear a long face and veil, even for one whose only good act in life was to die. Gradually it began to be accepted as unnecessary to mourn for those whose demise was a palpable good riddance. A Burlingame matron, whose brother recently died, is not conspicuously mourning. Perhaps the wild oats he sowed still stick in his family's crop and check their tears. His sister has not missed any of the smart affairs to which she is bidden, and was one of the handsomest gowned women at the Tobin dinner before the Mardi Gras.

Not Tempted by the Gown at All

But now it looks as though mourning "in toto," however dear the relationship, is doomed. Therese Morgan, whose father's death is daily expected, says she will don the gorgeous gowns given by Georgie Hopkins and act as her bridesmaid. Mr. Morgan's life is hanging by the slimmest thread and the shears seem ready to snap it any moment. He is delirious most of the time and it takes three attendants to hold him. The Morgan girls will hardly pioneer the breaking of the custom of not going into mourning, but even for Therese to serve as bridesmaid in gala attire with her father in such a condition is flying in the face of precedent. There are those who are foolish enough to say that the gratuitous gown is the bait that urges Miss Morgan. That is absurd on the face of it, for Miss Morgan can afford to buy her own clothes and, moreover, the gown will have to lie fallow for a year at least during which time fashion is bound to ring in new modes that will probably shelve it permanently, so it is nonsensical to dwell upon the dress question.

She is Sure to do the Proper Thing

Therese Morgan is an usually independent girl, has a will of her own, and wants to be bridesmaid at the Hopkins-McNear wedding. It is only conventionality that makes it a heinous crime for the family of the deceased to take an interest in life. Many are growing to believe that there is really no reason why a girl in mourning should not be a bridesmaid at a dear friend's wedding. Just the same society seems to be quite shocked at Miss Morgan's intention.

Slowboy—Here, Gayboy, take a couple of these tickets, will you? It's a raffle for a poor man.

Gayboy—No, thanks. I wouldn't know what to do with a poor man if I won him.

Gay Life of the Widower

There is nothing to exceed the gaiety of the widow except that of the divorce. I notice that the divorcee sometimes weeps while the divorce simply plunges into a life of gayety. The moment Jack Wilson was free he went rushing about like an enthusiastic debutante. Mrs. Avery McCarthy retired to Santa Barbara, completely unstrung by her suffering, but I saw Avery—who, before and during his married life was the most subdued of men—capering about gaily at the Mardi Gras in the costume of a clown.

DR. PARKER'S COUGH CURE
One dose will stop a cough, it never fails, try it, price 25c.

Lured Her with his Soft Brown Eyes

Miss Beulah Stubbs has become the bride of her Reno beloved, and the Stubbs', after making many moans, gave her a wedding in Chicago. Young John Sunderland has brown eyes to make a young girl lie awake nights. Miss Beulah, while visiting her uncle's family at the Reno University, fell under the spell of them and was never the same again. John's father keeps a shoe-store in Reno, but John ocupies himself with trying to look beautiful, and that worried the hustling and successful railroad manager. His daughter, however, declared she wanted him even if she had to live in Reno, which would appear to some to be a heroic test of affection.

Don Jose—The easiest way to win a woman's love is to give her all the money she wants."

Don Caesar—In that case bankers are Cupid's brokers."

A Wealthy House Divided Against Itself

The O'Connors are all divided up and living at different hotels. Lillie and Willie are at the Palace and Belle and Tiny are at the Richelieu. All the girls are against Lillie and Willie, for Lillie is the executor of the estate. "Con" O'Connor left his property in trust, and the younger girls tried unsuccessfully to break the trust. Lillie has no business ability, and sold the house that cost her father forty-five thousand dollars for twenty thousand. Willie is said to be so incorrigible that the Mardi Gras committee refused him an invitation to the ball, but favored by Lillie, as only brothers usually are by their elder sisters. She lent him all sorts of money when she came into power and took his I. O. U.'s as security. These turned out to be nothing but waste paper, as he was not of age when he signed them. The O'Connor girls are pretty and stylish, and it seems strange none of them marries. But they are such brisk, keen talkers that perhaps they frighten away the average masculine.

Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt has arrived home after two years' absence abroad.

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Mrs. De Young Wins an Honor

Mrs. M. H. de Young has been appointed on the board of lady managers at the coming World's Fair in St. Louis. This is no small honor for the committee has sought the most representative women of the various sections of the United States. With Mrs. de Young will serve women like Helen Gould and Mrs. Potter Palmer. The selection of Mrs. de Young as the Pacific Coast representative is a happy choice for she is well equipped to serve in such capacity. She took a lively interest in the Midwinter Fair, which was one of her husband's pet projects, and knows just how to go about such things. It was hoped that the De Youngs would return before Lent so that Helen's local debut would not be nipped in the bud. She had not yet really come out when she was whisked off to Europe and now she will have to wait another season before the grand ball will launch her as a charming debutante.

Goodthing—After all, there's one thing Shortem won't borrow.

Samething—I don't believe it; what is it?

Goodthing—Trouble.

Ready for the Spreckels Gay Bal Masque

The Misses Spreckels have lived up to their friends' expectations and are going to give a big dance on Mi-Careme. The cards read "Bal Masque," which means that the ball room will be a sight for jaded optics. The girls are getting costumes that would have been beyond their wildest dreams a few seasons ago. Then all one had to do to be de rigueur was to stick the head in the flour barrel, invest in five cents' worth of black court plaster and give an imitation of Little Willie after using papa's razor. A black velvet ribbon and a medallion was a happy touch but not imperative. Ah, la, la, la, those were good old days when pa wasn't so rich and ma still hankered for boarders. But the grass is pretty long now and people the spending dollars where before nickels sufficed. The few spectacularly rich have not grown poorer and the rank and file in society are notched up several spaces in Bradstreet. Real lace is now worn sub rosa, in fact, turn Society wrong side out and you'd find the inner wrappings gilt-edge as the binding. There was an economical time when people would not spend money on fancy dress because it could not do every-day duty afterwards. Now no one minds a little things like that.

Gay Gowns will be There

The modistes are given full swing and let the tight-o-maniacs worry over such trifles as spending a miniature mint on a fancy dress. There are going to be some smashing, original gowns at the Spreckels' ball—a genuine bal masque, not merely a poudre. The girls have tried to hit on new characters and while there are bound to be the ubiquitous "Folly's" and flower-girls, most of the costumes are out of the stereotyped. The invitations read, "Please present this card before ten," so the guests are bound to get there before the milkman. The trouble with the Greenway cotillons and all the balls, in fact, that are not distinctly "small and early's" is that half the night is fidgeted away waiting for the other half of the guests to arrive. The Spreckels' house will be thrown open to its full capacity and youth and pleasure will hold high carnival.

How She Told the Secret

Mrs. Edward Hopkins' luncheon Wednesday is the first affair of its kind she has given in many years. Four years ago, while trimming a Christmas tree, she suddenly became speechless. The doctors have been unable to explain the malady except from over-excitement. Mrs. Hopkins' left side was paralyzed. She has been gradually recovering her speech until now she can utter several words. Her family is extremely devoted to her and she communicates with them by pencil and paper. When she was first taken ill a neighbor went to see Mrs. Hopkins and thought, as the latter could not talk, that it was quite safe to tell her the news of a secret engagement. It did not occur to her to ask Mrs. Hopkins not to repeat it, for she thought she could not. After the visitor was gone Mrs. Hopkins gesticulated the secret engagement to the next visitor and so the news was spread.

Luring her back to Liveliness

I hear that Florence Breckenridge still has one foot in the Slough of Despond. At one time it was reported that she was blithe and debonair as of old, but evidently she had slipped deeper into melancholy than even her relatives imagined. Florence Breckenridge's chief charm lay in her eyes—not such wonderfully pretty eyes in shape or color, but full of witchery—eyes that had a tantalizing language of their own. It was hard to imagine these eyes looking straight ahead as though seeing nothing but darkness and despair. Yet, before she went away, Florence would sit for hours with gloom written on her brow and misery in her eyes. She has fortunately been shaken out of this apathetic condition, but she still gets those "mopey" feelings that do not belong to her years.

Keep "Mumm"

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Frank Unger's New Vocation

A New York correspondent writes me that the realm of art has been invaded by Frank Unger, who has been doing come remarkably fine work in the illumination line. The erstwhile major-domo of the Gilligs never thought he had artistic talent until lately. Just pour passer le temps he tried his hand at illuminating some books, and his success emboldened him to go on. He has done some charming things in water colors and others in black and white. Frank Unger is quite as versatile as his friend Joe Redding, and can talk, write, dance, sing and act with equal ease. He was always ready with his brush or crayon. It seems rather odd that his ex-wife, Minnie Buchanan, should also be artistic as well as literary. She married Arthur Jules Goodman, the artist, after her divorce from Unger.

He—Would you be satisfied to marry a man who did not own a big yacht?

She—Certainly, if he had a nice little smack.

Perhaps they Missed their Boat

There have been late arrivals at local concerts, but the banner for this sort of tardiness must be awarded a couple at the Nordica recital Monday night. The very last number was being awaited, when there entered a tall society girl in evening attire and her escort. He hurried up to an usher with his checks, but was evidently informed that the concert was nearly over. However, he was determined to seat his fair companion, therefore he escorted her down the central aisle, taking seats somewhere near the centre of the house. Nordica had begun the wonderful "Brunhilde's Call" by the time the nervous young man had divested his companion of her wrap; and before they were fully settled in their seats the number and the concert were ended.

Mrs. Langtry's New Play

Following in line with the actresses of her class Mrs. Langtry has had a playsmith manufacture a four-act drama for her having as the heroine a woman of "a characteristic type." She selected Mademoiselle Mars the famous French actress, whose star shone brightest in the Napoleonic period. The play is said to be slow and pulseless with simply a lay figure for the centre of the stage. Mrs. Langtry presents the part with a lavish display of gowns and jewels that has set London to talking. For stage purposes and so as not to completely destroy all sympathy with the lay figure heroine the story of the life of Mademoiselle Mars has been considerably altered and her character painted out in spots. In brief, the plot narrates how Mademoiselle Mars became enamored of a young Royalist, the Duc Aumont, and refused the proffered love of the embittered but ambitious Bonaparte, then an unknown lieutenant. Through her ingenuity and money both young men are enabled to escape from Paris when pursued by their political enemies.

Supped with Her at Last

Sixteen years later Napoleon, Emperor at last, is trying to get Mademoiselle Mars, now a famous actress, to consent to a tete-a-tete supper in a little apartment to which entrance is to be gained by a pass signed by himself. But she is still faithful to her Duke. Angered by her refusal Napoleon sends the pass and the invitation to a rival actress. Later somebody shows that Mademoiselle Mars and the Duke are mixed up in a Royalist plot. Napoleon promptly sends the Duke to prison and locks up the actress in her own home. But Mademoiselle Mars proves equal to the emergency. Through the heart-shaped sable muff, which is possessed by each actress, she regains possession of the magic pass, escapes from her confinement, scores a triumph at the theatre, suddenly appears before Napoleon and vanquishes him with her pleading and prayers. Again she refuses his invitation to supper unless the Empress is present as a chaperon. Finally the royal lover becomes conscience-stricken, forgives both her and the Duke, and caps his generosity by getting the Empress to invite them to dine en famille. The best that is said of the play is that Mrs. Langtry's dresses are ravishing.

Most Venal Beauty of Her Time

This is far from being the experience of Napoleon with the fickle and ambitious Mademoiselle Mars, as told by their biographer. Her parents were players and she went on the stage at fourteen when the French Revolution was at its height. In twenty months she won the coveted position of ingenue at the Comedie and for years enacted the sweet maiden of all the plays produced there. Off the stage she was the most fickle and most venal beauty of her time. All sorts of men fell victims to her charms and she—at once passionate and capricious, greedy and yet a spendthrift, mean and yet not without generous impulses—had that combination of qualities that drives lovers to drink, madness, physical and pecuniary ruin. At last she reached the summit of ambition of women of her type—she attracted the attention of Napoleon. The liaison was brief. Napoleon and the most illustrious actress of her time used to meet in a little bungalow at Rambouillet, one of the State residences of France. President Loubet shoots and entertains there a great deal now.

Gambled and Loved to the Last

After the Emperor passed on in his career Mademoiselle Mars continued to add to her triumphs and her bank account. Her collection of jewels became the most celebrated in Paris. However, her fame as the greatest actress of her time remained uneclipsed. She had the kind of old age one expects of her class. Deprived of the excitement of the stage she took to the stock exchange. She gambled heavily and lost heavily. Grown old, with dyed hair and bella donna eyes she became the puppet where she had so often been the tyrant and the curse; and was the creature of every handsome young man who attracted her vagrant fancy. And so she doddered on through old age. At the close it was discovered that she still had secreted away a very small portion of that wealth which she had schemed and played many parts to get.

He Made a Hit with De Lussan

In a recent autobiography Zelie de Lussan, who made a hit in "Carmen" here during the last Ellis opera season, says: Perhaps I have caught the manner of the Carmen sisterhood as recompense for my jour-

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The only Stout both bottled and brewed in Dublin

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..AGENTS..

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The most delightfully blended whisky known to the human palate is "Jesse Moore"—the standard for over fifty years.

ey to Spain in search of "local color" among the cigarette girls before appearing in that role, for I once had such a amusing letter on the subject. It was in San Francisco from a youth engaged as a "factory" hand, and he said: "One could really sympathize with Don Jose; ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have been bitten by a Carmen such as you; I might be the one-hundredth. I liked the way you finished your solos, didn't appeal for an encore from the gallery gods—though I, being one of them, would willingly have aided to get it. You have an immensity of magnetism; there is a don't-care about your movements, and you are yet so graceful that one must needs be reminded of a purring pussy cat."

"Are you coming to the rehearsal tonight?"
"I think I'll be too busy."
"You ought to; we're going to give that new hymn a trial."
"Well, I'm going to give a new him a trial myself."

"To Let" Signs on Gamblers' Doors

The sure thing men and the high-class gamblers are still holding back their investments in green-goods wares pending the report of the committee they have sent out to interview the gentleman who is supposed to be "next" to Mayor Schmitz. They don't want to spread their alluring golden bait till they are relieved of the police interference bogey. The gamblers in New York have already received their tip from the new powers and are going out of business. My New York correspondent writes that signs of a hard winter on the green cloth are thicker than storm signals flying from the weather station. The big poolrooms are closing out as rapidly as they can settle up their business. Frank Farrell, who cleaned up at least a half-million dollars under the last Tammany administration has discharged all his employes with a notice that he won't need their services till the end of Mayor Low's administration.

Tried to Form a Gambling Trust

One of the few poolroom men allowed to do business under Mayor Strong's term has told his men to look about till "the game" has changed. Gottfried Walbaum, who used to run the old Guttenberg race track and who was on the eve of opening magnificent poolrooms in the city, has dropped his plans and sailed for Europe. The inside take his action as a sure tip that poolrooms will not be permitted under the Low administration. Walbaum is said to stand in with the Republican organization and is credited with having cleaned up one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in bets on Low's election. The understanding now is that a limited number of clubrooms to which the general public is not admitted will be allowed to continue without police molestation. Syndicate gambling has ceased. An attempt was made to form a Republican organization to control gambling houses during the present administration but it was frowned upon and had to be abandoned. Instructions have been given to the police by Low's people to wage unceasing warfare upon the hand books as they are looked upon as being even more vicious in their effect than the poolrooms.

National Home for Newspapermen

The quarter of a million dollar Home for Journalists now seems an assured fact for the plans have been placed in the architect's hands. It is to be located at Orange, New Jersey, about an hour's ride from New York. The project is fathered by the International League of Press Clubs. At present the plan is not to make it a home for aged and broken down newspapermen but rather a health recruiting station where fagged out journalists can go and pull themselves together. That their recuperation may be complete an experienced corps of physicians, attendants, nurses and athletic trainers will be always at hand for service. There will be golf links, running tracks, tennis courts and all other forms of healthy outdoor sport with which the tired brain workers may amuse themselves. The only condition attached to admission will be a recommendation from any reputable editor or publisher. Encouragement will also be given newspaper men to go to the home and spend their vacations. One of the original methods of raising money for the scheme was the proposition to start a new magazine called *Bohemia*. Already a great number of contributions have been promised by prominent writers and illustrators and the monthly promises to start with a circulation of several hundred thousand copies. Through the profits of this venture the management hopes to secure a handsome sum for the endowment fund which is expected to support the institution. Of course the contributions which Carnegie and other capitalists have signified their intention of making will not be refused. The management, however will make every effort to have the fund supported by regular business ventures, such as the *Bohemia* magazine.

Showed Her Knowledge of Racing

The steeplechase was on when young Mrs. Blingum took her place in the grand stand.

"Charley, dear," she exclaimed, "there is no telling where in the world those horses are going next."

"Not unless you are familiar with the course."

"Why don't they run straight ahead?"

"Because it's not that kind of a race."

"Oh, I understand. This is one of those *crooked* races I have read so much about."

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Underwear
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At Their Rainbow's End

The death of Mr. Macfarlane in Chicago must have been a frightful shock to his young bride, who was so far from her kith and kin. From the beginning of their courtship fate had been unkind to Miss Ballinger and her fiance. Flora Ballinger, although a young and very pretty girl, has never been sated with life's honey. Of good family, she has had to shoulder with the miscellaneous lot of bread winners who shoo the wolf from the door only by tireless energy. Miss Ballinger was an expert stenographer, and it was while engaged in that capacity at the California hotel that she first met Mr. Macfarlane. He offered her a better position in his bank at Honolulu, and as she has an invalid mother to support the offer was accepted. Mr. Macfarlane soon discovered that he took more than a platonic interest in his clever, pretty stenographer, and promptly declared his feelings. Although years older than Miss Ballinger, he proved an ardent wooer and soon won her consent. She left at once for San Francisco, showered with congratulations at winning the "catch" of Honolulu. An order for a beautiful trousseau was hurried through and an early marriage expected.

Why the Marriage was Delayed

But that was a year ago and the wedding bells only chimed for them last month. Rasping, tedious delays prevented Mr. Macfarlane leaving his business interests, and month after month his fiancee waited his coming. Mr. Macfarlane wanted to spend the honeymoon abroad and he would not come until he could snatch the necessary six months from his business. So a year went by and at least they were married, and never a couple's future seemed to stretch more rose-colored. But they found the end of the rainbow in Chicago, and instead of the fairy's pot of gold there was a cup of misery. Mr. Macfarlane was reputed very rich, but it is not known whether his affairs were straightened out and a will made.

Maude—So you're engaged. How long do you think it will last?

Fraudie—That's hard to tell. I don't know how much money he has saved up.

A Surprise behind the Sale of the Post

What a broad grin will spread over newspaper row when the story comes out of the way the *Post* was bought. If the big corporation at the head of it continues to handle its property in the same broad adroit way there isn't any doubt of the future success of the paper. Indeed, further assurance was given by the selection of Tom Garrett as publisher. He is a man of indomitable energy and one of the biggest hustlers in town for news. There is a barrel of money behind the present venture and before he signed the very nice contract he has in his inside pocket he obtained a cast-iron pledge that he would be given full swing to spend it where he thought investment would do the most good in lifting the paper. Under the last management the paper ran behind some seventy dollars a day. By increasing his editorial staff and other changes Publisher Garrett has already run the shortage over the one hundred dollars a day mark, but he doesn't flinch at that because he knows that by proper management the tide of increased business will set his way and soon begin to eat up the shortage. His confidence sits doubly easy because he feels sure that those behind him have the money and the tenacity to stay with the game till it reaches success. There isn't any doubt of the outcome, for this territory offers a good field for both evening papers and it is safe to say that both of them will keep climbing in circulation and business.

Promotion of A. M. Lawrence

The title of publisher is the new guerdon conferred on the most successful aspirant battling for position in the newspaper field. Under the new conditions he has full swing on the paper and controls both the editorial and the business departments. Tom Williams is virtually publisher of the *Examiner*, as S. W. Leake is on the *Call*. I hear that A. M. Lawrence is to be given that coveted position of the Chicago *American*. He certainly deserves it if anybody does, for he has worked strenuously and conscientiously in Mr. Hearst's interests and is one of the brainy captains who have helped most to advance the standard of the young Napoleon of the newspaper world.

"Maria, at last I think I've found the key to success."

"I hope so; but, remember, your weak point was always finding the keyhole."

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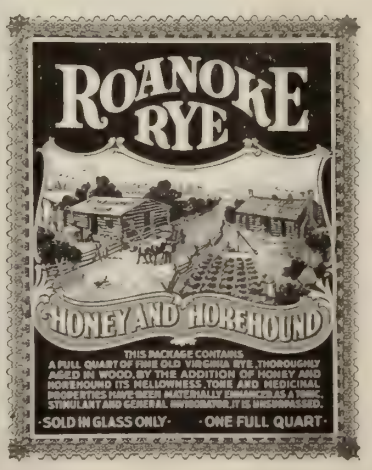

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How It's Done on the Stage

BY CARO ROMA

Place, a London theatrical agency. Time, noon, a summer's day. Persons: Miss Settled for Good, Mezzo; Miss Hard Worker, Soprano; Miss Inconstancy, Soubrette; Mr. Sour-Face, Theatrical Agent; Mr. Know-It-All, Manager; London's Great Composer, Conductor.

Mr. Sour Face seated at desk in his private office, writing.

Enters K. I. A. Hello, Face! I'm in a bad fix. Want a prima for that role—been all over this d—— town—can't find one. Fly-Away joins Isaacs; I've lost her. Next one *must* sing and act; salary no object; paid Fly-Away $100.

(Knock on the door is heard.)

Page (enters). Miss Settled-for-Good to see you, sir: won't keep you a minute. (Exits.)

K. I. A. Say, Face, just the woman! Ask her in—perhaps she'll do it.

S. F. (rings bell; Page enters). Tell her to come here. (Page exits.)

(Enters Miss S. F. G.) Good morning, Sour; why, how d'ye do, Mr. K. I. A. My! it has been a long time since I've seen you. How are you?

K. I. A. Cut up—lost Fly-Away. Are you fixed? Want another woman.

S. F. G. Rather. I've been with Jones for four seasons en tour; am playing title role; get big money. But, Mr. K. I. A., I know a good reliable woman for you—Miss Hard-Worker; she's been in opera; has had years of experience in all roles; has a good voice; can act, too, and will suit you down to the ground. Put her address down—10 Poverty Row, S. W., and send for her; I'm *sure* it will be O. K. (Slaps him on shoulder) Good-bye. Good morning, Mr. K. I. A. Hope you'll be pleased. (Exits smiling.)

K. I. A. Send for that Miss Hard-Worker; let's hear her sing—size her up—salary no object. Have her here by three o'clock. (Exits.)

* * * * * * * * * *

Same day, 3 p. m. Enters Miss Hard-Worker, quietly dressed.

Miss H. W. I am Miss H. W. I've called about the letter.

S. F. Yes. (Looks at her critically.) First, answer three questions. Are you disengaged for next season? Can you accept the prima role in an opera for a West End theatre, and, how much salary do you want?

H. W. Well, I'm not *exactly* engaged for next season. I can always return to my Grand Opera Co. I *can* accept your offer for the West End. What's the part—how much is it worth, and what have you been paying for it?

S. F. (angrily) That's got *nothing* to do with it. How much do *you* want?

H. W. I can't answer that. I might want $500 a week—I might be worth it but no one would pay it. I can only tell you what I get now and can bring other contracts to show you. Season before last I drew $75 and 10 per cent of the gross. I "starred" in that opera and put some money into it. This last season I got $120 for three shows a week. You say it is for a West End theatre. That's a great opportunity for a prima who is comparatively unknown. If, by accepting a smaller salary, I could become a permanent member of Smith's Co., I would do so.

S. F. Not at all, my dear woman. The part is a "corker"! They pay $100 for it and only $100. If I act as your agent, you are my client and must not cheapen yourself even for Smith. When will you sing for me?

H. W. Now. (Miss H. W. sits at piano and sings three songs one after another.)

S. F. (joyously, and with a vision of $10 commission per week My *dear* Miss H. W.! I had no idea there was such a voice in all London. Magnificent! Glorious! (Pours forth gush ad lib. H. W., who has heard all this a thousand times before, simply smiles. S. F. then arranges for her to sing for K. I. A. at the Frivolity theatre next day.)

* * * * * * * * * * *

Next day, 12 m. Frivolity Stage. (Miss H. W. singing to a murdered accompaniment played by London's "greatest composer" who smells to high Heaven of brandy and sodas; K. I. A. listens.)

Great Composer. Good voice—yes, good voice. Can you sing high C?

H. W. Yes—and higher. I am doing Leonore, Lucia, Santuzza, Nedda and Marguerite en tour with the Pine-Apples. (Sings Romeo and Juliette waltz with the usual sky rockets.)

K. I. A. (after song) Yes—thank you. Mr. S. F. will write you tomorrow. Good-day.

H. W. Good-day, Mr. K. I. A. ,and thank you, Mr. G. C., for your *splendid* accompaniment. It was so sympathetic! (Shakes hands with each and exits. Reaching home—10 Poverty Row—tells Hubby in a greatly excited way of her good luck; embellishes every little point with a rosy hue and both begin to build castles in the air on the strength of position as Prima in Smith's Co. playing in London at the West End.)

* * * * * * * * * * *

Same day, 2. p. m. Luncheon at Savage Club.

L. G. C. and K. I. A. (lingering over black coffee and cigarettes).

L. G. C. Say, K. I. A., that Miss Hard-Worker didn't have a bad voice but I think it's a bit heavy for you. It's all right for Grand Opera but we don't want *versatility*; find your *line* and play it. Now, I have in mind a soubrette kind of girl—no voice to speak of but great style—great dresser, too, on the street; makes a good show—in fleshings—and all her own, too, and I know she can be gotten CHEAP—for $40 at the most. You might hear Miss Inconstancy sing. Let's run up to her flat She's got the score there, too, of my new opera. Of course, she's independent, you know. She's a friend of Lewis' on the Exchange; he gives her spending money. She'd dress the part out of sight, too. She's going to get Lewis to back my new opera. You give her the part and I'll give you the first option on it. That's fair. It won't cost you anything, and Lewis'll find all the money. It's just as well to have a woman who can put a few thousands into the show to pull it up, in case it topples a bit. What d'ye say?

K. I. A. (looking at watch.) Don't mind. I've got until 7 p. m. Am dining with Birdie at her flat. The Missus is still away with the kids on their vacation. Send your note.

L. G. C. (writing).

My dearest Claire:

Tog out in your best. I'm coming up with K. I. A. who wants a Prima. Send Lewis a wire you'll not be at home.

Lots of love, Sweetest.

xxxxxxxx (Kisses),

YOUR OWN TED.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Same day, 4 p. m. (Hansom drives up in front of "Mil-

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lionaires' Mansions," West. L. G. C. and K. I. A. alight.)

Miss I. Aw—my deah Mr. L. G. C.! how chawmed! (G. C.

G. C. Rather. Must keep up appearances. (Door opened by discreet maid.) Is Miss Inconstancy at home-

Maid. Yes, sir. This way, please. (Ushers G. C. and K. I. A. into gorgeously furnished drawing-room and exits.)

(Enters Miss I., dressed in Worth costume, wearing $5,000 of jewels on fingers, wrists, neck and ears.)

Miss I. Aw—my deah Mr. G. C.! how chawmed! (G. C. introduces K. I. A. Miss I. shakes one of his fingers.) Delighted, you know! My friend has so often spoken of you—don't cher know.

(Two hours filled with small talk, several large cold bottles, biscuits, cigarettes and two light comic songs sung by Miss I in a squeaking, babyish voice.)

6 p. m. L. G. C. and K. I. A. (rising to take their leave).

K. I. A. Well, Miss I., you will call then on me at the Frivolity tomorrow. I shall be expecting you. Good-day (shakes hands; exit).

* * * * * * * * * *

Next morning, noon. K. I. A. sitting in private office, Frivolity Theatre. "No Admittance" printed in large letters on glass door. Knock on door heard.

K. I. A. Come in (rises as door opens to admit Miss I.). Ah, my dear Miss I, Punctuality itself! How are you? Sit down (arranges easy chair). Let me have your parasol. Put your feet on this(arranges stool for her). Well, (sits in chair drawn up directly in front of her), have you decided about the part? I really can't offer you more than $40 but you'll have the advantages of a splendid role. Miss Fly-Away had $50; of course she has such a big name one must pay for that. She's not near so sweet as you (drawing closer to her. Miss I. tries to blush). In the third act you'll have to wear a boy's suit, but you won't mind *that*, I'm sure; for your figure (lays a hand upon her knee) I'm certai nis perfect!"

Miss I. Oh, I've worn tights, I don't mind.

K. I. A. Say, how good are you going to be to me for giving you this part?

Miss I. (innocently) Good? Oh, I'm always good to everybody.

K. I. A. But hang it all, Claire. You see how easily your name slipped out—sweet name, sweeter owner. I don't want you to be good to everybody. The part is a great one for you; it means success and a great name. I'll fix up your dressing room for you in great style and I'll see that your gowns are the talk of the town. I'll have you paragraphed and advertised all over this country in all the papers and magazines. Come now (stroking her arms), that's fair. You be good and kind to *me* and I'll be good and kind to you. Is it a go?

Miss I. I *do* want the part. Yes, I'll sign for $40. I'll leave everything in your hands.

K. I. A. Good. There's a bargain! (Leans over and kisses her.)

Miss I. (disentangling herself) You naughty boy!

K. I. A. Oh, no, I'm not! I'm good—good to you (kisses her again). Say, I'm beastly hungry. Let's celebrate our compact by lunching together. (Goes to telephone, rings.) Are you there? Give me Great Hotel, 3146 Gerrard (turns round while waiting for answering ring). It's such a lovely quiet place—so reserved—good attention and—(speaking in phone) yes; is this Great Hotel? I'm K. I. A. Is the New York suite engaged for luncheon? No? All right; have luncheon served at two o'clock for two. Same wines as usual—cold—and have Tom serve. Good-bye (hangs up 'phone). Now then, Claire, we'll have a nice quiet luncheon. I have some little business to attend to first. You call a hansom, go on ahead to the Hotel, third flight up, at the end of the long hall, last room on the right is New York suite. Wait for me there. I won't be late. Au revoir (hands her parasol to her, opens door and Miss I exits smilingly).

K. I. A. (closing door.) Wouldn't do to let the boys see me with her. They'd tell Birdie. Not bad figure—I'll see how she puts up. (Whistles latest comic song, "Little Bit Off the Top"; presses button, Page enters.) Jim, I'm off to the races on the two o'clock; won't be back until the show tonight. Call a hansom.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Same day, 6 p. m. Miss I. exits, alone, from Great Hotel, calls hansom and drives homeward.

6:20 p. m. K. I. A. exits, alone, from same hotel, calls hansom, rides to Club where he dresses for "front of the house" at the Frivolity Theatre.

* * * * * * * * * *

Next day, breakfast hour at Poverty Row.

Hubby (reading "Green-Room Gossip" column in *Daily Sale*). Well, well, dearie. The part has gone. (Reads.) "Miss I. has been engaged by K. I. A. to play the title role in 'Sallie Brown' formerly played by Miss Fly-Away." Well, well! Miss I.; who is she? I've never even heard of her.

H. W. Why, she's the chorus girl at the Belvedere; you know, the one that stood on the right end with that dyed yellow hair and who wore such a gorgeous gown covered with diamonds. Don't you remember?

Hubby. A chorus girl!

H. W. Yes, a chorister!

Hubby. And *she's* to play the leading role?

H. W. Yes! (sadly).

Hubby. By God! (with strong emphasis) it's wonderful how it's done!

H. W. (with dimmed eyes, as she drops an extra lump of sugar into his cup), It is wonderful how it's done!

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STAGE

A Second Edition

What "Way Down East" would be without its snowstorm is hard to say. That snowstorm is good enough to carry it through several more seasons. When the play last visited us, one of the Sunday Supps described how the storm was made, measuring every grain of salt in its composition, but still the storm mystifies us as if we did not know how it is done. Joe Grismer did a great deed when he invented that storm. The play will probably draw good houses during its run for there are always plenty of people who enjoy these rural dramas with their simple scenes of every-day life. The company this year is neither better nor worse than the one we saw last season. If anything, Grace Hopkins is rather an improvement on Beryl Hope. I should like to see Phoebe Davies in her original role of Anna, but that pleasure seems to be always denied. John Brennan as Hi the chore-boy is amusing. His scene with Anna, by the fire when they have their homely little feast, is one of the best things in the play.

She Has Been Here Before

Pilar Morin, leading lady of "The French Maid," is not a stranger to San Francisco. She came here a few years ago and appeared at the Baldwin in pantomime with Edwin Belknap and a New York company. Orchestral concerts with her husband, Aimee Lachaume, the pianist, as director were given in connection with the pantomime. The venture was not a success for our people were not educated up to entertainment that required the full strength of the intellect to comprehend. Pilar-Morin went to New York and later returned to Paris where she introduced the coon song with pickaninny accompaniment. She is a pretty woman, intensely Parisian in manner .When she was here she lived at the Savoy.

Left Society for the Stage

Lillian Coleman who is with "The French Maid" is a San Francisco girl who has made several several Eastern successes. Her sister Alice lately followed Lillian's example and went on the stage. Both the sisters chose their profession with the consent of their mother, who is a woman of broad mind and up-to-date ideas. She is wealthy and gave her daughters every advantage in the way of education and accomplishment. When Alice decided to become a singer like her sister, Mrs. Coleman gave up her beautiful home in Pacific avenue, and went to New York with her daughter.

Journalism in the Drama

Howard Scott at the Alcazar and Edwin Emery at the Central are this week portraying types of newspaper men. Scott is a "reporter" and Emery a "war correspondent." Of the two the latter is more nearly like the real thing. Scott cannot help the position in which he is placed. For years and years I can remember no stage "reporter" who did not come to the fray armed with a huge stenographer's note book, which he constantly flourished before the faces of his victims. The reporter is by no means the whole of "The Orient Express" but he is the most intensely prominent figure in it. The war correspondent in "The African King" is one of the heroes of the melodrama.

"A Little Tragedy at Tien Tsin," which Grace George is shortly to produce as a curtain-raiser for "Under Southern Skies," is an adaptation by Frances Aymar Matthews of her story of the same name which appeared in *Harper's*. The tale was as dramatic and caused almost as much comment as did John Luther Long's "Madame Butterfly."

There is no chance whatever of Jessie Bartlett Davis' return to comic opera. That's what Jessie herself says. She was recently offered a position to star in a scenic revival of "Fatinitza" but she refused it, saying that vaudeville was good enough for her.

Attractions Next Week

"The Serenade," which goes on at the Tivoli next week, should be splendidly sung and acted, for the stock company is strong and capable. Of all the Bostonians' operas, only "Robin Hood" exceeded "The Serenade" in popularity. It is full of charming music and the tuneful "I love thee, I adore thee" theme runs through the entire opera. William Schuster will join the company in this opera, having Cowles' role of Romero. Frances Graham will have Jessie Bartlett Davis' part of Dolores and Anna Lichter will be Yvonne. All the strength of the company is in the cast.

George Ober is as clever a comedian as has been seen here in years and his work in "A Temperance Town" shows him as an original and excellent exponent of Hoyt comedy. For the second week of Mr. Ober's engagement at the Grand will be presented "A Midnight Bell," another of the Hoyt plays, and one of his best. It should draw crowded houses. Special attention has been given to the getting up of the scenery, which on account of the location of the play will be quite a feature. Mr. Ober will be seen in his original role of the Deacon and the full strength of the company will support him.

"Way Down East" will go all next week at the Columbia and on Monday night, March third, we shall see for the first time here Augustus Thomas' play "Arizona." Grace Elliston, who was here with Henry Miller, will be in the cast.

The Hawaiian Glee Club is one of the best musical numbers the Orpheum has ever had. A complete change of repertoire will be presented by the dusky singers and players next week. Josephine Sabel is coming back for a week and the Blossoms, acrobats, will remain for another week. Warren and Blanchard, lyric comedians, will have a lot of new things to offer, including the latest song success, "A Little Boy in Blue." The new people will be the three Meers, direct from Europe, with a comedy wire act which has held the continent laughing for several seasons; Billy Clifford, monologist; the Probyn Ladies' quartet, English and all born musicians; J. C. Nugent and Grace Fertig, in the farce "The Absent Minded Beggar."

W. H. Crane's comedy "The Head of the Family" will have its first presentation in this city at the Alcazar next week. It is a farce partly adapted from the German of L'Arrenge by Clyde Fitch and Leo Ditrichstein and has been presented at the majority of the first-class theatres in the large Eastern cities by

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high-priced organizations. The Alcazar is one of the first stock houses in America to produce it. It is of a domestic character and is said to be very clever. "Madame Sans Gene" will probably follow. In the near future a new play by Charles Francis Bryant will be produced.

That old favorite "The Corner Grocery" will be given at the Central next week, with Frank Bacon as the groceryman.

—*The Playgoer.*

Chicago Symphony Orchestra

The Chicago Symphony Orchestra, which gives its first concert at Metropolitan hall next Wednesday night is the largest musical organization that has visited this city for many years, the Grau opera company excepted. The organization numbers over fifty men directed by Adolph Rosenbecker and is accompanied on this tour by four eminent soloists. The programs have rarely been equaled anywhere for quality, variety, and novelty. As these are the first symphony concerts given evenings for a number of years, they should attract a large number of people who cannot attend the afternoon concerts and consequently have been forced to forego the pleasure of hearing this class of music. The program for Wednesday night will be: Overture, Tannhauser, Wagner; concerto for violin, Wieniawski, Mr. Jan Van Oordt; Symphony No. 3 Scotch, Mendelssohn; waltz, On the Beautiful Blue Danube, Strauss; aria for tenor, from Giaconda, Ponchielli, Mr. E. C. Towne; suite, Carmen, Bizet; aria for soprano, Queen of Sheba, Gounod, Madame Ragna Linne; overture "1812," Tschaikowsky. The program for Friday night will be: Overture Magic Flute, Mozart; concerto for violoncello (A minor), Saint Saens, Mr. Franz Wagner; Symphony, E Minor (Pathetique), Tschaikowsky; Suite "Peer Gynt," Grieg; aria, "Lend Me Your Aid," Gounod, Mr. Towne; waltz, Roses From the South," Strauss; aria from "Herodiade," Massenet, Madame Linne; overture, Robespierre, Litolf. Saturday afternoon will be devoted entirely to Beethoven and Wagner, the former being represented by his Leonore overture No. 3, seventh symphony and violin concerto and the latter by vocal numbers from "Meistersinger" and "Tannhauser" and the vorspiel to "Lohengrin," "Huldigung's March," and Waldweben from "Siegfried." Saturday night will be "soloists' night," all four of the artists being on the program. Van Ordt will play the Parsifal paraphrase by Wilhelmj, Volkman's cello concerto will be played for the first time in this city, and both vocalists will sing, Mr. Towne giving the aria from "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," another novelty. The Symphony will be Raff's "Lenore." The prices of the seats for these concerts range from seventy-five cents to one dollar and a half and are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Handel's "Messiah" was given admirable treatment by the Berkeley Oratorio Society, directed by Clinton R. Morse, on Thursday evening of last week, the solo parts being taken with fine effect by Miss Grace I. Davis, soprano; Mrs. Carroll-Nicholson, contralto; Roy Max Smith, tenor; S. Homer Henley, bass. The society contains sixteen sopranos, fourteen contraltos, nine tenors and fourteen bass voices and is well balanced. Mr. Morse has trained the singers very carefully, as was shown in their rendition of the choruses in the oratorio. The Orchestral Society of thirteen members gave excellent support; Miss Maud Wellendorff was at the piano. In April the Oratorio Society will produce Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise."

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After-theatre parties find the new location of the Original Vienna, at 133-135 O'Farrell street, much more convenient than when it was at 205 Kearny street. It is now in easy reach of all the uptown theatres and is a very pleasant place to enjoy refreshments after the play. The service is excellent and the menu contains all the delicacies of the season. F. B. Galindo is the manager of the Original Vienna Bakery.

The Puritan Dining Room, 413 Market street, is patronized by all who enjoy good meals, well cooked and of pure foods. The service at the Puritan is especially deserving of commendation.

No brand of whisky is more popular than Argonaut "O. K." It is recommended by physicians and epicures. E. Martin & Co., 54-56 First street, are proprietors of Argonaut "O. K." whiskies, rye and bourbon.

The Boston Singing club, Hiram Greenwood Tucker, conductor, gave its first concert in January, assisted by Miss Edith E. Torrey, soprano, and Mr. George Turner Phelps, pianist. The program consisted of unaccompanied choral works, mediaeval and modern, among which I was pleased to note two by Dr. H. J. Stewart, "Out in the Open Meadow" and "The Singers," the latter written especially for the club, and arranged for eight voices. The words are those of Longfellow:

"God sent his singers upon earth
With songs of gladness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again."

Idalene Cotton, Nick Long and Fred Titus are all in the cast of Dan Daly's musical comedy, "The New Yorkers."

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MUSIC

The Symphony Concert

Though the audience at the symphony concert last Friday was somewhat larger than on previous occasions, it by no means reached the proportions that its worth deserved. I cannot explain the apathy of the majority of our people who call themselves musical with regard to these concerts. It is only through practice that the performances will become perfect, and if the concerts are not supported there will be no opportunity for practice. It would be easy of course to pick flaws in last Friday's program, but it would be impossible to ask for a more finished, poetic and beautiful rendering of the unfinished symphony of Schubert. No orchestra has ever played it here with such thorough understanding of its parts. That the audience appreciated Steindorff's reading of it was testified in the warm applause that followed each part. "The Life of the Czar" which opened the program was a nondescript work of composition, more noise than melody, interesting solely for the type of composition it

Vera Michelena

Beatrice Michelena

(see page 23)

represents. The "Huldegung" march was played with the vigor it demands and the "Suite" by Bizet was brilliantly given. The symphonic poem "Phaeton" by Saint-Saens was not the least enjoyable of the numbers. The next concert has been postponed until March seventh and a very interesting program is being arranged for it.

Josef Hofmann's Good-bye

The second series of Hofmann concerts was it anything more successful than the first and San Francisco's musical element is in a state of unequivocal enthusiasm over the work of the young artist who looks such a boy and plays with such mature and finished interpretation. In speaking of Hofmann's work it is difficult to know just what to say first, just which part of his wonderful performance takes precedence of the rest. It is as a whole like a highly polished and perfectly flawless gem that as a thing entire gives delight from every point of view. Personally, Josef Hofmann is something of a wonder considering his career. Perfectly simple and unassuming, of the most abstemious habits and detesting anything like show or display, he is probably the most developed intellectually and possesses the finest education of any artist before the public today. A boy almost in years, his time has been conserved to count for improvement along all lines since he was a mere child with a mind that demanded the cause for every effect seen in things that attracted him. His personality is charming probably because of his utter simplicity and lack of affectation. For the artist as the public sees him, his work is something to wonder at. There is a subtlety in his handling of familiar works that gives one a new and beautiful insight. The force is there when required, as the "Tannhauser" overture, the "Erl Koenig," "March in the Ruins of Athens" and other numbers demonstrated full well; but in the main he subdues his powerful capabilities to produce the finesse of delicate and poetic interpretation in whatever he has in hand. I never heard Chopin's lovely "Berceuse" so dreamily, delicately interpreted. I never heard the lark sing with such brilliant and exhilarating joyousness in the "Morgenstandchen" of Schubert, from beneath the fingers of any other artist. It is these minor compositions that call for the excess of delicate handling to bring out the poetic lines, that tell the tale more than the heavier compositions that can be flung off with abandon and fine display of technique. Hofmann plays Bach wonderfully, he interprets Chopin intelligently and gives to Schubert all the tenderness that lay at the heart of the short-lived composer of heavenly melodies and finds such ready speech in his songs. Mendelssohn under his fingers becomes the interpretation of the composer himself. Beethoven sounds a prayer from his fingers and Rubinstein he plays as one who knows the soul of the writer. Wagner is performed by a whole orchestra beneath his magic touch and many of the excerpts from the master's works that so delighted us were the arrangement of Hofmann himself as was the "Beautiful Blue Danube" with its sparkle and laughter and tears that he gave us twice in encore. One of the most pleasing features of any of his concerts was the assistance at a second piano of the artist's father, Casimer Hofmann, who without previous rehearsal gave in splendid style with his son the Chopin concerto which both say they never played together before this concert. To a rousing encore Hofmann senior could not be persuaded to respond, yet he is an artist on his own account, and as a child, an infant prodigy, traveled with Rappoldi the violinist, then a boy also, in concert. Rappoldi is now a celebrated violinist and located in Dresden.

"How do you do it?" Hofmann was asked after executing some delightful bits that sang, like individual voices, now separately then together. "Why, this way," he replied, demonstrating. "You see," he continued, "had I studied with —— or —— I should have struck the keys and produced an entirely different effect. As it is I studied with Rubinstein and from him learned to make the tones *sing*"—a simple explanation enough, too, but it takes the soul of an artist born to think the singing tone before the little trick of technique is used to interpret it and make it audible to others—and this is Hofmann. His farewell concert Sunday night was an ovation and the modest young artist, usually so loth to respond to encores, was on this occasion quite lavish and appeared in three numbers not on the program, the wonderful fire theme from "Die Walkure," which is his own realistic arrangement, and the "Blue Danube" among other things.

Among the many functions given in honor of the young artist during his stay here was an elaborate dinner at the Bohemian club on the evening of February thirteenth, when the guests were Josef and Casimer Hofmann, Mayor Eugene E. Schmitz, Park Commissioner Altman, Frank P. Deering, Horace G. Platt, Vanderlynn Stow, Judge M. C. Sloss, Sir Henry Heyman, Louis Sloss Jr., I. G. Waterman and Charles J. Dickman.

Nordica's First Recital

One would be hard to please who would not be gratified with the reception accorded Nordica at her first concert in Metropolitan hall on Monday night. It was a representative audience that greeted the singer. Nordica's appearance on a concert program was received with varying emotions by those in the audience. We have idealized this gifted woman to such an extent it was with a feeling of almost sacrilege that we heard her sing the songs that are done by others who can do nothing else. Nordica has become so identified with Wagner's heroic characters that it seemed like a long, long step downward to reach the common every-day concert platform, and it was the songs

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that brought out the heroic character of her magnificent voice that she pleased most in. Allitsen's "Song of Thanksgiving" with the sentiment "Thank God for love!" was of the heroic class and was finely done. The "Voi che Sapete" is too small and dainty for this Brunhilde of a woman and I must confess I would rather hear it from Fritzi Scheff's Cherubino. But it

MME. RAGNA LINNE, Soprano
Chicago Symphony Orchestra at Metropolitan Hall

won a rousing encore and in response she gave Nevin's "Mighty Lak a Rose" with real negro mammy style and intonation. If My Song Had Wings" by Hahn was another fine number which to an insistent encore was in part repeated. After the "Maids of Cadiz" she gave for encore "When Love is Kind" with much of the dramatic effect which it is apparent at every turn she represses with difficulty. Of the other numbers the Strauss "Serenade" was most pleasing and was given so rousing an encore, she sang again, giving "How Lovely is Spring" in splendid style. But it was "Brunhilde's Call" that gave us back the Nordica we love and roused the house to the old pitch of noisy enthusiasm. In nothing is she so beautiful, so heroic, so entirely above the large majority of opera singers as we have known them as in this character. In works of a dramatic character she shines with a special brilliance. I can imagine her singing Chaminade's "Song of Faith" gloriously. E. Romayne Simmons acompanied Nordica's songs with fine intelligence and rendered the Polonaise C sharp minor of Chopin. He was well received and modestly refused to respond to a really hearty encore. A second concert was given on Wednesday night and there will be a matinee today at which Von Fielitz's song cycle "Eliland" will be given and other interesting numbers.

The dramatic class of the Von Meverinck School of Music covered itself with glory last Thursday evening a week ago when that department gave an entertainment to display the progress the school is making in that direction. In the "Song of the Norns" cantata, Maude Fay and Helen Heath carried the solos and won many laurels for their training, and in the "Der Freischutz" excerpts Miss Heath and Mae Cullen did work that would have been creditable in professionals, Maybelle Craig doing the bridesmaid in the same act. Owing to the disappointment caused by Mr. Tronchet's inability to appear at the last moment, the fencing had to be given up and Mrs. Decker-Cox made a very agreeable substitute for this number in two beautifully rendered songs, "Ich Liebe Dich," Grieg, and "Love is Forever," Brahms. Besides this a fancy dance was given by Miss Alkman, a pupil of Senora Matildita's class, to show among others one of the features attendant on the dramatic training of the school. It was a most enjoyable evening, some of the best features of which will be repeated the evening of March seventeenth.

Thursday evening at the Von Meyerinck School the junior class of Arthur Fickenscher's piano pupils gave a recital in the recital hall of the school assisted by the school quartet (vocal). This and the Zech string quartet concert occurring the same afternoon will be reviewed next week.

At the last concert given by the San Rafael Orchestral Society, Miss Mary Carrington was the piano soloist and won great commendation for her superior work. The papers spoke of her work in glowing terms. Miss Carrington is rapidly coming to the front as a pianiste. At the closing lecture given by Emlyn Lewys she rendered a Chopin etude as well as other numbers in a style that won her many recalls. The series has been such a success that requests have been made for a continuance of the same which may be considered by Mr. Lewys. At the last lecture Mr. Lewys himself took the piano and illustrated his subject with a movement from a Beethoven sonata.

Miss Siegel's Pupils

A large audience enjoyed the recital last Friday evening by the vocal pupils of Fraulein Lotte Seigel. The program rendered was of a high order and there was only one disappointment—the non-appearance of Mr. Lucius Solomons, who was to have rendered the prize song from "Die Meistersinger" but a cold prevented. Miss Wilson, one of the participants, is to appear in Mascagni's opera "L'Amico Fritz" next month. All of the singers acquitted themselves in a manner that showed their good training. The program in full was: Allerseelen, Lassen, Frühlingslied, Gounod, Miss Lewkovitz; Since First I met Thee, Rubinstein, Love is a Bubble, F. Allitsen, Das Fruhroth leuctet, F. Behr, Miss Emilie Plagemann; For this, De Koven, Through Sunny Spain, Tito Mattei, Mrs. Geo. D. Graham; Prologue from Pagliacci, Leoncavallo, Wanderlust, Robert Schumann, Mr Oskar Frank; Aria and Ricitativ from Figaro, Mozart, Ich liebe dich, Grieg, Miss Olga Wagner; Sunset, Dudley Buck, Le parlate d'amor from Faust, Gounod, Miss Lillian Wilson; Elsa's Dream from Lohengrin, Wagner, Mrs. Lucius Solomons.

Last evening the second concert by Belle Clair Chamberlain was given and will be reviewed in next week's issue. Miss Chamberlain is a pianiste of undisputed talents and her work places her high in professional ranks. Her name was well known in Oakland where as a child she was regarded as an infant prodigy and attracted the attention of Lottie Alexander, then just graduated from Stuttgart, who became her first teacher and under whose valuable tuition she remained many years. Fred Zech Jr., and later Zeisler and Carreno completed the work that has turned out one of our foremost pianists and one of whom Carreno has said that "if she would, she might with her talents become world renowned."

Two Talented Sisters

The two daughters of Fernando Michelena the well known tenor and erstwhile opera singer of more than ordinary fame have lately been accorded a degree of honor for their musical attainments incompatible, almost, with their youth. For the past two years these young singers, Beatrice and Vera, aged but eighteen and sixteen years, have been studying assidously with their father under his incomparable method, with grand opera as the goal of their ambitions. Both have developed voices of unusual power, flexibility and sweetness, that of Vera being really a wonderful dramatic soprano and that of Beatrice more of the lyric style. It chanced during "The Princess Chic" engagement here that John Palmer Slocum, who is manager of Frank Daniels' opera company, "Beside the Bonny Briar

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Coming — Katherine Fisk, the Contralto

Bush," "Arizona" and the New Colonial theatre New York, through the change that placed Maude Berri in the lead, came to this city and while here heard these two voices. He was entranced with voice and method, personality and the eminent fitness of things in general for operatic work, for both girls are uncommonly and strikingly handsome as well as possessing fine minds of their own, and he immediately on his own account offered them a five years' contract to star in comic opera. This was so entirely unthought-of, the aim being for grand opera and years of study yet anticipated toward this end, that it was impossible on the spot to give a reply. Slocum keeps his offer open and the Michelenas, loth to break up the home here, are in a quandary as to what they ought to do in the matter. Signor Michelena would in the first event return to his old operatic work and on the other hand they have been so united here and he so successful in his teaching it makes decision very difficult. However a few months will tell the tale and Manager Slocum is full of rosy predictions for the future of these two talented girls whom we may not be able to keep among us much longer if Mr. Slocum has his way.

What European Critics Call Alma Stencel

It is possible that San Francisco may contribute to the musical world a star as great as Josef Hofmann, judging by the opinions of Berlin critics. Alma Stencel did not have to go abroad to secure recognition, but it is pleasing to the San Francisco critics to have their word confirmed by that of their brethren abroad. In commenting upon a performance of Alma Stencel in Berlin the *German Times*, of that city, says that little Alma's absolute memory and her modulation of tone are "two gifts that come from Above and cannot be acquired by the most assiduous practice or the greatest talent for imitation. To play in one evening Sauer's concerto in E minor, five difficult solos, and then Liszt's concerto in E flat, is a feat of memory never before equaled by any other child-pianist." The *Times* pays particular tribute to "her teacher, Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt of San Francisco, who understood how to guide this tender musical plant into the path along which is can develop surely and normally." Alma played in Buda-Pesth with Kubelik, and the Philharmonic Orchestra; in vienna before the Austrian Imperial family. She received gifts of jewels from the Emperor and the Archbishop gave her a jeweled gold box that he had carried for years. Rosenthal, who was a fellow-student under Liszt with Alma's teacher, Mr. Mansfeldt, wrote to Moszkowski, "The greatest child pianist I have heard."

A Week of Music

Something new in the way of celebrating the opening of new piano warerooms is the musical festival given by the Wiley B. Allen Co. this week. Beginning on Monday evening a promenade recital has been given every night. On Monday Miss Neamata Vermont Van Pelt's piano pupils gave a recital that was largely attended. On Tuesday evening the program was furnished by the advanced pupils of E. S. Bonelli's Conservatory of Music. Wednesday evening, pupils of Mrs. S. Ursomando and Miss Jenny Shalley took part. Wallace Sabin, organist of St. Luke's and Emanu-El directed Thursday's program. Miss Elizabeth Westgate and A. T. Stewart with their pupils provided last evening's program, and tonight George R. Hughes will direct the recital.

The concert to be given in this city early next month by Emma Nevada will no doubt be productive of a large amount of pleasure. The company coming with Nevada is one of the most expensive that has ever been brought to this country. In addition to the little diva herself, the company will include the court violoncellist of the Queen of Spain, Pablo Casals. The latter was a protege of the Spanish Queen, who bore all the expenses of his education and presented him with the magnificent instrument upon which he plays. Moreau, the pianist of the party, is one of the newer school of French composers and is considered the greatest technician among the pianists of France. Maquarre has been the flute soloist of the Lamoureaux and Colonne orchestras in Paris for the past two years and was the winner of the gold medal at the Conservatoire. Heath Gregory, the only vocalist of the party besides the prima donna, is an American singer. The program offered is one of length and diversity. —*The Music Critic*

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Hair specialist, 406 Sutter street.

LETTERS

History of California's Poppy

"The Golden Poppy," by Professor Emory Smith of Stanford University, is a beautiful volume, from whatever point it is considered. It is the pioneer in its field, being the first book published on a State or National Emblem, and it has set a standard which will be difficult for another to reach and all but impossible to pass. It is fitting that this should be the first book on the subject, since though without legislative sanction as yet, California was the first State to have adopted an emblem, New York having made a selection of the golden-rod previously to the adoption of our eschscholtzia, but changing subsequently to the rose. Professor Smith has done his utmost to compile an exhaustive treatise. He has collected the history, bibliography, lore and legends which pertain to the flower, together with historical incidents, and has made an exhaustive collection of the references to it in literature. Luther Burbank, the world-famous propagator, contributes a chapter on culture, and Carl Ackermann gives practical advice to those who would photograph the flower. Augusta Wey, Eliza D. Keith, Charles Keeler and other well-known writers contribute chapters, and Johannes Reimers tells of his first flower, raised from seed brought to Norway by a sailor, planted with utmost care, and brought to blossom in spite of the prediction of the professor of botany that the eschscholtzia would never bloom in Norway. Not content with all this, Professor Smith has also collected all the poems and songs and children's verses, so that there would seem to be no other word to be added. The illustrations are exquisite, and are as exhaustive as the text. The frontispiece is a colored reproduction of a water color by Paul de Longpre, and the allegorical initials, designed by Alice Chittenden, show the development of the poppy from leaf to seed pod. In addition to the numerous photographs and drawings of different species, including Chamisso's original sketch (1820), and views of whole fields of both the wild and cultivated blossom, there are headings, tail pieces, and conventionalized designs, and added to all this, examples of the eschscholtzia in decorative work, wall papers, pyrography, silver and goldsmiths' work, and pottery, and a suggestion of its value in architecture. The book is fittingly bound in green with the poppy in gold as cover design. No question of finance has tarnished "The Golden Poppy's" pages. From cover to cover it is a heart's homage to the "Flower of Gold." In a special chapter, Professor Smith has mentioned by name not only those of his collaborators who have assisted with text and illustrations, but those handicraftsmen who rarely receive their meed of praise for their part in the composition and presswork, the engraving, binding, and other points which make or mar a book, and this is one which it is a joy to own.

Travels in Mexico

The reader who will take "A Glimpse of Old Mexico" at the author's own valuation, and not expect rhetorical flourishes and literary graces will find abundance of entertainment, instruction and information. Mr. Wilkins made a short business trip into the interior of our sister republic in the spring of last year, and the series of letters which make up the all too brief volume was written for the San Rafael weekly of which he is the editor, and without any design of book publication. The employes of the office gathered them into pamphlet form for gratuitous distribution amongst friends, and inquiry for copies has led to the printing of this second edition, illustrated by photographs taken by the author. "My first intention," he says, "was to change the form entirely, but a little work soon satisfied me that it is as difficult to remodel an old story as to reconstruct an old house," so the letters, except for a little occasional expansion, and the correction of errors, remain substantially as first written. Mr. Wilkins is a good observer, and has a breezy, colloquial style which is not to be confounded with flippancy and slanginess. On the contrary, he maintains a certain amount of dignity even in his most relaxed moments. Mr. Wilkins' business was in connection with mining, and naturally there is more of that subject than of any other industry, and he tells some stories of lost mines which are enough to turn all the would-be millionaires in the direction of Mexico instead of Alaska: "For these are not stories like those current on the mother lode of California with which we are too familiar, based on the creative memory of some antique mossback, who remembers to have heard Long Pete tell about a cement streak yaller

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of George Granopolos, also known as George Johnson Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, Administrator of the Estate of George Granopolos also known as George Johnson deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 79, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM
Administrator of the Estate of George Granopolos also known as George Johnson, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 15, 1902

FRANK McGOWAN, Attorney for Administrator
Rooms 75-79 and 80 Chronicle Building

Estate of Mary D. Sullivan, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Dennis Sullivan, Administrator of the estate of Mary D. Sullivan, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Dennis Sullivan, Administrator, at Room 411 Parrott Building, No 855 Market street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

DENNIS SULLIVAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary D. Sullivan, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 15, 1902

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Administrator
Parrott Building, San Francisco

Estate of James Slade (sometimes known as and called Dennis Driscoll) deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Hannah Barry, Administratrix of the estate of James Slade, (sometimes known as and called Dennis Driscoll), deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Hannah Barry, Administratrix as aforesaid, at Room 411 Parrott Building, No 855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

HANNAH BARRY
Administratrix of the estate of James Slade, (sometimes known as and called Dennis Driscoll), deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 8, 1902.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Administratrix
Parrott Building 855 Market St., San Francisco.

NOTICE TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE PACIFIC COLONIAL SHIP COMPANY

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a resolution of the Board of Directors of the Pacific Colonial Ship Co., a corporation, unanimously and duly adopted at a meeting of the Board of Directors duly and regularly held at the office of said Company, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 30th day of December, 1901, a special meeting of the stockholders of the said Pacific Colonial Ship Co., will be held at the office of the Company in Room 21 in that certain building known as No. 416-418 California Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being the principal place of business of the said corporation, and being the place or building where the Board of Directors of said corporation usually meet, on Monday the 3rd day of March 1902, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M.; said meeting of stockholders will be held for the purpose of determining whether or not the capital stock of said Pacific Colonial Ship Co., shall be diminished to the sum or amount of Fifty thousand ($50,000) Dollars.

Dated San Francisco, December 30th, 1901.

D. F. EWART,
Secretary of the Pacific Colonial Ship Co., a corporation.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Della St. Claire Weston, Plaintiff,
vs.
William Henry Weston, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to William Henry Weston, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty to plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made. All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of January, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and two.

ALBERT MAHONY, Clerk.
By THOS. F. O'NEIL, Deputy Clerk.

[SEAL.]

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff.
Parrott Building, San Francisco.

with gold that Broncho Bill and Rooshan Kate found somewhar near Hog Mountain one day when they rid off from camp on a drunk. The trouble with the Mexican stories is that they are absolutely true. They are founded on official records of unquestioned accuracy and other authenticated documents, and they will conduct you ever so close to the boundless wealth, but stop short just when it comes within your grasp." There are some amusing accounts of the stupidity of American and foreign mining companies in connection with the working of their claims, which have done their share towards giving the country a bad name. Though primarily concerned with mining and its interests, Mr. Wilkins kept his eyes on agricultural and other possibilities, and he gives some valuable hints to capitalists looking for a field for investment, though he frankly says Mexico is not a poor man's country, and there is no inducement for people who are not provided with "the stuff." He contradicts the generally accepted belief that the mass of the people ar ignorant, considering their opportunities, or idle, dishonest, untruthful and intemperate to a greater extent than people of similar rank in other parts of the world. In fact, it is quite a new Mexico that we are introduced to, one built up of experience and observation, instead of guide book and foregone conclusions. The final chapter, Home Again, contains some hard, common sense advice on the subject of our commercial relations with our southern neighbor. It is something to be read, marked, learned and inwardly digested by our merchants and manufacturers, and through them it ought to reach the educational luminaries. There are only one hundred and fifteen pages to this little volume, but there is something worth while on nearly every one of them. When Mr. Wilkins goes anywhere again it is to be hoped that he will put his impressions into print. There are many pretentious volumes of travel and description which contain neither the charm nor the information which characterize this unpremeditated excursion into bookland.

Lagerlof and Rosegger

McClure, Phillips & Co. announce that they will have the publication of a new novel by Selma Lagerlof. It is but a few years since the American public was made acquainted with this writer, through the medium of the sympathetic translations of Pauline Bancroft Flach, but each successive volume has its audience awaiting it. It is a sad pity that when so many of the poorest and cheapest of French and German novels are Anglicized each year, we are left in ignorance of the literature of the smaller countries. So far as any concrete evidence is concerned, we might be left to imagine that their inhabitants are dependent on translations from our own language to supply them with reading matter, and yet the tales from the Swedish of Miss Lagerlof are a distinct gain to ourselves. Another translator, who deserves more than a passing word of gratitude is Frances Skinner, who has been the means of introducing to us the novels of the Styrian, Peter Rosegger. Up to the present, but two of these have been done into English, "The Forest Schoolmaster" and "The God Seeker." They are not the kind of books which head the lists of the best selling, but they command the attention of a class of readers who are governed in their selection by something more than the craze of the moment, and they will outlive more than one reading. The title of Miss Lagerlof's forthcoming book is "Jerusalem."

The comments on Wallace Irwin's "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum" are amusing. Reviewers are not quite certain whether to take them seriously or not. "No one but a district messenger boy or a Browning student can hope to understand every line." "The sonnet has been likened to an exquisite goblet filled with one exquisite thought so that it cannot hold another drop without overflow. Mr. Irwin's sonnets are, we presume, more like schooners of steam beer, and we must not complain if a few bubbles burst over the edge." "We cannot say that the thing is a pardonable impertinence; but we should be inclined to let the author off with a light sentence if he would promise not to do it again." are a few samples. It almost seems as though they were half afraid to encounter the "hoodlum" in the flesh.

—*The Bookworm*

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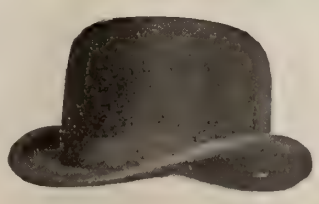

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The Governor (suspiciously): Fresh-air fund? Since when have you gone in for charity in fresh air?

The Infant: Since you gave me a bicycle; a nickel's what they charge to blow up the tires with fresh air.

WHY IT'S FEMININE.

Young Student: Pa, is money ever feminine gender?

Professor: Always; it talks.

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Mrs. Crabtree: Talking to me? No, it couldn't have been Tom.

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He: Let's found a mutual admiration society. I'll admire your beautiful face. Now what'll you admire in me?

She: Your good taste.

HER PREDICAMENT.

Dolly: I wanted to scream when he kissed me.

Mollie: Why didn't you?

Dolly: I couldn't while he held me, and when it was all over what was the use?

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The Husband: One, probably.

MIGHT SUIT EACH OTHER.

Miss Fashionable Gadabout: What kind of a man should a Society girl marry?

Mr. Knockabout: A newspaper man, of course.

Miss F. G.: That's funny; why?

Mr. K.: Because he'll never be at home enough to know that you're always away from home.

AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

She: When you proposed you acted like a fish out of water.

He: That's natural. I must have felt I was being so cleverly landed.

A SURE WAY.

Harry Coxcomb: I'd like to find out what Miss Dapperdew thinks of me.

Larry Learned: Marry her and you'll find out.

She: I wonder why the Creator made man first?

He: Oh, probably it was the best way of avoiding advice as to how the race should be made.

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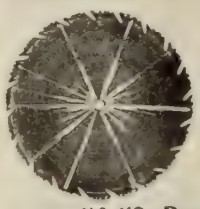

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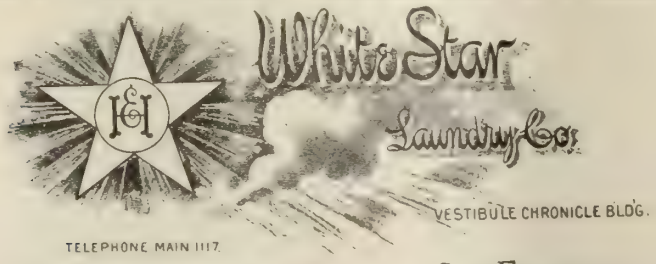

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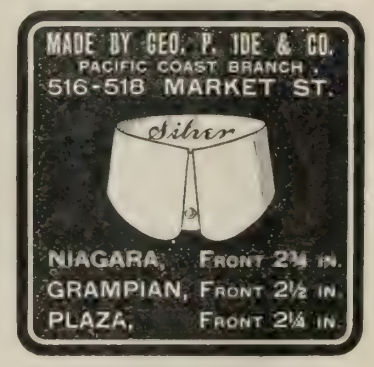

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San Francisco, March 1, 1902

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OUR OPINION

The Taint of Snobbery

Some people are inclined to seek occasion for grumbling, and to take a severely pessimistic view of things. Whatever arouses the interest and enthusiasm of others fills them with indignation and impels them to caustic comment. The visit of Prince Henry, and the much ado made by the press and State officials over that distinguished scion of royalty, have provoked their choicest sneers, and our prospective participation in the Coronation ceremonies threatens to superinduce an attack of apoplexy. They are intolerant of royalty and discern occasion for serious alarm in the present attitude of the nation toward the monarchies of Europe. Some of them are editors of daily newspapers and no doubt if they were permitted to have their way Congress would have been directed to shy a brick at Emperor William's brother as soon as he set foot on American soil. Why anybody should feel that there is danger of contamination from royal blood in this country it is difficult to understand. Perhaps if we were on more familiar terms with the Kings, Princes and Dukes of effete England and lusty Germany the taint of snobbery which has become so offensive in this country would in time be effaced. American snobbery is due largely to a misconception of the relation between the nobility and the common herd of Europe. The gulf between the nobility and the ordinary mortal across the pond is not half so wide as that which separates Newport from the merely respectable citizen of the outer darkness. The visit of a German Prince to this country is not fraught with as much danger to the national character as the customary indifference with which we accept the abuse and injustice of our plutocratic masters. For example: There was the matter of the contempt for the rights of American citizens exhibited some weeks ago by one of the Vanderbilts when he detached an engine from a train loaded with passengers so that he could keep a social engagement in New York. The railroad company which is controlled by the Vanderbilts imposes an extra charge on people that ride on that particular train in consideration of its guarantee to reach New York on schedule time, but the plutocrat with the social date cared not for the good faith of that corporation or the rights of the passengers. He wanted to get into his claw-hammer on schedule time so he sidetracked the train, steamed into New York and left the passengers out in the snow for several hours. Seldom has one of our ridiculously rich testified more eloquently to his sense of the interiority of his humble fellow-citizen, and to his utter disregard of the latter's rights. The incident was mentioned in the newspapers as though young Vanderbilt had done something heroic. If one of the nobility of England or Germany had been guilty of such an act of selfishness the probability is that he would have been mobbed, but the newspapers of this country made no comment on the forbearance of the marooned passengers on the New York Central train. Their failure to derail the engine in their indignation was not suggested even by those papers that are accused from time to time of setting class against class. The fact is that the papers were devoting nearly all their space at that time to absurd items about Teddy Roosevelt's strenuous son who happened to be suffering from a cold. They were publishing pictures of his foot-ball trousers and of the window of the room in which he was being nursed. If he were the heir apparent to the American throne they would not have consumed more space in their accounts of the lad's illness and convalescence. And yet some of us are worrying about Prince Henry's visit and the Coronation. Let us concern ourselves about the national tendency toward snobocracy, and hesitate not to extend the glad hand to foreign potentates.

A Dispute over Culture

Musical authorities in New York and Chicago are now engaged in a dispute as to which city enjoys the higher musical culture. A dispute over such a question is in the nature of a conceit, for there is an apparent absence of musical culture in both cities. When musical culture has attained a high standard in a community the fact cannot be long concealed. A cultured public demands good music and lots of it. Those cities of Europe that boast musical culture of a high order enjoy what is technically known as the musical atmosphere. Good music is heard in public places, and wherever there is good music the people congregate in large numbers. Moreover, they not only refuse to listen to poor music, but they grow wildly indignant when it is thrust upon the ear. In neither New York nor Chicago are any of the uusual symptoms of musical culture manifest. There are no doubt cultured people in both cities, but they are not sufficiently numerous in either to promote a musical atmosphere. All musical functions, and particularly the opera in New York, are dominated by fashion. The

operatic performance of Grau's stars is of slight consequence so far as the artists behind the footlights are concerned. The boxes are the principal objects of interest. In the foyer between acts the men discuss stocks. The performance has failed to enthrall them. They seldom enter until the overture is at an end. There are orchestras in Sherry's and Delmonico's where the wealthy assemble after the theatre, but the musicians are of mediocre ability. If they performed in a San Francisco restaurant the proprietor would have to lock the doors to hold his patrons. Musical culture in New York is not such as bespeaks an artistic temperament. It is of the character that finds expression in the Broadway theatres where the wriggling choruses and the wheezy, high kicking soprani abound. Anna Held, she of the feline voice and eloquent hips, is a favorite prima donna in Broadway, with Virginia Earle a close second. Lillian Russell, the best comic opera prima donna in New York, and De Wolf Hopper, the premier comic opera comedian, are in vaudeville in Broadway and they each sing one song. The high kicking females do the rest. It would be hard to find the place of confinement in which Chicago's musical culture is held in restraint. Chicago art finds expression in the Art Institute in Michigan Boulevard where the decrepit statuary left over from the big fair may be found. Chicago has a lofty contempt for Grau's stars but dotes on the Castle Square opera company, owned by one Colonel Savage, a real estate agent of Boston, who has made a success of opera by applying New England business methods to the management of his troupe. There is little likelihood of the musical salvation of America being worked out in Chicago.

Reckless Rearing of Girls

Before the excitement attendant upon the fate of Nora Fuller has subsided, it should seem appropriate to say a word to mothers in general upon the amount of freedom accorded to young girls. Apparently children are emancipated from guardianship and chaperonage at about the age of ten, and thereafter they appear to be their own mistresses. It is astonishing to see the number of little girls who attend the theatres unaccompanied by any older person, or so far as evidence goes even restricted or counseled with regard to the plays they are permitted to witness. They choose their own books from the libraries, and in these days of the newspaper-reading child, they can be relied upon to put in a bid for anything reported to be spicy. They roam about the streets and the park on their bicycles, disport themselves at the Cliff House and the baths, cross the ferries alone, and in general, appear to consult no one but themselves. The improvements in modern housekeeping science have emancipated them from any share in the work of the house, and tender-hearted school boards will not permit them to be burdened with home study. The result is an amount of leisure and time to be killed, and the methods employed in securing that end do not conduce to modesty of behavior or good morals. The children themselves are not to blame. They do what is permitted them, and they pattern after what they see others do. It is doubtful if one mother in ten knows anything about her daughter's associates. She asks no questions and takes no notice so long as she is not "bothered." If the girls are well dressed and curb their tongues while within her hearing, she takes the rest for granted. Girls who are free to come and go when they will, with no further accounting of their time than that they have been "down town with Ethel," or to the "theatre with Jennie," and who are not required to submit even an occasional accounting for the disposal of their pocket money have ample opportunity for making shady acquaintances and spending their leisure in questionable places. Mothers who discover that their girls have been in the habit of picking up acquaintances on the streets, frequenting saloons, accepting gifts and resorting to subterfuges and prevarications have only themselves to blame. If they are not wilfully blind, they are at least woefully heedless. It does not make the case of the man better that that of the girl is worse but it is an ugly commentary on the up-bringing of any girl of seeming respectability that her home life should have afforded opportunities which would even apparently mitigate the conduct of the man. No doubt it was wicked of the wolf to eat Little Red Riding Hood, but why was Little Red Riding Hood loitering in the path of the wolf? One cannot help noting that in the majority of these tragedies of childhood the victims come from homes where the parents have been separated. Frequently before the children are half grown they have seen two or three changes with consequent upheavals, and has spent intervals in Homes, Asylums, or other institutions. Even when the unfortunate cannot be accused of any thing out of place in their conduct, it is not to be expected that, after being fathered intermittently and on the installment plan, they can know how to conduct themselves under trying circumstances.

Water and Water Rates

The city's legislative body is engaged in its annual task of investigating the affairs of the Spring Valley Water Company preparatory to fixing the rates for another year. It is most unfortunate that our water rates cannot be fixed for all time, for then we would have surcease of grumbling, and our city officials would perform their routine duties without indulging in spectacular tricks to impress the multitude with their honesty. There has been no well-founded public grievance against the water company for years. We get plenty of water of a good quality, and we are not charged an exorbitant rate. The only murmurs of discontent are heard at the City Hall. We have had no indignation meetings of angry rate-payers. The complaints against the company that were so frequently heard years ago are no longer voiced, so now the reformers content themselves with advocating government ownership. Incidentally, they attack the water system itself, a system that has aroused the

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admiration of engineers all over the world. In the long ago we were told that two dry winters would cause a water famine in this city. Later the prophets were compelled to change their prediction. They declared that three dry winters would prove fatal, but we have just had four, and we were well along in the fifth without any apparent diminution of our water supply. The fact is that the Spring Valley water system is far superior to that of many of the leading Eastern cities, and that the water itself is of a better quality than that supplied to people on the other side of the Rockies. Chicago drinking water, for instance, is so dirty as to be objectionable for bathing purposes, and in some of the cities people are compelled to drink mineral waters owing to the bad taste of the water that is piped into their houses. It is absurd to attack the Spring Valley system, for it is one of the best in the country, and it has established a world-wide reputation for the engineer by whom it was constructed, and who for a quarter of a century has steadily anticipated the growth of the city. To continue to do so the company must be allowed a reasonable income. Of course, it may be argued that we could have a better system if the water were piped from the mountains, but at present the Spring Valley system is the only one in operation, and the people that built it and that operate it are entitled to substantial compensation.

The Saunterer

Story of a Hasty Marriage

The California colony in New York is enjoying the story of a hasty and unexpected marriage which took place there a short time ago. The principals were two well known Californians who are mentioned quite frequently in the society columns of the dailies. When the news of the marriage was wired to this city it caused some surprise in club circles, for the groom had been looked upon as a confirmed bachelor. He belongs to a syndicate of Californians who made a good financial turn a year or so ago, and though he keeps in touch with his former companions in this city to none of them had he ever conveyed a hint of a contemplated matrimonial plunge. The bride is a society girl of independent spirit who has traveled extensively in Europe, and who recently established herself in a flat in gay New York. She was thought to be a bachelor girl with not the slightest inclination to lose her freedom.

A Promise Exacted

But now, so the story goes, she had long received the attentions of the man who is now her husband. So faithful was he in his devotion to her that the tea tabbies affected to be greatly shocked, and in time her aristocratic relatives began to murmur their displeasure. Finally one of them, a young physician who lives in New York, visited the erstwhile San Francisco club-man and charged him with the awful crime of promoting a scandal, and tarnishing the 'scutcheon of a family of the richest blue blood that ever flowed in the South. He demanded that a halt be called, and the upshot of it all was that the clubman promised to cut the bachelor girl's flat off his list.

A Successful Conspiracy

For weeks he kept his promise. Presently there entered into the little romance two more characters, a female relative and a distinguished matron who recently returned from a tour of the old world. In their opinion there should be a marriage. They decided that in justice to the girl nothing short of a marriage should end the affair. At their suggestion the girl wrote her ex-cavalier requesting him to call for a final interview. Being a gallant chap he responded regardless of his promise to the young doctor. Just as the greetings were over the two conspirators burst upon the scene and proceeded to chide the gallant club-man for having broken his promise to the doctor. They declared that it was evident that he could not be trusted, and they suggested that the honorable thing for him to do was to marry the girl. He consented to do so, and he wasn't given any time to change his mind. A minister was sent for, and the ceremony was pulled off on the spot. And now the society editors say that the couple are going to Europe.

Behind the Fence

The one supreme effort toward establishing an exclusive colony in Los Angeles has proved a miserable failure. It was the pet project of the founder of St. James Park. His idea was to build a big iron fence and get behind it. He fenced in a large tract of land which he beautified by artistic landscape gardening and divided up into spacious residence lots with private driveways leading from the public highways. He sold the lots only to persons of good social standing and of unblemished reputation, and upon the written agreement to erect residences in strict conformity with his plans. For a while the scheme worked well. Several palatial residences were erected and the little colony of exclusives flourished. But one day along came a parvenu who had made a quick fortune in oil and married a typewriter. He tempted one of the residents of St. James Park with a big cash offer and the man sold his residence. It is now occupied by the man who made money in oil, and his young wife. They are comfortably ensconced behind that high iron fence.

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Failure of a Conspiracy

The Tanzer case which was decided in Santa Rosa last week was deserving of much more space and attention than the dailies allotted to it. That is the case to which I referred at the time of the appointment of Attorney Hutton to the police commissionership by Mayor Schmitz. Mr. Hutton was one of the attorneys for Virginia Hutchings, the spurious daughter of the dead man. I was of the opinion that no reputable attorney should attempt to foist such a claim as that of the bold Mrs. Hutchings on the court, and evidently her lawyers were forced to the same conclusion just before the case came to trial, for they deserted her at the eleventh hour. It was not, I believe, until they learned that the evidence gathered by the genuine heirs had been placed in the hands of detectives, with a view to the commencement of criminal proceedings.

The Credulity of Lawyers

But the Tanzer case should not be permitted to expire with the decision of the court. The Hutchings claim bore all the traces of a bungling conspiracy. True, it was espoused by several attorneys who thought they saw an excellent chance to seize an estate, but under such circumstances it was not easy to excite the suspicion of some lawyers. Many members of the bar are on the qui vive for a pretext to loot an estate, as was evident when Mrs. Craven produced her spurious deeds. The shadiest kind of a claim looks plausible to their eager eyes. But it is high time to discourage such dangerous fakers as Mrs. Craven and Virginia Hutchings. I have been told that the Santa Rosa judge who heard the Tanzer case suggested that the facts be brought to the attention of the grand jury. I should like to know if the somnolent Bar Association has any interest in the matter.

Those Reincarnated Angels

There has been some talk of proceedings to have a guardian appointed to take charge of the person and estate of Mrs. L. P. Drexler, who has been figuring so prominently in the cult of the "reincarnated angels" in Mrs. Russell's ocean beach resort. The relatives of the wealthy lady seriously doubt whether she is mentally sound. They regard with suspicion the management of the unusual household whose members deem it advisable to have the surgeon's knife applied to their amatory proclivities and to the cutting of Cupid's bowstring. Mrs. Drexler is undoubtedly a sincere woman and intent upon relieving distress. She was quite poor herself once, and it has been suggested that that is why she takes pleasure in aiding those in distress.

When Mrs. Drexler was Miss Kelly

The story of her marriage to L. P. Drexler, the millionaire, is an interesting one. She is the daughter of an industrious Irishman named Kelly, who worked as a woodchopper in Mendocino county many years ago. He was the brother of Mrs. Blair, the mother of Jennie Blair. And, by the way, it was shortly after Mrs. Blair, Miss Kelly that was, joined her brother in Mendocino county that she met Captain Blair, who later became her husband. The Blairs, like nearly all our wealthy society people of today, were of humble origin, a circumstance which none should have occasion to regret. Captain Blair had worked on a sailing schooner, and one day the captain died at sea. Blair took charge of the vessel and navigated it into port. Thereupon he was given charge of the vessel and with it he laid the foundation of his fortune.

The Match

The Blairs came into prominence socially when they took up their residence in Van Ness avenue and began to mingle in the old Fair set. Elise Kelly, who is now the wealthy Mrs. Drexler, lived with the family, and the match with millionaire Drexler was made by a friend of the Blairs, a lady to whom the old bachelor had proposed. She rejected his suit, but promised to introduce him to a pretty girl. He declared that he could not fall in love by pre-arrangement. Nevertheless, the introduction was effected, and old Drexler declared on the spot that he was in love, and he promptly asked Miss Kelly to become his wife. And thus it was that the millions were acquired which are now being devoted to the furtherance of Mrs. Russell's cult.

Alluring Dorothy Usner Sued

Complaisant Dorothy Usner has been sued by Maurice Reaves for the recovery of a lot of bric-a-brac and money. I suppose Reaves, like many another man, has awakened from his dream over La Belle Dame Sans Merci, and knowing there is no means of recovering his lost emotions is trying to square the matter by recovering as much as possible of his depleted pocketbook. Of course the rumor is out that she jilted him. Of what man hasn't that been said who has looked longingly into the languishing, alluring eyes of the fair Dorothy. She knows full well how to play her part both on and off the stage and no one can give her pointers on how to dress for it. In fact—well, there are many tales that keep alive on the Rialto through the sheer liveliness her daring personality has infused into them.

Her Business Venture in Photographs

She went to Australia with Nat Goodwin. The company and the trip became memorable through subsequent developments. The same venture led to Maxine Elliott's rise. The first spiceful outburst reached here when Dorothy Usner returned to San Francisco in a huff and declared that she had been forced to leave the company on account of the jealousy of Maxine Elliott. Later on letters came from the company saying that she had been dismissed on account of certain photographs that had been taken of her that rivaled anything ever shown by Sapho or Circe. The poses were original, some of them being taken with her sitting in trees, the twigs and leaves arranged in such a delicate and artistic manner as to arouse admiring exclamations even from enthusiastic connoisseurs. No one ever looked on them

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in a pulseless, disinterested way. They were sold only to the most intimate friends, souvenirs, you know, to remind them of a successful actress on the stage and a charming friend off it. I believe the cheapest of them brought twenty-five dollars. Exceptionally fine ones, done in extremely swell style and pose, were held for at the price individual taste would consent to pay. It was in the interest of art and was high art work, and was too costly to give away, of course. Bougereau himself paints his classical canvases and sells his famous works in a like manner.

The Wife was Finally Appeased

These photographs couldn't have created a greater stir in certain circles if they had been placed on public exhibition. When the wife of the photographer learned that he had been devoting his time to making such classical poses she separated from him. It took him the better part of a year to assure her that he was simply in art for art's sake and that the whole matter was simply a business proposition. Everybody who bought the photographs said the same eventually. If they got any costly experience with them—well, que voulez vous, even those art lovers who go to Europe and invest in classical pictures are sometimes cozened by unconscionable dealers. I wonder what kind of bric-a-brac the present suit is over and whether the alluring Dorothy has any of her classical pictures mixed up in it?

An Imposing Church Spectacle

The sentiment expressed by Jennie Blair in connection with the high-hat-in-church controversy was the most sensible of all. She is of the opinion that the high pulpit should be erected to relieve the strain on rubber necks in church. One divine is of the opinion that if women were compelled to remove their hats they would then demand looking-glasses to see if they had put them on straight. In the old days of St. John's Presbyterian church in Post street, a lady who is now with the majority always hied herself to the sexton's room in the vestibule of Dr. Scott's pastorate and there performed some of the last mysteries of the toilet before the mirror. Then while the sexton held open the door and after her husband had kicked her train into position, she swung into church and down her aisle to the pew in front. It was very imposing. After her death her husband married his trained nurse.

One of the McAllisters

A McAllister in a divorce suit! And one of the family of a much beloved clergyman, too! The case has revived recollections of the Rev. Marion McAllister for whom the old Church of the Advent in Howard street was built in the early sixties. The consecration of that church was a great event owing to the high social standing of the family of the rector. The Rev. Marion McAllister was a brother of the late Hall McAllister and of Ward McAllister.

In Gotham's Gay Whirl

Among the Californians in New York are Kate Douglas Wiggin Rigg looking as sprightly and as debonair as when she was a member of the old Fortnightly club in this city. R. P. Flaglor, erstwhile a Market street photographer, is now a member of a firm with interests involving large capital. He spends the greater part of the year in New York—on the way to being a millionaire. Mrs. Leila Ellis, once a leading elocutionist and Delsartean of this city, is now keeping a swell boarding house in New York city. Her house is the headquarters for Californians among whom may be named Mrs. Bessie Stewart Hooker—the daughter of Nevada's senior Senator, now in the milliner business in the metropolis. Mrs. Ellis' daughter, Leila, who will be remembered as a bright young girl possessed of considerable dramatic ability, later a student in the Wheatcroft school of acting, is engaged to a very wealthy New Yorker. The marriage will soon take place. Mrs. Ellis' son was in the Philippines and is now stationed in one of the Dakotahs.

The California Club

The political pot is boiling in the California club. There are those who declare that the salvation of the club depends upon the retention of Mrs. White in the presidency, and there are others who are for anything for a change no matter how revolutionary. The different sections are at work electing their delegates or representatives in the nominating conventions, and the lines are being drawn between the pro-White and the anti-White factions. But there are two certainties which the California club must face. The first is that if the club desires to build a clubhouse it had better retain Mrs. White as its president, since not a few of the largest subscribers to the clubhouse fund have declared their intention to withdraw their subscriptions in case Mrs. White should not be president the following year. In fact, they have decided not to pay until after the election. The other certainty is that there is no power, no combination in the California club strong enough to carry Mrs. Sharon into office again, and it is said that the lady in question realizes that clubs as well as republics are ungrateful.

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The cosmopolitanism of San Francisco was never more apparent, together with its extreme provincialism, than when the cigarette smoking episode at the Palace Ladies' Grill, which would have been unnoticed in a European capital, was so sharply commented on by the local papers and in society circles. The history of tobacco smoking in England is by no means of modern date, as far as women are concerned. It has been of no unusual occurrence, for decades past, to see the leaders of the haut ton indulging in their after-dinner cigar. Cigarettes, however, are a comparatively modern dissipation. The Duchess of Edinburgh, who is a member of the Russian Imperial Family, Princess Henry of Pless, who married a German, the ex-Empress Eugenie, and Mrs. George Keppel are more responsible than any one else for the cigarette smoking craze of late, and what prevails in London of course reaches New York. Naturally San Francisco soon follows and shortly we shall see the wave creeping Eastward again to Chicago; for, strange to say, San Francisco follows the fashion and is in closer touch with New York than Chicago, notwithstanding the latter's geographical proximity. It is interesting to learn how, sometimes, fashionable fads create opportunities for lucky individuals. It was only a few years ago that a scion of England's nobility, with nothing better to do, for he had hunted and smoked and gambled nearly his last sovereign away, started, in Pall Mall, London, a little tobacco shop, where he sold society folks their cigarettes. With his influence and connections he was soon taken up, and the "Pall Mall Cigarettes," as they were called, were sold everywhere; and from the momentary caprice of a few fashionable women sprang up a fortune and an enormous factory, and now the lucky possessor of this cigarette is said to own the favorite for next year's Derby.

His Ideal of Marriage

In a recent letter to a friend here Dr. Felix Adler sets forth his interesting views on wedlock. "Happiness," he says, "is not the goal of marriage. If you make happiness the object of marriage you cannot escape the conclusion that unhappy marriages ought to be dissolved. And if that be the case, and higher thought will admit of dissolving marriages, the contracting parties will look for new copartnerships and again find that marirage is unhappy, and thus go on and on. With such a custom we would soon find ourselves in a society where the most abominable of all abominations exists, commonly but incorrectly termed free love. It is incorrectly termed so because it is neither love nor is it free.

Finding Life's Problem in Wedlock

"Happiness, then, is not the goal of marriage but its token. It is not the gladness that we get out of it, but the pleasure that we give to others that makes the idea of happiness in marriage elevating. The object of marriage is that two persons shall dwell together in life constantly and in the most intimate relations, in order that each may help the other to solve the problem of their lives. Each must see the other's defects and suggest and help toward the working-out of personality."

Lord Temple cigars are smoked by all clubmen who will take nothing but the best.

Friends here of J. Mona Lesser have just received tidings that he dropped dead on the steps of the Court House, Boston, a few days ago. Judge Lesser was very well known here and in Central and South America in the eartly seventies. He had a host of friends. Very soon after passing the age limit he was admitted to the San Francisco bar. Promotion quickly followed. He became a member of the legislature and shortly afterwards was appointed Superior Judge. He went to Boston fifteen years ago where he continued to rank high in his profession. His brother was Surgeon-in-Chief in Cuba, during the recent war.

He Disliked Notoriety

There were many points in common between the late Ed Sheldon and Winfield Jones. They both had any number of women friends, but both died without leaving ties of either wife or flame. "Winnie" Jones used to give all sorts of delightful functions at his house in Hyde street near Washington, but it was rarely that any account of his teas, dejeuners or dinners found its way into the papers. Mr. Jones abhorred publicity. A young woman who was getting up an article for one of the Sunday supplements on our bachelor hosts went to "Winnie" Jones for permission to send a photographer to kodak his reception, sleeping and dining rooms. He listened to her with polite attention but when she had finished he answered, "Madame, my house is my castle. You may write what you will about me, I cannot prevent that, but while I live the interior of my house is my own." His manner was courtly but his refusal was definite. The young woman satisfied herself with having the photographer take an exterior view of Mr. Jones' residence.

Still Cling to Love of "Dobbs Terry"

There were several unexpected small teas and luncheons last week with Eastern visitors as the raison d'etre. Mrs. Henry Crocker hurried out cards to meet Mrs. Clover, who was Dora Miller, always a favorite in local society. Georgie Hopkins gave a smart and select on Wednesday afternoon. The luncheon was in

honor of a Dobbs Ferry schoolmate, Mrs. Wainwright, who is out here on her wedding trip. There is an unwritten law that the "Dobbs" girls shall cling close as brothers. All of the Hopkins', Mary Scott-Martin and Caro Crockett-Scott are graduates of that select school. The college virus has never attacked any member of that inner circle bounded on the north by the Hagers, on the west by the Scotts, on the south by the Hopkins' and on the east by the McBeans. Therese Morgan did go to Farmington, but that is only a cross between a seminary and college. Flora Dean-Magee, Anna Voorhies-Bishop and two or three others in the smart set wear college pins, but the average San Francisco society girl prefers boarding-school fudge parties to Greek plays at college.

A Death Bed Dance

George Primrose, the minstrel, has just written on here to a friend an account of the pathetic end of his old partner, Billy West. West was dying in a Chicago hotel and hearing that Primrose was in town with his company sent for him. He was suffering the tortures of cancer and his eyes were fast dimming, but he begged George to grant his last request: that was to bring up a bunch of his crack dancers into the room and have them do their level best. Primrose sent around to the theatre and had the best teams in the show brought up to West's rooms. The dying minstrel's eyes glistened with delight when he was propped up in bed so that he could watch them go through their fancy steps. They kept it up for nearly an hour and then the light in the burning eyes began to fade and the pleased expression to dim on the pain-creased face. At a signal from Primrose the dancers stole out of the room and the weakened old minstrel, almost crying with delight, was laid out on his bed again. Gradually the light grew dark in his eyes but the pleased expression never left his face; it was there when the end came.

He Left a Big Fortune

West's death was almost coincident with that of the greatest burnt cork artist of them all, Billy Emerson. Come easy, go easy, was Emerson's financial motto, and in his happy-go-lucky, whole-hearted way he lived up to it. The latter part of his life was cared for by a few staunch friends. Billy West was no niggard with his money but he didn't have that insatiable gambling mania to which Emerson was addicted and he left something like half a million dollars. A big part of this was made in the minstrel business, but the most of it he inherited from his second wife. Very few people know that his first wife was Fay Templeton. He lived only a short time with her. After she got the divorce he married Lizette Morris. She left him a fortune when she died. Afterwards he married one of the Hanley sisters, Lizzie, I think it was. Primrose, Dockstadter and Wilson are about the only ones left now of the glorious old-time burnt cork stars.

Bishop Nichols' Mot

Now that Bishop Nichols has been appointed to the Hawaiian diocese, his famous bon mot upon The Right Reverent Willis, the incumbent Bishop of the Islands, would seem to become a matter of historic humor. Bishop Willis will be remembered as the tall, thin old gentleman who appeared before the Episcopal convention in knee-breeches and emaciated calves, and gave a somewhat long and late-for-dinner talk upon "What I have done for Honolulu and why you should not put me out of there," at the end of which talk it suddenly appeared to most of the convention that maybe he ought to be put out after all. They wondered how so fat a position could produce so lean a clergyman and feared lest the good man was starving himself to help the poor. Later in the day, Bishop Nichols was approached by a member from New Jersey.

"There is some rumor, Bishop," said the Eastern member, "of Bishop Willis resigning and of the Senate sending you to take his place. What do you think about it?"

"What do I think about it?" exclaimed Bishop Nichols. Then he stopped and smiled. "I'm afraid," he said, "that that will not be a case of Barkis is willin',' but more probably, of 'Willis's barkin'."

And Willis has barked with a vengeance.

He has the Measles

Dr. Kierstadt, whose engagement to Edith McBean was recently announced, is seriously ill and his father is hurrying from the East to his bedside. At first it was reported that Dr. Kierstadt was suffering from pneumonia but now the case has developed into inward measles. It was necessary to perform an operation to remove a gathering and at present the Doctor is in a critical state. Miss McBean is devoting all her time to her fiance these Lenten days and friends are anxiously awaiting favorable bulletins from the sick room.

DR. PARKER'S COUGH CURE
One dose will stop a cough, it never fails, try it, price 25c.

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A perfect wine with Natural Sweetness. Not a headache in a case of it—the wine of the refined.
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PROGRESS AND GAINS

End of Year	Assets	Income	Business Written Life Dept.	Business In Force Life Dept.
1897	$3,259,518	$1,045,977	$ 4,472,847	$16,638,552
1898	3,428,790	1,086,407	5,412,577	18,522,754
1899	3,729,993	1,342,577	7,067,758	21,255,954
1900	4,112,116	1,534,687	10,222,966	27,151,612
1901	5,004,789	2,256,619	12,436,325	34,076,805

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One of a Faithful Band

The news of the death of Kate Hutchinson brought sadness to many hearts. For years she was identified with good work in Episcopal church circles, and her death was a loss to that band of faithful, devoted workers who have remained loyal to Grace church. There are many of our society people who can recall the Hutchinson girls as bright chubby little children in the palmy days of Grace Cathedral school. And a swell private school that was, too. It was held in the assembly rooms of Grace church at the corner of California and Stockton streets. Those were the days when the Episcopalians cherished hopes of having Grace church become the Bishop's church, and were pleased to call it Grace Cathedral. In that school were numbered the very elite of San Francisco. Besides the daughters of General Hutchinson were the daughters of Judge Thornton, of William Duncan, of Tom Poulterer, of Bolton, the banker, of Harry Williams of the Pacific Mail, and the grandchildren of "Uncle" Joe Clement. In those days, Joe Clement's son, Eph, was a gay young blade with a host of admirers. Eph's daughter is the well-known society girl, Kate Clement, who became the heroine of a yachting trip about a year ago.

A Blingum Leader's Romance

The smart set has its ears attuned for the first hint from Cupid that George Newhall has been wooed from bachelordom. Mr. Newhall has been paying his devoirs to a charming society girl for two seasons and the news of their engagement will not come as a surprise. This will be a very pretty ending to his life romance, for he was once supposed to be interested in her older sister, now a happy matron with several bairns of her own. At the time that Mr. Newhall was in the field for "big sister's" favor his most formidable rival bore the same given name. "The war of the Georges" some one dubbed the tournament of hearts and for a long time even the blind archer himself could not have picked the winner. Both men were considered the king-fish in the matrimonial pond and many a fond matchmaker grieved that they should burn their incense at the same altar. When the fortunate maiden finally announced her choice it was the "other George" who won her heart and hand. Mr. Newhall was for years tagged a hopeless bachelor but of late he has been so attentive to the sister of his first fancy that the gossips are wondering. There is no reason why the first attachment should smudge the rose of this one. Those versed in the law and lore of love say that it takes a second affair to make a lover worth having.

The Nation's Rough House

This is an exceptionally stormy session of Congress. The disgraceful row between Senators Tillman and McLaurin of South Carolina is only one of many "rough-house" scenes that have recently been enacted in the nation's capital. Many of our statesmen have become experts in the use of billingsgate, and the dignity of both Houses is often in jeopardy. Not many days ago Representative Wheeler of Kentucky made a rowdy speech, in which he said that "the Secretary of State was a pitiable flunky who should be booted out of the State Department." He referred to Captain Clark of the Navy and General James H. Wilson of the Army as shoulder-strapped, gold-laced flunkies, because they were to represent the United States at the Coronation. He assailed President Roosevelt for consenting to the presence of his daughter and railed at the American people for their hospitality to Prince Henry of Russia, whom he called "a little Dutchman." Yet Mr. Wheeler is from that State whose people are famed for their hospitality and courteous treatment of guests, their regard for the amenities of life and their jealousy of the country's honor and good name.

A Bold Challenge

Senator Tillman, the Southern gentleman who provoked his colleague McLaurin into calling him a liar, and then precipitated a fist fight on the floor of the Senate, is a popular man in South Carolina, notwithstanding his pot-house tactics. He is one of those oddly honest men who are skeptical of the integrity of everybody else. McLaurin was originally a Tillman man, but deserted the latter's ranks. Hence the antipathy of Tillman. Some time ago Tillman challenged McLaurin to resign and to go back to South Carolina and begin a new contest for the Senate. But McLaurin did not care to indulge in such a test of strength. Tillman is a fire-eater and he has frequently denounced the big men of the Senate as frauds to their teeth. No doubt they would like to get rid of him.

Achieved Success East and West

When Mrs. Edward Moore Robinson comes this way in the spring, she will find many old schoolmates with whom to renew old acquaintance. As Ailene Ivers, there was no more popular girl in society than she. She was the beauty of the Denman school at the time that such stunning girls as Belle Brooks (now Mrs. Jack Reis), Manie Haskell (Mrs. Poore), Bessie Garvey (Mrs. Wilcox), Clara Wall, Lulu Perry (Mrs. Bryant), Florence Cox, Lillian Harrison (Mrs. McElroy) and others were pupils there. When she made her debut in the swim no other girl, unless it were Nellie Joliffe or Mamie Blethen, was so much admired. Her beauty was

Most ladies hold the reins well. Perhaps it is not bad that they do.

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of the fairest, most ethereal blonde type, and I am told she has changed not at all since her girlhood's days. When she went East she made as great a hit in the New York swim as here, and her engagement to Edward Robinson followed very shortly upon her advent there. He was a few years her junior and he had wealth enough to make up for her lack of a dower. The Robinsons lived in Philadelphia until lately, when they joined the Newport set. Mr. Robinson is the son of the much-written of Mrs. J. Hood Wright, who belongs to New York's **83.**

Manipulating Gas Stock

Two weeks ago the stockholders of the San Francisco Gas and Electric Light company were excited over the sudden rise of their stock in the market. Before the last annual election of directors, at which J. B. Crockett and Bishop & Co. were overwhelmingly defeated, Rudolph Spreckels, through his numerous touts, made many promises, one of them being that if he were elected the price of the stock would be enhanced. But after the election the stock went down, and the Spreckels' push began to worry until some one made the happy suggestion that a circular letter to the stockholders be issued. The effect of the letter was to induce a few gullible people to buy a little stock at as high a figure as fifty dollars a share. But the general public was not baited, and the stock went back to the figure at which it stood several weeks ago. It is now generally understood that the purpose of the letter was to boom the stock.

Dissatisfied Stockholders

There is much grumbling among the stockholders of the corporation. They are sure that they did well in getting rid of the men who had for many years controlled the corporation, but they doubt whether those that have been substituted are the right men in the right place. Instead of effecting a compromise with Claus Spreckels the new directors have kept up the feud between the rival corporations. The Independent Electric Light and Power company has begun to lay pipes and to build gas works with the intention of fighting the old company as vigorously in the gas business as it has already done in the electric. The stockholders have been asked to give to the Spreckels' combination an option on their stock for two years, but they appear to prefer to handle their own stock. They do not believe that the new directors are willing to incur heavy monetary loss in behalf of others, and hence the failure of the bait held out by the California Title Insurance company in behalf of the present management.

Two Talented Sisters

Bessie Lee Wall showed considerable strength of character in marrying a man who so lately enjoyed such newspaper notoriety as did Samuel Cheyney. But then Bessie Wall was always a girl of remarkable independence of thought. She carried her original ideas into everything she undertook. She is a highly educated musician and had she not chosen the domestic life might have made fame and fortune on the concert stage. Independence is also a striking characteristic of Mrs. Cheyney's sister, Lou Wall, who has earned for herself a place among the best of San Francisco's artists. When she returned from study abroad everybody thought that Lou Wall would do something with her talents, and she did not disappoint expectation. She not only exhibited and sold her paintings, but after a time she took a position in the art department of the *Bulletin*, where her work at once commanded attention and admiration. The Walls are related to all the high and mighty in Oakland and the fact that the sisters believed in putting their talents to financial account has never debarred them from admission to the homes of the elect. They have been, if anything, more sought after than if they had remained lilies of the field.

A Fatal Resemblance

Congressman Loud has become one of the notable figures in Washington. San Francisco should be proud of him. He is pointed out to visitors as the man that objects to paying decent wages to letter-carriers, and who insisted upon having a letter-carrier discharged for daring to criticise him. Yet, less than a decade ago this distinguished statesman was earning meagre wages as a journeyman shoe-maker in a local factory. He drifted into pot-house politics and became a deputy tax-collector. Later on he was refused the nomination for the Assembly and about that time the Republican candidate for Congress in the Fifth district was attacked with cold feet. To pacify Loud he was given the nomination which was looked upon as a gold brick, but through the political blunders of his opponent he was elected. He began to regard himself as a man of destiny, and when somebody in Washington told him that he resembled Grant he was convinced that he was a great man. He immediately trimmed his beard to increase the likeness, and he has been a joke at the capital ever since. He is the only man in Congress who

When you ask for Jesse Moore Whisky be sure you get it. Don't let anyone tell you they have something just as good.

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Effervescing Tonic Salts
A Mild, Pleasant and Tasteless Laxative
cures Headache, Nervousness and Dyspepsia
50c. A BOTTLE
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cannot obtain the unanimous consent of the House.

Cuspidors to be Tabu

There will be at least one innovation (or it might more properly be called a renovation) in the new Oelrichs hotel that is to be: there will be no cuspidors. Gentlemen desirous of using such dark age utensils will be allowed to traverse the corridor to the rear end of the building which will be erected over a bluff and there expectorate down the abyss, trusting as they do so that the excrement will be diffused ere it reaches the heads of pedestrians in the street below. It is just possible that some sort of gateway, such as is used by railroads at street crossings will be arranged to drop and arrest traffic while the gentlemen perform this thor-r-roughly American task. It was all decided at a little gathering in New York.

"It would be so clevah," said a dapper little American, "to have these fountain cuspidors. I heah there is not one of them on the West coast."

"Cuspidoahs?" said an Englishman present, "cuspidoahs! Ugh!"

"Cuspidors," said Mrs. Oelrichs, "cuspidors? Ugh!"

Then rising like the modern heroine who has been offered ten dollars to poison her sister's pet dog, she exclaimed: "In my hotel, there will be no cuspidors!"

"But what of the gentlemen who wish to smoke?" queried the little American.

"If you expect to expectorate in my hotel," replied the lady, "you may expect to expectorate—off the back porch."

"—— off the back porch," murmured the crowd, and thus has been brought about the suggestion of traffic gates with a flagman at the corner.

To Live Here

The family of Colonel Dudley C. Evans, the new president of Wells, Fargo & Co., is at present sojourning at Coronado Beach. The Evans' intend living in San Francisco and should be quite an addition to the social life here. Colonel Evans is a cousin of Mrs. Anna Cox Stephens, the noted scholar and writer, formerly of this city and later of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Rinaldo of San Jose will make this city their future home. They now have apartments at the Hotel Majestic. They were residents of San Jose for thirty-two years. Mr. Rinaldo is the senior member of the firm of Rinaldo Bros. & Co., and the founder of the firm.

Agile Mrs. Martin

Mrs. Eleanor Martin, for her years, is the sprightliest woman I know. She can keep up under the strain of a round of gayety that would break down a debutante. Now she is back to plunge into it all once more. At the Phelan ball she delighted and amazed every one by the agility with which she danced the Virginia reel. Her return from Los Angeles so shortly after the arrival of Mrs. Oelrichs was a mere coincidence, but somebody started the report that she came up to try to win "Tessie" over to Peter's cause. I have always understood, however, and upon reliable authority, that Peter was anxious for somebody to win his sensible mamma over to "Lily's" cause. Perhaps "Tessie" has undertaken to perform that kind office for him. The drought having passed, perhaps it may be easier to induce Mrs. Martin to loosen her purse strings.

Mrs. Grace Morei Dickman has moved her studio to 516 Sutter street, and has changed her reception day to Thursday, from three to five.

Feasting Instead of Fasting

The smart set does not appear to be keeping the penitential period with any degree of fervor. "It is not fashionable to be pious this year" was the remark of one of the season's buds at a recent tea, and it about sizes up the situation. It had been hoped that when the Lenten season arrived there would be some rest from the round of luncheons, dinners, teas and dances the swim had been giving for weeks, but, oh dear, no! the Lenten fast has been turned into the Lenten feast. It is rumored that the clergy—at least those of the Episcopal church—are meditating a protest to their flocks from the pulpit. But times have changed since the memorable pastoral letter written by poor, dear old Bishop Kip, which struck terror to those who took part in the Sunday drives and picnics which William C. Ralston gave at Belmont years ago. Notably affected was Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, who participated in some of them and who after the publication of the Bishop's letter was doubly devout as a sort of make-up for previous derelictions.

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Extract from Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular, Jan. 10, 1902.

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Some of the Doings

The friends of Mrs. Oelrichs have availed themselves of her visit as a pretext for lavish entertainments. She has entertained so many Californians in the East that the number of her hosts and hostesses has largely increased of late years and she is not permitted to note the absence of Mrs. de Young or the death of Mrs. O'Connor, who, in conjunction with Mrs. Blair, were formerly her most prominent entertainers. Another lady who will serve as the motif for several functions is Mrs. Catherwood-Darling, who is said to be reveling in the prospect of the litigation to be precipitated by her daughter, Mrs. de la Montagne. Every one at all familiar with the charming matron knows how she delights in legal tangles. Whether it is the clever brain inherited from her father, Judge Hastings, that loves to undo tangles, the fact remains she always enters the legal arena con amore. She has successfully contested her father's deeds of trust, and fought her brothers, Robert and Dio, for an accounting, secured letters of guardianship over her sister's person and estate, and compelled her brother-in-law, W. Scott Keyes, to surrender various articles of furniture and oil paintings.

Century Club Dissipation

What a gay winter this has been socially! Not only have the buds had a good time, but the old ladies had a dance of their own when the dowagers of the Century club danced the minuet one afternoon in all the glory of Colonial costume and powdered hair. Rather selfishly—it seemed to outsiders—the ladies decreed to keep it entirely to themselves. Only members of the club were admitted to view the dance, but the affair was such a success it had to be repeated in the evening, and it has leaked out how magnificent Mrs. J. F. Swift looked, how stately Mrs. Tubbs, how full of merriment Mrs. George Oulton and how dainty Mrs. Kauffman. A very pretty feature of the afternoon's pleasure was the dancing of two little tots of children who did their *pas seuls* with admirable effect, though a naughty, malicious outsider remarked that it was an illustration of that line from the popular hymn which runs "From youth to hoary age."

A Plucky Family

The Friedlander girls are still very ill and their friends pray heartily for their speedy convalescence. They worked very hard during the winter, capping their labors with the great feat of the Huntington ball, for which they did all the catering. But the after effects of that coup was physical collapse. The Friedlanders have a tremendous amount of pluck, which they inherited from the founder of the family fortunes. In the seventies, Isaac Friedlander was called the "Grain King" and ranked among the multi-millionaires. A crash in wheat shrunk the millions to hundred-thousands, which were his family's inheritance. This fortune went all to pieces some time ago and not a shred remained to the daughters except the family silver and a few heirlooms. Isaac Friedlander was an othodox Jew, but his family did not keep to the faith of their forefathers. When one of his daughters married Augustus Bowie, who is a Maryland Catholic, she embraced his religion. Carey Friedlander missed a good chance of bracing up his sisters' fortunes when he failed a few years ago to take the golden gift held out to him during a stay in Chicago. A millionaire pork-packer's widow fell desperately in love with him, but he did not return her affection. He stayed a bachelor until Cupid hit his heart simultaneously with that of a pretty Los Angeles girl.

Passing of Mrs. Murphy

There never was a woman of more generous and kind impulses than Mrs. B. D. Murphy, whose recent death caused a shock throughout this State. By her death the poor and needy lost a most gracious benefactor. The old Murphy homestead, near San Jose, where Mrs. Murphy passed away, has been the scene of many brilliant entertainments in the years agone. The last general reunion of the family, held in honor of the golden wedding of Martin Murphy and his wife, was attended by large throngs of friends, and a royal entertainment was furnished. The old house on the Murphy estate was brought around the Horn from Boston, in '49, and has occupied its present site for fifty-three years. Martin Murphy and wife lived there continuously for over forty years, and three generations have been born there. It was thirty-three years ago that Mrs. B. D. Murphy, whose funeral took place from the historic home, entered it as a bride.

But He Escaped

A great catch was at the Palace last week in the person of a young Englishman named Yorke. He is of the smartest set at home, and is the first heir to the earldom of Hardwicke. He is the godson of the late Duke of Edinburgh.

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Some Mere Rumors

Rumors that Cupid has turned his back in despair on the heart affairs of a wedded pair of half a year come with every breeze that blows from the Paradise of the Pacific. When Eleanor Gallagher of San Francisco became the bride of Attorney-General Dole of Hawaii last September there were not wanting carping friends to foresee unhappiness. They saw in their jaundiced minds' eyes the inevitable friction between a young woman and a man past his youth. Now they are rejoicing at their prophecies coming true and are whispering, "I told you so," to one another. Though married in September, Mrs. Dole has seen little of her husband. The honeymoon trip was from this city to Honolulu, where the groom has a job paying him three thousand dollars a year, and where his cousin, Sanford B. Dole, is the first citizen, as Governor of the Territory of Hawaii. Attorney General Dole was not expected to marry. He is a well-fed, shiny-pated, over-heated and always-tired man, nearly fifty years of age, and is a devotee of Bacchus. It was not supposed that Venus ever heard his orisons, and most of his time was given to listening to the soft, insidious music of the native musicians who play every few nights on the piazzas of the Hawaiian Hotel where General Dole has abided for long.

That Tired Feeling

With the General, Bacchus and Morpheus were close allies, and he has been wont to nod in the evenings until some abrupter motion overbalanced him and brought notions of a bed and mosquito net—they always go together in Hawaii. Now there are folk who say that the cause of Mrs. Dole's leaving the Pearl of the Pacific while the honeymoon was yet supposedly nascent, was the same unfortunate habit of nodding. Like Colonel Kowalsky and Captain Barnes, General Dole will fall asleep at the most inopportune moments. At important meetings he will blink when the fate of the Territory trembles in the balance, and it is said that Cupid became disgusted with this failing of his middle-aged disciple. Surely it would be provoking to have one's new husband snore while one poured out the sweet things stored in a loving wife's heart. However, there is no clatter of a separation and as General Dole is to arrive here soon on his way to Washington, the bracing air of the mainland may mend matters.

The Prince of Promoters

There are few promoters more skilled in the art of separating men of wealth from their superfluous cash than is the genial Prince Poniatowski of Blingum. That the Prince has convinced certain multi-millionaires of New York that it would be wise for them to invest their money in a new railroad in this State, I have not the slightest doubt. That would not be a great feat for Prince Poniatowski to perform. He has persuaded some of the most cautious and close-fisted of our local capitalists to loosen up for the purpose of engaging in hazardous speculation, and a man that can do that should have no difficulty in winning the confidence of the rich men of New York who are looking for all sorts of schemes in which to invest their money.

The most delightfully blended whisky known to the human palate is "Jesse Moore"—the standard for over fifty years.

Some Knockers

Some of the people, including Will Crocker, who have felt the Poniatowski's hypnotic touch, and who did not possess the requisite staying qualities, have been trying to knock him. They declare that he is not a practical financier, but I have never heard of his losing any large sums of money. He is a successful promoter so far as Poniatowski is concerned, and I have great confidence in his railroad project. There is room for more railroads in this State, and if Eastern financiers are correct in their prognostications concerning the future of California now is the time for them to send their capital in this direction. If the Crockers have lost confidence in Poniatowski he should be congratulated on having won that of the Goulds.

"Yes. I've got to move," explained Flattery to his sympathizing friend; "my wife is ailing all the time in the small quarters where we live. The doctor says there isn't room for improvement."

The Iroquois Endorsement

The State League of Iroquois clubs, whose main distinction is its endowment of Max Popper with political prestige, has endorsed Dr. Dodge for Governor. Still, that can do him no harm. The Iroquois clubs are composed of stalwart Democrats. Those who do not hold office have held office, or else they hope to hold office. At one time when Cleveland was President ninety-eight members of the local club were tax-eaters. It must therefore be conceded that the Iroquois braves are active Democrats and that their endorsement should amount to something. If they were not permitted to select our Governors and other public officials, how could they expect to hold their jobs?

Dowling's Philosophy

"The crust of society is so-called because the crust is always the toughest," says Rev. George Dowling. The divine is shortly to lecture in San Francisco on "Double Beaux Knots by One Who Has Tied Them."

With Oysters, Cold Meats or a Steak, there is nothing so good as a glass of

BURKE'S Guinness's STOUT

The only Stout both bottled and brewed in Dublin

Sherwood & Sherwood

..AGENTS..

212-214 Market Street

He is considered an expert on the marriage state, and a higher critic of the tie that binds. According to his friends, what he doesn't know about brides, bridegrooms, honeymoons, mother-in-laws and the other conditions and blisses of wedded life, is utterly unworthy of being known. Some of his most brilliant mots are as follows:

I have married two couples in ten minutes. That's speedy work; twelve knots an hour.

I would rather marry a headless heart than a heartless head.

When a young man asks me at the end of the ceremony what I charge, I ask him, loud enough to be heard, "What is she worth?"

You may marry a very rich man and get a poor husband.

A man may be the head of the house but the woman is the neck, and I never saw a neck that couldn't turn the head unless the neck was too stiff.

Love is a delightful diet but ham and eggs do come handy at times.

Most inmates of our prisons are single men.

If there are any of you married couples unhappy, go home and play for a week at getting engaged.

The man who tells the minister he will call tomorrow and pay the marriage fee usually fails to find the house. He is like the fellow who goes to church with a cotton umbrella and returns home with a silk one.

Anecdotes of Judge Budd

Judge Joseph H. Budd, who died at his home in Stockton last Sunday night, was one of the most widely known and highly respected jurists of this State. He belonged to the old school, his admission to the bar dating back nearly sixty years. Though he had passed his eightieth milestone, he was in the full enjoyment of his faculties up to the time of his death, and as late as last January he attended to the business of his court. Twenty years ago Judge Budd was a practicing attorney in Stockton, and his son, now so well known as Governor Jim, was also engaged in the practice of law there. One day they appeared as opposing counsel in a case. During the trial the man who afterwards became Governor of the State made a statement which drew forth a protest from the old gentleman.

"I never heard," he said, "such an absurd proposition of law advanced by a respectable attorney."

"If your Honor please," said James H. Budd, "all the law I know I learned from counsel on the other side."

Voluntary Imprisonment

In the early sixties Judge Budd became engaged in a case which had something of the flavor of the Alturas trial in Modoc county. He was associated with W. L. Dudley and Sam Booker, and the case was tried before District Judge Charles W. Creaner. There was a deal of torrid repartee in the case and one day Attorney Booker was adjudged guilty of contempt of court and sentenced to twenty-four hours' imprisonment. Budd and Dudley, believing that they were guilty, too, voluntarily went to jail also. They first purchased a bountiful supply of food, wines and cigars, and that night the three disciples of Blackstone burned the Sheriff's midnight oil over a game of poker.

Blanding to be a Farmer

Poor Tevis Blanding! In spite of the fact that he will some day have a million he appears to have the fatal Tevis heritage of unhappiness. A few years ago when he was drifting into debt his father took him out of school and sent him to the oil fields of Bakersfield to work with the common laborers at daily wages. His father promised to give him a trip around the world if he stuck to his job for a few years, but he grew tired and quit at the end of about eighteen months. Nevertheless, he went abroad. Now he is en route to Mexico to try his hand at farming.

When Bob Rushed Mabel

There seems to be no doubt that Mabel Hopkins has lost her heart to Charley Quinn the turfman. I hear that Mrs. Hopkins is not o'er pleased with the match and is constantly on the alert to circumvent an elopement. Mrs. Hopkins has had one scare in this line and is evidently determined that Cupid shall not catch her napping again. It was while in Paris that Miss Mabel met that chesty heart-breaker Rob Bien. Chief among his assets was a basso voice that is said to lift a maiden off her feet—the same dulcet tones that have since dented Mae Perkins' cardiac organ and won the heart and "I will" of Miss Peck of Chicago. But while the vocal manicures of Paris were shaping his voice he found time to rush Miss Hopkins. Their affection grew like Jack's bean stalk and sprouted tender missives, mayhap an engagement ring, and unquestionably their thoughts were two-stepping altarward at a very lively rate, before Mamma realized what was happening.

Frustrated by Mamma

It was arranged to slip off one morning before breakfast and surprise Mamma with a son-in-law. The question of sordid lucre had to be considered and as Bien was a remittance man, Miss Hopkins agreed to mesmerize enough money to bridge the time between the "Never darken my door again" and "God bless you, my children" act. But somehow their plans trickled to Mrs. Hopkins' ears and she sent them glimmering. When they met again in San Francisco it was evident that their ardor had cooled down to the platonic

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temperature and indeed it was Miss Hopkins who encouraged her erstwhile admirer to transfer his regard to the Senator's daughter. But when Miss Peck of Chicago showed herself not averse to his attentions the young man decided that his bread would be best buttered in that quarter. The Pecks are supposed to have lost a large slice of the wealth that was once theirs but their social position is still twenty-four-carat and they are really not modern rivals of Job's turkey. Mr. Bien left for Chicago with the Pecks on Monday and immediately after the wedding, which is set for an early date, he will take his bride to Paris where the finishing fallals will be put on his voice.

The Launching of Mabel

When Mabel Hopkins first returned from Europe it looked as though her cousins were making room for her in their enviable niche in the smart set. E. W. Hopkins and his brother's widow have been at outs for years but he did not allow his resentment to extend to his niece and his daughters were given carte blanche to launch pretty Miss Mabel. Edna Hopkins-Taylor sent out cards for a luncheon at the University club and Cousin Mabel was presented to the sacred inner circle. Mabel was pronounced chic and altogether adorable and society was willing to be more than polite. About a week later, at a tea, it was learned that a rupture had occurred. But evidently Mabel Hopkins has not bothered her pretty head about it. She has a very independent catholic taste and chooses her friends without reference to the Rev. Nicholls' abridged edition of Ward McAllister. Her marriage to Mr. Quinn is accepted as a certainty by those who know them both.

Sun Shone on the Bride

Robert Bien is going to make a splendid match from all points of view, and the luck of the capricious young singer has aroused the envy of many Chicago beaux who wooed Arline Peck in vain. Miss Peck, by the way, was engaged before but for some reason nobody was ever able to discover why the engagement was broken off. Her former fiance was a brother of Charles Simms, who married her elder sister, Buda Peck. Buda Peck's wedding is still remembered, as a very unique and elaborate affair. It was not solemnized in a Chicago church, but in the little chapel near the Pecks' country-seat in Wisconsin. The bride was carried to the church in a sedan-chair, the bearers being six prominent society men of the windy city. Behind the blushing bride's conveyance came the six bridesmaids, two and two. It was a most original procession and was witnessed by a crowd of gaping villagers. As the festive train entered the church a ray of sunlight slanted directly upon the bride, illuminating her face and figure in a manner that no one who was present has ever forgotten.

THE LATEST STYLES OF
Visiting Cards, Wedding Invitations and Announcements . . . . .
IN OLD ENGLISH, ROMAN OR SCRIPT
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Le COUNT BROS. CO.
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Made Up His Mind Long Ago

With the passing of E. J. Colnon of the Stockton *Mail* the State loses its best known representative of the interior press and one of its brainiest and shrewdest political leaders. He was Jim Budd's Fidus Achates and when the Stockton lawyer reached the governor's chair he testified his regard by giving Colnon what he considered the best offices in his gift. The Stockton editor exercised a strong leverage in his district and had a deal to do with the rise of young de Vries and numbers of others who are now prominent in San Joaquin Valley politics. Till very shortly before his first Los Angeles trip he had no idea he was the victim of an incurable malady. For several years back, though, he complained of not feeling exactly right and was suspicious that in some way his health was undermined. It was about that time that an epidemic of dread Bright's disease ran through the ranks of public men. I remember Jim Budd saying that he knew almost as much about the subject as any specialist. His friends had such a high opinion of his knowledge that they used to ask his opinion on the symptoms. Colnon passed through that period without a qualm. Coming down from Stockton on the train, one day, he remarked to a friend: "I don't seem to be able to pull myself together and enjoy my old-time health. One thing is certain: if ever I discover that I have anything incurable I know how to end it." The story of his last act in Los Angeles confirms what he had in mind.

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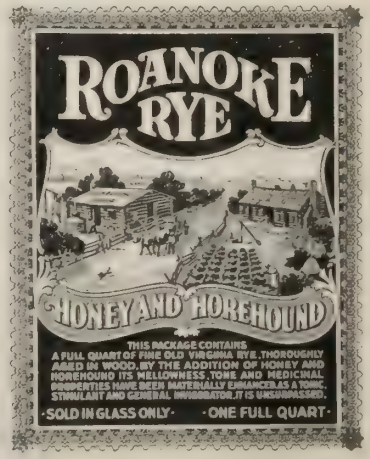

A Hard Working Girl

Alma de Brettville, whose six weeks' acquaintance with Chas. Anderson cost that gay Klondiker two hundred and eight dollars, thirty-three and a third cents, per, not to speak of the fifteen hundred dollars alleged to have gone in gifts, was a few years ago working as stenographer for "Doc" Gore. She was not more than eighteen years old at that time, but was a full-fledged beauty. Her extreme height made her a marked figure among the business women of downtown commercial circles. After leaving Gore, I am told, she took up leather work, and with her sister visited San Jose, teaching the art of poker sketching and selling the products of their ready fingers. The sisters were very successful, and went as far as Mexico, picking up many new ideas among the leather workers of that country.

Millionaires and Desolation

The latest product of the Chinese exclusion literary mill is as follows:

Admit coolies, no work;
No work, no homes;
No homes, no family;
No family, no morality;
No morality, no manhood;
No manhood, no Nation;
Result: Chinamen and chaos—
Millionaires and desolation.

Mrs. Oelrichs Danced with Wu

Chinese Minister Wu, whose ireful conversation with ex-Mayor Phelan in Washington last week gave the press East and West much good material for comment, is ordinarily the quietest and most courteous of diplomats. Mrs. Oelrichs, who was a guest at a dinner dance in his honor, given by Mrs. Stuyvesant-Fish at Newport last year, says that she found him very charming. She danced with him and so did Mrs. Fish, Mrs. Charles Pomeroy and others. His valsing was no less ready than his repartee. Wu is an elegant dresser and always carries a Chinese umbrella in his walks abroad. He is probably the cleverest Oriental that ever appeared in the diplomatic corps at the Nation's capital. He is not only the representative of his Emperor to the United States, but also to Peru and Spain.

The Stanford Dance

The Stanford dance last week was not up in point of anything, except the decorations, which were exquisite, to previous balls of the parlor. Few of the old members were there, and not many of the usual set mingled with the dancers. The best attendance was among the lookers-on. As a rule, the Stanford's annual dances have been noted for the beautiful gowns worn by the women, but this year there was a noticeable absence of smart dressing. Nearly all of the frocks worn were high in the neck, and decollete was the exception.

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Reillys of Virginia

Every one who has met Robinson Reilly, the new husband of Genevieve Goad, declares him to be a very fine chap. The Reillys it appears are not just ordinary Reillys, but Reillys of Virginia and the daughters have made excellent matches.

Generous Virginia

After visiting the Washington monument I can readily understand the conceit of Virginians. It is indigenous to the soil. Among the many blocks of marble and granite contributed to the monument is one that caught my eye at about the two-hundred-foot level. It was the gift of the State of Virginia, and this is the inscription it bears:

Virginia, that gave Washington to her country, now presents this block of granite to his monument.

Without Virginia, where could we have ever found a Washington?

COLORADO CLAY—ITS REMARKABLE EFFECT UPON THE HAIR.

Turns white hair black, brown, auburn, or Titian red. Restores gray hair to its original color without changing the natural colors. Peroxide ends made to equal the new hair growing out. Bleached hair will take a rich golden or chestnut. The color is regulated by the number of hours in the clay bath. The strongest shampoo will not affect it, nor does the clay stain the scalp in any particular.

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THE SERVICE IS PERFECT.

Down town business men, stenographers, bookkeepers, every one who finds it impossible to snatch a full hour for the noonday meal, patronize the Puritan Dining Room, 413 Market street, because all are sure to get quick service there. With the splendid service goes a menu of pure foods, well cooked and palatable.

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A A
WHISKEY
BEST ON EARTH

The Blue Page

The Countess de Plessy, young, pretty and vivacious, was immoderately in love with her husband. He, on the contrary, as all Paris knew, was for the time being hopelessly enslaved by a little singer of the Opera, a delicious blonde who had just achieved a triumph in the role of Cherubino. Gossip, or some friend more officious than discreet, soon enough conveyed the story of the Count's infatuation to his wife's ears. She, in despair, lost no time in hurrying off to consult her mentor, Madame X.

Madame X. was an American, a Western woman, as pretty and as foolish as the Countess herself. She listened, sympathized, and advised a course of retaliation.

"But, dear Anna, what can I do?" asked the Countess, through her tears.

Madame X. reflected for a few moments, then jumped up in animation and flung her arms around her friend's neck.

"I have it, I have it," cried she. "In a fortnight it will be Mardi Gras, and the Count will undoubtedly attend the Opera Ball."

"Well?"

"Well, you must go, too. You must go in the character of—guess what? Cherubino."

"Oh, Anna, impossible!"

"Impossible? Not at all. Just listen to me."

And the lively Anna unfolded her plan, a daring one, nothing less than for Lucie to personate Cherubino at the ball and in that character confront the Count.

Anna was an industrious reader of novels, and expected great results from her scheme. She looked forward to the demolition of the little singer, the subjugation of the Count, and the complete victory of Lucie.

"With your figure, your bearing, your chic, it will be easy. Leave the details to me."

The Countess allowed herself to be persuaded. The fetching costume was prepared, and the eventful evening arrived. In the dressing room of Madame X. and with the assistance of her maid, Lucie donned the disguise. It was a ravishing costume of pale blue, satin doublet, silk hose, and velvet cloak. Added to these were tiny shoes and a chapeau with a long white plume, to say nothing of a blonde wig and blue satin masque. When all was done, Lucie could not resist a spasm of fright when she saw the effect in the mirror, notwithstanding the joyous cries of the others who pronounced her a complete triumph. It was rather late to retreat, so the trio entered their carriage and drove to the scene of the ball. Anna and the maid were in dominos.

No sooner was she landed amid the gay throng than the little page had more than her share of attention. She was not used to such rude compliments, such pointed remarks, and shrank from them. She clung nervously to the others, kept as much as possible within the shelter of her cloak, and put on all the dignity she was capable of. Anna, too, was far from being at ease. The femme de chambre, however, who was really the guiding spirit of the adventure, had aplomb enough for the three, and carried things with a high hand. Before long the three women became separated in the throng, and poor Lucie found herself the centre of a waggish crowd which pressed around her from all sides.

The Count and his friend, Paul de Neyrac, did not appear until late. The former was on the watch for his charmer who was to be in the guise of a Folly, while Paul, seeing the group around the blue page went over to see what was causing the excitement. In a few moments he divined several things—that the lovely Cherubino was a lady "tres comme il faut," that she was sadly out of her element and that she was ready to die with fright.

He resolved to put an end to the situation, so approaching the pretty page, he exclaimed, "Ah! faithless one, I have found you at last. Why did you desert me?" In an undertone he added: "Fear nothing, Madame, I shall protect you. Do me the honor to accept my arm."

Lucie took the proffered arm but was too much frightened to do more than murmur her thanks. Almost at the same moment the Count was seen approaching, a circumstance which, far from reassuring Lucie, only redoubled her misery and terror. The Count had not discovered his Folly, and was somewhat surprised and irritated at the apparition of the blue page. He determined to fathom the matter, and approaching De Neyrac claimed acquaintance with the lady.

The whispered assent of Lucie confirmed the assertion, and husband and wife found themselves walking off, arm in arm. They were silent. The Count was thinking deeply, the Countess endeavoring to control her sobs.

Count de Plessy belonged to an old family of Provence whose pride was only equaled by its poverty. He was easily offended but by no means easily mollified. In his ancestral castle on a dry hillside his stern old mother held almost feudal sway over a number of faithful servants and tenants. He had married Lucie for her money, she being the orphan and heiress of a rich manufacturer. For his wife he had a feeling of toleration approaching contempt.

Meanwhile the trembling page clung to his arm, and at last ventured a timid "Alfred." She then began to sob violently.

The Count on recognizing his wife's voice dreaded a scene and led her toward a box. Once safe she wept, clung to him, and begged forgiveness.

He eyed her from head to foot coldly. "So it was in my honor that you came to this place in this guise?" exclaimed he. "However, I do not believe you. You came to meet Monsieur de Neyrac, on whose arm I found you. I shall send him a challenge tomorrow."

The Count was a farceur and his only intention was to frighten his wife a little more, seeing she was on the verge of being nearly frightened to death. Besides, he thought that if the story of Madame's coming to the ball in this disguise were to get out it would be a great joke in the clubs. There was yet time to save himself. Summoning a servant he directed him to order a fiacre. Then turning to his wife he said:

"You will return home immediately. You say you have lost your companions. Let them take care of themselves. For the present, enough of this."

He coldly and in silence conducted her to the carriage, gave directions to the driver, and returned to the ball. "What have you done with your blue page?" asked Paul de Neyrac.

"Bah! she was stupid. I contrived to lose her."

Lucie saw nothing of her husband the next day nor the next. She did not even leave the house to attend church. Madame X. called and was denied admittance by the servants. On the evening of the third day Alfred entered his wife's dressing room. She was frightened and tearful, dreading she knew not what. Would the Count kill M. de Neyrac? Would he divorce her, put her in a convent? Most of her ideas of life were derived from novels. She flew to meet her husband.

"Be seated, madame," he said, coldly.

She obeyed. "You have been guilty of an impropriety unbefitting your rank. You do not know how to conduct yourself

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as my wife. On account of your youth I forgive you, but you must leave Paris."

"Leave Paris, Alfred? Where will you send me?"

"I shall place you in charge of my mother. Order your woman to pack your trunks and accompany you. The carriage will convey you to the night train for Lyons. Adieu, madame."

So the poor little Countess was bustled away to her husband's gloomy old castle. That was ten years ago, and she is still there. She has never been permitted to return to Paris. She has grown thin, faded, and devout. The Count enjoys himself after his own fashion, and constantly expresses to society his regret that his wife's health requires her to live in the south, and that she can not stand the climate of Paris.

—*The Mefistofele.*

A MATTER OF INCHES.

The famous serio exclaimed—
Her tears were falling fast—
"The present fame I now enjoy
Will soon be of the past."

"Not so," said friends, "though on the halls,
You have a ringing voice,
And just to see you in a dance
Would make a mute rejoice.

"To match your shapely lissom form
No rival can aspire,
Orchestra, boxes, gallery
Your rounded calves admire."

"'Tis vain," quoth she, "to comfort me,
Though kindly meant, I know:
My kick is inches lower
Than it was a year ago!"

THE CIGAR OF CLUBDOM.

No person in the world is so hard to please with regard to his "smoke" as the man of clubs. Your swell club man is the real connoisseur. He knows that it is not always the cigar with the most high-sounding title, or that sports the gayest band, that is the best brand. He chooses a brand that he knows, an honest cigar that never fails to give enjoyment. This is why, wherever you go, in every club you find the Lord Temple cigar the favorite. It is properly called "the Club Cigar" for all smart clubmen smoke it.

Mr. Younghusband: I am going to be a father in about a month.

Mr. Clubwit: Why, it'll be an Easter baby, won't it?

Mr. Younghusband: Oh, Lord! yes, I never thought of that. I'll have to buy it a bonnet.

THE REASON WHY.

"Why I drink Argonaut O. K.," said a prominent club man in answer to a question as to his choice of a brand, "is because I have found no other whisky to equal it."

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

The "widow's mite," so Scriptures say,
Hath been exalted in the sight
Of God and man; none laugh away
The widow's might.

In Cupid's realm of sweet delight,
'Tis said the widow, too holds sway,
And rules the kingdom, as of right.

This much I know, that, sad or gay,
In sorrow grim or joyaunce bright,
The pulsings of my heart betray
That widow's smite.

February, 1902. *R. C. Macdonald.*

SCHOOL OF CONCENTRATION

This school has been in successful operation for the past eight years at 406 Sutter street and numbers among its students some of the best minds of the State. Our method of instruction is by demonstration. We teach you how to strengthen your memory, become self-reliant, to overcome habits and appetites, to control your children and your environments and those with whom you come in contact. We develop your will power and teach you how to use it. Concentration has nothing in common with Hypnotism, Religion, New Thought or other fads. Instruction private, not classes. We solicit investigation.

J. Cameron Diamond, Instructor

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INSTANTANEOUS WATER HEATER.

If you want a hot bath any moment, day or night, you must have an instantaneous heater. There are hundreds in use, and not a single purchaser can be found who does not praise it highly. Mr. N. Del Banco of 2457 Scott street says: "I gladly and highly recommend your Ribbon Water Heater. It works charmingly, surpassing all my expectations, and is one of the greatest comforts I ever had in the house." See advertisement on page 30.

Mrs. Pacific Avenue: I am a thorough bohemian, don't you know, Mrs. Parvenue.

Mrs. Parvenue: I told my husband I knew you were a foreigner—but I hadn't any idea it was Bohemia. I thought you were French.

ART AT VICKERY'S

There is a very interesting exhibition at Vickery's. It opened on Thursday, and already many of the paintings are sold. Some of Mrs. Richardson's choicest gems are among the features of the collection. Mr. Vickery has the art of bringing together and displaying that in which the art-loving soul delights, and this is one of the occasions. A visit to Vickery's in Post street near Stockton, is a treat.

A New System of Playing the Races

One can point to no year in the history of turfdom where such genuine interest in the sport of kings has been manifested as in this, the winter season of 1901-1902. Racing is a sport that appeals to the manly man. It is also a sport that appeals to the business man, if he goes about its enjoyment in the right way. The only way that suggests itself to the level-headed man is to find a system that commends itself for its wisdom, accuracy and integrity.

N. S. Hand, the expert handicapper of 113 Stockton street, recently perfected and copyrighted a new "alternating" system of playing the races that is thoroughly practical and safe as well as highly profitable. It consists in playing the first two choices on handicap figures and shows a profit of over five thousand dollars during the past forty days at the Oakland track, on two thousand dollars and Hand's figures. Mr. Hand is now organizing a pool in this city for the purpose of operating his system and will accept commissions from twenty dollars up, to be played by him on the California and Eastern tracks on a co-operative basis. He charges a commission of twenty-five per cent of the net profits as pay for his services in full. Mr. Hand has had fine experience in turf matters, and is the secretary and chief handicapper for the Metropolitan Horse Owners' Association of New York. He is the author of the original "American Handicapping System" and also of "Hand's System of Handicapping" which are now in general use on all American tracks. They are the standard textbooks of the turf on this side of the big pond.

This Metropolitan Horse Owners' Association, by the way, requires a word by itself. It is incorporated under the laws of the State of New York and has a capital stock of fifty thousand dollars. Its officers are all men whose names are known to every horse owner and turf man. Andrew Mills is managing race editor of the *Daily American;* Frank Reagan is owner of the famous racing stables that bear his name; Harry M. Mason is expert trainer for J. G. Follansbee's racing stables of New York; P. F. Charles is the New York end of the firm of N. S. Hand & Co. The association was formed for the purpose of buying, controlling and operating thoroughbred race-horses in the standard tracks throughout the country, as a business proposition on a co-operative basis. Only the most competent and experienced trainers, veterinary surgeons, handicappers, jockeys and assistants are employed by the association. No horse of less market value than one thousand dollars is purchased or leased, and their racing condition is closely looked into by experts before the bargain is consummated. The Metropolitan Horse Owners' Association treats racing from the business standpoint, and in this but carries out the example of many of our shrewdest and greatest capitalists who are one after the other turning to the turf for profitable investment of their capital.

Mr. Hand also looks upon racing from the financial point of view, as does the association of which is is secretary. He is a sportsman. He loves racing for itself, but he believes that haphazard betting is not the way to promote interest in the king of sports. There is no reason, he argues, why a man should not place his bets according to the dictates of reason any more than he should buy a house or a lot, or put his capital into commerce without proper investigation and thought. Mr.

N. S. HAND

Hand has been connected with the turf for many years. For nine years he was assistant bank examiner of the Chicago post-office, but when he made thirty-two thousand dollars on the turf in six weeks, he decided to resign from routine work and devote his whole time to racing. He has been steadily successful in the eight years that have passed since then. For seven years he has visited San Francisco annually, and he takes a sincere interest in the progress of racing on this coast.

A curious circumstance, for there seems to be no analogy between music and the turf, is the fact that the noted author of the "American Handicapping System" is also the author and composer of "Come Where the Wild Flowers Bloom," the quartet sung for four years in Denman Thompson's "The Old Homestead"; "Rock the Cradle, Mother," the famous lullaby sung by Haverly's Minstrels and other troupes; "Mother's Old-Fashioned Rocker," which has had a large sale; "Swinging the Baby," which is being sung in New York today; "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," and other popular songs. All these pieces are sold by the leading music dealers throughout the country. "Hand's Improved Harmony Chart, a Self-Instructor," of which over eighty thousand copies have been sold, is as well known among musicians as the "System of Handicapping" is among frequenters of race

courses. Mr. Hand is exceedingly fond of music and has natural talent in that line. If ever he is able to find the leisure from his multifarious business interests he should try his hand at a comic opera on a turf topic. It would be sure to make a hit. His "Musical Indicator" and "Guitar Harmony" are standard text books in musical schools and conservatories.

This man who is called the most expert handicapper in the United States, and who is also one of America's favorite composers, is not the least of a poseur. He is very modest in manner, but courteous and kind, with a natural sympathy and magnetism that have gained him friends in every city he has visited. He is positively honest and upright in his dealings, scorns a lie or a subterfuge, and few men are held in such universal respect. One of the qualities that has assisted him to the high place he now occupies is his invariable coolness. He is like the successful lion and tiger hunter who, in the presence of danger, retains his nerve. Men of lesser intellect and backbone could not hold the position of adviser to the whole racing world, which is practically the position of Mr. Hand. The latter can do it without flinching for he never loses his head. He is a splendid type of the thoroughbred American.

Mr. Hand will leave here about the fifteenth of April for New York, for the opening of the Eastern season, where he will operate the same as if in San Francisco, placing commissions.

STAGE

"The Serenade" by Local Singers

The management of the Tivoli may rest on its oars for awhile now and devote its waking hours to inventing a handsome souvenir to commemorate "The Serenade's" one hundredth performance. For an emphatic hit, and worthily one, has been made by the present production of the De Koven-Smith opera. To the audiences that delight in comic opera this is the biggest treat the Tivoli has given us in years. The croakers' prognostication that the Bostonians' opera would be nothing without the singers for whom it was written appears to be a fallacy, for not even Jessie Bartlett Davis is missed. The Tivoli singers have carefully followed the Bostonians in business and makeup, and the imitators are in the main better than the originals. "The Serenade" was written for an all-star cast, and if it never had it before it has it now. Hartman, Cashman and Webb form a trio of excellent fun-making quality. Hartman gives a very straight performance of the Duke of Vera Cruz, and Cashman's Gomez is exceedingly droll. But it is Webb who is the most surprisingly diverting of the three. He makes of Colombo far more than did the original Bostonian who created the role. Schuster sings much better than he used and his Romero is good vocally and dramatically. He sings the carbine song with fine expression and is well backed up by the male chorus, which has been admirably drilled. Cunningham is magnificent as the dashing Alvarado and Gordon makes a delightful Lopez. Some melodious numbers fall to both. The former has the stirring postillion song, and the latter the beautiful love song in the last act. Cunningham also has the duet with Dolores when the serenade gets in its first innings. Anna Lichter is a sweet and charming Yvonne and nothing could be more exquisitely sung than her "birdie" solo in the monastery garden. The audience seems never to get enough of this or of the gay waltz song in the same act. I am quite sure that there is no one on the comic opera stage who possesses such a flawless contralto voice as Frances Graham's. She imbues her part of Dolores, both as actress and singer, with a vigor and enthusiasm that are absolutely fascinating. The "Angelus," Piff-Paff and other songs that fall to her are faultlessly rendered. Annie Meyers as the Abbess, Fogarty as the Abbott, Kavanagh as the Ancestor and Guise as a Bandit, all add strength to the cast. The tout ensemble of "The Serenade" is such as to give its stage and orchestral directors good cause for congratulation. In this self-applause Ferris Hartman can truthfully take to himself a fat share. His "Dreaming" is one of the emphatic hits of the production.

Apropos of "The Corner Grocery"

If Georgie Cooper ever wishes to take to the vaudeville stage she is sure to obtain vogue as an imitator. She took off Fougere, in a few characteristics of that fascinating Parisian, on the opening night of "The Corner Grocery" when as an encore to "Shet that Golden Gate" she sang "I'd Leave My Happy Home for You." I wonder if anybody has ever noticed the striking resemblance Georgie Cooper bears to Louise Thorndyke Boucicault? I look for fine work in the future from this young girl, and her present training in the Belasco-Thall stock company is just what will fit her for future triumphs. The Central stock is one of the best of its kind, and the versatility of all the members of the company is remarkable. James W. Horne, who is the theatre's assistant treasurer, strengthens the cast of "The Corner Grocery" by appearing as the mischievous lad. His eccentric song and dance are clever and original.

In Death's Reaping

Three famed minstrels, Billy West, Billy Emerson and John Queen, passed away within the past fortnight. West was always surnamed "the magnificent" for his courtly demeanor. He was the king of interlocutors and when associated with

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George Primrose no minstrel team was more popular than theirs. Emerson's name is associated with all that was best in minstrelsy in San Francisco, and any number of stories have been revived about him since his death. His palmiest days were perhaps those when he and Charlie Reed were partners. Reed passed away long ago. Queen is probably best known out here as the author of "Dem Goo Goo Eyes."

Attractions Next Week

"The Serenade" will run all next week at the Tivoli, and probably for many weeks to come.

"At the White Horse Tavern," which will be the Alcazar's next offering, made a great hit when produced by the Frawleys and is sure to be a success presented by the Alcazar stock. It is comedy drama of direct heart interest, its scenes are exciting and its dialogue moving. It gives scope for some striking stage pictures.

"The Last Stroke," a melodrama with Cuba as the background, will be given at the Central next week.

At the Grand Opera House the revival of Hoyt's plays with George Ober as the star is attracting audiences that nightly test the capacity of that commodious theatre. For the third week of Mr. Ober's engagement Hoyt's clever satire, "A Contented Woman" will be the bill. This comedy is a merry concoction, crowded with deliciously characteristic Hoytian humor. It will be remembered that the role of the heroine was the favorite one of beautiful Caroline Miskel Hoyt. The part of Maverick Brander was created by Tim Murphy, and Mr. Ober has much of the natural humor that made Mr. Murphy's conception so popular. "A Midnight Bell" will have but four more performances.

"Arizona" has been a success all along the line and Augustus Thomas' latest play is certain of drawing large houses during its Columbia engagement which begins next Monday night. There is a Western flavor to the play that should make it eminently attractive to San Franciscans. It is a story of the lives and loves of men and women living in that picturesque section of our national domain which is now knocking at the doors of Congress with the demand for the dignities of statehood. The company includes Grace Elliston, Dustin Farnum, Grace Thorne, Harrison Armstrong, Frazer Coulter, Alma Bradley, Frank Campeau, Ada Craven, Dodson Mitchell, Jane Bliss Taylor, Ben Deane, William Hazeltine, Stanley Murphy and Clement R. Kirby.

The ten Nelsons will reappear at the Orpheum tomorrow after a year's absence from the city. During this timet hey have appeared in the principal vaudeville centres of the world and they return with an acrobatic act even more daring and sensational than their last. The Auers, quaint comedians from Europe, who make pictures out of rags and do other unique things, will make their first appearance in San Francisco. Eva Mudge, known as the "American Girl Who Captivated London," will also be new here. She is a petite and pretty lighting change artist and singer who appears in military and other costumes. The Leamer sisters, equilibrists, promise an extraordinary exhibition. The three Meers will vary their wire walking performance, Billy Clifford will sing new songs and spring new gags, the Probyn Ladies' Quartet promises an entire change of program, J. C. Nugent and Grace Fertig will continue their laughing gem, "The Absent Minded Beggar," and the Biograph will show new pictures.

—*The Playgoer.*

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MUSIC

A Child Violinist

Next Tuesday, March fourth, is the date set for the outcoming concert of young Aileen McCabe the fourteen-year-old violinist who according to her teacher, Noah Brandt, is at the beginning of a notable career. The child's education has been a matter of but two years on the violin, her previous life having been spent at Madera near Fresno, where her mother, a teacher of the piano, discovered by pure accident that the child had extraordinary talent. At five years she began to teach her the piano, after being astonished at the infallibility displayed in her knowledge of correct pitch by the sound alone. While studying the piano the little one would improvise dainty melodies of her own conception almost invariably in a sad trend of thought that made her mother, who watched her closely, melancholy to listen to. After a year of piano study she evinced so strong a desire to learn the violin that the piano lessons were discontinued and every effort made to find a way to get to the city where she could study the instrument she loved. Three years ago they left their old home and upon a venture came to San Francisco. Here Mrs. McCabe managed to get pupils and six months later sought Noah Brandt who undertook the education of the young musician. Allowing for six months of absence from the city the child has had but two years' training on the violin, with the most gratifying results. She plays Wieniawski, De Beriot, Vieuxtemps and composers of the higher class of writers for the violin, with an intonation, strength and maturity that are astonishing. Only with the artist born could such a result be obtained in so short a period of study. Her ear is so acute that she can sing instantly any note the moment it is called for and names the notes of chords rapidly and without hesitation as soon as they are struck on the piano. She is a prepossessing child, modest and unassuming, devoted to her art and working like the true devotee for the career she has been assured is ahead of her. After Tuesday night's concert in which she will be assisted by eminent local talent, there will be a tour, but for this arrangements have not yet been completed.

Nordica's Good-bye

A packed house greeted Nordica at her farewell concert. Aisle seats were at a premium and people were well content to stand in every available place for the supreme privilege of hearing this great singer once more. It was a triumph and I think Nordica felt it herself for she never sang better and the encores shook the house, even women calling out in the self-forgetfulness of their delight in her art. The song cycle of Von Fielitz was the principal work of the program, the remainder being somewhat altered and substitutions made. It was this that gave us again "Brunhilde's Call," which she made her farewell, and a fitting one it was, since with that character she will ever be identified in our minds as the highest, noblest type of womanhood. All in all, I think her second program was the most satisfactory all through and preserved more unity, and it was in this second concert that Nordica seemed to shine in a different light and displayed more of real every-day tenderness in her tones.

Sir Henry Entertains Hofmann

It transpires that the dinner given in the red room of the Bohemian club on February thirteenth with Josef Hofmann as guest was given by Sir Henry Heyman and is deserving of more than passing comment for the elegance of its appointments. The guests were received in the owl room by the genial host and thence proceeded to the red room where dinner was served, but it was here that a lavish hand was displayed as the decorations were such as to surprise an exclamation of pleasure from the lips of the guest of honor. Over the round table and suspended from the ceiling was an immense Chinese umbrella sixteen feet in diameter and of gorgeous hues, from each corner of which hung a lighted Chinese lantern and from the centre an Oriental lamp of beautiful design, also lighted. The centrepiece of the table was a magnificent antique copper vase filled with branches of rare plum blossoms while the table itself was almost entirely concealed with the wealth of rare orchids, violets and ferns. Candelabra with rose colored shades cast a pleasant glow over the surroundings and the favors were boutonnieres—gorgeous carnations of enormous size. The menu was printed in gold letters upon heavy white cardboard, with the club crest embossed in gold in one corner. Josef Hofmann was greatly surprised and expressed his pleasure in unstinted terms. Sir Henry acted as toastmaster and paid his guest the most graceful and sincere compliments, to his art and to himself as a man, speaking of him as "An artist of God's own creating and a distinguished and refined gentleman as well." Good stories and much flashing of wit abounded and the guests one and all declared it an evening which they will long remember. Those present were: Josef and Casimir Hofmann, Mayor Schmitz, Park Commissioner Altman, F. P. Deering, president of the Bohemian club, Horace G. Platt and Vanderlynn Stow, both ex-presidents of the club, Louis Sloss Jr., Judge M. C. Sloss, Charles Dickman, I. G. Waterman and Sir Henry Heyman.

Emma Nevada

The most notable figure of the present concert season is Madame Emma Nevada, who is to appear in concert at Metropolitan hall next Monday night, assisted by three European artists of distinction. Nevada has just returned to her native land after a couple of years spent abroad, during one of which she was the prima donna at The Hague, where she sang by royal command at the wedding of young Queen Wilhelmina and during the season sang in opera at the Royal Opera House. It is said that the diva's voice is in perfect condition and she will be heard to every possible advantage at the coming concert. Her trills and her cadenzas are so perfect that criticism fails. Her velvety voice is like a flake of silken, impalpable fioss, wafted through the auditorium and resolved in tenderest melody in the consciousness of her enraptured hearers. It is said that her performance as well as that part of the concert contributed by her talented company is a musical event that no lover of the divine art can well afford to miss. The songstress brings with her the great violoncellist from Spain, Pablo Casals, an artist accorded great praise by all the European critics; Leon Moreau, the pianist, and Daniel Maquarre, a flutist of great distinction in France. The advance sale of seats for the concert now in progress at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s music store shows a big demand. Seats are one dollar, two dollars, and three dollars.

Katharine Fisk

For the first time in many years we will have the pleasure of listening to a great contralto in song recitals. Mrs. Katherine Fisk, the famous American concert and oratorio singer, who possesses that rare gift, a true contralto voice, will give four recitals at Sherman, Clay & Co. hall on the nights of Tuesday and Friday, March eleventh and fourteenth and afternoons of Thursday and Saturday, March thirteenth and fifteenth, under the management of Bouvier and Greenbaum. Mrs. Fisk has appeared with great success with the London Philharmonic, Richter's, Colonne's, Boston Symphony and other great orchestras and with all the leading oratorio societies of England and America. Her pre-eminence lies in that rare combination of a voice of wonderful depth, range and dramatic quality, an intense artistic temperament, broad musical intelligence, beauty of face and physique, and a most charming and winning personality. Mrs. Fisk is a prominent figure in Chicago society, in which city her husband is Superintendent of Schools. Aside from her well-nigh endless repertoire of oratorio and aria, Mrs. Fisk has made extremely popular her delightful ballad recitals in German, French, English, Italian and Scotch. The programs for her recitals in this city are particularly interesting and can be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the sale of seats opens next Thursday morning. Prices are seventy-five cents, one dollar and one dollar and a half.

Next Friday afternoon the last concert of the second series given by the San Francisco Symphony Society, will take place at the Grand Opera House. Director Paul Steindorff and his fifty-five men have prepared an unusually strong program, which is as follows: Symphony, No. 3 (Eroica L. von Beethoven;

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overture, "The Flying Dutchman," Wagner; Hexenswunden, Edward Grieg, Serenade, for string orchestra, E. Pierne; Espanola, E. Chabrier.

The Chicago Symphony Concert

One of the greatest treats I have listened to in many a day was the opening concert of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. "Tannhauser" was finely done, the fifty individuals playing as one man. In the "Scotch" symphony one began to see what metal these men were made of and became aware that Mr. Rosenbecker's baton, though so quietly wielded, was much alive and that every phrase in the orchestra was made by that insignificant-looking piece of wood. The orchestra wrought out the whole wonderful picture, and its finish was greeted with a rousing encore. The overture "1812," of Tchaikowsky, was also a fine piece of work, the composition bearng the unmistakable impress of Polish enthusiasm. Jan von Oordt did some splendid violin work in Wieniawski's Concerto in D minor, No. 2. He possesses a technique and temperament that make his playing a delight. Mr. Towne impressed me at first as having a great deal of voice, but a little every-day encore song displayed the quality of his voice in softer tones. Madame Linne has some fine top notes, but her voice in the altogether is not so pleasng. The orchestra played again last night, and there will be concerts this afternoon and evening.

The concert of Belle Clair Chamberlain on the evening of February twenty-first was artistically a success though the severity of the weather kept many away who, living at a distance, could not brave the elements. However, Miss Chamberlain played like the artist she is as if to a full house and won many encores for the manner in which she rendered the fine program she had prepared. Her finest number I think was the last, the "Twelfth Rhapsodie" of Liszt, which was a splendid rendering of a difficult composition. In encore she gave a "Nocturne" by Tchaikowsky with beautifully delicate and poetical meaning. Mendelssohn's "Auf Flugeler des Ganges" was one of her most poetical numbers and she gave the "Magic Fire Scene" of Wagner's "Walkeure" with splendid conception. Miss Chamberlain is so plainly endowed with unusual talents as a pianiste one can but wish that she might fulfill the prediction of Carreno, and become a piano virtuoso of worldwide reputation.

Despite the tempestuous weather on Thursday, the evening set for the recital given by the piano pupils of the Von Meyerinck School of Music, there was a fine attendance and the program went off in the most successful and gratifying fashion Miss Jessie Burns, Mr. Ed. Rosenlund and Miss Johnston carried off the honors of the piano department and Master Alenberg won much commendation for his rendering of the Bach-Gounod prelude. He is a very young violin student. The Ladies' Quartet did fine work, the Damrosch number "Violets" being applauded until a repetition was given. Those who took part in the program were the Misses Cronan, Johnston and Burns, piano pupils; Master Ferdinand Alenberg, violin; Mr. Ed. Rosenlund, piano and the Misses Gross, Craig, Burns and Davidson of the Ladies' Quartet.

A concert is anounced for Monday evening, March tenth, at Sherman-Clay hall in which the participants will be Madame Abbie Carrington, vocalist, Miss Mary Carrington and Emlyn Lewys, pianists. It is a strong combination and as the forenamed artists have given us a taste of what they are able to do musically, there should be a full house. The program is sure to be attractive and its rendition most enjoyable.

"Emma Nevada will wear some stunning Worth gowns at her coming concert at Metropolitan hall next Monday night." Thus reads the press agent's copy. This is somewhat unusual—can it be that Madame Nevada will change her attire between songs? —*The Music Critic*

THE WINE FOR PRINZ HENRY

According to a telegram received by the San Francisco Associated Press, at the President's banquet, on the 24th inst at the White House, Washington, to Prinz Henry of Prussia, the only champagne served was Moet & Chandon's White Seal and Brut Imperial. At the launching of the German Emperor's yacht Meteor the boat was christened with a bottle of White Seal.

A dramatic presentation of Zola's "La Terre" has aroused the indignation of the people of the village of Cloyes, who protest against being misrepresented. Many of the characters were drawn from well-known inhabitants, and incidents slightly modified have been made use of. Now the people protest, not against these things in themselves, but against the impression that they are types and characteristic of the community. The costumes, by the way, were purchased from the villagers, so that in the matter of dress, at least, the production should be realistic.

George Osbourne's portrayal of Thomas Holden, the part written for Crane, is something that will linger in the memory long after "The Head of the Family" the play, is forgotten. Osbourne has done much good work in his time, but nothing to equal his Thomas Holden at the Alcazar this week.

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LETTERS

The Prefatory Puff

In the course of a review of a recent English publication, "The Case of the Factory Acts," the *Saturday Review* (London), takes occasion to make some scathing remarks on the subject of prefaces. This book, the result of the observation of a number of people who have investigated the subject and might reasonably be expected to know what they are writing about, is introduced by a preface written by Mrs. Henry Ward, who confesses that she herself knows nothing about the subject and is not specially interested. The only value her preliminary chapter can have is to attract attention by her name, and the natural supposition is that she, and others who figure in like positions, must be well paid for their endorsement. One is always doubtful of books that are praised in advance of publication, and when we are told that "those who have been privileged to read the manuscript pronounce it a masterpiece," the natural inclination is to ask who "those" may be and why we should take their word for it. It was Queen Victoria's notice of "Between Two Worlds" that brought Marie Corelli into undue prominence, and because Gladstone liked "Ships that Pass in the Night" Beatrice Harraden found herself famous. Gladstone prefaced "Ecce Homo," also, and the book sold because of its preface. That was in our grandfathers' time, but Gladstone continued the practice of encouraging authors up to our own period. Publishers have made it a practice, for many years, to furnish advance notices and brief descriptions of the contents of the books they send out for review, but quite recently the custom seems to have been abandoned. The notices, as is only to be expected, were always most favorable, and the conscienceless critic was given to reproducing them in their entirety, and saving himself the trouble of reading the books for which, in many cases, he was to be commended for his wisdom. The custom of "editing" and "prefacing," and otherwise creeping in between the covers of books has grown to be an imposition. One would often rather know who is the printer, or the binder who turns out a fine volume than what some one else wishes us to think in advance. Literary people are by no means infallible judges of superiority. Indeed, they have been accused too often of constituting a mutual admiration association for the lay reader to be altogether unskeptical of their disinterestedness. Mr. Howells is always discovering some new star of the first magnitude, and Mr. Bailey Millard used to discover a new poet every week, for a while, but neither hoi polloi nor the select few can be coaxed or coerced into accepting them as permanent additions to the ranks. The *Saturday Review* advises readers to "Let alone books with a preliminary puff," which bit of wisdom it will be safe to heed in the majority of cases at least. A book must stand or fall by its own merits. It is not to be administered, like medicine.

Pirated Ships

Beatrice Harraden's complaint of the small price she received for her one really good book, by the way, has become tiresome through reiteration. She was utterly unknown to the world of readers, and she was practically in the position of a small boy who puts to sea on a raft. He stands a very good chance of drowning, and if he goes down it is neither the raft nor the sea that should be blamed. Miss Harraden sold the copyright of her book outright, and the Putnams paid the English publisher for permission to issue an American edition. They were not bound to do anything more, and the further sum which they paid the author was a voluntary gift on their part. It was the fault of the English publishers that the book was not copyrighted in this country, and that the way was thus left open for piracy. Miss Harraden would have made more if she had reserved her copyright and taken a royalty on sales, but there is no predicting in advance what kind of a book will take the public fancy. Better novels than "Ships" have failed to keep afloat on the sea of literature, and it easily might have happened that a royalty would not have paid the cost of publication. Miss Harraden has done nothing since which has made any stir in the world of letters, and instead of so much complaint of hard usage it might be as well to regard the matter from a common sense standpoint. The success of "Ships" made a first-class advertisement for her later attempts, and if she thinks she was defrauded by the agreement which she voluntarily entered into then, she should console herself by the reflection that it helped her to find publishers and prices later on. It is just these unexpected successes of new writers which encourage publishers to keep in business. They cannot be expected to be always on the small end.

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WILLIAM F. BEGGS
Administrator of the Estate of Ellen Beggs, Deceased.

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When Gertrude Franklin Atherton began her work on Alexander Hamilton she intended to write a "flexible biography," whatever that may be. She made a trip to the West Indies in search of material and is reported to have unearthed a quantity of original matter. The "flexible biography," however, is to be a novel, with the title "The Conqueror." This completed it is in order to ask what has become of the project set forth some time ago of dramatizing some of Mrs. Atherton's novels.

Will Kipling Dramatize?

A dramatization of "The Story of the Gadsbys," authorized by Kipling, has just been completed and there is considerable talk of putting "Kim" on the stage. How that is to be managed, without the shade of a shadow of a love story in the ordinary sense, is yet to be explained, but probably it is considered sufficient for dramatic purposes that "Kim" is one of the books of the day, and the name Kipling is depended on to draw. Kipling certainly gives people something to talk about, and if there is no special production to draw the fire, it is always safe for any one who craves notoriety to shoot in his direction. Just a present it is his last poem, "The Islanders," which is the target for abuse. Any student of his earlier work must be struck with the fact that until the Boer-British war, Kipling himself was as confident as any one, that the sight of a few British soldiers was all that was needed to strike consternation into the hearts of any foe. The difference is that he has learned by experience, where others are still wrapped in their smug complacency. It is a commentary of which each may make his own application, that when one of the telegraph companies made a nominal rate for wounded officers, with the idea that they would avail themselves of the concession to communicate with their families in regard to their condition, in almost every instance the message sent out was an inquiry about the odds on the Derby.

The London *Academy* has published the replies to its yearly query addressed to well-known people as to what two of the books of the past twelve months they have considered the best. The surprising thing which is revealed is the amount of trash which these well-known people must consume, for in most instances their best is the best of a very bad lot. Only Frank T. Bullen has had the courage to say so, however, and he frankly admits that Kipling's "Kim" was the only one which possessed attractions for him. The rest were so poor that he fell back on the writers of an older day. One must make due allowance for temperament, and admit that all good books are not equally attractive to all good readers. Mr. Bullen might have found many readable volumes amongst the late publications but having tried to regale himself upon ashes and found the meal unpalatable, he cannot be blamed if he ceased to burrow through the whole pile in the hope of a stray morsel, and turned his steps in the direction where he knew from experience that a full meal was to be found.

The following is quoted from the New York *Sun* of January eleventh: "The reader may make up his mind to be pleasantly overwhelmed by the opulence and vivacity of 'Around the Pan,' published by the Nutshell Publishing Company, 1059 Third avenue, New York. The wonders begin with the frontispiece picture of President McKinley, drawn in a single line beginning at a point on the cheek bone and going round and round in a constantly widening circle, with waverings and downbearings of the pen in the proper places to secure detachment and shading. We are told that this portrait 'is considered the most unique work of its kind in the world,' and if there are degrees of uniqueness we are willing to believe that this is most the thing of which there are no duplicates. Of course there is text in addition to the pictures, and we should be surprised indeed to hear from any purchaser the opinion that he had not got his money's worth ($2.00)." —*The Bookworm*

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Estate of George Granopolos, also known as George Johnson Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, Administrator of the Estate of George Granopolos also known as George Johnson deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 79, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM
Administrator of the Estate of George Granopolos also known as George Johnson, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 15, 1902

FRANK McGOWAN, Attorney for Administrator
Rooms 75-79 and 80 Chronicle Building

Estate of Mary D. Sullivan, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Dennis Sullivan, Administrator of the estate of Mary D. Sullivan, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Dennis Sullivan, Administrator, at Room 411 Parrott Building, No 855 Market street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

DENNIS SULLIVAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary D. Sullivan, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco. February 15, 1902

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Administrator
Parrott Building, San Francisco

Estate of James Slade (sometimes known as and called Dennis Driscoll) deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Hannah Barry, Administratrix of the estate of James Slade, (sometimes known as and called Dennis Driscoll), deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Hannah Barry, Administratrix as aforesaid, at Room 411 Parrott Building, No 855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

HANNAH BARRY
Administratrix of the estate of James Slade, (sometimes known as and called Dennis Driscoll), deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 8, 1902.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Administratrix
Parrott Building 855 Market St., San Francisco.

NOTICE TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE PACIFIC COLONIAL SHIP COMPANY

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a resolution of the Board of Directors of the Pacific Colonial Ship Co., a corporation, unanimously and duly adopted at a meeting of the Board of Directors duly and regularly held at the office of said Company, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 30th day of December, 1901, a special meeting of the stockholders of the said Pacific Colonial Ship Co., will be held at the office of the Company in Room 21 in that certain building known as No. 416-418 California Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being the principal place of business of the said corporation, and being the place or building where the Board of Directors of said corporation usually meet, on Monday the 3rd day of March 1902, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M.; said meeting of stockholders will be held for the purpose of determining whether or not the capital stock of said Pacific Colonial Ship Co., shall be diminished to the sum or amount of Fifty thousand ($50,000) Dollars.

Dated San Francisco, December 30th, 1901.

D. F. EWART,
Secretary of the Pacific Colonial Ship Co., a corporation.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Della St. Claire Weston, Plaintiff,
vs.
William Henry Weston, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to William Henry Weston, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty to plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made. All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of January, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and two.

ALBERT MAHONY, Clerk.
By THOS. F. O'NEIL, Deputy Clerk.

[SEAL.]

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff,
Parrott Building, San Francisco.

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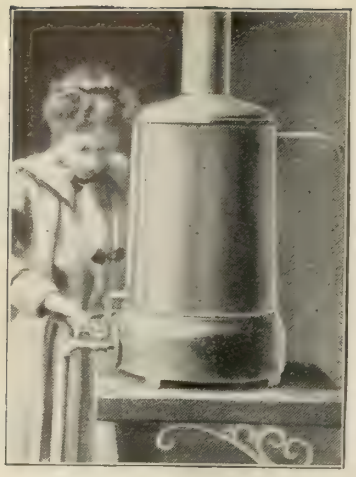

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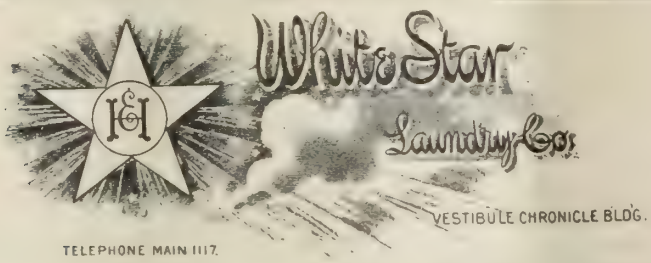

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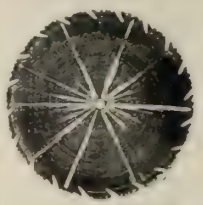

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Administratrix of the Estate of William Colgan, Deceased,

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, March 8, 1902

THIS JOURNAL IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
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OUR OPINION

Los Angeles versus California

The *Call* suggests that one of the pressing needs of the time is that of providing for a suitable exhibition of the resources and industries of Califorina at the St. Louis exposition. The same paper declares that San Francisco should contribute liberally for the whole State because Los Angeles the metropolis of the South will give her aid exclusively to that section. Los Angeles has not only been giving her aid to the South for many years, but she has also been engaged in knocking all other sections of the State. The carpet-baggers of Los Angeles, who have a few town lots, an oil well, or an orange grove to sell, have not been content with booming the glorious climate of the lower citrus belt. They have devoted themselves assiduously to the task of libeling San Francisco, and distorting the facts concerning other parts of the State. There is comparatively little State pride in Los Angeles. Those people who have favored a division of California have done this section of the State a great deal of harm by their misrepresentations. There are people who go to Los Angeles every winter who almost faint at the suggestion of a visit to San Francisco. They are told that this city is blanketed in fog fully three hundred days in the year, and that it is sure death to people whose lungs are not copper-lined. Yarns of an equally slanderous character are poured into the ears of the Eastern tourist regarding all other sections of the State north of Tehachapi. It is interesting to note the surprise of Eastern people when told the truth about the climate of San Francisco: that the heat is never unendurable in this city as it is in Los Angeles, or that we never suffer from extreme cold. They are sceptical when told that there is a citrus belt in the north that far excels that of Los Angeles, and that there is no valley south of Tehachapi more bountiful in its products than those of Sacramento, San Joaquin, Santa Clara and Monterey. It behooves the people of California north of Tehachapi not only to make a suitable exhibition of the resources and industries of the State, but also to put into circulation literature calculated to enlighten the country on the subject of the climate, the health resorts and the scenery of the northern section of the State. The mineral springs of the north are unknown beyond the State border, the forests of Humboldt have never been heard of east of Nevada, and not one person in a million east of Ogden knows that the climate of Marin county is to be had in a half-hour's journey from San Francisco. But the comparatively meagre charms of Los Angeles have been touted all over the United States, and the name of that county is gradually being substituted for that of the State. But the fame of Los Angeles has not been achieved by disparaging all other counties. The people have spent their money in advertising. At the Chicago Exposition they made a showing that overshadowed that of all the the rest of the State and they have been reaping the benefit of their enterprise.

The Election of Senators

The proposed amendment to the Constitution providing for the election of Senators by the people, which was passed two weeks ago by the House of Representatives, is once more the subject of widespread discussion. The opponents of the measure are greatly excited over the action of the House of Representatives, and are striving to create the impression that sound and conservative public opinion is against radically changing one of the most fundamental provisions of our Constitution. Of course the millionaires of the Senate are opposed to the amendment because its effect may be to relegate them to private life. Having attained the toga under the present system they are well satisfied with it, and are not anxious to fly to one whose advantages they know not of. The opponents of the amendment truthfully assert that to make the Senate an effective and representative upper chamber the framers of the Constitution provided for the election of the senators as representatives of the States in the National Government, and thus distinguished them from the members of the House who represent not the State but its population. And they vaguely hint that if the amendment goes through it will wreck the whole system of the distribution of the powers of government between the people as a whole and the States which form the Union. There does not appear to be occasion for misgivings on that subject. The only provision of the Constitution which cannot be changed without the consent of every State is that providing for the equality of State representation in the Senate. The character of the Senate may be changed as proposed, without affecting State representation. The strongest point urged against the amendment is that it involves the substitution of an irresponsible nominating convention for the Legislature which is a constitutional body composed of men acting under oath with a large responsibility. Senator Hoar urged that

point in a speech two years ago. But a nominating convention does not elect. If an unfit man be nominated for the Senate by a nominating convention he shall not be sure of election. Under the system proposed he will have to make his fight before the people. Besides experience has shown that under the present system Legislatures elected in the interest of senatorial candidates and with the aid of money supplied by such candidates are not of a higher moral character than the nominating conventions selected by political machines. And aspirants for the toga are not so likely to purchase a nomination with the prospect of their appealing to the fickle public as they are to buy the job from those who have the power to "deliver the goods." And even though the change were not to improve the character of the Senate, it would at least have a tendency to insure the States a better quality of legislation. The expectation of a senatorial sack is the cause of more than half the corruption in State Legislatures.

Let Them Write

The Munn Avenue Presbyterian church of East Orange, New Jersey, has raised a discussion of the question whether or not a minister should write books. Their pastor, Rev. James M. Ludlow, recently published a novel on a Biblical theme, and some of the congregation object on the ground that a pastor's time belongs to his ministerial duties and that he has no right to go outside of them. Opinion is naturally divided, and the enterprising church journals which have sent out letters of inquiry amongst ministers of the gospel cannot complain of lack of variety in their replies. On the face of it, the natural answer would seem to come in the Yankee form of a counter query : Why not, if he can write good ones? "Books" in this case must be restricted to the sense of novels, and really good novels are by no means so plentiful that there is need to cut off the supply, but the trouble with the ministerial output is that it so seldom is good. There are notable exceptions, among whom are C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor), Dr. Henry Van Dyke, whom we could ill spare, Charles Frederick Goss and Dr. William Barry. Cyrus Townsend Brady, having tickled the popular fancy, wisely avoided discussion by leaving his church and sticking to the job which promised him the best pay. It was a shrewd bit of advertising that led Robert Bonner to pay Henry Ward Beecher an enormous sum for a novel for the New York *Ledger*. It was about as poor a novel as ever was written, but the name of Beecher carried the *Ledger* into many houses. Rev. Charles Sheldon of Kansas City has written a number of novels showing how, in his opinion, the millennium may be hastened. Several of them had an immense vogue in England, where they were brought out in cheap form, though they excited no special interest in this country. Edward Everett Hale is a noted figure in our literary life, and had he never written another line his "Man Without a Country" would have established his fame. If an ordained minister can write a good book, there does not seem to be any reason why he should not do so in his spare time. It would not distract his attention from parish affairs to any greater extent than conducting the sewing circle or the foot ball game. There are divines of every persuasion that might well employ their spare time by dabbling in literature. His Satanic majesty finds work for idle hands even though they belong to a clergyman.

Precedent for Brawls

By looking over the early records of the United States Senate, one is easily convinced that the Tillman-McLaurin row should not be taken as an indication of a deterioration of manners in the nation's highest legislative body. The Senate chamber has been the scene of many brawls. Tillman's swashbuckling plantation manners are perhaps coarser than those of any man that ever wore the toga, and his methods of argument are no doubt without precedent in the Senate, but the peace and dignity of that body have been disturbed before by more serious altercations than that which came near to winding up the political career of the statesmen from South Carolina. Fifty-six years ago Preston S. Brooks of South Carolina assaulted Charles Sumner with a cane in the Senate chamber, and inflicted blows which hastened the death of the Massachusetts statesman. Senator James S. Foote of Mississippi, a member of the Foote family that produced "Our Billy," drew a revolver in the Senate sixty years ago in an attempt to shoot Thomas H. Benton of Missouri. Benton faced his foe and exclaimed: "I have no pistol. I am unarmed. Let the assassin shoot." Other senators seized Foote and disarmed him. Mr. Foote was of the Tillmanic variety of statesmen. In a discussion with Senator Hale of New Hampshire one day he said:

"I invite him to visit Mississippi; and I will tell him beforehand, in all honesty, that he could not go ten miles into the interior before he would grace one of the tallest trees of the forest, with a rope around his neck, with the approbation of every honest and patriotic citizen; and that, if necessary, I should myself assist in the operation."

In the Twenty-second Congress, in a debate on General Jackson's veto of the bill re-chartering the Bank of the United States, Mr. Benton accused Henry Clay of using indecorous language. Mr. Clay said in reply:

"Mr Clay—There are some peculiar reasons why I should not go to that Senator for my views of decorum, in regard to my bearing toward the Chief Magistrate, and why he is not a fit instructor. I never had any personal encounter with the President of the United States. [Benton had been involved in a street fight with General Jackson in Nashville in 1813.] I never complained of any outrages on my person committed by him. [Jackson had struck Benton with a horsewhip.] I never published any bulletins respecting my apprehension and belief that if he were elected we should be obliged to legislate with pistols and dirks by our side.

"Mr. Benton—It is true, sir, that I had an affray with General Jackson, and that I did complain of his conduct. We fought, sir, and we fought, I hope, like men. When the explosion was over there remained no ill will on either side. * * * There is no 'adjourned question of veracity' between me and General Jackson. If there had been, a gulf would have separated us, as deep as hell.

"Mr. Clay—General Jackson made a certain charge [of bargain] against me, and he referred to witnesses to prove it. I denied the truth of the charge. He called upon his witness to prove it. I leave to the country whether that witness sustained the truth of the President's allegation. The witness [Mr. Buchanan] is now on his passage to St. Petersburg, with a commission in his pocket. [Mr. Clay reverted to the dirk-and-pistol remark attributed to Mr. Benton.] Can you look me in the face and say you never used that language?

"Mr. Benton—I look, sir, and repeat that it is an atrocious calumny; and I will pin it to him who repeats it here.

"Mr. Clay—Then I declare before the Senate that you said to me the very words.

"Mr. Benton—False! False! False!

Mr. Clay—I fling back the charge of atrocious calumny upon the Senator from Missouri."

Surely there is abundance of precedent for the use of vituperation and insulting language in what we have been pleased to term the most dignified and courteous legislative body in the world.

The Saunterer

The Result of Meddling

According to Verdenal the announcement of the divorce between the newly married William Northrop Cowles and Marie Zane, following close upon the marital troubles of the De la Montagnes caused great surprise and comment in the Califorina colony in New York. As I happen to know that the whole Californian colony was chattering a few weeks ago over the circumstances of the rush marriage which was said to have been precipitated by Mrs. Major Darling, I doubt whether the news of the divorce excited any surprise. The unfortunate sequel was just what might have been expected. Poor Marie Zane! How unfortunate for her that meddling relatives undertook to mend matters in the old-fashioned way! She was enjoying herself in her little flat, and she was looked upon as an independent bachelor girl. Now she is said to be involved in a divorce suit, and unpleasant gossip is sure to follow.

Our Amusing Snobs

In New York they say that when one of the old families visits San Francisco and mingles with our grass-root aristocracy, his first impression is that our swells are trying to live up to false ideals; that they have absurd notions as to what a real swell should be, and that they make themselves ridiculous by affecting a swagger, the artificiality of which is as striking as the gilding of their counterfeit hall-mark. They tell amusing stories in the New York clubs about some of our provincial swells who are so intent upon being exclusive for fashion's sake that they isolate themselves through fear of losing caste by exposing their acquaintanceship with an ordinary mortal.

Ashton Potter's Threat

One of the stories that has reached New York is about an incident of the Phelan dinner given in honor of the Walter Martins. The story is that Ashton Potter, who attended the dinner, almost had a mix-up with a young man who is vaguely described as one of the Taylor boys who married one of the Hopkins' sisters. If there is anybody in this country who may truthfully boast of aristocratic lineage it is Ashton Potter, and I understand that he strongly detests everything that savors of snobbery. The story is that he received a rather curt reply to a question addressed to the son of a foundryman, and that his indignation was such that he threatened to do a little head punching.

Lord Temple cigars are smoked by all clubmen who will take nothing but the best.

McAllister and the Millionaires

Wardie McAllister, according to reports received from New York, has had several set-tos with the snobs of San Francisco. As the son of his father, Wardie is entitled to rank with the bluest blooded, and it pains him to observe the antics of our newly rich. He actually sneers at the millionaires of the Pacific Union club, to their faces. They misunderstand him, and think him a snob because of his high appraisement of his blue-blood, and he regards them as snobs because they think that their money entitles them to pose as aristocrats. So there is a yawning gulf between them. The situation is one that appeals to the risibles of the man who has neither blood nor millions, but who has the wit to appreciate the grotesqueness of men that take themselves so seriously.

A Strange Accusation

A Paris newspaper accuses us of being snobs because of the cordial manner in which we received Prince Henry. I wonder what the editor thought of his own people on the occasion of the Czar's visit to Paris a few months ago. The Frenchmen howled with delight and the women kissed every Russian sailor they could get at. We have not acted as snobs, but there has been a suggestion of caddishness in our behavior, for though Prince Henry has been our guest we have been questioning the sincerity of his avowed friendship. Our conduct toward Prince Henry has not been polite. We made a big fuss over him and have shown him the sights, but while affecting a most hospitable nature we have never quit guessing whether he visited us because he liked us or just because he thought he needed our friendship.

THE STANDARD FOR CHAMPAGNE QUALITY IS

THE WORLD OVER

Stern Reality

I am reliably informed that the announcement of Colonel E. F. Preston's candidacy for the gubernatorial job is no joke. Colonel Preston has the virtue of persistency. He has received the undivided vote of San Mateo county for Governor in at least four State conventions, and he is still in the fight. But he has no more chance of getting the nomination than Sam Shortridge has of becoming United States Senator, and yet, like Sam, he has been feeding people with hot air for so many years that he has begun to like it himself. Such men as Shortridge and Preston are an interesting study. They are lawyers and they have made money in the practice of their profession. They have had experience of a character which warrants the presumption that they are "next" in the broadest sense of the word. Yet, in all matters affecting their political ambition, they are as unsophisticated as a child.

An Auto Joke

Those not familiar with the ways of automobiles often find something very amusing in the sight of a steam vehicle drawn up alongside of a watering trough outside some country roadhouse, disputing position with the thirsty horses. As a matter of fact, the steam autos are thirstier than any equine, and must have their bellyful of water every now and then. The gasoline machine can get no relief in this way, and when not on its best behavior, leaves its passengers stranded near the Cliff House, or elsewhere, far from home. Both water and gasoline now and again escape through loopholes unknown to the machine conductors. So the latest chaff among the chauffeurs is as follows:

"Have you heard the newest about Charlie Fair and his automobile?"

"No, what is it?"

"It hasn't leaked out yet."

A Hero Priest

Since the return of the Twenty-second Infantry from the Philippines, an athletic young priest in a military overcoat has been a conspicuous figure at the Presidio and has at times attracted attention on the streets. The young priest is Father Fitzgerald, one of the heroes of El Caney. He was on the firing line throughout that hot engagement, ministering to the wounded and the dying. His conduct under fire aroused the admiration of all that witnessed his calm and intrepid behavior. At the close of the war he was appointed a post chaplain, but when the Twenty-second regiment was ordered to the Philippines he was petitioned by all the men in the command to accompany them, and he did so. While in the Philippines he went everywhere that duty called without escort and he rendered valuable assistance to our troops.

De Youngs in St. Petersburg

From a despatch in the Paris edition of the *Herald*, I learn that the M. H. de Youngs and Helen de Young were members of a box party at the Imperial Opera House in St. Petersburg, given by Ambassador Tower, a few weeks ago. According to the despatch everybody admired the beautiful costumes of the American women in the box. The following evening they attend a diplomatic reception given by the Ambassador. There were in attendance the British, French, Austrian and Spanish Ambassadors, and the Princes of Siam, with their suite.

Prince David's Bed

The bride of Prince David Kawananakoa is to lie in a bed in her husband's palace by the sea at Honolulu which will be one of the costliest and most magnificent couches in the world. Prince David has arrived in the Islands with the beautiful half-white girl, with whom he exchanged a title for millions, and both he and she were welcomed in the lavish fashion of the Kanakas. They have already set about their housekeeping, and first of all was planned the bed. The woods employed are kauila and kou, the two most expensive and handsomest of Hawaiian timbers—both so rare as to be hardly obtainable. The head of the bed of kou is pierced for nine panels of kauila, polished to the highest degree. Surmounting this board, which will be placed on high posts, will be a magnificent crown, supported on either sides by sheafs of fern leaves. The bed coverings have been made by the most skilled hands at needlework, and are of the most exquisite silk, of white and green, with golden decorations. Truly a fit couch for a prince and his bride.

"How do you know he never read that historical novel?"
"Because I've seen his dramatization of it."

An Incredible Yarn

Somebody tried to spring a sensation in political circles the other day by starting the story of a rupture between Colonel Dan Burns and William F. Herrin. It was stated that the Colonel was sore because he didn't get his share of patronage. The story was no doubt started by some of the Colonel's henchmen who hope to have him taken seriously. The only political prestige that Colonel Burns enjoys came to him through William F. Herrin. He will cease to enjoy it whenever Herrin decides to cast him off.

The Owners of the Post

Since the management of the *Post* changed hands there has been a deal of speculation in journalistic and political circles as to the influence that now controls the paper. It was at first thought that the paper had fallen into the hands of the people who purchased and killed the *Report* a few years ago, but later on knowing ones declared that it had been purchased by a syndicate representing Governor Gage. Tom Garrett, the present editor, who resigned a good job in the *Examiner* office to become associated with Guy Barham in the new venture, stoutly declares that he and Barham are the only people that have any financial interest in the paper. This story has been discredited because nobody ever suspect-

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ALL DEALERS

ed that Barham and Garrett had sufficient money to purchase the *Post*. But, as Garrett explains, it is not impossible for men to obtain backing even in San Francisco. Garrett expects to build the paper up by the same methods which he successfully pursued on the *Record* in Los Angeles.

A Vocalist and Her Past

Singing in a tough beer hall in Los Angeles is an experienced actress, and pretty poetess, a composer of chants and a young woman who has run the gamut of emotions during her brief lifetime. She is Ilda Orme, and Ilda says if it were not for the wicked theatrical trust, she would now be singing round the Orpheum circuit, instead of gaining only the meagre salary and vulgar plaudits accorded to the entertainers at the Vienna Buffet in Southern California's metropolis. She says that she is living now merely for revenge, and that she will write a book shortly. Perhaps she will not live to do this. When Ilda was in her bloom she married a Michigan millionaire's son, and was separated by the proud father who pursued her like a stage villain, so she says. She appeared in London at the Trafalgar Square and other theatres, only to have her contracts canceled at the end of the first week. A dentist, in whose chair she sat for treatment, knocked out one of her front teeth. A little later a man shot her in the bosom. Then she was put in an insane asylum near London. Finally she was released through an investigation by Ambassador John Hay. All this, she says, was through the machinations of her wicked father-in-law. As soon as she arrived in New York, she laid for Marcus R. Mayer, a theatrical magnate, and horse-whipped him while Olga Nethersole looked on. Miss Orme is fascinating, but has the fatal gift of song-writing. She has been guilty of "A Lesson in Kissing," "Cupid and Champagne," and other public inflictions. She expects soon to return to San Francisco, where she will sing her own compositions.

An Old Pleasure Ground

In Charles Warren Stoddard's "Footprints of the Padres" he mentions that old pleasure ground "The Willows." He says the site is obliterated and the present generation has probably never heard of it. But there are many old Mission residents who remember The Willows. The place was situated in the hollow at Eighteenth and Howard streets, and the buildings that formerly stood on the grounds are now at Nineteenth and Mission, so modernized that they would never be recognized by Mr. Stoddard. One used to reach The Willows by a railroad or dummy line of cars, and to the children of forty years ago it was quite an eventful journey. The Willows was inundated by the big flood of the early sixties and it was a swamp for many years after that. There was a hollow full of water and venturesome gamins used to enjoy boating upon the pond in rafts. There were no sidewalks and only a sort of dam or bulkhead in the middle of Howard street, to support a single track. That had to accommodate pedestrians, teams and cars for about two blocks for a good many more than two years. The house was moved about 1876. It is fifty odd years old and one of the most ancient in the city at the present time. Bret Harte wrote a poem about The Willows, called "The Emeu."

Father Yorke's Latest

According to the *Post*, Father Yorke is believed to be the author of an article in the *Leader* of last Saturday denouncing Managing Editor Sam Leake of the *Call*. The *Leader* is a weekly paper which was launched a short time ago in the interest of the Gaelic League, and it has contained several articles which were suggestive of Father Yorke's forceful style. But Father Yorke is not posing as a journalist. It was rumored about the time of the first issue of the *Leader* that it was started in opposition to the *Monitor*, which is the organ of the Catholic Church and which is controlled by the Archbishop. It is unlikely that the *Leader* was started with any such purpose in view, for it makes no pretentions to be a religious organ. Yet it has taken an occasional smash at the *Monitor*.

The Knights of Columbus is the name of a new fraternal society which came into existence iin the East a short time ago, and a lodge of which was organized in this city a month ago. Members of the Catholic church are alone eligible to membership. The society has been attacked by the *Vera Roma*, a Vatican weekly of Rome, Italy, which refers to it as an organization more Masonic than Catholic, and expresses the hope that no loyal Catholic laymen, and, above all, no priest, will join it, and that those who have enrolled as members will promptly withdraw. Yet the society has the sanction of the Church in this country.

To Wipe Out the Color Line

A prominent San Francisco clubwoman is being urged to invite some representative colored women to the luncheon which she gives next week. As it is to be a small affair, covers laid for only twenty, the mingling of the races would be marked. The hostess is radical on the color question and says the idea appeals to her, but

Most ladies hold the reins well. Perhaps it is not bad that they do.

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she fears some of her guests may regard it as a bit too revolutionary. The experiment was recently tried in Chicago with gratifying success, but oddly enough the initiative was taken by a colored woman. Mrs. Ida Wells-Burnett, a wealthy Chicago woman and president of an organization of colored women, invited four of the most prominent Chicago clubwomen to meet Mrs. Josephine Silone Yates, president of the National Association of Colored Women. Besides Mrs. Barnett and Mrs. Yates, there were three other colored women present. The quartet of white women were impressed with the intellectuality and good breeding of their colored sisters. The affair has created a sensation in Chicago clubdom, and Mrs. Barnett is arranging to give a series of luncheons where white women may come in contact with the people of her own race. Dr. Frances Dickinson, who is president of the Social Economic Club, was one of the guests at the first luncheon, and she is using her influence to prevent more conservative women from refusing Mrs. Barnett's invitations. Dr. Dickinson says that the colored women are not trying to squeeze in on the same social plane, but merely wish to stand side by side in the realms of higher thought. To give elaborate luncheons as the touchstone to this intellectual harmony is rather a novel method. It will be interesting to watch whether any of the San Francisco radicals take their cue from Chicago. The initiative here could hardly be taken by a colored woman, for we have not a prototype of Mrs. Barnett.

Cupid in the Pound Yard

Scene.—Palace hotel; luxuriously furnished suite occupied by a couple married some months since; the lady inherited several hundred thousand dollars from a husband who ended his life very suddenly; the man inherited nothing except a lot of hustling qualities which produced nothing till he prevailed on the woman to marry him.

He: I've got several important bills to meet. Let me have a thousand, will you?

She: Not much. I gave you a thousand only day before yesterday. Why don't you pay your bills out of your business?

He: That's my affair. So you won't give me the money?

She: No. I won't; that's flat.

He: You won't, eh? Well, I know a girl who will then. (Goes to telephone and rings up one of his old flames.) Say, Sadie, meet me in an hour at the Speckled Hen and bring your diamonds. (Turning to wife.) Won't give me a measly little thousand, eh? How does that date suit you?

She: Oh, I've seen you make worse ones. Besides, I'm not running second to a selling plater like you. Watch me. (Goes to telephone in her turn and rings up Harry.) Say, Harry, meet me in an hour at the Frescoed Zebra, and bring your good looks. (Turning to husband.) I've got money and diamonds of my own and don't have to get others to furnish them. How does that suit you?

(He glares savagely at her, claps on his hat and stalks out, banging the door after him. She hums lightly, "Go Way Back and Sit Down," goes to the dresser and pins on her hat.)

The finest shampooing and hairdressing is done by M. E. Noel, 121 Post street. Room 12. Facial massage a specialty.

Black Bart in the South

A few years ago, when a stage-robber was industriously at work in a northern county, it was suggested that perhaps the celebrated "Black Bart Po 8" had resumed business at the old stand. It was stated that after that bold robber got out of the penitentiary he left for parts unknown, and that it was not unlikely that he had returned to the field of his early operations. But Black Bart is in Los Angeles, and he has been there ever since he regained his liberty. He is a pensioner of Wells, Fargo & Co., for whose strong box he had a very tender regard. He is required to report to the company once a month. No highwayman ever caused that company so much anxiety as the elusive Black Bart.

His Favorite Verse

During the heydey of Black Bart's career on the road it was his custom to dash off a few lines of verse and place them in the Wells, Fargo box after it had been looted. He always signed them "Black Bart Po 8." His favorite lines were as follows:

Here I lay me down to sleep to wait the coming morrow;
Perhaps success, perhaps defeat and everlasting sorrow.
Let come what will I'll try it on—my condition can't be worse,
And if there's money in the box, 'twill be money in my purse.

"Sir Richard Calmady wasn't much use to the heroines of the primrose path."

"Why not?"

"He had no legs to pull."

Married in the East

A private advice from New York tells of the recent marriage there of Miss Anna Schurman with one of the numerous Vanderbilt clan. Miss Schurman lived for some time in San Francisco, coming here from Arizona that she might cultivate her really fine voice. She studied under Mrs. Birmingham, and at one time had hopes of going on the stage. Her design, however, was firmly combated by her father, who is a prominent figure in army circles in Arizona. Miss Schurman that was, Mrs. Vanderbilt that is, is a very striking demi-blonde with a slender and graceful figure. She cared little for society when here, though her family connections and wealth would have given her the entree to the very inner circle.

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Winter and a Summer Star

Willie Winter is raving over Blanche Bates just as for years he raved over Ada Rehan. His Rehan ravings used to consume pages of the *Tribune*, and without the divine Ada for an inspiration it was currently believed in Newspaper Row that Willie Winter would not have been able to write at all. His worship was purely that of the artist for his painting. He saw Ada Rehan only as the great star of the Daly constellation. And Winter has discovered Blanche Bates. He considers her the only legitimate successor to the great Rehan. To be sure, when Augustin Daly took Blanche Bates into his company he meant her to understudy Miss Rehan. But in a certain play Miss Bates was assigned an independent role, in which she made a bigger hit than did the star, and in less time than it took to change the bill the younger actress moved to other fields.

About Divorces

A Catholic clergyman startled his congregation the other day by producing statistics to show that there are more divorces in this country in a year than in all the countries of Europe combined. Divorces are becoming more common because they no longer affect the social standing of people. Fashion's edicts are not more strict than those of the Church, and the various Christian sects having agreed to sanction the dissolution of the marriage bonds, society withdrew its disapproval. Only a few weeks ago Mrs. Freddy Gebhard slipped off one matrimonial noose and got into another in double quick time without causing a ripple. Immediately after becoming Mrs. Henry Clews, Jr., she appeared at Mrs. Astor's ball, and she has been going everywhere ever since. There is no longer much sentiment in marriages among the rich. Genuine sentiment and affection are unknown to those who have had no experience in fighting life's battle together. Why, it is no longer unusual for our society editors to chronicle the coming of Mrs. So and So with her husband as though it were an event.

The Latest Jangle

The latest matrimonial jangle in New York according to one of my correspondents is that of the Arthur Kemps. It has not quite reached the South Dakota stage. Arthur Kemp is well known here. He visited San Francisco several years ago and was entertained at the clubs. It was three years ago that "Baby" Bell Neilson, who was a nuisance to her mother, and who smoked like a sooty chimney, married Arthur Kemp. He was not in her set, but the Kemps had acquired a fortune in toilette water. Mrs. Kemp is a niece of Freddy Gebhard and she has been taken by him to old Point Comfort with a corps of trained nurses and specialists. The Kemps are the god-parents of Virginia Fair Vanderbilt's baby.

A Family of Discords

Domestic infelicity sometimes runs in families. Take the Wallaces for instance. They are Catholics and they do not have divorces but their marriages have been most unfortunate. Belle Wallace married Mervyn Donahue and there was a separation. It wasn't her fault but he tried to deprive her of the bulk of his estate. Now she is the wife of Richard Sprague and is quite happy. After the death of Marguerite Wallace, some years ago, Horace Platt shed tears at her grave and informed the world that they had been engaged. Theirs would no doubt have been a happy marriage. Dick Wallace, a son of Judge Wallace, married a schoolteacher and the old Judge stormed because he thought that Richard couldn't support a wife. But then Richard has a mother. Nevertheless Mrs. Richard Wallace wasn't suited and she separated from her husband. About three years ago Ryland Wallace and his wife called it off and he is now living at one of the clubs. The eldest of the Wallace girls married General Sheehan, who was at one time one of the owners of the *Post*, and she recently returned to the parental roof tree. The General has had a hard struggle in recent years. He lost his grip and for awhile worked as gate-tender for the Santa Fe road.

One that was Overlooked

It was amusing to hear the buzzing that went on over tea-cups when the will of the late W. S. Jones was discussed. So many professed to be astonished at the fact that his old-time friend, the ci-devant Washington beauty, Mrs. Holt, was not remembered with a big legacy, but was there ever a rich man's will that gave entire satisfaction to everybody?

The visit of Mrs. Edith Hunter to her sister, Mrs. Susan Tevis, has been the occasion for a number of Lenten diversions in the way of cosy luncheons and dinners interspersed with card parties. Mrs. Hunter's daughter married the brother of Horace Platt, who has been assiduous in his attentions during her visit to the city.

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He Apologized to Dewey

Some of the papers have remarked the absence of Admiral Dewey from all festivities in honor of Prince Henry. Admiral Dewey's note in answer to an invitation to a banquet to Prince Henry explained that his wife was in ill health and that he was compelled to remain in Florida. But it was looked upon by some people as a rather curt note. It is true that there was a little friction between Prince Henry and Admiral Dewey in the Orient, but the German apologized for an unintentional insult and was forgiven. It occurred at a banquet at which were present Admiral Dewey and naval representatives of several European Powers. Prince Henry toasted the rulers of all nations before toasting the President of the United States. Admiral Dewey was the ranking officer present, and according to naval etiquette the President of the United States should have been toasted immediately after Prince Henry's sovereign. It was a bad break for the Prince to make, but he is only a toy sailor, and knew no better. But Admiral Dewey took offense at the disrespect shown his commander-in-chief. Learning of this Prince Henry visited Admiral Dewey aboard the *Olympia*, and apologized for his blunder. The apology was accepted.

Was an Amateur Actor

Alec Basil Wilberforce, who died at Colorado Springs the other day, was a member of the amateur dramatic company I mentioned recently in connection with the visit of Mrs. Holbrook Blinn to her parents here. Wilberforce did not go to Alaska with the troupe, but he was in the cast of "Love on Crutches" when the Daly comedy was presented at the Palace hotel some time before the northern trip was undertaken. Mrs. Francisco de Ojeda and Dr. George H. H. Redding were also of the cast. Mrs. Auzerais, it will be remembered, after she divorced her husband, Louis Auzerais of San Jose, married Hereward Hoyte, the English actor, a week after his divorce from his wife, Lillian Beddard. Alec Wilberforce did not care to stay with the company as he was only an actor in his recreation hours. He was an authority on tennis and played a strong game. Though he was at one time reported engaged to a San Francisco society girl the wedding never came off. She married an Oakland man and her erstwhile fiance became the husband of Miss Sargent, a Stockton heiress.

Genevieve and Addie Meet

People who were wondering how Addie Murphy and Genevieve Goad-Reily would act when they met for the first time since Genevieve eloped with her young Lochinvar had the edge taken off their curiosity at the last hunt breakfast of the Blingumites. They had about as much to say to each other as two deaf mutes who are not on finger terms. In fact, if they even bowed it would not have been evident to a nodding mandarin. Miss Murphy sat on one side of the table and the Reilys at the opposite end. Both Genevieve and her husband cast frequent glances at Miss Addie and were evidently exchanging laughing comments about their erstwhile friend, but if they hoped to stir Miss Murphy out of her complacent poise they were deservedly disappointed. The other guests thought it rather bad form and the story has spread even to the bob-tail and tag-end of the smart set.

Hark to the Anvil Chorus

When Miss Murphy calmly announced that she herself was engaged to Mr. Reily at the time he married Genevieve Martin it was seized by the tabbies as a delicious bit of girlish candor. But it was a master stroke and has boosted Addie Murphy in inverse ratio to Robinson Reily standing. For it is not quite the thing in the code de coeur for a man to be on with the new before he is off with the old. Not that Miss Murphy's heart was broken or even cracked by the affair, because as I have before stated hers was an engagement of convenience as lightly plighted as the frothy summer girl's. But that does not palliate his conduct and the anvil chorus has not failed to use the fact. The "knockers" also hint that Miss Murphy's Washington engagement was either a myth or a clever makeshift to prove that the Martin-Reily elopement had not impaired the seat of her affections. The theory that it was a mythical romance has been advanced "half in doubt and wholly in earnest," and, if plausible, would prove Miss Murphy eligible to the diplomatic corps.

An Ingenious Plot

The news of the Zane-Cowles divorce coming as the cap-sheaf of the story *Town Talk* printed last week has reminded the ton of a somewhat similar scheme with a different ending, in which the present wife of a local millionaire and a young bachelor played the leading roles. The young woman was at that time unmarried, a beauty and a great belle. She had many admirers, chief among them the young man whose family had plenty of money, but no established social position. His mother did not conceal the fact that she was very

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PROGRESS AND GAINS

End of Year	Assets	Income	Business Written Life Dept.	Business In Force Life Dept.
1897	$3,259,518	$1,045,977	$ 4,472,847	$16,638,552
1898	3,428,790	1,086,407	5,412,577	18,522,754
1899	3,729,993	1,342,577	7,067,758	21,255,954
1900	4,112,116	1,534,687	10,222,966	27,151,612
1901	5,004,789	2,256,619	12,436,325	34,076,805

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keen for them to marry and there were those who openly declared that she intended to use her son's marriage as a stepladder to climb into the smart set. However, the belle kept him dangling in her train until the crafty mother began to fear that perhaps after all her son would not win the prize that would plant their feet firmly in the byways of the elite. So with the aid of a friend a clever scheme was hatched. Sonny was sent off to invite the young woman to a dinner at a French restaurant on the plea that a quartet of friends would join them. When they arrived there, of course, no friends put in an appearance and they dined a deux.

But It Failed

The next day the young man's mother called on the girl and puntuating her remarks with crocodile tears informed her that their lark had reached several ears and by night everybody in Society would probably hear it. But she would see that the young lady was not compromised and an immediate marriage could be arranged and the gossip frosted in the bud. The girl was aghast at this construction put upon their innocent little dinner and declared that the absentees would explain that she had been forced into that wild indiscretion. She positively refused to be hurried into an engagement to avoid scandal and the mother drove off, hoping she would come to her senses and realize that her reputation was at stake. The girl made inquiries at once and found that the other two couple had never even been asked to the dinner though the table was cleverly spread for six in the private dining room. She sifted the ruse to the bottom and then turned the tables by telling of the dinner, herself, and how she had been duped and almost scared into matrimony. I believe the mother and son are now in Europe and he is still a bachelor.

Miss Hopkins' Trousseau

Those who had a peep at Georgie Hopkins' trousseau were struck with the decided changes tyrant Fashion is ringing in for the coming season. Her gowns announced several of these new touches that those who cannot afford pattern styles have had no hint of. In the first place the floppy puffs that have hung over the wrist have packed their things and moved up above the elbow. And the skirts—who would have thought it?—show two deep flounces, one from toe to knee and the other from knee to waist. But only a modiste who has taken all the bias cuts and accordeon degrees in the art can attempt a skirt of this sort. For the flounces must fit close as a mermaid's scales and none of the sheath-like effect is lost. I hear that Miss Hopkins had a "coatee," made a la the one Mrs. George Pope pioneered at the Burlingame luncheon to President McKinley. Mrs. Pope's "coatee" was the sartorial sensation of that affair and was pronounced "goatee" by the wags. It was made of white broadcloth, plaited yoke length, and then falling loose just to the waist. Long stole ends of chiffon depended from the yoke to the hem of the skirt and the sleeves ended above the elbow in a Marie Antoinette flare. The diminutive double e belongs rightfully to this coat for it is a trifle, light as air. It was not taken very seriously at the time, but now it looks as if these coatees will be the rage for sunny day reception wraps.

The Presents

Georgie Hopkins' jewels were the handsomest wedding gifts received by any of the recent brides, perhaps excepting Mary Scott-Martin's jewels. The diamond brooch which was the groom's present is really a semi-necklace, for it spans half the throat. Mr. McNear, Sr., gave her a beautiful diamond pin with an aigrette shower of diamonds springing from the centre. The honeymoon at Monterey will last only until Sunday, when the young couple return here for a few days, and then go direct to Boston and Europeward by the Cunard line. Mary Crocker-Harrison and other New York friends will not be able to entertain them but a very smart dinner has been planned in their honor by Boston friends. The McNears will be a welcome addition to the San Franciscans who will attend the Coronation—the Walter Martins, Mayor Phelan and Mrs. Henry Scott.

Not Above Suspicion

Civil Service Commissioner Pin Head McCarthy says that in his opinion the report of a corruption fund having been used in the interest of candidates for promotion in the police department should not be noticed, because he does not believe it. For that reason, if for none other, Mayor Schmitz should be anxious for a thorough investigation. No honest official should be content to have such a charge made against a commission of which he is a member pass unnoticed. It is usually the crook in office who meets accusations of that character with a look of incredulity and a wave of the hand. Mr. McCarthy's reputation for honesty and integrity is not so well established in this community that his ipse dixit will be accepted in matters affecting his official conduct.

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Why She Objects to Mamma

Mrs. D. D. Colton has been elected one of the vice-presidents of the Daughters of the Revolution in Washington. Mrs. Colton is making good headway socially in Washington. She is aided by the charm of her daughter and granddaughter, and in a measure by the glitter of wealth, for there is an awful lot of poor people in the Washington swim. But Mrs. Colton has a tight hold on the purse-strings. Her daughter, Mrs. McLean Martin, however, is a good spender, and there isn't much left of the fortune that came to her from her first husband. That portion inherited by her daughter, the beautiful Theodosia Cook, is still intact, and that young lady, since coming into her property, has grown extremely independent. I hear that she usually selects the ugliest woman in Washington for a chaperon. She objects to her mother as a chaperon because all her boy friends fall in love with Mrs. Martin.

The Smiths and Fairs

Some people were surprised to read in the papers that Mrs. W. H. Smith gave a dinner to Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs last week, for it was supposed that the friendship between the two families had been broken off long ago. The friendship of the Fairs and Smiths dates from the bonanza days in Nevada when Mr. Smith, then a wealthy widower, in the mining business, married Miss Emory, a handsome school-teacher of Virginia City. Mr. Smith had one daughter, Belle, and she and Tessie Fair became chums. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Fair became very friendly about the same time. Later on Mr. Smith lost his money and the family moved to this city where the Smiths and the Fairs resumed friendly relations. Some years ago the Fair estate foreclosed a mortgage on the Smith home, and it was that circumstance that gave rise to the story of a rupture, but it appears that it was without foundation. Mr. Smith is now in Alaska seeking to mend his fortunes. His daughter Belle, the erstwhile chum of Mrs. Oelrichs, is now a book-keeper in a downtown house.

Von Schroeder the Younger

The "Baron Aleck" von Schroeders are back from Boston, where they have been visiting and are going to live on the ranch near Paso Robles. Mrs. Cutler, who became the wife of the young baron, is a refined, interesting looking woman with red hair and eyes that baffle. The elder baron, who is still intent on prosecuting that nauseating libel suit, is very prosperous these days at the Hotel Rafael which, after many years, bids fair to pay more than expenses. He expects to have golf links for his summer visitors.

Launching of the Schooner-Yacht "Meteor"

On the front page of *Town Talk*, this issue, will be noticed the official menu of the luncheon to the President of the United States and H. R. H. Prince Henry of Prussia on the occasion of the launching of the schooner-yacht *Meteor*, February twenty-fifth, 1902, built for H. G. M., the Emperor of Germany, by the Townsend-Downey Shipbuilding company of New York. Moet & Chandon White Seal champagne had the distinction of being served exclusively.

And the Matron Fled

This story comes to me all the way from New York. It is about a Californian matron who has taken up her residence in Gotham and who has never presented her husband with a pledge of affection. She was apartment hunting in the neighborhood of Second avenue and Livingstone place. She entered a building and met the Irish janitor, to whom she explained that she would like to get rooms in the building.

"Iv it's a case iv emergincy ye can," he said, looking her up and down.

"How many rooms can I have?" she asked.

"One as a rule, ma'am, but maybe ye can have two iv ye wants them."

"But my husband—"

"Husband!" interrupted the janitor, "ye can't have any husband here."

"What sort of a place is this?" she asked.

"It's J. Pierpont Morgan's Maternity Hospital," he replied, and the young matron fled.

Dabbles in Music

If Emil Bruguiere were not so bald, he'd be looking positively juvenile these days. For he is absurdly happy, as joyous as a boy with his first pair of trousers or his first love. The reason is that his name appears on the program of Mrs. Katherine Fisk's first recital. The great contralto will sing Emil Bruguiere's "The Gardner and the Rose." This is not by any means the first time one of his compositions has been played in public, for various local theatre orchestras have played Emil Bruguiere's waltzes and morceaux. But "The Gardner and the Rose" is placed a notch higher in being chosen by Mrs. Fisk, to be rendered along with the compositions of Saint-Saens, Brahms, Schubert, Chaminade and Nevin. Young Bruguiere has been composing beautiful melodies ever since he was able to distinguish the difference between a fish horn and a cornet. He wrote the "Lucille" waltzes when he was just out

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of school. A few years later he wrote the music for a comic opera to which Dan O'Connell contributed the libretto. It had the Festetics de Tolnas and their yacht as its motif and it never approached nearer production, I have heard, than being read by a New York manager.

Ladies Doing Politics

California club politics are still at a white heat. But the ladies expect to settle all their difficulties, restore harmony and lure back the white-winged bird in the good old-fashioned Democratic way—with the aid of the ballot box. The annual election has been set for March eighteenth, and after that date the California will be a united club again, for the members have covenanted with one another that the minority shall submit as gracefully as possible to the majority's will. For the first time in its four years of life there will be two tickets in the field, and a lively time is expected. The ladies of both factions are doing some tall hustling and the rivalry is keen and just a little bit bitter. Many members think that it would have been better if the Australian ballot system had been in vogue from the beginning for then the members would have been able to express a choice in the selection of their officers.

What Some of the Ladies Say

It is the sentiment of many that the club has been officered too long by the same women, and they are anxious for a change. Mrs. Lovell White, who has been in many ways an able officer, has become tyrannical, they say, during the last years of her administration. She is an ambitious, domineering woman, say her opponents, and they even charge her with having a rule or ruin policy, and with having driven many good women from the club. One of their objections to her is that she loses her head in the chair and affronts those on the floor who don't agree with her. They declare that since she reconsidered her resignation there have been more than twenty-five resignations from the club, and that an examination of the year book shows that only a few of the original members remain. The club has actually decreased in membership during the past year. Yet, in spite of drawbacks, the club has accomplished much good work and has made a name for itself throughout the length and breadth of California. They are confident, despite the bickerings, that the good work will go on and that next year the club will be officered by just and fair-minded women, who are anxious for the club to return to its old ideals of democratic government, from which it has wandered of late.

Why Mrs. Cotton is Objectionable

The personnel of the two tickets that will be presented is shrouded in mystery, but it seems scarcely likely that the club will elect Mrs. Aylett Cotton, who is said to be the choice of the nominating committee for the head of the regular ticket. The objection to her is that she is too close to Mrs. White and the club members feel that her election as president would mean that Mrs. White was president by proxy. By a clever coup, Mrs. White obtained control of the nominating committee, eight of the nine members being her supporters. The club was juggled out of its right to select this committee by means that were illegal and unconstitutional and, as a result, the election of delegates to Los Angeles went heavily against Mrs. White, the entire opposition ticket being elected. The strained relations existing in the club between those who are standing for the dictator and a one-woman club, and those who are standing for the rights of the club have developed some clever club politicians among the women. It is considered a masterly coup which placed Mrs. White's name at the head of the opposition ticket of delegates to Los Angeles. This stroke so astounded the enemy and so took the wind from their sails that before they had collected themselves, the little white ballots were floating into the box and they had lost the day by an overwhelming vote. Every delegate elected to Los Angeles, with the sole exception of Mrs. White, is in favor of admitting colored clubs to the general federation.

Miss Gorham on Duty

The ladies representing the opposition to Mrs. White have been holding meetings recently in the Occidental hotel, and they have been industriously engaged in preparations for the fray. At the last meeting Miss Mary Gorham, the secretary of the club, and the intimate friend of Mrs. White, was observed hovering near the hotel entrance. It was immediately surmised that she was there as Mrs. White's representative for the purpose of sizing up the strength of the enemy. When the ladies upstairs heard of her presence they sent down to invite her to join them but she refused and beat a retreat.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott is one of this week's hostesses of Lenten functions and her forty guest tea in honor of General Young's friends from Washington was as swagger an entertainment as any in the middle of the season past. Flowers, decorations and feasting were all features of the affair.

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Newhall on Corning

It is easy to acquire the reputation of being well informed if you know how and are not beset by scruples. When the Northern California boomers were discussing ways and means in this city, a short time ago, George Newhall of the Chamber of Commerce sat at the reporters' table and listened to the speakers. A man named Foster from Corning was one of them, and during his address Newhall turned to the reporters and said, "Where in the h—— is Corning?"

"It's an eating station in Tehama county," said one of the reporters. "It's famous for fried chicken. They serve it three times a day and it's the best I ever ate."

A little later Newhall took occasion to address the boomers and in the course of his remarks he said that tourists were attracted by good hotel accommodations. "Now there's Corning," he said, "up in Tehama county; I've stopped there many times and enjoyed the fried chicken that is served there. I never tasted such delicious fried chicken anywhere outside of Corning."

Mr. Foster of Corning was delighted and applauded Mr. Newhall vociferously.

Girding the Gullible

The regular spring army of perambulating freaks is rising in the East and heading westward with San Francisco as a mecca. It is made up of the blowhards who claim they have wagered a fortune that they will girdle the earth in umpty-steen days, dine with the President, marry an heiress, eat every other week, never use soap and return to their admiring friends with a bank account that hasn't cost them a cent. They all belong to the faker class and the boasting given them by gullible people along the route enables them to travel in a manner sublimely careful to themselves. This year's procession now on the way to San Francisco is headed by a bandy-legged glib Apollo, named Harry Adonis. His story is that he must push a wheelbarrow to this city in six months, make fifteen hundred dollars on the way, marry an auburn-haired girl, not be arrested more than twelve times and dine with the mayors of at least six cities. At last accounts he was stubbing his toes somewhere in the wilds of Michigan and claimed to have collected seven hundred and fifty dollars of his money through distributing advertisements. Apparently Schwab of the Steel Trust was right when he said at a recent banquet that there was plenty of money in this world for the man with ideas and push—even if it is only pushing a wheelbarrow on such a wild-eyed claim.

Planned an Automobile Trip

While Mrs. Oelrichs is sojourning here looking after her business interests her sister, Mrs. Vanderbilt, will go on an automobile trip over Europe. Her health has not been good of late and the doctors have rec ommended this kind of outdoor exercise to improve it. "Willie" K. has been having a special automobile built at Cronstatt, Germany, to illustrate his ideas of what an ideal machine should be. The young couple have planned to start their trip at that place.

CLARA SHORTRIDGE FOLTZ
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW
Third Floor, Parrott Building, San Francisco — Tel. Mint 1026

As a Matron Saw Them

Mrs. Oelrichs and Ailene Ivers Robinson are responsible for the Lenten gayety which has made this rather a season of feasting than of fasting. Society could not afford to lose the opportunity of putting its best foot forward for it isn't often that two such social iions come back to their native lair. At a smart little tea the other day the striking similarities and differences in these two women were sharply drawn by an observant matron. In the first place Mrs. Oelrichs and Mrs. Robinson are at the opposite beauty poles—one as dark as the Maids of the Medici, the other fair as the Lily Maid of Astolat. But "our Tessie" had wealth and established local position whereas Ailene Ivers was not burdened with overmuch worldly goods and her niche in the smart set was rather draughty at times. Miss Fair married a man comparatively poor, but with several generations of ancestors who brushed their teeth twice a day—which removes one from the polloi who think one brushing sufficient. Mrs. Ivers married a very wealthy man, but the Robinson social position was rather weak at the knees until beautiful Ailene Ivers-Robinson won the Quaker City gratin du gratin with her charm and tact. Mrs. Oelrichs found her cake baked, but Mrs. Robinson had a finger in making hers. However, she had the necessary ingredients—beauty, wealth and savoir faire. No smart affair in Philadelphia is now considered complete without her presence and New York is beginning to sit up and take notice of this clever Californienne. Her sister, Mrs. Irwin, is still heart-broken over the death of her only son, so her entertaining is limited to small luncheons—such as she gave Mrs. Oelrichs—and informal dinners. However, Mrs. Robinson is being feted everywhere and is pronounced irresistible.

The Ladies' Promenade

There's a new fad among smart theatre-goers—an outgrowth, I should judge, of the grand opera habit. No longer does the fascinating matron sit alone and unattended in her stall or box while her husband seeks the lobby and its environs. She goes out with him. I

With Oysters, Cold Meats or a Steak, there is nothing so good as a glass of

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The only Stout both bottled and brewed in Dublin

Sherwood & Sherwood
..AGENTS..
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have noticed this quite frequently at the Columbia lately. The women promenade in the lobby during the entr'acte and exchange ideas with friends similarly walking about.

A New Department

In this weeks' issue of *Town Talk* appears a new department, "With the Money Makers." It is to be devoted to the interests of people whose capital is invested in stocks and in all sorts of business enterprises. My colleague, The Financier, purposes to keep in touch with financial affairs, to investigate financial problems and investment securities and furnish conservative opinions thereon. This department will not be conducted in the interest of any broker or combination of brokers. Whatever reliable information is obtainable about properties will be published, and particular attention will be paid to shams and frauds.

At the breakfast given in honor of Raphael Weill at Marchand's last Sunday, Tom Clunie was the host. Among the dainties enjoyed were Finnan haddies a la Colonel Hawes, miroton a la Raphael Weill and gateau Clunie. The guests were twenty-six in number, including the members of the Sunday breakfast branch of the Bohemian club and a few outsiders.

Nevada in Classic Robes

The costume Emma Nevada wore at her concert Monday night created more comment than her singing, and the remarks were not of a complimentary nature. Why a woman who has left her youth far in the background should have elected to garb herself so unbecomingly, in a manner to betray all her physical shortcomings, is a mystery. Sappho, the Grecian poetess of passion, may have looked her best in the classic robes of her time, but assuredly Emma Nevada looks her best in modern costume. She has any number of beautiful Parisian gowns, made to show the really fine lines of her figure, and it was a disappointment to her friends that she did not wear one of those instead of that none too fresh looking classic affair. Her old style of hairdressing, too, is infinitely to be preferred to the Psyche knot which, though in harmony with the costume, is not to be worn with impunity by any except the young and beautiful.

The Boarders Startled

The gossips at the Colonial—and there are a few—have been discussing a Bill and Nancy Sykes episode that disturbed the peace and quiet of the house the other night. They say it will probably have its sequel in the divorce court. It was only a case of a man chastising his wife. But from the sounds that startled the boarders they believed he was using her body as a mop with her hair as a handle. Rather a coarse and brutal thing for a club man to do. And yet his friends say he is a good fellow. It was only a few months ago that wedding bells rang out for the happy pair.

A Veteran of the Second Empire

An occasional correspondent writes me from Paris that Madame Rattazzi de Rute died in that city on February fifteenth. She was one of the few surviving ladies of the brilliant Court of the Second Empire. The only ones still living are the Empress Eugenie, Princess Mathilde and the famous Madame Schnieder. Madame de Rute, who styled herself Marie Laetitia Bonaparte de Rute, was the granddaughter of Prince Lucien Bonaparte and Madame de Bleschamp, his second wife, and daughter of Sir Thomas Wyse, an Irishman, who was at one time British Minister at Athens, and of Laetitia Bonaparte, niece of the great Napoleon.

Banished for Tattling

The deceased lady who was at one time a very prominent figure in French society had three husbands. The first was Prince Frederick de Solons, the second, Urbain Rattazzi, the Italian statesman, and the third Louis de Rute, deputy of the Spanish Cortes. She was banished from the country by Napoleon III for libelous accusations against his wife, the Empress Eugenie. She received the insignia of most European orders, and her life was written by Eugene Sue.

Brisk Demand for Calves

From the same correspondent I learn that artificial calves are being manufactured in Paris which are to be worn at the Coronation festivities. "We are not all blessed with a well-filled garter," writes my correspondent, and when, according to rules of precedent and etiquette, knee breeches must be donned, if Nature has been unkind to the wearer he must call in artificial aid. The trade in artificial calves is very brisk, but even without such an incentive as the Coronation fetes the industry does not lag, for French cyclists, society men—yea, and society women—invest in those ornaments for the emaciated limb.

Chasing Judicial Jobs

Candidates for judicial jobs are already engaged in pot-house politics in the hope of assuring themselves of nomination for the bench. Though our judiciary is not of the highest order it is perhaps better than we should expect when the methods pursued by briefless lawyers to attain the jurist's ermine are considered. We have been afflicted with incompetents and with crooks,

Of the newest papers the Linen Bonds displayed by COOPER & Co. are most effective.

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The Fit and Workmanship which is executed stand without an equal in the city, because every detail, from the material to the completion of the suit, is in the hands of workmen who are artists in their business. . . . . .
We aim to give the best work in the city and we aim to do that work much lower than any other house. . . . . .

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and now we are told that the push element is about to demand a representative in the highest tribunal in the State.

The Hit of the Ball

The bal masque given by the J. D. Spreckels' on Thursday lived up to the sky-scraper expectations. With a few mirth provoking exceptions the guests were magnificent in brocade and patches, but though they held up the picture end of the affair, the comics were the sauce piquant that gave a tang to the ball. The most original character and the one best sustained was the "Sandwich Man" of Ethyl Hager. Miss Hager's get-up was in imitation of the human sign boards that walk the streets. A linen duster such as is de rigueur with the "Knights of the Road" covered all but an inch or two of trousers that had seen better days. On the bald crest of a molasses colored wig, perched a liliputian derby that looked more like a huge fly and was indescribably droll. Miss Ethyl's feet turned traitor to the observant who know there is only one tall girl in the smart set with such dainty Cinderellas. However, it was a long time before her identity was community property, and a crowd constantly elbowed about her to read the long canvas frame in which she was caged. On one side was the flaring advertisement:

"Meals! Meals! Meals!

"Never Touch Me House, corner Sherman and Clay streets, between Lotta's Fountain and the Old Ladies' Home.

"Any Repast Served at All Hours, and No Questions Asked.

"The Glad Hand Extended to All Customers and a Warm Welcome for Weary Waggles."

Her Menu Offering

On the other side was this delectable menu, from which the cotillon leaders were seen to take notes for future suppers.

"Political Soup for the Disappointed.

"Hearts, Any Style, for Coquettes.

"Soft Shell Crabs for Hard Shell Baptists.

"Tarts a la Carrie Nation.

"Brains, Any Style, to Fit the Head.

"Roasted Ears for Gossips.

"Legs Pulled at Any Chance.

"Lady Fingers, 5 Cents; Manicured, 10 Cents.

"Greenway Celery Salad, late of Utah, at Greatly Reduced Prices.

"Wines—Mumm.

"N. B.—Dog Biscuit Served with All Ten Cent Orders."

The idea of the "Sandwich Man" was Miss Hager's own, and the originality of the conception and the wit with which it was carried out has reaped an aftermath of admiring comments.

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The McAllisters

Apropos of the item in last week's *Town Talk* regarding the recent divorce of one of the Rev. Marion McAllister's daughters, it may not be generally known that that gentleman made his clerical debut in San Francisco. At that time—the later fifties—the entire McAllister family made its home in this city, including Judge and Mrs. McAllister pere et mere, their sons Hall and Cutler and their wives, and their only daughter, who afterwards married her cousin, Samuel Francis of New York. Ward, the New York society leader, had been here also, but, disgusted with our crudeness, returned to his beloved Gotham, where he married an heiress. The Reverend Marion had not long been ordained, and Mrs. McAllister, who was a born manager, thought it would be a good scheme to get him out here and make him pastor of a fashionable church.

"The Holy McAllister"

Acting upon this idea, the co-operation of William G. Badger was secured, the young curate sent for, and upon his arrival a hall taken in Second street where afternoon services were held, with Mrs. Hall McAllister as leader of an amateur choir, her voice being a powerful magnet, which drew as many to hear her sing as to listen to Bible doctrine as expounded by the blond young parson. By degrees enough coin was raised to start and then finish the building in Howard street, over which the Reverend Marion ruled for many years. It was known as the Church of the Advent, but by the irreverent of those days termed the Church of "The Holy McAllister."

The Post-Lenten Season

The post-Lenten season is to shine with exceptional brilliancy, although very briefly, as most of the fashionable throng will hie to Blingum, San Rafael and Del Monte. The arrival of the George Crockers will reopen the old homestead on Nob Hill, and people are whispering about a reception Mrs. Crocker will give there before leaving town for Monterey. A large contingent of the smart set is booked for Del Monte in the wake of the Alexanders. The Whitelaw Reids will tarry at Millbrae as guests of D. O. Mills. "Oddy" Mills' twin daughters have never yet honored California by a visit, but they will take in King Edward's coronation in June, dividing their time in London between their mother's sister, Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck, and their aunt, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who, as the wife of the Special Ambassador, can give them exceptional advantages.

IN THE REALM OF FASHION

The most important function at this season to the fashionable woman is the millinery opening. Neither tea nor luncheon can successfully dispute favor with the milliner's opening day. It is doubtful if the coming of H. R. H. Prince Henry would attract more attention. The proper thing with the modish milliner is to issue cards for her opening, as if for a private reception. It is indeed that for only a favored few receive the invitations. The smartest milliners no longer have stores to display their confections. The proper thing is to be located in parlors, upstairs in some large building. The most exclusive trade in millinery in this city is that carried on by Mrs. E. B. Folsom, who caters exclusively to society people. Her parlors in Room C, third floor, 121 Post street, are typically those of the milliner a la mode. Mrs. Folsom's spring opening, which will come off next Tuesday and Wednesday, is looked forward to with the most intense expectancy by the women of the swim. Mrs. Folsom promises some stunning creations in French pattern hats, the choicest ideas of the Paris milliners. She also has some charming children's hats which will be just the thing for Easter.

Book of My Ancestry

Every now and then our fashionable storekeepers are taxed mentally to keep up the interest of the ultra swagger set who demand novelty in the several lines of trade. The latest idea brought out by the proprietor of a Post street bookstore will hardly find favor with the nouveau riche. It is a large book bearing on its cover in gold letters the words "Book of My Ancestry," with places for photographs of the same inside and spaces for remarks on each. This scheme to bring our progenitors into view will not, for obvious reasons, find favor among our swells. Fancy the contrast of "then and now" that would arise in the mind of the one inspecting the volume! And how useless to drag good people now resting in the shades of the past into the broad glare of today. No, no; it will surely never "catch on" here unless the publisher does the magician act and manufactures ancestors to order, in which case the bill rendered for the same might be itemized as follows:

For tracing descent from an Irish king;
For discovering a far back Judge, etc., etc.

A Bunch of Western Nettles

By Elwyn Hoffman

III.

THE SEARCH THAT FAILED.

[Respectfully Dedicated to the S. F. Bohemian Club]

An old Bohemian, long dead,
Grew weary of his narrow bed
So shaking off his molder'd clay
He climbed into the light of day.
Upon his tombstone for awhile
He mused, with reminiscent smile,
Recalling from Time's azure haze
The joys of his younger days.

Full soon—as memory brought up
The merry quip, the sparkling cup,
The jest, the laughter, that of old
Had given something of life's gold—
Beneath his shroud his longing grew
To see again the merry crew
That nightly, at Bohemia's shrine
Drowns stupid Care with song and wine.

"No doubt," thought he, "they're dead, or gray,
Who made the music in my day;
For Death and Age still levy toll
And change will mar the brightest roll.
So, haply, most of those I knew
Are lost in 'Time's remotest blue,'
But well know I Bohemia's grace—
I ween bright minds still throng the place!

"Still in the Redroom's warm old heart
Does star-eyed Science think apart;
There dreams the Bard with far-sent eyes
And to his vision quick replies
His keen-eyed brother of the pen,
Whose lore is yet of earth and men;
While lost in Genius' rapt hush,
The artist wields his dream-held brush!"

So mused the old Bohemian's shade
And of his dreams such sweetness made,
He scorned the silence of the dead
Resolved to feed where Genius fed;
Where haply, at Bohemia's shrine
He might see rosy Bacchus shine,
Hear Triton's horn and Pan's clear reed
Nor be oppressed by Mammon's greed.

He went; he perched beside the Owl
Unnoticed as that lonely fowl.
Time passed; full many mortals came
But few immortals, touched with flame.
He counted plumbers by the score
Whose wealth had oped for them the door,
Pawn-brokers, too, and, fit and meet,
These talked with "kings" of fish and wheat!

Amazed, astonished, at the sight,
But still not fully in the light,
The Shade still kept his unseen perch
And swept each face with keenest search,
Seeking to find, amid the throng,
Some child of Literature or Song,
Some learned mind, some cultured soul,
Whom Plutus had not in control.

Alas! the search was nearly vain;
Few, few were there amid the train
On whom the Grecian light was shed;
And few who walked with Cadmus-tread.
But sadder still, he saw 'mong these,
Scarce one blessed by the Pleiades;
Scarce one, but heard above the call
Of Hero, Plutus loudly bawl!

* * * * * *

The owl stirred not, but from his side
The Shade departed, heavy-eyed;
And as he sought his grave again
Wailed out the burden of his pain:
"Gone is Bohemia's olden light!
Gone merry High-jinks, solemn Rite;
No more gives Wit his seasoned dish,
And Wisdom 's buried under fish!

"The Midas hand is on the wall;
Big-bellied Plutus owns the hall.
Where erst were heard Arion's strains,
The plumber, fresh from vaults and drains,
Shakes high his tongs, and, as he drinks,
His plebeian dollars loudly clinks!
Farewell Bohemia! Thou'rt abased;
The grave is meet for souls disgraced!"

Those that are old in experience flatter themselves that they are immune to the temptations that beset the pathway of the young, and occasionally they find that they have reached second childhood.

COLORADO CLAY—ITS REMARKABLE EFFECT UPON THE HAIR.

Turns white hair black, brown, auburn, or Titian red. Restores gray hair to its original color without changing the natural colors. Peroxide ends made to equal the new hair growing out. Bleached hair will take a rich golden or chestnut. The color is regulated by the number of hours in the clay bath. The strongest shampoo will not affect it, nor does the clay stain the scalp in any particular.

FRANCES C. SHERMAN, Hair Specialist.

Parlors, 74-75, 406 Sutter street.

JESSE MOORE

A A

WHISKEY

BEST ON EARTH

"Only a Cuckoo, at the Best"

[A woman died in a tenderloin lodging house the other day and among her effects was found a journal. On the first page was copied Edmund Clarence Stedman's poem "Anonyma." The following are extracts from the volume.]

The Tenderloin is looked upon by the enviously pure as a region where true happiness is found. To the one who has never trod the primrose path Tenderloin is but a synonym for Paradise. To the man who is by force of circumstances compelled to keep away from its fascinations the Tenderloin contains all the elements of the delightfully unattainable. As a matter of fact, the Tenderloin is not at all what it is fancied. Instead of delightful, read it dull and common. Naughty and nice do not always, as the schoolgirl fancies, go together. One can grow blase on vice as on virtue. Dear God, do I not know? I have often wondered why the respectable look with such longing gaze over the barbed-wire fence that separates them from Us. There is nothing esthetic about indecency. Immorality, particularly in large American cities, is not of refined quality. I should like to respect our Tenderloin, but I cannot. It is neither brilliant nor graceful. If it were even picturesque the esthetic might admire it, if not embrace it, but alas! it is not.

* * * * * * * *

I hate the men that seek my favors. They are low, vulgar—bah! nothing can change them. They are as God made them. Lord told me last night that I was the only woman (of my class, he meant, but his courtesy omitted that part) on whom he would waste an hour. He comes here every day. I like him better than his son, who calls on Thursdays. The latter is a cheap sport, though he belongs to one of the first families and to all the best clubs. He has no wonderful qualities that inspire to brilliant escapades. He is dull, always dull. And he says he loves me. Nothing lowers me more in my own estimation than to be forced to listen to his protestations. Why do I do it? Why don't I leave this life and escape to a higher sphere? I do not know. More than one man has offered me the means of release. But I was born here; here was I bred; here I have always lived; here I must die. It is a fatality. Perhaps I do not wish to be released from this bondage. I don't know.

* * * * * * * *

I went to Del Monte with Millions last week for the sports. Millions is independent of the public. He has no wife to affront, no children to consider. I laughed to myself at the glances cast in my direction by the virtuous *haut ton*. One matron drew her skirts aside as I passed by her in the club-room. Yet that woman's husband is one of my most frequent visitors. A pretty young girl won my heart. She looked always so gracious, and said "Good morning" to me more than once. I wish I could save her from the match she has entered into. Do I not know her fiance, a worthless debauche? "A deuce of a fellow," his own set call him, and his reputation as a profligate evidently makes him a god in his betrothed's eyes. But I know him so thoroughly—he will kill that young heart as surely as he has killed his own soul.

* * * * * * * *

I read today: "Manon had her Des Grieux, but every woman of her caste has her Des Grieux." It is true. Camille had her Armand, Sapho her Jean, and Zaza had her soul lover, too. Have I one? I think not. My Des Grieux died years ago and I think I died with him.

* * * * * * * *

No, he did not die. I saw him today. He has had trouble with his wife, Lord tells me.

* * * * * * * *

Dieu merci! My Des Grieux is not the least little bit dead. He came to me today. We said nothing of the past. He approached me like a stranger. Does he love me? He says so. But then he is piqued now at the attitude his wife has taken against him.

* * * * * * * *

I was dining with Millions today, when my Des Grieux rode by. He was with that pretty girl I met at Del Monte during the week of sports. She is his daughter it seems. She saw me and smiled. She nodded her golden head and waved a kiss at me with her whip. Millions laughed, as Des Grieux, who is shortsighted, tried to see whom his daughter had bowed to. We flew past so fast he failed to recognize me.

* * * * * * * *

Lord tells me that if I will give up Des Grieux his wife will take him back. I give him up? Why, I have only found him again. For years and years he was hers. She thrust him from her and he hid his wounded head in my arms. God! what do these society women have in their breasts? Stones, stones!

* * * * * * * *

I am going away with him. Apres tout, why should I not? I have his love.

* * * * * * * *

The pretty girl has won. Des Grieux shall go back to his wife. After all, Camille was a true creation. Am I not doing the same? Yesterday I would not have consented. Today—well, the pleadings of that young blonde creature broke my resolution. I will go back to my life. I have given the father to his daughter, the husband to his wife. Poor Zaza!

* * * * * * * *

He comes here still, though the pretty girl is his wife now. Oh, the contemptible! He could not exist in that pure atmosphere but must come back to the cafe tittle-tattle, the stale aroma of the Tenderloin. How vile men are. From her he came to me. Well, after all, I could not refuse. I gave her her father, now I take her husband. Fair exchange, n'est-ce-pas? Besides, he is out of worse mischief when he is here.

* * * * * * * *

I saw her today, but she did not greet me. She turned her head the other way. Some one has told her, I suppose. Well, what can I tell her? Can I say he was my lover long before he met her and wooed her money? No. I can but shrug my shoulders and pass on. Others more worthy than I have been misunderstood. The best thing for her would be for him to pass out of her life forever. Contact with him is desecration to her.

* * * * * * * *

I am heartsore. Lord is dead, my good friend. He left me a legacy. That was kind of him. He knows how I hate this life and would give me the means to forsake it if I wish. But do I wish? I am always asking myself that question.

* * * * * * * *

"Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks,
Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox
Watches the struggles from the scattered flocks;
But evening brings us home."

—*The Moralist.*

DR. PARKER'S COUGH CURE
One dose will stop a cough, it never fails, try it price 25c.

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With the Money Makers

A King-pin Promoter

"J. R. Guelph-Norman," is the sign on his office door in the Mills building. He will sell you an interest in a ruby mine in Burma, or will invest your money in Oriental securities. He is the head of the Burma Ruby Mining and Development Company, is very English in his accent and appearance; wears a tall hat, a frock coat, and a preacher-like cravat. Slow-spoken, picking his words like one choosing the biggest nuts in a bowl, J. Rex. Guelph-Norman is decidedly impressive. He will tell you much of interest about India; he will descant for hours on the opportunities for capital in Burma. He will take your money and write in a beautiful hand on large and handsomely-engraved certificates, a receipt for what money you will yield. But he will not tell you that once he was a yogi, a seer of the Far East, a cabalist, and a marvel in the black art. He will not tell you that four years ago he was in Ludlow street jail in New York, charged with attempting to swindle a woman by hypnoptic power. He will not tell you that beautiful and rich women have gone into convulsions, merely by being looked on by J. R. Guelph-Norman. You will find it hard to persuade him to say that he is a son of the present King of England. But he did say all these things when a few years ago he came out of the East and into New York, heralded as a Mahatma of Mahatmas, a disciple of Buddha, and one far on the rough road toward Nirvana. Here he is content now to be a financier, a finder of precious stones, and a quintupler—so he says—of all monies placed with him for investment.

Raising the Wind

It was the millions of Charles Broadway Rouss, merchant, which lured the King's son to New York. Rouss was stone blind. He offered a million to him who would make him see. Guelph-Norman knew he had worked wonders on women. Why not play for a fortune? Rouss gave him a fortnight. Then he cast him out as a faker. En passant, Rouss died this week but he never saw for eight years. In Gotham Guelph-Norman married in 1898 Mrs. Harriet Hall Bedlow Morris, a belle and beauty of Newport and Europe, the daughter of a former mayor of Newport, a widow of Commander Francis Morris, U. S. N. He was discoursing before the Theosophical Society of New York. Mrs. Morris was listening. Suddenly she fell in a spasm to the floor. "Take him away!" she cried, moaning and shrieking the while. The doctors said she exhibited signs of acute hypnosis. The next morning she arose, apparently well, called her carriage, and drove straight to Norman's apartments. Eight days later she wedded him. He told every one then that he was the son of the then Prince of Wales, by a marriage made before he married into the Kingdom of Denmark. "Rex Guelph-Norman" typified his descent. He showed papers and other proofs to substantiate his statements. The beautiful widow Morris thought she would some day be the Queen of England.

More Exciting Experience

This was one woman. Another, Mrs. Schlatter, kept a small eating house in Canal street in New York. After a few days' acquaintance Yogi Norman asked her for $2,000. He got it, but later she had him haled to prison on a swindling charge. Lawyers were retained by Mrs. Morris' family, and a courier despatched to India to bring back the wife Rex Guelph-Norman was alleged to have in Burma—the land where he says the rubies grow like hens' eggs in Petaluma. It is said they found her there by the old Moulmein Pagoda, watching and waiting where the flying fishes play, and the dawn comes up like thunder from China 'crost the bay. This was in May, 1898.

In June, 1899, a sign at 304 McAllister street read:

Mr. J. R. G. Norman
Of Farther India,
Successfully treats by the Oriental
System of Ayurveda
Blindness, Failing Vision, and other
Diseases of a Physical or
Mental Nature.

Now this was the same son of Albert Edward. He wore when busy a robe of wonderful tint and texture, a turban tied as only yogis can tie turbans, and an air of mystery, which did everything but pay his rent. He said he was here to establish the Royal Asiatic Academy. Today he is in the Mills building. Gone are the turban, toga and tinsel, and instead he dons the silk tile and white neckerchief of ministerial respectability. No longer a doctor or a yogi, Guelph-Norman seeks your patronage as an investor. One word in your ear: If you are a woman and go to his office be careful of the bright blue eyes, which gleam balefully like the great ruby on his finger. Look into them once and you may become Mrs. J. Rex Guelph-Norman, with a chance for a crown or a padded cell.

Busy Southern Pacific

Says a financier: When Chicago and Northwestern stock was selling in the market around 85 in 1896, the trader regarded it as a dubious commodity. He was willing to scalp in it, but didn't care to put it away. He thought it was too high. Now that it has reached a permanent bond basis above 200, people are apt to think that its appreciation has been due to some unique and unusual development. They do not accept it as a type of what may come to pass in any well-administered property in a fruitful territory. Take the Southern Pacific. Its stock may be bought a little above 64, but the average trader is afraid of it. "It pays no dividends." He thinks it is too high—that it will go much lower. But the financial geniuses of the Union Pacific system do not entertain such doubts about it. They take $75,000,000 of it and mortgage 1,047 miles of the best main track railway to pay for it. Why do they do it if Southern Pacific stock is of uncertain value between 60 and 70? They know its immense earning power and dividend capacity. The plain truth is, that Southern Pacific is the opportunity at present open to the investment buyer. Oil and irrigation are the keyword of the situation. Oil means manufacturing and irrigation means an almost limitless agricultural output. The resultant is tonnage.

Growth of Its Business

Since 1885 the Southern Pacific proprietary system has earned net in excess of expenses and all interest and rental charges about $54,300,000, nearly all of which has been put back into the property. This excess earning power capitalized at 3 per cent would mean something like an additional investment of $106,000,000. The total capital stock issue is under $198,000,000. The capital assets foot up about $631,000,000. Mortgage liens and other funded liabilities are about—say, $353,000,000. There remains an equity for the stock, based on fixed assets, so wide and ample as to take it at once out of the speculative category. By the end of this year it will have 25 per cent of its locomotives fitted to burn oil. Two or three years more and all the motive power will be derived from Texas and California oil. Suppose the saving for fuel is 50 per cent—that means $3,500,000 a year that may be used for betterments or for dividends. Nothing has been said about the normal growth of Southern Pacific traffic. In 1901 the increase in ton mileage was 14.8 per cent. From 1890 to 1900 inclusive the increase in

CERTIFICATE OF PARTNERSHIP

Know all men by these presents

That the undersigned constitute a partnership under the firm name of MARX & FIFIELD, transacting and having its principal place of business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that the full names and place of residence of all the members of said partnership are as follows, to-wit:—

Hyman Marx, residing at 2672 Union Street, San Francisco, California
Albert Marx, residing at 2672 Union Street, San Francisco, California.

State of California } ss.
City and County of San Francisco }

On this third day of March in the year Nineteen Hundred and two, before me F. W. LAWLER, a Court Commissioner of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Hyman Marx and Albert Marx known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in said City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

F. W. LAWLER.
Court Commissioner of the City and County of San Francisco

JAMES L. NAGLE, Attorney for Marx & Fifield

No. 5470 Endorsed. Filed March 3, 1902.

ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk

tonnage density was 71.7 per cent; gross earnings per mile increased 11.2 per cent, and net earnings increased 30.3 per cent per mile of line operated. When at last Southern Pacific stock is put on a dividend basis it will be too late. Now is the time to buy it.

Local February Dividends

During February local corporations paid out the following dividends:

	Per Share	Amount
Central Light & Power	04	2,800
Gas Consumers' Association	10	5,000
Oakland Gas Co.	25	7,500
Pacific Lighting Co.	35	11,550
Sacramento Gas & E.	15	2,775
Truckee River Gen. E.	10	5,000
Contra Costa Water Co.	42	20,591
Port Costa Water Co	30	1,500
San Jose Water Co.	50	4,241
Spring Valley Water Co.	42	58,800
California St. Railway	50	5,000
Oakland, S. L. & H. Con.	20	1,600
Presidio Railway	20	2,000
California Powder	100	15,000
Giant Powder	75	15,000
Alaska Packers' Association	100	48,000
California Canners Co.	60	16,533
Pacific Coast Borax Co.	100	19,000
California Wine Association	60	17,110
Pacific A. F. Alarm	05	1,250
California Cotton Mills	100	6,000
Chicago Crude Oil	100	10,000
Four Oil Co.	01	3,000
Home Oil Co.	07½	7,500
Imperial Oil Co.	20	20,000
Reed Oil Co.	02½	50,000
Thirty-three Oil Co.	10	10,000
Ventura Con. Oil Co.	00½	5,000
Gwin Mining Co.	05	5,000
Homestake Mining Co.	50	105,000
La Fortuna Mining Co.	05	12,500
Standard Co.	10	17,839
Total,		$502,089

Clip your coupon now:

The interest on the following bonds is now payable:

	Coupon	Total
Bay Counties Power	$2 50	$ 56,250
Ferries and Cliff House	3 00	19,500
Market Street Ry.	2 50	128,100
Pacific Gas Improvement	1 00	12,500
Powell Street Ry.	3 00	21,000
S. V. Water	3 00	149,250
S. V. Water	1 00	34,000
Stockton Gas	3 00	9,000
Total,		$429,600

In addition the semi-annual interest of 2½ per cent on the Oakland Gas bonds will become payable on March 10th, amounting to $23,725.

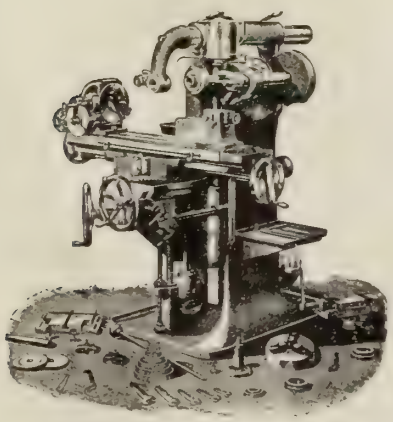
—*The Financier*

Why He Didn't Kick

A husband sat unmoved and calm,
And oft appeared to smile,
Although his wife was flirting in
A most disgraceful style.

He did not utter one complaint,
Nor seem to think it wrong,
While on a lover's lips she pressed
Her kisses loud and long.

Perhaps you wonder how he thus
Could curb his righteous rage;
He saw this, sitting in the stalls,
His wife was on the stage.



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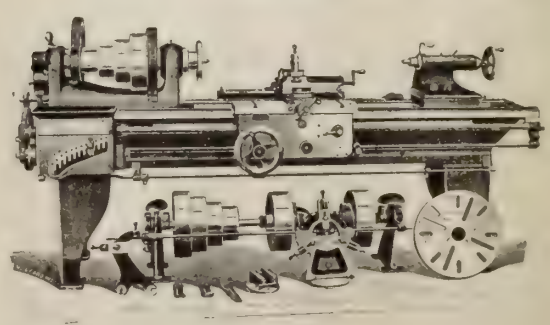

STAGE

A Live Lover

I always used to think that the only stage lovers worthy the name were Frank Worthing and William Faversham. There have been others who make stage love, of course, but their ways were not the ways of Worthing and Faversham. And now comes Dustin Farnum to snatch the laurels from the brow of those others. Because of Lieutenant Denton, Eleventh U. S. Cavalry, Augustus Thomas may be forgiven many sins of omission, including an exceedingly dull first act, in this latest play of his. For Lieutenant Denton, as played by Mr. Farnum, is a lover for matinee girls to sigh over and send bouquets and mash notes. He is all the best of Captain—General—Charles King's heroes rolled into one. To him fall all the noble deeds, the crowning one an act of self-sacrifice where he saves his Colonel's wife from disgrace and discovery. There's nothing new in this situation but as Mr. Farnum plays it it is invested with the interest of a more novel condition. It is toward Grace Elliston, as Bonita Canby the younger daughter of the owner of Aravaipa ranch that the manly young army officer directs his love-making. They make a delightful pair of lovers. Miss Elliston's role is that of a gay, care-free, lively young girl with a fine earnestness of character beneath the light surface. Henry Canby, the ranch owner, is a character strongly drawn and which is given its full strength by Harrison Armstrong, who plays it. Another well acted role is the Chinese cook, Sam Wong, by Stanley Murphy. The third act of "Arizona" is the best. The dialogue, except in the first act, is in its author's best vein. "Arizona" is the kind of a play that will be a favorite in stock theatres after it has been taken from the road.

The Art of Burlesque

There is nothing so delightful as burlesque when it is well done. In New York there is always some sort of a burlesque on at Weber & Field's, and it is seldom that a burlesque of some kind is not making a hit on Broadway. Just now it is "The Hall of Fame" that is making all New York laugh, for though it is a poor thing as a whole some of the players are of the kind that can make anything go. To burlesque well means the possession of natural mental agility on the part of the burlesquer. At the gambols of the Lamb's club they present burlesques that are the best of their kind, just as they do at the Bohemian club jinks. And I have known Ferris Hartman to get off some delicious satires of this kind. Charlie Reed used to have a burlesque every week at his little Standard theatre, and those were the real things in their line. For instance, he had one burlesque on "The Mikado," then running at one of the theatres, which he called "Micky Do," and when a great star was playing "Camille" here one of Reed's burlesques was a striking takeoff on her portrayal of the consumptive Marguerite. Nick Long and Idalene Cotton did a very clever burlesque on "Zaza" in their vaudeville skit during one season. The people like burlesque and there is no reason therefore why they should not support it to the extent of one theatre. Mr. Friedlander's idea is to have Fischer's a standard burlesque house. "The French Maid" does well enough as a starter. "Little Christopher," which comes next, is a better vehicle for burlesque talent. The company is strong enough to cope with greater difficulties in vocal dramatics than have yet fallen to it, and the pretty girls in the chorus should soon enlist the attentions of the local Johnnies.

A Clean Comedy

I wish there were more comedies like "At the White Horse Tavern." It makes one sigh for the pies that mother used to make, the comedies that Crane and Robson and Goodwin and Sol Smith Russell and the rest used to act in before the smart and risque became the mode. Sidney Rosenfeld wrote the play that is the Alcazar's bill this week. It is not a brand new comedy but it is new enough to last a few years more without introducing patchy specialties to make it go. The stock is acting uniformly well this week, so it is hard to pick stars. Osborne has the part of the old Berlin merchant whose family persuaded him to travel. He does it well. Osbourne is a constant refutation of the saying that no one can do anything worthy after a certain age. He acts better now if anything than he did years ago. Miss Wycherly is the hostess of the tavern who has fallen in love with the young attorney (Mr. Alsop). There are some very pretty scenes in which the hostess, the attorney and Ottilie (Miss Convere) appear. Miss Waldrop is the ingenue daughter of the old professor (Mr. Bacon).

A Child Dancer

Nothing more wonderful than the dance of little Reyna Belasco, given as a specialty in "The Corner Grocery" last week, can possibly be imagined. Leaving out of the question the child's natural grace and agility and looking at the dance as a test of endurance it was a marvelous feat. The tiny tot executed every evolution of her solo—which was the real Southern coon dance—with perfect precision. She left out not one step of the complicated solo. Then, when one would have fancied she would have been ready to drop with fatigue, little Reyna came back and did a pretty skirt dance.

The critics of Oregon and Washington pronounce Florence Roberts' "Zaza" a wonderful creation, excelling that of Mrs. Leslie Carter.

A better cast than that we originally saw in "The Christian" will interpret that play here shortly. E. J. Morgan and Elsie Leslie will have the leading roles.

Harry Wood Brown, the local baritone, is now on the Orpheum Circuit, and will shortly be here with four Casino beauties in the Flirtation Quintet.

"Quincy Adams Sawyer" has been staged. It makes a play of the "Way Down East" order.

Hospitality's Cheer

In all social cheer hospitality's motto is:

The Best for the Guest

The superb quality of

HUNTER WHISKEY

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"Will you join me?" "Well, yes, in a drink of Chapin & Gore."

The Hoyt Farces

When Charles H. Hoyt wrote his plays they were very timely and clever take-offs on passing follies. They were something new then, and it is no wonder they were popular. They still draw, after a fashion, but they are no longer timely. New fads and follies have taken the place of those that gave Hoyt his motif. If "A Hole in the Ground" and "A Brass Monkey" were to be produced now I wonder if they would arouse any mirth? Even "A Contented Woman" seems to have had its day. French farces have spoiled the modern appetite for anything less highly spiced.

Attractions Next Week

Fischer's burlesque theatre has come to stay. "The French Maid" will be given for a third week in response to the demand, new songs being introduced. The company is now rehearsing a delightful musical burlesque, "Little Christopher," which had a run of over two years in London, a year in New York city, and was presented with great success throughout the country. Reserved seats can be secured at Fischer's two weeks in advance at the popular prices of twenty-five and fifty cents, twenty-five cents to any part of the theatre at the matinee performances and fifteen cents for children at the matinees.

Eva Mudge, one of the swiftest lightning-change artists that ever tripped across a stage, has made a hit at the Orpheum this week in her songs and will probably duplicate her success next week. There will be a number of star acts beginning tomorrow afternoon, Cinquevalli, the greatest juggler in the world, being the chief constellation. Even Kara's fame pales before that of Cinquevalli, and the Agousts are but novices beside him. Les Troubadors Toulousians come to this country for the first time and will sing the "Tannhauser" march, a waltz by Strauss, and the finale from "Faust." The Dancing Dawsons execute fourteen distinct styles of dancing in eleven minutes. Mae Dawson is said to be the most original child dancer before the public. "The Six Blackbirds," a colored group, will present their absurdity, "The Golf Links."

George Ober's farewell week at the Grand will close one of the most successful engagements ever known at this theatre. The play for his last week will be George H. Broadhurst's latest and best comedy entitled "The House that Jack Built," which one of the Eastern papers says "makes disgruntled family men forget the price of coal and smooths out the care wrinkles of those who are on the wrong side of the stock market." The play is crammed with diverting complications, laughable, exciting even, from beginning to end. Mr. Broadhurst has written many amusing plays, including "What Happened to Jones," "Why Smith Left Home," "The Wrong Mr. Wright," etc., but "The House That Jack Built" is considered superior to all his previous efforts. Mr. Ober will be seen in the part of Willie Slab, the paper hanger, and the balance of the cast will be portrayed by the clever people of the stock company.

After "Arizona," which goes another week at the Columbia, will come Blanche Walsh in "La Madeleine," Harry Dam's latest play.

"The Serenade" is one of the biggest successes the Tivoli has ever known. Its run will likely be a long one.

"At the White Horse Tavern" will be succeeded at the Alcazar by Madeline Lucette Ryley's charming comedy, "A Coat of Many Colors," its first stock presentation in this city. The new play by Mrs. Coleman and Mr. Bryant is rapidly nearing its finish and will soon be produced.

The Central will have "Oliver Twist" as its bill next week, with Georgie Cooper in the name part.

—*The Playgoer*

SCHOOL OF CONCENTRATION

This school has been in successful operation for the past eight years at 406 Sutter street and numbers among its students some of the best minds of the State. Our method of instruction is by demonstration. We teach you how to strengthen your memory, become self-reliant, to overcome habits and appetites, to control your children and your environments and those with whom you come in contact. We develop your will power and teach you how to use it. Concentration has nothing in common with Hypnotism, Religion, New Thought or other fads. Instruction private, not classes. We solicit investigation.

J. Cameron Diamond, Instructor

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AMUSEMENTS

GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Telephone, Main 532.
Grand Opera House Co
Lessee.
Matinees Today and Tomorrow
Last Two Nights of
"A CONTENTED WOMAN" Week beginning Monday evening next
Farewell Week of GEORGE OBER
In Geo. H. Broadhurst's Latest Comedy
"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT"
Popular Prices: 10, 15, 25, 50, 75c. Good Orchestra Seat all Matinees 25c

ALCAZAR
Belasco and Thall,
Managers
Phone Main 254
Week Beginning March 10th.
Madeline Lucette Ryley's Clever Comedy,
"A COAT OF MANY COLORS"
First Stock Presentation in this city
A Charming Production - - - - A Great Cast
Regular Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Seats on sale six days in advance Prices—15c, 25c, 35c, 50c & 75c.
In Preparation—"The Lash of The Whip"

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER
Tonight, Sunday Night and All Next Week
The Greatest Triumph of the Season
Augustus Thomas' Peerless American play
"ARIZONA"
Last Time—Sunday Night, March 16
March 17—Blanche Walsh in La Madeleine
Prices, $1.50, $1, 75, 50 and 25 cents

Orpheum
O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee Mch. 9th
PAUL CINQUEVALLI. Troubadors Toulousians. 3 Dancing Dawsons
The Six Blackbirds. The Auers. Eva Mudge. Billy (Single) Clifford.
The Biograph and Last Week of the TEN NELSONS.
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
Reserved Seats, 25c: Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c

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Evenings at 8 sharp! Matinee Saturday at 2 sharp!
Third Week, and Enormous Success of the Hit of the BOSTONIANS,
"THE SERENADE"
Popular Prices, 25c, 50c and 75c. Telephone, Bush 9

FISCHER'S BURLESQUE THEATRE
Phone Main 231 O'Farrell bet. Stockton and Powel
On account of the tremendous success of
"THE FRENCH MAID"
This delightful comedy will be presented for One More Week, commencing with Monday Evening, March 10th Matinees on Saturday and Sunday
The best cast. The most elaborately staged. The most beautifully costumed musical production in San Francisco.
Prices that please the people. Reserved Seats—Night 25 and 50 cents
Matinee to any part of the theatre 25c. Children at Matinee 15c.
To follow—"Little Christopher" An excruciatingly funny burlesque, brim full of good things

MUSIC

The Nevada Concert

When Emma Nevada was here two years ago, the sensation of her concerts was the 'cellist, Louis Blumenberg, whose hit overshadowed that of the star. This year it is again a 'cellist who carries away the honors—Pablo Casals. He appears to be a mere youth, but then genius is never reckoned by years. Casals brings the most beautiful tone from his instrument, resonant, deep, mellow. His pianissimo, as shown in the encore to his first number, is perfect. He closes his eyes when he plays as if he would be alone with is music, shutting out all sight of what might prove distracting. Daniel Maquarre, the flutist, like the 'cellist a mere boy in appearance, also proved himself an artist. His tone is clear yet delicate and he excels in the finer passages. Leon Moreau, who is an admirable technical player, had the difficult task on Monday night of acting as accompanist owing to the indisposition of M. Lorangue, to add to his duty as soloist. The success of the "support" by no means diminished in fervor the welcome accorded Madame Nevada. She was warmly greeted and sang all the best things in her repertory, again and again returning to please with another selection in response to the applause. She gave the numbers that were on the program, from Delibes, David, Gounod and Del Acqua, and several others including Schubert's "Ave Marie," "The Old Kentucky Home" and "Annie Laurie." Nevada's voice is now like the building so completely modernized that the original structure is lost sight of under the mass of improvements. Her recital is a lesson of which vocal students should not fail to take advantage, her staccato and trills being the perfection of colorature work. There will be a matinee concert today at which Nevada, Casals, Moreau and Maquarre will all appear.

Noah Brandt's Gifted Little Pupil

There is no doubt about the talent of little Aileen McCabe, the fourteen year old girl who made her debut as a violinist on Tuesday night. She handles her instrument with ease and absolute confidence. Her bowing is graceful, her tone strong, full and true. In her short life she has certainly accomplished wonders in overcoming difficulties that many a veteran still considers prodigious. Little Aileen played many numbers, embracing all styles of composition. Her interpretation of the *andante tranquillo* movement of De Beriot's seventh concerto was remarkable in depth of thought and expression. The Wieniawski "Legende" was rendered with surprising precision and breadth of tone for one so young. No less interesting than her playing was her exhibition of musical ear tests. She gave any tone called for with true pitch, giving names instantly of the notes of any chord, no matter what the combination, and any tone struck on the piano, with her back turned to the instrument.

Sembrich, Suzanne Adams, Emma Eames, Gadski and Mrs. Pat Campbell were among the patronesses at Fritzi Scheff's recent song recital at the Waldorf-Astoria in connection with Mr. Heathe Gregory.

A delightful program was rendered at Grace M. E. church last week in which Professor and Madame Beringer took part. Professor Beringer's numbers were: Nocturne, G minor (Joseph Beringer); Prelude, op. 30 (Ed. Grieg), and a duet from "La Traviata," played with his pupil, Mr. W. Fletcher Husband. Madame Beringer sang "Still wie die Nacht" (Bohm) and "The Minstrel's Song, a charming composition by Joseph Beringer.

Several advanced pupils of vocal instructor Joseph Greven are preparing for a series of operatic concerts, the first of which will take place at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s hall on the eighth of April. Over fifteen students will sing and act different operatic selections in costume. Some of these are already well-known favorites; others, so Mr. Greven believes, will favorably surprise the audience at their first appearance.

Denis O'Sullivan will be here in the late fall to fill a starring engagement at the Grand Opera House.

Francis Stuart is having great success as a teacher in New York, and also in placing his pupils in good positions. One of his pupils is engaged for the Covent Garden opera season, and three are with "Florodora."

On Tuesday evening, April first, will be given at the Alhambra theatre, a production of "The Bohemian Girl," by St. Dominic's juvenile choir and Choral Union, combined with an elaborate minstrel performance by St. Dominic's junior Christy minstrels. The affair is to obtain funds for the exterior painting and interior decoration of St. Dominic's church.

SIGNOR ABRAMOFF

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Thursday and Saturday Afternoons, March 13th and 15th at 3 p. m.

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Thursday Night, March 13, at Unitarian Church, Oakland

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N. B.—We accept commissions from $20 up to be operated by us systematically—charging 25 per cent of net profits as pay for our services in full.

August Schleicher will leave for Europe about the fifteenth of next month. Before he goes he will stage "Patience" and incidentally play Bunthorne for the benefit of St. Patrick's church. Last night the San Francisco Operatic Society gave a musical medley, "La Fiesta," one of the numbers being a composition by Mr. Schleicher, "Flor de l' Oro," a double quintet.

Mrs. Gilbert Whitaker entertained the Juvenile Vocal club at the Hotel Repelier last Saturday afternoon, in the name of her little daughters, Isabel, Fannie and Elenor. A very entertaining program was rendered by the little singers, who had been trained by Madame Roeckel.

Miss Maude Fay will leave tomorrow for New York en route to Dresden, where she will study under Madame Sembrich.

Coming of a Great Contralto

Much interest is being taken by local singers in the recitals to be given next week by Mrs. Katherine Fisk, the famous American contralto, in Sherman, Clay & Co. hall. With the exception of the elder Trebelli, and Madame Scalchi, no great contralto has been heard here in concert for many years. The true contralto voice is rare. Mrs. Fisk's programs are all interesting. On Tuesday evening she will sing three arias from Saint-Saens' "Samson et Delilah," Nevin's "Oh that We Two were Maying," and works by Secchi, Brahms, Schubert, Hollaender, Lalo, Chaminade, Fontenailles, Chadwick, Gaynor, and Thomas, with "The Gardner and the Rose," by Emil A. Bruguiere of this city. On Thursday afternoon Beethoven's "In Questa Tomba," two Schumann songs, Schubert's "Who Is Sylvia?", two Chadwick folk songs, and Dr. Arne's "The Lass with the Delicate Air" will be among the selections. Beethoven's "Creation Hymn" and five Biblical songs by Dvorak will be features of Friday evening's program. Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s; prices, seventy-five cents, one dollar, and one dollar and a half. On Thursday night Mrs. Fisk will sing at the Unitarian church, Oakland.

—*The Music Critic*

French authorities are having a grievous time trying to decide whether automobile is masculine or feminine.

IMMENSE RESERVES GUARANTEE THE MAINTENANCE OF THIS QUALITY.

The splendid quality, dryness and delicacy of G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry were never more apparent than in the latest importation of this popular champagne. Messrs. G. H. Mumm & Co. have made it a rule to buy largely of fine vintages in order to tide over poorer ones, which accounts for the uniformity and excellence of their celebrated Extra Dry. Only the first pressings of the best grapes from the choicest vineyards in the champagne district are used by Messrs. Mumm & Co., to whom by the way royal warrants have been granted by King Edward VII. the German and Austrian emperors and other royal highnesses. 120,359 cases of Mumm's Extra Dry were imported last year.

"Kim" is appearing serially in a translation in the Paris *Matin*.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine.
—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1895*

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

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PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

Rialto Gossip from Gotham

A San Franciscan just returned from New York gives out the following bits of news: Melville Ellis, erstwhile friend and mentor of the Duke of Manchester, is in "The Toreador" chorus. Virginia Earle has made the hit of her life as the highbred Englishwoman in "Florodora." Seabrooke, who is now doing the comedian's role in that piece, has introduced business that has made the whole thing new. His work is original and very clever. To see "Du Barry" one has to buy seats six weeks in advance and then it is hard to get them. Louis Morgenstern is high in authority under Al Hayman but is anxious to return here. Gracie Orr, daughter of "our" Annie Meyers, is a favorite at the Casino with Frank Daniels, but the musical comedy "Miss Simplicity" is a frost. One of the popular comedians on Broadway is June McCree who until recently was popular in San Francisco dives. He is in the "Hall of Fame" cast with Louis Harrison of the old California stock company of Maybelle Gillman, a Mills' College graduate. Grace von Studdiford, the St. Louis soprano who was at the Orpheum a few months ago, is the prima donna of the Bostonians and admittedly the best that was ever with that degenerate company. The Bostonians are playing "Maid Marian," a sort of sequel to "Robin Hood," and one of the most tiresome operas ever written.

Stage Failures

Maurice Bernhardt's play, "Nini L'Assomeur," which failed so dismally as a tragedy that his mother is reported to have collapsed on the night of its production, is having a great success as a travesty. It is one of those affairs in which murders and suicides are three deep in every act, and since the turn of the tide some of the astute critics are claiming that they knew all the time that it was not meant to be taken seriously. This is not the first time, by any means, that a failure of one kind has meant success of another, but perhaps the best example of that kind of somersaluting was "The Black Crook,' which was a dismal failure in Boston as a melodrama; moved to New York, with plot subordinated to ballet and scenic effects, it made an enormous success. Maurice Bernhardt does not mean to be discouraged, for he is busy with a dramatization of Sienkiewicsz' "With Fire and Sword," and is also trying his hand on an attempt at a Wild West play to bear the extremely American title of "Cowboy."

IN THE SPACE OF A TWELVEMONTH.

In the Spring.

"Love's from above," the lover sang;
"All dross but love," his chorus rang.

In the Fall.

She married another:
A millioned brother.

In Midwinter.

"Love is but dross," the poet sang,
"And as for me, love may go hang."

—*The Cynic.*

ON THE CAMPUS.

"I think I've hurt my kneecap," said the pretty coed, thrusting the member spoken of into prominence.

The bashful junior edged away.

"Now don't you be setting your cap for me," he said. —*The Matchmaker.*

Miss Pepperbox—Just think, Edith's engaged to Mr. Richesse!

Miss Chatterbox—Engaged? Why he hasn't known her a week.

Miss Pepperbox—That's just it.

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LETTERS

"The Imitator"

The trend of modern society has never been more cleverly satirized than in "The Imitator," the novel which first appeared as a serial in the St. Louis *Mirror* and which has since been issued in book form by William Marion Reedy. The New York and Newport swim is faithfully pictured, with all its faults and follies laid bare. The name of the author of "The Imitator" is not given, but I presume he is of the masculine gender. No woman could so well probe the heart of things as is done in this book. Orson Vane, the hero, is no fanciful creation. He is a real man. In the opening chapter we see him, a bored, blase man of clubs, forced to epigrammatic cynicism as he whiles away the weary hours in company with a friend of quite opposite tendencies. He becomes interested in a young girl, casually interested, that is, for it is not until long after that the girl comes directly into his life. Orson Vane sees nothing in life worth living. He is "cursed with thought of his own futility." As he expresses it, "I have done nothing at all; I merely am." Though Vane has dabbled not unsuccessfully in many arts his labors always end in the same way—the recognition of his futility. He feels that at best he can never be but an imitator. "Neither scientist nor scholar has yet shown the way to one man's understanding of another's soul." However, Orson meets the man who will give him the understanding of the human soul that he craves. This is Professor Vanlief, the savant, father of the young girl who is later to be Vane's guiding star. Vanlief has invented a mirror that, instead of taking ordinary impressions, is a medium for the transmission of human souls. He lends the mirror to the bored, blase man of clubs, and the boredom is chased away as if by magic. He changes souls—without the knowledge of those he is robbing, of course—with Reginald Hart, Clarence Spalding-Wentworth and Arthur Wantage. These names form but thin disguises for a much-written-of cotillon leader of the Newport set, a society novelist and a famous actor. Vane, in their bodies, causes them all to do even more fantastic things than they had yet accomplished to give the newspapers food for talk. As Reggie Hart he dances in feminine attire and poses in tights; as Spalding-Wentworth, he becomes a great golfer; as Wantage, he adds laurels to the actor's own wreath, runs bills he will not pay and drives his faithful valet to drink. How he is finally rescued from the thralldom of the fascinating mirror, by the unintended sacrifice of his former friend's life, is told in a very startling chapter. The love of Jeannette Vanlief comes to Orson Vane as a rejuvenator and in the finale of the novel we find him on the threshold of true happiness. This is but a skeleton of what is a work of fine conception and careful execution. The plot is unusual, the dialogue Pinero-like in its brilliancy. Some of the thoughts are well worth culling:

"Nothing is so delightful as to imitate others; yet to be mistaken for them is always dreadful."

"Whenever I hear that a person is clever I am sure he will never amount to much. There is only one word that approaches it in deadly significance. That is 'rising.'"

"We touch hands every day, but our souls are hidden in a veil that has not been passed since God made the universe."

"When a man is no longer dunned his credit is either too good or too bad; or else his social position is declining."

"I have always thought the clever thing for Monte Cristo to have done was to lose the world; to hide it where nobody could find it again."

"Some people write to live, and some live to write, and the worse class of all are merely dying to write."

—*Louis A. Robertson.*

New Idea in Cheap Books

A new departure in the manner of publication is to be tried in London, and if it is successful it will mark the lowest notch yet made in the cost of book production. The idea is of Howard Whitford Bell, who proposes to issue what he designates as a "Unit Library," the cost of his products to be regulated by the number of pages they contain, at the rate of one shilling and two pence for each twenty-five pages, and one penny additional for the paper cover. If the work is done in any acceptable style, and the paper is fairly good, there is no reason on the surface why there should not be a demand for the pamphlets. There are a good many speeches, arguments,

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Ellen Beggs deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator William F. Beggs at the offices of Lent and Humphrey, Rooms 167-168-169 Crocker Building, corner Post and Market streets, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

WILLIAM F. BEGGS
Administrator of the Estate of Ellen Beggs, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 1, 1902.

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Ferry boats leave San Francisco at 12 m., 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2:30 and 3 p. m., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. Last two cars on train reserved for ladies and their escorts. No smoking. All trains via Oakland Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland. Also all trains via Alameda Mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Fourteenth and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the track in fifteen minutes.

Returning trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 p. m. and immediately after the last race. THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President.
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essays and other utterances delivered every year, which many people would be glad to preserve in other form than newspaper clippings, and there are numbers of single articles which appear in magazines, the only part of their contents worth preserving. If all these could be published in pamphlet form, uniform in size if nothing else, it would be worth while to obtain them with a view to future arrangement and binding. The majority of the attempts at cheap publication are so cheap in every other respect as well as in price that they are no temptation to any one either to purchase or to preserve.

Lillian Coleman, at Fischer's Theatre

Every day brings new evidence of the up-to-dateness of the Japanese. A translation of "An Enemy to the People" recently appeared in Tokio, and now it is to be staged by native actors.

Maurus Jokai, the Hungarian author, has been elevated to the peerage. He is the editor of the most influential paper in that country.

The well known Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra has re-opened for the Fourth Season, 1901-1902. To guarantee promptness, all engagements must be made at the Studio, 718 Post street. Telephone Polk 1575. School hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of George Granopolos, also known as George Johnson Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, Administrator of the Estate of George Granopolos also known as George Johnson deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 79, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM
Administrator of the Estate of George Granopolos also known as George Johnson, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 15, 1902

FRANK McGOWAN, Attorney for Administrator
Rooms 75-79 and 80 Chronicle Building

Estate of Mary D. Sullivan, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Dennis Sullivan, Administrator of the estate of Mary D. Sullivan, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Dennis Sullivan, Administrator, at Room 411 Parrott Building, No 855 Market street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

DENNIS SULLIVAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary D. Sullivan, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 15, 1902

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Administrator
Parrott Building, San Francisco

Estate of James Slade (sometimes known as and called Dennis Driscoll) deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Hannah Barry, Administratrix of the estate of James Slade, (sometimes known as and called Dennis Driscoll), deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Hannah Barry, Administratrix as aforesaid, at Room 411 Parrott Building, No 855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

HANNAH BARRY
Administratrix of the estate of James Slade, (sometimes known as and called Dennis Driscoll), deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 8, 1902

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Administratrix
Parrott Building 855 Market St., San Francisco.

Estate of Margaret A. Fitzpatrick, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Edward Leary, Administrator of the Estate of Margaret A. Fitzpatrick deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Edward Leary at the office of T. I. Fitzpatrick, 501 Hayward Building the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EDWARD LEARY,
Administrator of the Estate of Margaret A. Fitzpatrick, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 8, 1902.

T. I. Fitzpatrick, Attorney for Administrator
501 Hayward Building

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Della St. Claire Weston, Plaintiff.
vs.
William Henry Weston, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to William Henry Weston, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty to plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made. All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of January, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and two.

ALBERT MAHONY, Clerk.
[SEAL.] By THOS. F. O'NEIL, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff.
Parrott Building, San Francisco.

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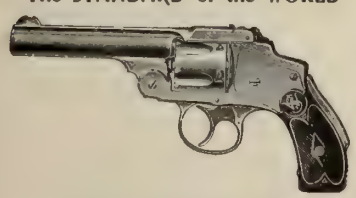

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BY POST.

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Very sincerely and gratefully,

-Giddy J.

BY TELEPHONE.

Feminine Voice: Oh, is that you, Charlie? Yes, I'll be ready in a moment. You are the nicest man I know. A hundred dollar tailor suit! You are too generous! All I need now is a spring hat and some patent leather shoes. My stockings are not silk, but one can't expect *everything* in this world. By-by, dear.

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OVERHEARD.

Feminine Voice: Just one—it hurts my neck to lean over. What a pity I'm so tall—now if I were shorter—well, yes, you can reach me all right now. Oh, oh, oh! What lovely diamonds! Yes, they just match those elegant silk stockings. My sisters will be horribly jealous. Now, I'll give you a big kiss all for yourself.

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him up in business. And brother is enjoying his trip to Coronado, which you so kindly treated him to. My sisters are out in the auto you gave them. I am looking for your arrival tomorrow with the sealskin and diamond necklace you promised. Lots of kisses from *Giddy.*

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Male Voice: I swear, your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, that my sole desire was to give pleasure. I had no idea whatever of courtship or marriage.

Feminine Voice: I liked him better than any man I had ever met. I picked him out for my husband. My sole idea was to be honest and honorable. It was the modern woman's wooing. He—he—(bursts into tears).

Jury: (after deliberating): We find the defendant guilty of breach of promise, and award the plaintiff damages to the following amount:

One kiss (the first) at	$ 5 00
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Fifty kisses at 25 cents	12 50
Total	$42 50

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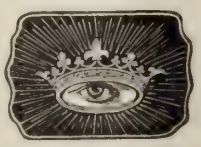
TRADE  MARK

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, March 15, 1902

THIS JOURNAL IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
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THEO. F. BONNET - - - Editor
CHARLES S. SMITH - Business Manager

1019 Market Street, Third Floor Telephone South 735

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OUR OPINION

Rudeness and Wealth

Mrs. Astor having remarked that without a college education no man can be a gentleman, the newspapers seized the statement as a pretext for a discussion of the question as to whether a college education is an essential constituent in the make-up of a gentleman. The sentiment is so absurd and its absurdity so easily demonstrated by citing notable instances of self-made men who are distinguished for their gentlemanly qualities that no person of average intelligence should care to give it a serious thought. Coming from Mrs. Astor, however, it is of some significance. She is a leader in a social set which is composed of people of enormous wealth. They pride themselves on their exclusiveness, but they have attained their luxurious isolation solely by their riches. And that circumstance is not pleasant to ponder. If they could boast a proud ancestry they would be satisfied, for it is a tradition of great antiquity that the aristocracy have certain rights which the common herd are bound to respect, and certain claims to distinction which command the envy of the polloi. But mere vulgar wealth has always excited sneers, and even those possessed of it and nothing else are not quite sure that they have reason to be proud. Therefore it is that Mrs. Astor proclaims a college education as the open sesame to her Holy of Holies. She hopes to disparage wealth and put a premium on culture. She has made a concession to brains. But it was foolish for her to intimate that the men in her set are all gentlemen. Even a college education does not always subdue and repress a man's own instincts. Indeed, it is impossible to refine a bounder who has great wealth, for riches breed arrogance, and that is what the bounder feeds on. The Vanderbilts are of the Astor social push, and it was a Vanderbilt that sidetracked a passenger train in the snow a few weeks ago so that he could keep a social engagement in New York. Evidently a college education failed to improve his manners. The most conspicuous bounder in the world today is an Astor and his Christian names are William Waldorf. If Mrs. Astor hopes to rid her set of the uncultured rich she is doomed to disappointment. None but the rich can afford to move in her circle, and human nature is so constituted that it is extremely difficult to possess great wealth, and a solicitude for the feelings of others. The rich sometimes affect a solicitude for less fortunate mortals, and then their manner becomes of a patronizing nature. Rudeness and wealth go hand in hand, and even a college education cannot rupture the intimacy.

The City Beautiful

The consensus of opinion in San Francisco today is that the city was never so prosperous and never blessed with brighter prospects. Such is not only the consensus of opinion in San Francisco but it is the belief of the so-called captains of industry all over the country. They are looking with greedy eyes in this direction. On all sides we hear that San Francisco is at the gateway of the rich trade of the Orient, that the vast commerce of the Pacific is coming our way, and that our population is increasing with astonishing rapidity. And no observant person doubts that such are the facts. It is also a fact that the interior of the State is in an exceptionally prosperous condition, and if we had no other evidence the simple circumstance that vacant houses are rarer than ever before in the history of the city should be sufficient to convince the sceptical that the metropolis of the Pacific has awakened from her lethargy. San Francisco will grow rapidly in the next ten years and now is the time to provide for the future. If it be already apparent that Third street is no longer wide enough to accommodate traffic now is the time to widen that thoroughfare. Let us not wait until the value of property has greatly increased. If Golden Gate Park is to be extended to Market street that project should be pushed through without uncessary delay. It is possible for San Francisco to become the most beautiful city on the continent, and it should be the aim of the people to attain that end. We have attractions that are possessed by no other large city in America, and we can enhance them and add to them until their fame arouses the interest of tourists from all over the world. And tourists add considerably to the wealth of the largest and most prosperous cities in the world. But to beautify this city, and avail ourselves of present conditions with a view to the future the people must be imbued with a progressive spirit and the city must have a progressive municipal government.

Society at a Monkey's Funeral

The silly and sickening sentimentality of idiotic women has done more mischief in the world than half the things that are accounted crimes. One after another the gracious customs and pretty observances have been abandoned because some misguided female has set the example which is followed by others of her kind until the thing takes on the appearance of a caricature, and

people who retain a modicum of common sense are driven to the other extreme out of sheer disgust. One does not mind the follies so much when they affect only the idiots and their set. They may wear their clothes hind side fore or perch upon thrones of agricultural implements, or take the pig for a ride in the automobile, and still not drive the rest of the world to abandoning raiment or refusing to patronize street cars. But there are some customs which have a degree of sacredness about their observance, and common decency demands that these be not dragged through the mire for the sake of affording novelty to fools. One would think that the Christmas tree might be left to the children and not degraded by being decorated for dogs. That bit of profanation was about dying out, but it will probably receive a new fillip since it has the royal sanction of the Queen of Servia. New York society last week expended its energies in a monkey's funeral, where the coffin of the little beast was buried in flowers, and more tears were shed than would have fallen over a child, while the virtues and beauties of the animal were extolled at length in the papers. In the middle of winter, in the frozen East, it would seem as though there would be hardship and poverty enough amongst human beings to absorb the attention of those in better condition. When infants are buried in plain boxes, with never a flower and scarcely a tear, and their little bodies laid away in the Potter's Field, with nothing to mark their graves, it ought to suggest itself to the more fortunate, merely as a matter of good taste, not to make ostentatious display over the death of a monkey. This sort of thing goes nearer to making anarchists than all the howlings of professional anarchists over the differences in income, or anything else that they can trump up. The spectacle of a society woman weeping over the flower-decked coffin of her monkey is a rather realistic establishment of the Darwinian theory of the origin of species.

Growth of a Great Crime

Dr. George J. Engelmann has written a pamphlet which should attract attention and which should become the subject of serious discussion. Dr. Engelmann is at the head of the Boston Obstetrical Society, and his pamphlet was written to call attention to the fact that notwithstanding the advance in obstetrical science, the birth rate in this country is decreasing almost as alarmingly as it is in France. He has made a thorough investigation of the subject, and he declares that his figures show the passing away of the native American. We are recruiting our population from the more fecund European people. He attributes this going down of the birth rate to such powerful factors in our civilization as "financial aspiration, the craving for luxury and social dissipation." It does not require the most careful observation or the deepest scrutiny to be convinced that the alarm of Dr. Engelmann is well founded. Childbearing has been unfashionable for a long time, and as the Rev. Dr. Dike has said, "Many of the families which are best fitted for the rearing of children, so far as pecuniary means and social opportunity are concerned, are deliberately choosing to be unfruitful." Dr. Engelmann's discussion should be interesting to those that approve the theory that maternity is against the interest of woman's health. This learned scientist declares that exhaustion and premature decrepitude are the results of avoidance of maternity. He says moreover: "There is no question as to the baneful sentiment which is gradually developing among young people that bearing and rearing children, 'belongs to low life and is degrading.' which now and then becomes evident in aspersions cast upon those with large families, implying their life to be vulgar and sensual." The pamphleteer has sounded a note of alarm which should not be permitted to fade away.

The Coming Liliputian

It is predicted that the Coming Man of the Twentieth Century will be physically a complete wreck, decrepit, wizened and not fully developed. This lamentable condition is to be the result partly of the modern craze for ultra-athleticism, and partly of the unhealthful methods of living consequently upon the rush and competition of this ruthlessly busy age. There is no doubt that athletics are being carried to ruinous extremes by the proverbially immoderate modern man. The average man who is intent upon keeping himself "in good condition," is wearing away much useful tissue by his efforts to excel in some branch of sport. The scorching cyclist with his humped back and distorted countenance is playing no greater havoc with his system than the record seekers in the tennis court, in the row-boat and in the gymnasium. But the modern craze for open-air exercises, which threatens to produce a race of stunted male pigmies, is accomplishing much good for the opposite sex. If the Coming Man is destined to be a shrunken wreck, there is a strong probability of a race of Amazons being developed. The average woman does not carry her athleticism to extremes. She does not play golf and tennis until every muscle is tired and her heart is beating like a trip-hammer. She plays for pleasure, and not for "training." She doesn't try to perfect her wind by beating the amateur record on the mile track. She swims with the old-fashioned breast stroke and doesn't get out of breath. Her methods are not disastrous.

Truth about Field

The recent *Mirror* pamphlet, "The Eugene Field Myth," by William Marion Reedy, is apt to raise as much of a tempest as the Henley-Stevenson controversy. Mr. Reedy is not afraid to express his opinions in vigorous language, and it incidentally happens that he is expressing the opinions of a good many other people who have not his facilities for reaching the public ear, but who are none the less independent thinkers. Mr. Redy's subtitle, "Being a Protest against the Silly, Sentimental Apotheosis of a Man and Writer," is self-ex-

plantory. Ever since the death of Field he has been exalted to a pedestal, and all passers have been called upon to bow their heads in worship. Because of a few good poems for children, or rather, about children, Field has been set up as a sort of apostle and saint, and every city of any size has had a school named after him. Children are required to learn his verses, and after the idiotic manner of the modern educational course there are "Eugene Field Days" set apart in the school rooms, where all else gives way to the glorincation of the Chicago writer. Field was like any other journalist obliged to scrape out a living with the point of his pen. He did the thing he found he could do best, and he worked his vein for all it was worth. It makes no particular difference whether he felt all he wrote or any of it. The point is, he made readers feel it, and as long as they do feel it his supremacy is secure. But he did not confine his verses, his writings in general, or his stories to Sunday-school topics, and some of those who are industriously burning incense before the statue they have erected would be shocked to discover that the few samples they have examined are a long way from representing the mass. Field, as a man, was not the gentle and childlike innocent but a rather unscrupulous and cold-blooded egotist. One cannot read the fulsome biographies and reminiscences of his admirers without wondering whether they really enjoyed the manner in which he used them and imposed on them, or whether they did not endure the kicks and pricks with an eye single to the making of these same biographies later on. Since "literature" has to be taught in the kindergarten, and the teaching of literature includes a turning over of lives as well as letters, it behooves biographers to fit their recollections to the capacity of the school library, or the juvenile department of the public libraries, since these are large purchasers. There are many phases of life which are not fit for the immature school children, and these must be either omitted or distorted, and the result is chaos. Sooner or later, these milky impressions are disturbed and upset, and the confectionery cupids and angels stand out revealed in all their nakedness. Nothing is gained in the long run by the misrepresentation. There is no especial reason why a eulogistic biography should be turned out from the press the day after a man, writer or otherwise, has shuffled off this mortal coil. There is no reason why the thrifty "Boswell" should be in such a hurry to coin his penny, and so far from doing the dead any honor, these attempts at idealizing mortal men with mortal failings have always worked injury. There is something ghoulish in the way that every one who ever "passed the time of day" with Stevenson or Tennyson, or any other one whose head has stood above the crowd, has turned his opportunities to advantage in a magazine article, if it could not be expanded to a book. Stevenson was so belauded and exalted and written around and about, that after the first shock or surprise at the audacity, one could but rejoice that Henley's so-called "attack" reminded us that he was, after all, a man. Mr. Reedy's pamphlet will clip the feathers of the Field wings, and make it possible for people to realize that when he was here on earth he did some very prosaic walking, with his feet to the earth, instead of flying over the heads of common mortals.

The Saunterer

The "Colonel" Talks

Dan Burns has been talking again. The Colonel is afflicted with the fatal gift of gab. Every time the Colonel returns from his Mexican mine he opes his mouth in the presence of an interviewer, and says things which should have been left unsaid. But the Colonel is a wonderfully successful Bluff, and therefore he should command some measure of admiration, for success in almost any field of endeavor bespeaks either talent or perseverance. The Colonel's latest is that he intends to give battle to Phil Crimmins but that he has had no quarrel with William F. Herrin. It was unnecessary for him to affirm his friendship for Mr. Herrin. I stated last week that without Mr. Herrin's friendship he would be a "dead one" politically, and I know that he has sense enough to be aware of that fact.

Good Fellow but Poor Boss

Indeed, without Mr. Herrin's friendship, Colonel Burns with his Mexican mine if it were ten times its value could not afford to engage in a battle even with little Phil Crimmins. And Crimmins is far from being a Napoleon. But he has some following and he enjoys the loyalty of some of the district politicians, and Burns has no support except that which comes to him through his connection with people whose influence in State politics is generally recognized. Crimmins has no Mexican mine but he is a factor in State and municipal politics. If Burns became as poor as Crimmins tomorrow, the probability is that even Ned Conroy would fail to do him reverence. The Colonel is perhaps, a good fellow, but as a political boss he is a mistake. He demonstrated that when he insured the defeat of Estee by telling an interviewer that he—not the Republican State convention—intended to give poor Maurice M. the nomination for Governor.

Back to the Mines

And now he is being interviewed in the papers in a way that threatens to play havoc with the chances of Henry T. Gage. Yet he has before him the fate of poor Asa R. Wells who took the public into his confidence and exposed the secrets of the Republican machine. It is easy to deceive the public. The public is anxious to be deceived. No political boss can afford to be candid with the dear people. Yet Colonel Burns yells through a megaphone that Henry T. Gage is a railroad candidate. Gage's friends ought to gag the Colonel. If that is an

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

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impossible feat they should send him back to his Mexicane mine until the campaign is over. He has alienated the most powerful Republican papers in the State, a circumstance which alone should suffice to force the conviction of his incompetency as a Boss, and yet some wise men are taking him seriously. Surely, as a Bluff he is without a peer.

Buck's Winning Way

Whenever I recall the defeat of Estee by Burns I am reminded of the methods of Chris Buckley which were successful in this city for many years. When Buckley decided to nominate a man for office he instructed him to start out and proclaim his independence of boss rule, through the highways and byways.

"Tell everybody," Buckley would say, "that you're going to break the slate. Call me a — — —, and declare that you wouldn't have anything to do with such a — — — —."

Buckley knew that that was the sort of talk that won the dear people who like to believe that they run the government. But Colonel Burns prefers to impress the multitude with the knowledge that he is the great Mogul who dictates nominations. And he is giving aid to the enemies of Governor Gage in a way that should alarm the latter's friends.

The Co-Respondent Flutters into Town

That gay and sprightly little widow who has fascinated so many gilded cuckoos and who was the disturbing factor in the Cowles' household has fluttered into town. It's only the flutter of a few weeks, however, for she has taken pains to tell her friends that she can only "visit" a few days. Which means that she will be on her way eastward as soon as the storm has passed over the Cowles' divided hearth. She has been living in splendid style since her arrival and each day gaily gowns herself in a new French creation with the laughing explanation that she has whole trunks full of them. Those who know say she got them on the trip she made to Paris with the shrewd asphalt speculator just prior to his marriage with the well-known local society girl who went to New York to live. Through all the heart raptures and heart burnings of his recent domestic experience he seems to have provided liberally for the little widow for her gowns seem to be literally stuffed with hundred-dollar bills. As every one knows she is not the one to show them, much less to spend them, unless she has bunches of them laid away for safe keeping. She is credited with being the shrewdest bit of femininity that ever angled after a fatuous capitalist's bank account. I don't know how many single men she has led to financial slaughter but I know of seven families that she has disrupted with her wiles.

Heartaches Follow Her Footsteps

Capricious Fate seems to have selected both her and her sisters for just such careers. Her sister, though, has not coquetted over such an extended territory but has contented herself with several Californian capitalists. But the little widow belongs to the Du Barrys and is only happy when she commands half a dozen fortunes. When I saw her last in New York she was living at the Hotel Netherlands. "California's too small for me," she said, "I'm never going back there." Then she added, naively, "One can make such good and such influential friends here. Why, I was given a Wall street tip the other day and I cleaned up—why, just thousands, yes, thousands." And she showed two one thousand dollar bills as evidence of her success. But it was less than a fortnight after that she decided to come out here till the divorce suit was settled. She was the co-respondent and it wouldn't have looked well for her to have been dragged into such a mess from her sumptuous apartments in a fashionable hotel. Since her arrival here in her stunning gowns she has been creating all sorts of hopes, fears, tremors and heartaches in the bosoms of the gay club men young, old, but always rich, that she used to smile on. Gossip has it that her ex-husband is soon to marry again.

Troubles of the Telegraph Man

Manager George Putnam who looks after the country newspaper service here for the Scripps-McRae company had a number of funny experiences during the recent big storm. Right after the first big blow laid low the lines and cut off communication with the outside world he received a vigorous "kick" by mail because he had not telegraphed the regular day's news to a certain rural paper. "But the wires were down and the big storm turned everything topsey turvey," he wrote in explanation. What was his astonishment to receive the following by return mail: "If the storm was such a rouser and was turning everything topsey-turvey it must have been a big thing in a news way and that's all the more reason you should have wired us a report of it."

Things that Won't Go by Wire

He went down to the telegraph office to see if the company didn't have some private copyrighted way of treating such denseness. The operator laughed. "You can't do anything with such cases," he explained, "we have them right along and the only way to treat them is to give them all the line they want and let them play with it till they're exhausted. See this message," and he picked up one on his desk. "It's a case of the same kind. The man came in here during the big storm and wanted to telegraph twenty-five dollars to Chicago to pay a bill. 'You can't telegraph it today,' I explained, 'the wires are down.' What do you think he did? Went to the desk and wrote out this message: 'Can't telegraph you the money till the storm is over, and wires repaired.' "Send that instead,' he said. Of course I took it. What was the use of trying any further to explain the situation to him? But the king-pin of this lot of freaks came in here this morning. He spent half an hour writing out his message. When he brought it to the desk I found it was addressed to an Oakland planing mill and read:

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'Send me fifty each of the following mouldings.' Then followed an assortment of scrolls, and queer-looking figures. 'What's this?' I asked. 'Oh,' he explained, blandly, 'I want the mill company to send me mouldings of those designs.' I called up one of the messenger boys to try and explain things that go over the wire to him and then I went way back and sat down till he was gone."

The Coming of the Hyphen Habit

I wonder if there is any truth in that rumor that a prominent bride of last week proposes to innovate the custom here of the hyphenated name. She is a girl of some independence of character and declares the custom of a woman forfeiting her name and losing her identity by marriage ought to be stopped. Her friends, to whom she has confided her determination to make a stand, admit that the loss of name of the bride is a relic of a barbarous epoch when a woman was a mere appendage, but then—it has the approval of society. "Fig," says the new bride, "I'll put a different stamp on it when I order my new cards." In the East some of the big families with proud names insist on their preservation through the hyphen despite custom's or anybody else's edicts. In Europe double-barreled names are thicker than blackberries in autumn. They have usually a distinguished ring about them which gives them an air of nobility. Sometimes, to be sure, they are alarmingly long; but that, however, is the fault of the country and not of the system. In Hungary is a society whose object is to join names as well as hands. Nowhere in the world is the right of women to their own dear maiden names so universally admitted, and so strictly enforced as in Spain. And now if this San Francisco bride has her way, other hyphens may be bred here to rival and perhaps eclipse those of Goad-Martin-Reilly.

The Other View

There are always two ways of looking at a thing is what the logical mind says, and so, while it is particularly trying to many of our girls to see such a lot of belles chosen to tread the rosy path of Hymen, yet the reverse view shows what an advantage it is to have these girls of such wide experience removed from their way. Yes, but are they? All the world knows how simply irresistible a charming young matron is.

By One that Met Her

A correspondent writes: I read with a great deal of interest last week your paragraph about the death of Madame de Rute, daughter of the Princess Letitia. Bonaparte. I met her in Paris one night a few years ago, and what a wreck I beheld, of the beautiful woman who helped to break down the Empire of France and to build up the kingdom of Italy. She was a second Madame de Stael, with all of the latter's brilliant talents and in addition that rare Napoleonic beauty which enabled Pauline, sister of the great Emperor, to break many hearts. Madame de Rute wrote novels, plays and books of travel, and was a successful editress. Some of France's greatest literary geniuses regarded her as their equal. Fifty years ago kings and statesmen were at her feet, but she preferred literary men. She was the object of one of the many passions of Victor Hugo, and Eugene Sue's novel about her, which you mentioned, was a brilliant story of his love for her. She captivated Rochefort in his youth, and her first husband, Baron de Solins, was an Alsatian Croesus. When she married Rattazi, he was Prime Minister and one of Italy's greatest statesmen. In late years her salon in Paris was the centre of Upper Bohemia, and there one could always meet men of letters, artists and stage people. It was there that I saw her a few years ago, a little old woman, with parchment skin and sunken cheeks. Alas, the beautiful creature whom poets and romancers adored, the woman whom kings and Prime Ministers groveled before, whose Napoleonic features, Duran, the great artist, perpetuated on canvas and Clesinger immortalized in marble, had failed to grow old gracefully.

Gotham's Fashions

New York women, a correspondent writes me, are carrying or wearing their violets tied with a yard of violet-colored cord with tiny cord acorns on the ends. This is the latest fad. Florists send the violets tied this way to their purchasers, and charge five dollars a bunch for them, a bunch about the size of one that costs twenty-five cents here during violet time. Another fad is the bags the women carry to the theatre, suppers and even to balls. They are not very large but are oblong in shape and have a handle. They are made of beads or suede and have quite superseded the soft satin opera bags. The newest pompadour is low in front and with the point on the forehead quite in the centre. New York hairdressers say it is right from Paris.

Concert Debutantes in Gotham

Those Rubens Musical Mornings at the Waldorf-Astoria of which one hears so much from Californians

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sojourning in New York are very smart affairs indeed. Rubens always has one or more grand opera people to sing and usually "introduces" some new aspirant whom he charges anything from two hundred and fifty dollars up for the privilege of the introduction. Last week Miss Scovel, a cousin of President Roosevelt, appeared and I am told by a Californian sojourning in New York paid one thousand dollars for the honor, as she received ultra advertisement and all the extras. To be professionally introduced in New York, it appears, costs something and genius unadorned by dollars is not on the managers' eligible list.

The Bachelors of Bush Street

The Holluschickie is the somewhat cryptic name of a house at 722 Bush street where several prominent young men reside. Holluschickie is the Russian word used to designate the bachelor seal. This seal is not a confirmed bachelor or a bachelor from choice but there is a period during which he is compelled by other male seals to keep away from the female of his species. The bachelors of the Holluschickie are Professors Sitchell and Hunt of Berkeley, Temple Smith, Harry Connick, Tom and Roy Pike, Charles Dobey, H. L. Baggerly and Norman Wright. They conduct the house as a sort of a club, but they are not barred from female society nor have they any antipathy for femininity.

The Chaperon. What! engaged to one man and flirting with another?

Miss Devote: It had to be. It's Lent, you see.

The Chaperon: And what connection has that with your action?

Miss D.: Oh, I'm denying myself Willy's kisses. A platonic affair with Cholly is my penance.

Passing the Buck

A young man afflicted with the craze for social distinction disgraced himself the other day by passing a bogus check. Thereupon he was proclaimed a fraud, and those of our social butterflies with whom he had rubbed wings demanded to know by whom he had been sponsored. That astute social leader, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, declared that he was introduced to her by Mrs. McClung. When Mrs. McClung was interviewed she said that she first met the young man at one of Mrs. Monroe Salisbury's functions. This is surely a case of passing the buck. Somebody has been fibbing. If a young man who has not been properly branded can mingle with the buds at a Salisbury fortnightly, the mothers should be warned. If a white vest and a claw-hammer constitute the cachet of the Salisbury elect let us proclaim that fact to the wide, world.

A concert is to be given on April tenth at Sherman & Clay Hall, the proceeds of which will go to the Benevolent Nurses' Association for an endowed bed in St. Luke's hospital. Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt has the program in charge and some of the artists already secured are Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Friedhofer, Dr. Lawrence H. Hoffmann, Dr. A. Rykert and Harry Samuels. The patronesses are Mrs. H. M. Sherman, Mrs. W. B. Harrington, Mrs. S. N. Walter, Mrs. William Ford Nichols, Mrs. George H. Powers, Mrs. Middleton, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. Elliott McAllister, Mrs. Charles A. Slack and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan.

"Will you join me?" "Well, yes, in a drink of Chapin & Gore."

An Awful Threat

The church decorations were most elaborate at a swell wedding which took place in Oakland not many weeks ago. The bride was the daughter of a prominent Oakland citizen, and the groom was one of the elite of San Jose. The church decorations were superb, and provoked many "Oh!" and "Ahs!" of admiration, but they have not been paid for. The father of the bride has been told that if he does not pay the bill it will be sent to his son-in-law.

Kirkpatrick's Amendment

During the late municipal campaign a job chaser named Kirkpatrick had a dispute one day with Blinker Murphy over Eugene Schmitz and the Irish vote. Murphy insisted that Schmitz was of German parentage, and that he couldn't get the Irish vote. "Indade he will," cried Kirkpatrick, "I know U'geen an' I know that he's two-thirds Irish an' one-third Tootonic."

Kirkpatrick failed to get a job under Mayor Schmitz and one day, a few weeks ago, he met Murphy again and said:

"You raymimber what I said about Schmitz?"

"Yes," said Murphy, "I remember."

"Well, I wuz wrong," said Kirkpatrick, "he's three-thirds Tootonic."

When Ross was Tenant

The old castle on Telegraph Hill is now the home of a coterie of Bohemians—artists and writers. With its quaint surroundings and picturesque prospect extending across the Golden Gate, the old gray ruin possesses attractions that charm and enthuse. I remember years ago when it was the home of that famous athlete, Duncan Ross, the hero of many a broad-sword contest. Ross was a genial host, and he was fond of the company of newspaper men. One evening, during the period in which Ross occupied the castle, two reporters employed on rival morning newspapers had a quarrel, and they agreed to settle it with bare knuckles in the castle on the

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hill. Other reporters arranged for the bout, which was set for three A. M. and the news soon spread through journalistic circles. In the wee sma' hours newspaper men began wending their way to the summit of the hill. Ross was on hand to receive them. The castle was all ablaze and at the appointed hour the two scribes appeared in an improvised arena. There were about fifty reporters present. Just as the battle began the police broke in and placed the whole crowd under arrest.

A Lucky Chemist

At the Palace the other day, I ran across Dr. Bockland, the young chemist who made a fortune out of the Lehigh Valley cement beds not long ago. Dr. Bockland was a struggling chemist with no bright prospects when he discovered the merits of those beds in Lehigh Valley. He paid ten thousand dollars for the land and sold it a little later for one hundred thousand. He thought it was a splendid price but the men who bought sold it to Dick Croker of New York for over a quarter of a million. Croker organized a company to manufacture cement and it is now paying ten per cent on five millions. The cement is being used in the construction of the underground railroad in New York. Dr. Bockland is installing a cement plant for W. J. Dingee and Will Henshaw in Napa county and he declares that they have material superior to that used in the manufacture of the Lehigh Valley cement.

Some women are devoid of a visible reason for wearing a low-cut gown.

The Rough House Senator

Senator Benjamin Ryan Tillman has been in the full glare of the calcium ever since he landed on the eye of his colleague, Senator McLaurin, and upset the peace and dignity of the nation's highest legislative body. That little incident provoked the shedding of a great deal of printers' ink, and served incidentally to expose the ignorance of people all over the country regarding the character and record of the men that make the nation's laws. It was remarked by one editor that nothing short of a disgraceful row could bring Tillman into national prominence. Senator Tillman has figured as one of our most distinguished statesmen for years. He served two terms as Governor of South Carolina, and within a very short time after entering the Senate he commanded the respectful attention of its most brilliant members. At first they regarded him as a mere crank, but they were not long in discovering that he was a rough diamond. And to the chagrin of many he demonstrated that he was a dangerous opponent. He never discusses a question with which he is not familiar, and his reasoning is always sound and clear. He has on more than one occasion passed beyond the bounds of decorum, notably in his early denunciations of Grover Cleveland, but wild and wooly as he is, no one in Washington doubts his honesty. He lost an eye while fighting for the Confederacy and his personal appearance is far from prepossessing. He is tall, gaunt and raw-boned, with a bullet head, and closely cropped black hair. He is as strong as an ox, but in private life he is of the gentlest and kindliest nature.

The most delightfully blended whisky known to the human palate is "Jesse Moore"—the standard for over fifty years.

She Made Husbands Jealous

Ethyl Hager's "Sandwich Man" at the Spreckels bal masque is still a matter of wonderment. "I didn't know any girl had a pocket big enough to put her vanity in," said Mr. Spreckels and every one puts ditto marks under that. For Miss Hager certainly made a comic valentine of herself and thereby red-lettered the ball as something out of the ordinary slow, dull affairs. Her pranks sent some of the women into hysterics for they never guessed her sex and she was dubbed that "horrid fresh man." When the "Sandwich Man" tried to find out whether Helen Taylor "loved the boys" by the good old-fashioned method of tickling the knees, Gus Taylor was furious. Miss Hager never once spoke until unmasking time which kept people off the scent. One man who thought the "Sandwich Man" too familiar with the ladies was heard telling Miss Hager that if she was not a gentleman she should at least remember she was in a gentleman's house. When Miss Hager's identity was revealed Mrs. Spreckels caused much amusement by announcing that several husbands had demanded that that cheeky "Sandwich Man" be requested to keep his hands off their wives. It will be hard for any one else to equal, or even for Miss Hager herself to live up to this success.

Methuen's Carelessness

If the War Department keeps Kitchener in South Africa a little longer, the Boers may take it into their heads to capture him, and then negotiate the release of Cronje. Kitchener must be finding life exceedingly monotonous in South Africa, for his reports are nearly all in the same strain. His latest regret is the capture of Colonel Methuen who was guilty of criminal carelessnss in venturing out among the kopjes with only nineteen hundred men for a bodyguard. The British press declare that the disaster to Methuen's regiment will tend to prolong Boer resistance. A few more reverses of that magnitude may create the impression that such disasters tend to shorten British persistence.

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Why They were Shocked

When the Australian liner *Ventura* was alongside the wharf on Wednesday last among the first of the passengers to leave the ship was a smartly attired woman, with auburn hair, intellectual face and a bull terrier pup lugging her shoreward at the end of a blue silken cord. On the steamer she was known as Mrs. Ricketts. She boarded her at Pago Pago and before the palms and charms of the South Sea isles were two days astern she was counted by the good people of the first cabin as a most delightful and cultured person and those who sat in judgment on her were really "good" for most of the saloon travelers were missionaries and their families. The women sat at table cheek by jowl with the one of the ravishing hair and between times courted her society, while the brats belonging to them gave her no peace at all, so charming and kind did they find her. Before the *Ventura* reached the wharf Mrs. Ricketts was accorded many an affectionate farewell, each accompanied by a pressing invitation to call and the hope expressed that it would not be the last that would be seen of her. The woman with the auburn tresses and her bull terrier had hardly got their feet on home soil before she was recognized as Cora Graham, queen of the demi-monde and well known in local tenderloin circles. Her erstwhile friends of the *Ventura* were shocked at the revelation.

Gay Basil Ricketts

No one has a better right to go under the name of Mrs. Ricketts than this same auburn haired woman, for did not Basil Ricketts make her his lawful wife? The last that was heard of this lambent son of Major General Ricketts, U. S. A., he was in New York, where he went after being mustered out of the army at Montauk Point upon the return of the first expedition from Cuba. He was in the thick of the fight at San Juan and there he stopped two Spanish bullets. No matter what else has ever been said about him there is just enough good Hibernian blood in his veins that has always made him ready to stand up to the next man. Ricketts was started out by Princeton and when he came to San Francisco a good billet was found for him with the Hibernia bank. He was given a notarial appointment and his position in life was assured, but the ways of business were too slow for him. He topped off his wildness by the matrimonial venture referred to. He thought it was all right from the point of view he then held of the world, but his people called it a mesalliance and Society was duly shocked.

Artists with Their Hammers

Young Matteo Sandona, the Italian artist, appears to have aroused the envy of his brothers of the brush. Young Sandona has talent, and it has been recognized by two of the best art critics in San Francisco—Mr. J. W. Byrne and Mr. James D. Phelan. Hence the indigdignation of the older artists who thought they had a mortgage on the local field. Their hammers have been swinging violently. Some time ago, Charlie Dickman, who can knock almost as well as he can paint, criticised the youthful Italian quite severely in the *Examiner* which was rather an indelicate thing for him to do. For months the artists have been visiting Sandona's studio to see his portrait of Miss Doris Jeffrey which is as beautiful and unconventional as herself, and that was the portrait which the committee on art determined should not be exhibited. But Mr. Byrne pleaded and the picture was exhibited, and Thursday evening it attracted groups of admirers.

Now that He's Free

When Edward J. Morgan, the actor, was out here during the Henry Miller engagement, he was made much of by the smart set and it was whispered in stage asides that a society girl was rather more interested in him than the platonics permit. But just as the pros and cons were heatedly discussing the probability of a girl in the ton marrying an actor, the idea was sent a glimmering by the news that Morgan had a wife from whom he was not legally separated. Then the gossips averred that the gentlemanly actor had the habit of looking too long on the absinthe when 'tis green, and could tipple all the weird decoctions of the fin de siecle mixerologists. Presto! society right about faced, and Mr. Morgan found time to study his parts undisturbed by teas and dinners. But now comes the news from Chicago that Mr. Morgan is at last a full-fledged member of the Alimony Club and the divorce proceedings revealed the fact that it was his erstwhile wife and not Edward J. himself who was a slave of the "Green Monster." When he comes here next week Mr. Morgan will probably be handed some warmed over apologies, but it is said the society girl's interest has cooled to indifference.

A Case of Plutomania

Anent my paragraph of last week about Ashton Potter's row with one of the Taylor boys, I am told that both "Gus" and "Will" Taylor are two of the most exclusive young gentlemen in society. Their father is a highly respected foundryman, but a casual observer might take them for sprigs of nobility, especially since their marriage, for they made excellent matches. The Hopkins girls whom they married are most democratic,

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but the Taylor boys shy at anybody who has less than a million. Snobs? Oh, no—merely a case of plutomania. Mrs. Pope, who was a Miss Taylor, married a man of millions, so they are saying in society that the Taylor luck compares favorably with that of the Wilsons of New York who allied themselves with the Goelets, the Astors and the Vanderbilts.

Greenway's Calves

Artificial calves are to be en regle at the Coronation but if "our" Edward goes over to participate in the ceremonies his limbs will not be padded. Mr. Greenway has a pair of calves that any man might well be proud of and he exhibits them on the slightest provocation. At fancy dress balls Greenway is always on hand with knee-breeches, and his calves are always in evidence. The date of his costume is of no consequence because he always looks like a cross between a court gentleman, a pirate, an Indian, a troubadour, and a Spanish Don. His legs are his fad but not his weakness for they are of the sort that make Horace Platt and Sam Shortridge green with envy. His are the calves of the well bred person. By his calves you know him—Mr. Greenway of Greenway Court, Maryland.

Scene—"The Purple Owl":
Diner—"Waiter, what's this you have brought?"
Waiter—"That is a very choice fillet of sole, sir."
Guest—"Well, take it back, and see if you can't get a nice, tender piece of the upper, with the eyes removed."

About Garters

For years and years physicians and dress reformers warned women that in wearing the old-fashioned garter—a simple circlet—she was risking life, health and the pursuit of happiness. She was told that it impeded circulation and that it produced sciatica and paralysis. But as Dame Fashion had no fault to find women heeded not the warnings of science. But a short time ago the straight front corset came into vogue and one of the essential devices for keeping it straight is the lengthwise garter attached. And, I am informed that some stays boast attached garters all the way round keeping the corset beautifully straight. But I had no intention of going deep into the mysteries of feminine harness. It is merely my purpose to call attention to the influence of fashion, for the old-style garter which was inveighed against so many years has disappeared. Science could not budge it from milady's leg but the new-fangled corset did the work. And now the doctors say that the lengthwise garter and the round affair are also injurious. They don't impede circulation but they superinduce backache. But who cares about backache?

The Sunflower Candidate

Kansas City is already trying to indicate the ticket for 1904. Now that General Frederick Funston is known to have survived the massacre of his vermiform appendix by the surgeons of his home State, he is being urged by the Sunflower press for high office. The banner of Kansas has been unfurled to the political breeze with the following legend inscribed upon it:

For President—Ted.
For Vice-President—Fred.
Platform—Spread.

It has been said of Kansas that it started to raise hell, and is suffering from over-production.

Lord Temple cigars are smoked by all clubmen who will take nothing but the best.

Maggie Moore

There is not a little irony in the return of Maggie Moore, San Francisco's stage idol of twenty years ago, with money and jewels and fine clothes. It was heartsore and broken in pocket that she sailed for Australia, the land of her adoption, two years ago, after a streak of hard luck that would have made even Pierpont Morgan throw up his hands had it struck him with relative force. First, the company that she brought with her from the Antipodes was taken down with measles and the tour of the Northwest that had been planned had to be cancelled. She got a booking finally at the California and opened with "The Silence of Dean Maitland." At the end of the week her leading man was frozen so hard that he has not yet thawed out. He was positively worse than the measles. With the years the old favorite of "Struck Oil" had lost much of the lissomeness which was once a rare charm and San Francisco she found had acquired an esthetic view that she could not satisfy. The children of the fathers of her day were unlike their progenitors. But if Maggie Moore did not suit San Franciscans she held as warm a spot in the hearts of the Australians as she used to occupy here and when she went back to them a failure, they took her in their arms and showered upon her a patronage that has enabled her to come back home, and, womanlike, revel in the goodness of her fortune. Maggie Moore was born in San Francisco and her family name is Sullivan. She married J. C. Williamson, who is still remembered here, and, after nearly twenty years, they were divorced. He is still in Australia, and though the Antipodes has been Mrs. Williamson's home the best part of that time she never forgot those of her own blood who are in San Francisco. To them, until misfortune came upon her two years ago, she had ever played the part of a fairy godmother of great goodness.

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He Guarded Against a Successor

The will of the late George Bliss, cattle king and millionaire granger, puts a good stout string on what he left his wife. Evidently he had in mind that she is still comely and that there are other men with eyes as good as his for a fine looking woman, when he said that the family residence in Pacific avenue was to be hers only so long as she remained single or until her death. Besides one-third of the cash he had on hand when he went to his account, and a gift of five hundred acres of land in Tulare county, the best she gets is a life interest in the rest of the immense estate. This is said not to cut her one-half so deeply as the way the family residence is tied up. That has been the pride of her life since she became Mrs. Bliss as it was the envy before. Nellie Bliss, now Mrs. "Judge" Sullivan, was the head of the household until her father took unto himself a second wife in the person of Martha Guerin, one of her schoolmates. After that the stepmother ruled. One by one the children left the home nest and married. First went Nellie and then Hattie, who became the wife of George Herrmann. Old man Bliss forbade the latter union and his dislike for the man, while it did not communicate itself to his daughter, continued for her husband to the end. The manner of his bequest to her of a share in the estate shows this. It is to be held in trust for her and her children by Judge Sullivan, but should she cease to be the wife of George Herrmann then the trust shall cease and she shall take complete possession. While the stories are many of Mrs. Bliss's severe attitude toward the children she must be a woman of fine feeling for in the days of her prosperity she has not forgotten school girl friends who have not been as successful as she in match-making. Every week since her marriage she has always had some of them to dinner at "the big house" and many a kindness is said to have gone to them from her hands.

Foote's "Liberty Hall"

There, is perhaps, no host more genial than Billy Foote, late of the Paris Commission. When entertaining under his own roof-tree he fairly glows with hospitality. He tells his guests that the Foote home is "Liberty Hall," and that joy should be unconfined. When Maud Berri was here, Billy Foote gave a reception in her honor at "Liberty Hall." Her father, Fulton Berry, and Foote are old chums and the genial Foote was delighted at the opportunity to honor the talented girl. Fulton Berry was in high spirits. He fairly sizzled with bonhomie and in the early part of the function he started to apologize to his host for being a little too demonstrative.

"Oh, that's all right," said Foote in his most affable manner, "remember you're in Liberty Hall."

Later on when Mr. Berry had drunk a few toasts and was feeling real gay and was spinning some good stories he displayed a reckless disregard of the frailty of the Foote glassware. It was not, however, until he had shattered some table-ware that Foote cautioned him. Thereupon Mr. Berry, with an expression of pained surprise on his face exclaimed, "Why, I thought you said this was Liberty Hall."

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Beauty and Wealth

The L. G. Bells have been attracting attention at the Palace hotel. Mrs. Bell is one of the most beautiful women in America, and her young husband has a million or two. I believe the money came out of the Singer Sewing Machine company. Young Bell is quite a high-flyer, and he and his wife are enthusiastic lovers of the turf. The other day Mrs. Bell was presented by her husband with a fifty thousand dollar necklace.

Now He's Hired by the Rich

There is nothing like a good political job which gives prestige and influence, to boom a man's professional business. Before becoming a member of the Police Commission Attorney H. W. Hutton confined his practice to cases involving the interests of men connected with labor organizations. He is the attorney for the Coast Seamen's Union and for years he has been kept busy fighting for the interests of its members against the wealthy and powerful shipping men. But now his legal ability is recognized by the men whom he has hitherto opposed. From the dailies I learn that he is the attorney for George W. McNear in a big suit growing out of a shipping contract.

There is a Baby Buckbee

The Sam Buckbees have a baby and of course it is the dearest little girl that has ever been seen out this way. It was their first visit from the ciconia alba and baby runs a good chance of being spoiled. Baby Buckbee has some very fond grandparents and any number of aunts and uncles. On her papa's side there are Uncle Spencer and another uncle in the East, Aunt Lillie (Mrs. Currie) and Aunt Annie. On her mamma's side are Aunt Fannie (Mrs.. McCreary), Aunt Lizzie (Mrs. Green) and Aunt Van Fleet, with Uncle Henry. As Julia Crocker was the favorite of the family, her little girl will share in her pretty mother's popularity. I have an idea that Mrs. Sam Buckbee will be a model mother, just like her sister-in-law, Mrs. Henry Crocker. The latter is devoted to her children and their nursery is a gem.

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The Baby's Ancestors

The Clark Crockers were always regarded as "poor relations" by the Charlie Crocker family, though they lived in a good house and the children were sent to private schools. Though she was never thrown a life-saver by the chiefs of the clan—unless the legacy of ten thousand dollars from her Uncle Charles' estate may be called that—Julia always managed to bob up serenely with the swim and keep afloat with the heaviest swells. Her marriage with Sam Buckbee did not impair her social position, the Buckbees having always been within the boundary lines of the smart set.

A Bit of Repartee

The late Mrs. Clark Crocker, Julia's mother, was really a good-hearted woman but very brusque. A society reporter was sent out to interview her, several years ago, anent one of niece Amy Crocker-Gillig's escapades. The young lady was fumbling her note-book when the maid opened the door. Before the reporter could state her errand, Mrs. Crocker, who happened to be in the hall and evidently mistook the young woman for an agent of some sort, said:

"I wish you people would not ring the front bell, but go round to the side door."

The surprised reporter flushed angrily and then tartly answered:

"We're not so used to side entrances as are some of the Crockers!"

Now She's In

Mrs. George Crocker was one of the guests at Jennie Blair's luncheon to Mrs. Oelrichs and thus the entering wedge was made for Mrs. George to saunter into the local smart set. For though the Reverend Nichols ticketed the George Crockers among the quartet of San Francisco elite, society people out here gave the reverend gentleman's classification the cheerful ha ha. Mrs. George Crocker has always found our smart set stiff as buckram; in fact, they have always held her at icicle length. Even after Mrs. Crocker won a reserved seat among the Gotham mighty, she was refused admittance out here. Just to be contrary San Francisco doesn't always lockstep with New York and this was one of the cases. Mrs. George Crocker had been initiated into and taken all the degrees in the Newport cotrie presided over by Mrs. Fish, Mrs. Belmont and Mrs. Oelrichs, but she had yet to win San Francisco. Charles I had his Hampden and Mrs. Crocker had her Del Monte. For when she summered there last year she found the weather so cool, don't you know, that she went where a warmer reception awaited her. Mrs. Eleanor Martin was the only one who melted into anything like cordiality. Consistency is one jewel that Society never wears —which is the only explanation of its attitude toward Mrs. George Crocker.

How It Was Done

It is said that Mrs. Crocker took it all good-naturedly and with her "never say die" spirit prepared to give us another trial. Not that the San Francisco seal is necessary, but it was a thorn in the social crown that had to be removed even if with kid gloves. And Mrs. Oelrichs' presence here just now did the act, for "Tessie" Oelrichs has fought long hard battles for Mrs. Crocker in New York and she wouldn't miss any tricks in a deal out here. It was simply "love me, love my friend," and Society is meekly obeying.

The Infant Terrible

Do parents ever realize, in their daily conversation within hearing of their children, how, apparently unheeded, their words may be listened to and taken in by the "little pitchers" and later repeated to their possible mortification? A lady well known in our social world, who was noted for being a great talker, had occasion the other day to reprove her six year old son for some sin of commission and in the presence of a number of her friends the boy faced her, saying, "There you go with your eternal jaw, jaw, jaw; clatter, clatter, clatter. You are enough to drive a man crazy!" The mother, though rather taken aback only said, "Ain't he cute?" But her friends knew the boy was simply repeating, parrot like, the words of his father.

Yet He Wondered

Again, comment is frequently made of the prevalence of strong language used by our buds and belles, and here another illustration will fit in nicely. The little daughter of one of our leading families went to spend the day with another child and when her maid came for her in the evening the lady of the house said to her: "Tell Mrs. Blank Minnie has been very good." Whereupon Minnie added, "And I didn't swear, either, did I?" The maid upon her return home repeated the conversation to her mistress whose husband was present, and he looking up from his paper said, "I wonder what the devil makes that child swear so?" To which the mother replied, "I'm damned if I know."

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California Club Politics

The most important meeting in the history of the California club is the one to be held next Tuesday, at which the club will decide whether it will incorporate or not and will also elect its officers for the ensuing year. Two tickets are already in the field. The one presented by the nominating committee is headed by Mrs. George Law Smith, with Mrs. Aylett Cotton as first vice-president and Dr. Dorothea Moore for second vice-president. Factional strife in the club is still at a white heat, and the opposition to Mrs. White's policy, embracing some fifty active members, will present another ticket on election day. Though Mrs. White has decided to retire from office she is taking a lively interest in club politics, and it is said that her adherents deterred some of those on the regular ticket from going on the independent ticket by threatening to scratch the names of those that accepted endorsement. But four of them have had the courage to accept. Mrs. White's influence in the club is strong for she was its founder and has done much good work, and it is a significant fact that the only hold-over directors to receive the nomination on the regular ticket were those whose loyalty to Mrs. White has been unquestioned.

A Plot Scented

The names on the second ticket have not yet been anounced, but it is understood that Mrs. John Jay Scoville, one of the founders of the club, and a woman of much dignity, and conspicuous for her fair-mindedness, is the nominee for the presidency and Mrs. C. Mason Kinne, who is a parliamentarian of no mean order, is the nominee for first vice-president. The second ticket endorses Dr. Moore for second vice-president, and, so the story of the anti-White element goes, might have endorsed Mrs. George Law Smith, the regular candidate for president, had not a little suspicion been aroused. The lady politicians are most suspicious of one another, and they can scent jobs that even a Chris Buckley never had the ingenuity to plan. When the nominating committee, after giving a complimentary vote to Mrs. White, finally settled on Mrs. George Law Smith as a candidate, there was surprise among the independents. Then they put their heads together and tried to figure it out. And the conclusion they came to was that an effort was being made to lead them into a trap. "If we endorse Mrs. Smith," they declared, "and that is evidently what they want us to do, then they'll scratch her and vote for Mrs. White." And yet Mrs. White has declared positively that she doesn't want the job. But lady politicians take no chances with one another. Now it is to be a test of popularity between Mrs. Scoville and Mrs. Smith with the odds, I am assured, on Mrs. Scoville.

Accused of Log-Rolling

Where it is all going to end none can predict. Mrs. White's friends say that she is entitled to the everlasting gratitude of the club for all she has done, and that she would give away weight if she even accepted office again, but the other day when she was eulogized at a meeting by Mrs. Sharon, and she, in turn, said nice, complimentary things about Mrs. Sharon, some of the ladies smiled cynically and declared that such log-rolling was in exceedingly bad taste. So there you are.

For over half a century "Jesse Moore" Whisky has held its supremacy as the best, purest and most palatable.

Some of the Gossip

I earnestly hope that the dear women will bury the hatchet after election, for the bitterness that has been engendered in the club is of a character that portends much ill-natured bickering. I have tried to be impartial in my accounts of the progress of the battle and I believe I have presented both sides, but not to the satisfaction evidently of either. For femininity is unreasonable. Each of the factions sees justice only in its own cause. In a communication received today I am told that the affairs of the club have been divulged by a member of the Board of Directors and that in consequence there is talk of social ostracism. By friends of Mrs. White I am assured that there is no strength to the opposition and that Mrs. Scoville will not have "the nerve to run." That Mrs. Orr was begged to become the candidate and that "she had too much good sense"; that they tried to make goo-goo eyes at Dr. Dorothea Moores but that she had "too much Spartan firmness to be tempted." I am told also that the opponents of Mrs. White are "sore-heads," and thus do the ladies fight it out for supremacy. Meanwhile Mrs. White assumes the air of one who feels that it is all most unfortunate, but that it will all come right in the end. Her opponents say that unless she is relegated to the background harmony cannot be restored.

Has Confidence in Banning

United States Attorney Marshall B. Woodworth states that there is no occasion for an investigation of his office. And yet his assistant, Mr. Edward J. Banning, is said to be an habitue of the race track. Perhaps, when it is too late, Mr. Woodworth will regret that an investigation was not held.

At last there are signs of life, other than that contributed by the workmen, about St. Dunstan's. Except for a few fancy touches, the big apartment house is finished, and guests are moving in. The amateur housekeepers, however, will have to depend on their own cooking for a few more days, when Mr. Tait expects to have his dining room in working order.

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..AGENTS..

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A Picturesque Dungeon

Mrs. Oelrichs whetted the appetite of a little coterie of good livers the other night by a description of the beefsteak dinners given at the "Jolly Dungeon" in New York. J. Pierpont Morgan recently entertained a dozen millionaires in this cellar, and Mrs. John Jacob Astor has cards out for a beefsteak dinner. Calve gave one of these dinners in the "Jolly Dungeon" a week ago. The smart set and theatrical folk are rushing the place and Benny Singer, the proprietor, ex-stage manager, and formerly associate of the late Charley Hoyt, is a contented man for his bank account waxeth plump. "We must have a 'Jolly Dungeon' in San Francisco" chorus the bohemian wing of society, and rumor has it one of the Blingum polo players is going to back the scheme. The New York "Dungeon" is in a West Twenty-fourth street cellar. It is reached down a flight of steps from the pavement and along a dark hall. Weird music comes from the distance; there is a clanking of chains and a rattling of padlocks as the barred doors swing open. Then the lights go up and reveal a big cellar with a crude board floor and walls of rough hewn stone. From the low rafters overhead hang beer steins, old firearms and rusty bibelots of the Fatherland. The door and windows are barred like a dungeon. On an empty beer cask in the centre of the room, celery hearts are kept on tap and through the stone wall protrude the heads of other beer barrels full of good cheer.

Ragtime and Steaks

The tables are boxes; coarse towels do duty as napkins, and each guest is swathed in a butcher apron. Knives, forks, plates, in fact the whole crockery list, are tabu. Succulent slices of piping hot steak are served in thin pieces of toast, and the aprons sponge up any beefsteak drippings that may trickle through the fingers. "Benny" broils the steaks over charcoal in sight of the diners, and Mrs. Oelrichs says it's wonderful what an amount one can eat in this way on toast. Nothing but beefsteak, big English mutton chops, celery and beer is ever served in the "Jolly Dungeon." But the dinner always lasts hours for the colored waiters who pass the steak are also ragtime artists, and after the feed the piano and banjos are put into action and the guests sing darktown melodies or cake walk. The Pierpont Morgan dinner was a stag affair, but Mrs. "Stuyvie" Fish and other fashionable hostesses have entertained large parties of friends in this primitive fashion. Hurry up Blingum, and give us a "Jolly Dungeon." It makes our chops water to think of eating beefsteak without cutlery, even as the "Little Corporal" loved to finger his meat. Fancy Mrs. Salisbury or Ned Greenway, the Napoleons of the smart set, with steak juice dripping from their finger tips!

"Did he have any proof of his wife's infidelity?"

"Yes, he found out that she had a craze for the most expensive lingerie."

Branded for Life

There are three young women in San Jose whose devotion to their sorority will cause them to carry through life its initiations on the backs of their pretty hands. Now, when they are nineteen and in the bud of beauty, they can afford to smile at the result of their indiscretion, but a decade will perhaps make them shed bitter tears, for when one is thirty the possession of the letters D I X strongly marked upon the back of one's not-so-pretty hand is hardly a charm with which to conjure. San Jose society is gossiping wildly over the incident, and the fact that one of the teachers of the college in the Garden City is a member of the sorority and was a witness to the initiation has not lessened the chatter of the shocked. The names of the decorated are Miss Nettie Wilder, Miss Gene Weston and Miss Cora McCracken. They belong to the Delta Iota Chi. Usually in the ceremony of inducting the neophytes into the D I X, iodine is used to stamp the letters of the society upon their hands, but in the iniation a few nights ago nitrate of silver was substituted. The solution was as strong as an army mule, and after all three of the fair maidens had been properly hand-painted, the mistake was realized. There were shrieks and sobbings and a wild rush of members to procure remedies, but all in vain. The initiated young ladies had to bear their sufferings as they might, and it was not until the next day that they received medical attention. It developed that the nitrate of silver was obtained in the college laboratory. Several hours of settling gave added strength to the mixture, and the trio of victims will not forget the night they rode the goat. Nor will their friends forget it, for the letters will stick closer than a sweetheart.

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PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

In Honor of Miss Thornton

The musicale given by Mrs. Oxnard on Sunday last was in honor of Miss Lucille Thornton, who is visiting the coast as the guest of Mrs. A. B. McCreery. Mrs. Oxnard's guests had an opportunity of hearing Miss Thornton sing, which was one of the attractions offered, she being a prize pupil of the celebrated teacher, Madame de la Grange, in Paris. Miss Thornton is a daughter of the Montana branch of that large family connection, and her sister having married James Oxnard accounts for the particular attention paid her by the Robert Oxnards of this city. She is said to have a voice and style of singing strongly reminiscent of Mrs. Stuart Taylor.

Mrs. McCreery's Return

It must seem strange to tread one's native heath again after an absence of thirty-five years or more and no wonder that Mrs. McCreery, who is paying a visit to her old home after such a flight of time, finds changes both in place and people. As Belle Swearingen, she grew up in San Francisco, and during her girlhood numbered among her admirers her present husband, who was at that time porter in a Front street liquor house and also an inmate of her mother's boarding-house in Ellis street. But the fair Belle would not smile favorably upon him until, owing to a friendly tip, he invested in Gould and Curry. The rise in stock made him rich, and then all was plain sailing for the manly young Irishman. Rumor, however, did say at the time that some other fair one claimed prior rights. Those were not the days of elaborate weddings and this, which took place in dimly lit Grace church one night, was of so quiet a character that the general public was excluded; the bride's mother and sister—with the church sexton—made up the entire audience, and gossip says that "one of the finest" occupied a seat on the box beside the driver of the carriage which conveyed the bride and groom from the church to a down-town hotel, as a protection against a possible assault on the part of the aggrieved fair one.

Her Parisian Accent

The McCreerys left on the next steamer for the East, going direct to Paris, and the following year returned on a visit to the whilom bride's sister, Mrs. S. J. Field, in Washington. There a San Francisco woman met her at a ladies' lunch party and upon her return here reported that it was really painful to hear Mrs. McCreery try to speak English, she had become so Frenchified. Adelaide Murphy and Jennie Blair can speak French well, and Marie Wells can manage it without the Parisian accent, but the best French accent that has ever been heard on the lips of a San Franciscan is that of Mrs. Andrew McCreery. When Mrs. McCreery was Miss Swearingen she spent more time on her French than her English, and her long residence abroad has given her plenty of opportunity for practice. Mrs. McCreery is occupying the Moody residence during her stay here, for she does not care for hotel life. Her husband owns all sorts of houses in San Francisco, but none is his residence. He is as rich as Croesus. Three young McCreerys are employed in the capitalist's office. His eldest son, Robert, married Edith Kip, a daughter of Colonel Lawrence Kip of New York, and a niece of dear old Bishop Kip of this city, God rest his soul! But Robert McCreery does not live in New York, but in London. The New York McCreerys, A. B.'s brother's family, have all sorts of money, which came from honest trade.

Mrs. McCreery is an aunt of the clever Whitney girls of Oakland and of the two Condit-Smiths, one of whom married General Leonard Wood, President Roosevelt's chum among the Rough Riders, and the other married young Lieutenant Hooker.

His Haunting Dread

There are many in the older set who remember Andrew McCreery's haunting dread. He lived in constant fear of being poisoned. Never a tyrant Emperor or a Nihilist cowed Czar watched his food more fearfully. It was always, "You first, my dear Alphonse," when the wine goblets were passed and he never touched his glass until satisfied that no poison lurked in its bubbles. A wag who knew his failing was playing cards one night with McCreery and several other gentlemen. At the second round of wine, the wit suddenly pressed his hand to his heart, threw back his head, and groaned, "I've been poisoned! Some one must have meant this glass for you, McCreery, and I got it instead."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the millionaire.

Here the supposedly poisoned man straightened up and his loud guffaws made it plain to McCreery that the drinks were on him. He stood treat but it was noticed that he did not touch the glass himself, for he had not recovered from the shock.

Another time a young medico was pressed into a joke on McCreery. It was at a stag dinner and one of the conspirators remarked:

"Aren't you feeling well, McCreery? You turned a sickish green." Of course that was sufficient and soon the young sawbones was taking his victim's temperature.

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"Have you eaten anything you shouldn't?" he asked, with his best professional air. The capitalist brokenly muttered that the salad had tasted rather peculiar, whereupon the doctor sniffed the innocent salad and solemnly whispered, "Arsenic!" McCreery submitted to a host of fake antidotes and was then pronounced fit as ever. It was not until the young medico returned the check sent him for "saving McCreery's life" that he realized the jokesmiths were at their pranks.

Bathed in Spirits

Francis Murphy, the originator of the Blue Ribbon movement, who for a score of years has earnestly battered the Demon Rum, and who has acquired a neat property in California through his vigorous efforts, is now assailing the serpent in his stronghold—Los Angeles. A bust of Miss Frances Willard received a baptism of whisky a few days ago by a convert to total abstinence. The lecturer was denouncing the Thing which stings, when a man who was convinced of the error of his ways arose and hurled a bottle of Very Old Private Stock at the platform to show his renunciation of the old life. The flask struck a statuette of the celebrated woman and the death-dealing liquor was spilled all over her features. Some of it ran into the rubbers of the preacher, and the crash created excitement among the audience. The proselyte affirmed his acceptance of the gospel of temperance, and Miss Willard's bust was wiped off to the tune of "I am Washed."

Cheeky "Jack" Chamberlain

Lieutenant-colonel "Jack" Chamberlain, Inspector General of the Army, whose reports of the Quartermaster's departments have stirred up army circles, is one of the youngest men of his rank in the army. He is known as "cheeky John," and it is said that he never failed to ask for anything he coveted. His assurance and persistence won for him his present rank. At the beginning of the late war he was a lieutenant, and an attache of the American Ambassador at Vienna. He was ordered home and appointed Captain. A little later he was promoted to the rank of Major and now, at the age of forty-one, he is a Lieutenant-Colonel.

A Rumor Revived

They are always looking for motives in society, and speculating upon what inspired this, and what was the incentive for that. Harry Holbrook gave a theatre party last week for the Spreckels girls, and once more the rumor of his engagement to one of them has been revived. Although the Holbrooks belong to the ultra-fashionable set they have been firmly entrenched only about three years. When Sam Knight married one of the Holbrook girls five years ago, they were only on the fringe. When Miss Olive made her debut a little more than three years ago they were still nobody, but by tact in differentiating those who should be cut and those to whom it was judicious to bow they have managed to get under the tent and squarely into the Big Show. Harry Holbrook has been of great assistance to the family for society mammas will be sweet to almost any girl who has an eligible brother.

DR. PARKER'S COUGH CURE
One dose will stop a cough, it never fails, try it, price 25c.

Queer Jones

The late Winfield Jones was almost a crank in his aversion to anything like publicity regarding himself and his movements. Especially did he abhor what he called "newspaper notoriety," and he would as soon encounter the plague as a reporter of the daily press. It is now quite probable that his death will bring the notoriety he so avoided when in the flesh—that is, in the event of his will being contested. The court room last Monday fairly bristled with attorneys for the various beneficiaries. As a young man Mr. Jones made himself a great favorite with elderly ladies, who dearly loved to enjoy with him a dish of gossip along with a cup of tea, and in later years his ladies' lunches and afternoon teas in his esthetic house on Hyde street, where he was the only man present, were something to dream about. Very early in his San Francisco life, owing to his deferential manner to young girls, the sobriquet of "Harmless" and afterwards "Safety" were bestowed upon him by the dowagers, which latter name, particularly, clung to him in after years, much to his annoyance.

Among the social items in a local paper I notice an announcement of the engagement of Lieutenant Babcock, son of Mr. and Mrs. *General* Babcock, to Miss Eells. Would it be impertinent to ask what Mrs. Babcock is general of?

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Turns white hair black, brown, auburn, or Titian red. Restores gray hair to its original color without changing the natural colors. Peroxide ends made to equal the new hair growing out. Bleached hair will take a rich golden or chestnut. The color is regulated by the number of hours in the clay bath. The strongest shampoo will not affect it, nor does the clay stain the scalp in any particular.

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With the Money Makers

A Napoleon of Finance

For weeks the newspapers have chronicled the doings and sayings of a Prince. But here in San Francisco we have a King. One who would see him need only call at his suite, 508 California street. Letson Balliet, "The Young Napoleon of Finance" and "Mining King," he calls himself. What those who have trusted their money to him call him may not be set down here for fear of the displeasure of the postal authorities. He owns railroads, newspapers, mines, electric light works, and what not. He is under indictment in the Federal Court of Des Moines for alleged fraud. Uncle Sam says he sent letters through the mail calling attention to the White Swan gold mine of Baker City, Oregon, stating that the mine had been opened four hundred feet into the ground and that thousands of tons of ore were ready to be milled.

How he Splurges

Last June Uncle Sam denied the King the use of the mails. For some days his thousands of daily letters were kept from him. Then suddenly he was restored to the grace of the post-office. How this wonder was worked may not be said, but Balliet avers he took a carload of Congressmen to Washington and showed the Postmaster he was "the real thing." Balliet does his advertising by wholesale. Not long ago he bought a page of reading matter, praising himself in the New York *Sun*. He thinks nothing of using two or three pages in a big magazine to tell his own merits as a promoter and moneymaker. Among the titles he has conferred on himself besides "Napoleon of France" and "Mining King," are "The New Star of the West," "The Railroad Builder," "Bonanza Monarch," "Cecil Rhodes of America," "Marcus Daly of Oregon," and "Lipton of the Northwest."

In his Own Propria Persona

In the flesh, he is a slouchy fellow of about thirty, unkempt, tobacco-stained, swearing, loud and illiterate. He has nuggets glittering on his vest, in his cravat and on his desk; he pays all his bills and his credit is good at at least one bank. Once he had seventy thousand dollars on deposit here, and he may have as much now. His money comes from the poor. He sends out marvelous accounts of the riches of his mines and lets unfortunates in on the pay level. He will take as little as five dollars from those he likes and has hypnotized thousands into yielding their hard-earned store for investment in Balliet's "producers." He owns the Baker City *Herald* and probably the Boston *Traveler*. He gives passes on his railroad to allcomers, but the trains are pulled by Shanks' Mare, and there are no eating stations. He says he owns twenty-one operating mines and one hundred and thirty-two still undeveloped. He subsidizes newspapers and hires a corps of clever novelists to keep his fictional history and achievements before the public. Remember his office is at 508 California street, where he may be seen any day except Sundays and holidays. He still has shares to sell.

Local Stocks Dull

The week opened with rather a quiet market for stocks and bonds and trading on the Exchange was confined mostly to Market-street Railway and Spring Valley Water Stocks, but towards the close of the week business was more active and the market developed a stronger tone. Numerous railway bonds, many Sugar shares and miscellaneous stocks changed hands at good prices. Market-street Railway shares were strong throughout the week at $99.50, and there were more buyers than sellers. The rumor that the shares were soon to be listed on the New York Stock market strengthened holders' ideas as to values, and while the small blocks offering were being sold at $100, it is doubtful if a buyer could have obtained any quantity at that figure. The outline of the policy of the new syndicate is anxiously awaited for, and until its announcement trading will doubtless be confined to small parcels. Despite the reconsidering of the water rates by the Supervisors, Spring Valley sold well at sustained prices, and the bulk of the week's transactions were made at $91.75 to $92. San Francisco Gas and Electric Shares developed a showing of strength and commanded advanced values. Alaska Packers' ruled strong at $161.50, with few offers to sell.

The regular monthly dividend of 75 cents a share of the Giant Consolidated Powder Company, amounting to $15,000, was paid on Monday. The 60 cents a share dividend of the California Wine Association, amounting to $26,023.20, was also paid on the same day. Wednesday the Alaska Packers' Association paid its monthly dividend of $1 a share, which amounted to $48,000. The announcement that the new railway syndicate has asked for many new franchises for roads to run parallel to the two cable lines outside of the combination had no effect upon values for either the California-street or Union-street stocks, but should the franchises be granted, with the operating of the roads, the stocks would doubtless depreciate, as the new service, through transferring, would be a marked improvement over the present facilities, and would naturally capture the patronage.

Operations in the Pine-street mining market have been fairly active during the week, and prices for the leading stocks in the northern and southern groups of Comstocks were firmly sustained. Money was evidently more plentiful, and there was some inquiry for almost all stocks listed, which caused some little hardening in values. Ophir was particularly active owing to an improvement in the Burning Moscow ground of the mine and the stock developed considerable strength.

Hawaiian Sugar Stocks

Hawaiian sugar stocks are as inactive as a brass monkey, as far as the public is concerned. Almost all the stocks listed here may be bought for low prices, but buyers are playing a waiting game. There are many things which may influence the intrinsic value of these stocks, and people are holding off for developments. Some of these things are the attitude of the European Governments on the bounty question, the action of Congress on Cuban sugar, etc. P. N. Lilienthal of the Anglo-California bank is a believer in the future of Hawaiian sugar. All that is needed he says is economy and concentration. He says: "There will be an easier money market within four or six months at the most. Expenses of production in Hawaii must be reduced. The fields must be supplied with a labor which will

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make sugar culture possible on economical lines. I do not think it would be wise to inaugurate new sugar enterprises in Hawaii, but I do believe that sugar stocks will be worth more from now on." My advice to speculators is to hold on to sugar stocks they have, and to buy carefully of others—first knowing the plantation thoroughly, and secondly investigating the management. I shall have more to say of this hereafter.

Theories to the Winds

An investor writes to me and says: "I am told that in forty-five weeks out of fifty-two stocks can be bought cheaper on Monday than on any other day in the week. Is this so; if so, why?" It is hardly so. If it were and were known, everybody would buy stocks on Monday, and stocks would be dear on Mondays instead of cheap. One cannot speculate in the stock market by dream-book rules. All sorts of theories of this kind go wrong at times. Many influences bear upon the stock market. Monday might be a low day a dozen weeks running, and then might be high for a dozen weeks more. Perhaps the fact that Monday begins a new week, and that trade might be slow on the start might make some vacillating stocks low on that day. The only unchanging rule in speculation is that values determine prices in the long run, and that the only safe speculator is the one who foresees values and who buys accordingly. Good advice to one who is not on the inside is the best mascot. Theories of trading are almost worthless. You must either know the value of the stock ahead and stand upon it as an investor, or trade blindly on news or trade tendencies or sentiment with a two or three-point order for protection. Fortune-telling will not avail.

—*The Financier*

What the N. Y. Tribune of February 27, 1902 said about Egyptian Deities Cigarettes

"J. B. Duke, as the representative of the tobacco interests of the world at the Sherry luncheon yesterday, had prepared under his direction a present for PRINCE HENRY, which was delivered to him on board the *Hohenzollern*. It consisted of a large package, containing two thousand EGYPTIAN DEITIES CIGARETTES. The package was made up of twenty smaller boxes, each containing one hundred cigarettes, the wrappers of each being stamped with his name and crest. The boxes, made by Tiffany, were of Russia leather embossed in gold, with the crest of the Prince and the German coat of arms. Mr. Duke presented the cigarettes as a memento of the Prince's visit on behalf of The American Tobacco Company. The PRINCE accepted the present with a pleasant note of thanks." (Similar comments in New York *Press*, *World*, etc.)

In the World of Art

The interest being taken in the forthcoming Gump exhibition and sale of rare paintings is very active, and from present indications promises to eclipse any previous art exhibition held on this Coast. For years the firm of S. & G. Gump Co. has been distinguished as that of the representative art dealers of the West. Dilettante and connoisseur know Mr. Gump as a man who loves art for art's sake and is willing to sacrifice much time and trouble to bring the art standard of the community to its highest point. Every year Mr. Gump visits the salons of the European cities, buying such pictures as commend themselves to his judgment. The spring showing of the Gump gallery, which is looked forward to by all art lovers, will open at the Native Sons hall, Mason street, on the evening of March twenty-sixth, closing on the evening of the twenty-ninth, when the sale of the most beautiful oil paintings selected from European art centres will begin. The firm is now at work on the illustrated catalogue for the exhibition, which may be obtained at the exhibition rooms.

"The preachers cannot blame the Sunday papers any more," said Croaker, "for keeping the people away from church."

"Why's that?"

"Because judging by these supps. today one might be driven to church to escape the papers."

Why Stay Home?

Everybody should take a rest—a change of air
And we give everybody a chance to do so.

EVERYTHING TO SUIT YOUR TASTE
OR NEEDS, ALONG THE

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Ticket Office, 650 Market St., (Chronicle Building) and Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market St. General Office, Mutual Life Building, Sansome and California Sts., San Francisco

H. C. WHITING, General Manager **R. X. RYAN, General Passenger Agent**

The Lilies and Languors of Virtue

[This journal, which came into my possession after its author's death, is in direct contradistinction to that of Anonyma, published last week, and is thus rendered a picturesque foreground for the other life story.]

Sheltered! I have been sheltered all my life. Why wasn't I permitted to run wild like my brothers? They at least tasted life's joys and now have something to feed their memories on. What a dull life I lead. Society, which the middle classes make the goal of their ambition: what is it? The smart set! Madre de Dios—*smart*! It is always stupid. The men are hypocrites, the women fools. Because we are their sisters and wives, they think it necessary to preserve a veneer of polish when in our presence, but if they knew what *we* know. Perhaps they do know that we know, but they conceal their kowledge for the sake of Us. They could not wound our moral sense. It would be discourteous.

* * * * * * *

Oh, for a new sensation! To live along, day after day, seeing and doing the same things—it is suffocating! If I could but take a leap, a spring into *Life*. If I could only fall in love, as so many of my friends have done. They think me too proud, too good, to act frivolously as they do. I am intrenched in a hopeless virtue, as impregnable as the great wall of China.

* * * * * * *

It is tiresome to be good. It is more tiresome when one has no desire to be anything else. But sometimes it would be a relief if one could cast aside convention and follow impulse. For instance last night, when Henry left me alone in the drawing-room with Tom Dare I had an insane desire come over me. I wanted to throw my arms about his neck and kiss him. I had hard work to restrain the impulse. Yet I do not love Tom. We are friends, that is all. He has been coming here so many years, he seems like a part of the menage. If anybody else had been sitting there opposite me, I should have felt the same impulse. I craved affection, demonstrative affection.

* * * * * * * *

Again, tonight, I had the same wild wish. I wanted to see Tom. He always understands my moods so well. If I could but have gone to him, put my hands on his shoulders, kissed him! Silly, wasn't it? Yet had I been Sapho, I should have followed my impulse. I would have gone to him at once. And then, aside from what his valet would have thought, Tom himself would have misconstrued my action. He would have thought I went because I loved him. Love is a queer thing. I wonder if I shall ever care for anybody, really? Sometimes I feel little desires toward this or that man, but they never last. Now this morning I felt that way toward Tom, and tonight I don't even care to see him. Why is it, I wonder?

* * * * * * * *

To be virtuous, to daily combat one's impulses, to live with one's heart contracting moment by moment—*qui bono*? I wonder if those women who love constantly are not, after all, better than we are, we on the other side of the fence? They at least give themselves—the greatest sacrifice of all. What do we give? What do I give? Nothing, nothing at all. I do not even care for my husband. But that does not trouble him. He long since ceased to care for me. When our first child was born he seemed to change. His interest died in me after an heir had been born. Do I love my children? Yes, I love them. They are mine, part of me. Yet even my mother love does not keep me from being bored. What is there in life, after all?

* * * * * * * *

My friend, Daisy Lorne, has been dropped by her family and friends. She went a step too far and her husband could not longer shut his eyes, they tell me. Poor Daisy! Yet not poor, for she followed the dictates of her heart. I went to see her today. She was surprised, for she had always thought me the soul of convention. But I wanted to know—to know if it were worth while. She says she is happy, but she trembles for fear it will not last. When her husband gets his divorce she will marry the man she loves. She seems to have no doubt he *will* marry her. I wonder if I could give up my home, my husband's name, my children—like that? Perhaps, if love could come to me as it did to Daisy.

* * * * * * * * * * *

I followed an impulse today. I lunched *a deux* with a man not my husband. I let him talk to me, seriously, of love. I fell in with his mood as far as I could. I let him hold my hand. I even promised to drive with him, tomorrow. Well, walled in by my virtue as I am, no harm can come of it.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Bah! No harm came of it, 'tis true, only an intense disgust on my part. Truly, I must be lacking in moral stamina in spite of my ancestors, for though he was bold he did not shock me. My sense of delicacy was offended, that was all. And—he bored me. My first peep through the high wall that separates vice from virtue was not a glimpse into enchantment. I am not good. I am only super-esthetic.

* * * * * * * * * * *

What a bore society is! The same old round—dinner, lunch, tea, ball. When I look forward to the summer, the vista is no more attractive. We shall have our country-house thronged with visitors and Henry will be happy playing host to some pretty bud. I was told today that Henry had a particular friend of my sex on whom he is showering attentions and gifts—bought with my money. I even heard whispers of a luxuriously appointed flat. This is my chance, said my informant, to be in fashion and get a divorce. "A divorce?" I returned, with indignation—well assumed—"and disgrace the name my children bear?" In reality I was not thinking of my little ones. But why go to the trouble of divorcing Henry when I have no one else in view? I suppose the word will now go forth that I am a model mother and prefer to nurse a wounded heart rather than cause my offspring—and his—a moment's pang. What a pity I cannot feel jealous!

* * * * * * * * * * *

Henry commanded me today to go no longer to see my friend Daisy. She is beyond the pale, he said. Her divorce is a matter of months now but she has not married the man. I told Henry that I would not cast aside my friend of years because of an error of judgment on her part. He said nothing more. But I must see this man whom Daisy loves so. I can't imagine my doing anything like that. Curious, I never even asked his name. As Henry was leaving I said, "By the way, why doesn't Tom Dare come here any more?" He laughed, quietly, "Tom Dare?" he returned, "why, Tom wouldn't dare, now," and laughed again at the wretched pun. "But why?" I asked. "Why? Why?" He laughed more loudly as he opened the door, "well, you'd better ask your friend Daisy that." And then I knew—knew not only that but that *I* loved Tom Dare!

* * * * * * * * * * *

It came upon me with a great rush. That, then, was the explanation of the tenderness I had always felt for Tom. And I had never known. So often had I longed to throw my arms about his neck, to kiss his dear white brow, to twine my fingers through his hair! So often had I longed for him when I was alone! And I called it friendship.

* * * * * * * * * * *

I had refused to obey Henry's command about seeing Daisy more, and set my will against his. Can I go, now? Can I bear to see her raptures? I ought to despise Tom, for he has failed to do what is right. I wonder—I wonder if I could make him set the wrong right? He always liked me. We were always—oh, yes, friends. How foolish of me to think of ever trying to like that other man, the man of the luncheon and drive! It must have been because—oh, yes, Tom was away that week.

* * * * * * * * * * *

I sent for him and he came at once. Oh, yes, this is love. I had to bite my lips to keep from breaking down before him. We talked in our old friendly way. I knew how to get at his conscience. He will do what is right, I know, now. But my heart, that newly awakened heart, is dead within me. After all, I could never have told him. I am not like Daisy. I could not bear to go aside from the narrow path. I was born with morals as with manners. It is no credit to me that I am good. Daisy comes of different stock.

O. W. NORDWELL
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SAN FRANCISCO

A letter from Tom: "I will do your bidding, dear. It is best that I should make Daisy happy and I think I can. I will think it over, but it will be as you say. But it is no harm to tell you now. You are the only woman I ever loved, or ever could love. Ah, dear! so many times I longed to tell you—but even in our world, where married ties are considered so lightly, *you* were different. You shone like a pure white star. I could not cast a shadow on that pure surface. Good-bye, dear. May you always be happy." Ah, Tom! Tom! he did not know me, he did not know that my purity was only a matter of not being able to be otherwise. My frenzied attempts after new sensations he never knew. I could kill myself—to think that I should be so different. Daisy gave all for him—and he did not even love her. I—would I, even now, if Daisy were not there or never had been there, would I give up the world for Tom's love?

* * * * * * * * * * *

I have thought it out. No, I never could. It is better thus. I could not throw aside all that I have been brought up to believe in, for the love of a man. Daisy is greater than I.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Henry is dead. I am a widow. I can write that calmly. Henry was not a good husband. A glad thought rises in my heart. Tom—Tom—I can love him now without sin. He said he would "think over" what I said to him about Daisy. Well, he shall not "think it over" any more. I shall write to him to come to me. What of Daisy, my old friend? Would I take her all from her? Yes, yes, I must have my share of happiness. Ah, God! to think of the years I have starved myself, the years I have lived without love.

* * * * * * * * * * *

I have been two days a widow and I shall be perfectly happy in fifteen minutes. It sounds wrong, does it not? I ought to be weeping but I am more lighthearted if anything than my little children are. Tom must surely be here soon—I sent for him today and gave him two as the hour. It is nearly that. I have ordered for lunch all the things he likes with the white wine of which he was always so fond. Sometimes I feel a qualm when I think of Daisy. But she had him for a while. She knew, when she went away with him, that their happiness would be but temporary.

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It is all over. They are married. A wire from Tom: "We are married. Tell Henry. Good-bye. Off for Europe." Too late, then. He did not even know that I was free. He did not get my message. He does not know that I love him, that I have always loved him, and I cannot tell him—now.

* * * * * * * * * * *

A long, lone vista stretches out before me. A blind rage possesses my heart. Why was I so sheltered all my life? Why was I so cold in my virtuous exterior that Tom never dared disturb my purity? Oh, God! I hate the word. Yet even now, I know that *had* he told me, while I was Henry's wife, I should have spurned him.

—*The Moralist.*

STAGE

Melbourne and Blanche

While Blanche Walsh is playing at one theatre next week in the drama built for her by Harry Dam, Melbourne McDowell will be at another in his late wife's version of Sardou's "Cleopatra." Florence Stone has fitted much better into the roles of Fanny Davenport than Blanche Walsh did, though the latter was chosen by the creator of the parts to be her successor in them. It is a kind of a mystery why Miss Walsh ever broke her partnership with MacDowell. Her own version of the split is that the actor persecuted her with his undesired attentions. He was not always himself and she averred that for her own safety she could not longer stay with his company. I have been told that MacDowell was then so infatuated with her that he gave her not only all of his late wife's elegant and costly costumes but all her valuable jewels as well. I have further heard that when Blanche Walsh struck a hard streak of luck she pawned all these gifts and that she was never able to get them out. But this is all Rialto gossip and may be no more truthful than the ravings the phonograph parlors advertise as those of poor John McCullough.

Of the newest papers the Linen Bonds displayed by COOPER & Co. are most effective.

When Blanche was Youug

Old-timers on the Bowery always speak of Blanche Walsh as "Fatty Walsh's daughter." The New York boss is dead now and can no longer follow with proud eyes the dramatic career of his idolized daughter. It was Marie Wainwright, by the way, who was Blanche's first patron and preceptor. Miss Wainwright helped the girl on in every way she could, for she predicted a great future for her. The first time the little Walsh girl appeared in public as a professional was at the Windsor theatre fourteen years ago at a Sunday night benefit for the family of Dr. William Dwyer. Before this she had appeared in amateur performances of "The School for Scandal," "The Hunchback" and other standard plays. She is a product of the New York public school and was considered a very precocious kid when at the age of thirteen she graduated from the grammar school in Twentieth street.

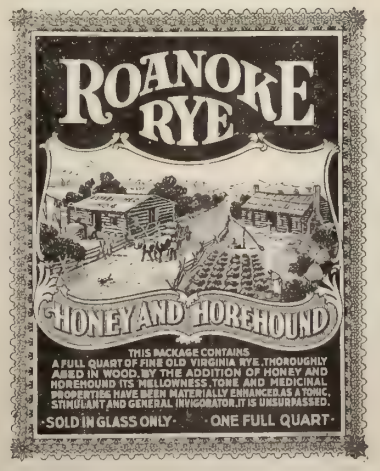
By the way, the word has gone forth that Blanche Walsh is to revive Maurice Barrymore's "Nadjesda." Of the first production of that play the veteran Harry St. Maur recently wrote: "It is fine to reign, alluring to please. The temptation to dominate with delight is irresistible—and Barrymore yielded." "Nadjesda" is the drama that Barrymore accused Sardou of plagiarizing in his "Fedora."

Our Blanche is Beloved

No actress in New York, writes a correspondent, is more popular among her professional acquaintance than Blanche Bates. Everybody likes her, she is always so full of fun and life. Lately, when she had the fever of which she nearly died, she had her head shaved and so she has to wear a wig until the new hair grows in. It is too bad to think of all that beautiful black hair having to be sacrificed. But Blanche makes a joke of it. Behind the scenes she pulls her wig off and makes the members of the company laugh. Her popularity extends beyond the bounds of her company. At the Wednesday matinees any number of stage people come to see her play, and afterwards visit her in her dressing room, Lillian Russell and Mrs. Leslie Carter among the others. "Under Two Flags" will run until the summer.

Susie Kelleher daughter of Alfred Kelleher, is playing a small part in "Notre Dame" in New York and her work is well spoken of. She inherits her talent from both sides of the family. Her mother was Susan Galton, a favorite opera singer before she gave up her public career for domestic life. Susie's sister Blanche was on the stage before she married a wealthy lumber merchant, and retired to private life.

The well known Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra has re-opened for the Fourth Season, 1901-1902. To guarantee promptness, all engagements must be made at the Studio, 718 Post street. Telephone Polk 1575. School hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m



The Power of Smiles

I saw Cinquevalli a good many years ago. I think it was in Toronto with the Hopkins Transatlantiques—and never forgot the way he juggled with a cannon ball, bottle and wad of paper. He still keeps that feat on his program, with his famous billiard cue act and other things. The tub, brush and chair idea is something new. If Cinquevalli were not a juggler, he would be a successful farce comedian. His face is a fortune in itself and his smile is worth more than Cissy Fitzgerald's wink. His business with his "sprite" is so amusing that one forgets the wonders and difficulties of his jugglery while laughing at the antics of the assistant. There is a good deal in looking pleasant. Cinquevalli would not be half such a favorite if a stern frown took the place of his merry smile. Another instance on this week's Orpheum bill where smiles contribute to a triumph are the ten Nelsons. These remarkable acrobats are the most happy appearing double quintet you can imagine. Their work is extraordinary for its originality and difficulty, yet after a succession of wonder-provoking double somersaults and acrobatic posings, they all bob up with smiling faces; not the superior all-conquering smile of the average vaudeville artist, but a nice, comfortable smile that warms the audience's heart. Then there are the three clever dancing Dawsons, man, woman and little girl. Their smiles are simply infectious.

Attractions Next Week

Fanny Rice is in vaudeville now and will be at the Orpheum next week. She has a novelty she calls "Surprises," in which she gives character sketches in miniature. Alice Beach McComas, Piutti's clever piano pupil, accompanies Fanny Rice. The Silvers will give illustrated songs and ballads. They are the originators of this form of entertainment and all their numbers were written especially for them. Cinquevalli will stay another week, varying his turn. Another attraction will be little Kathleen Parlow, the phenomenal child violinist.

Melbourne MacDowell's success of last season at the Grand Opera House will no doubt be duplicated during his engagement, which begins next week. "Cleopatra" will be the opening bill with Florence Stone in the title role and MacDowell as Antony. New scenery and costumes have been made and the production is still under the direction of Frank Willard, who was associated in his present capacity with the late Fanny Davenport.

The libretto of "Little Christopher," which will be the bill at Fischer's beginning Monday night, was written by George R. Sims and Cecil Raleigh, and the music by Ivan Caryll and Gustave Kerker. The story lays claim to originality and is said to be full of the daintiest airs, with a chorus to match. The costumes have been made expressly for this local presentation and the piece will be splendidly mounted. Pilar Morin will be the title hero and all the members of the company will have good parts. Mr. Blake, who has such a fine voice, will be Chauncey Depew.

Though "The Fortune Teller" is ready for production at the Tivoli, the public seems not to have had enough of "The Serenade," which is drawing enormous houses and seems to call for an indefinite run.

Blanche Walsh's engagement at the Columbia is limited to one week. "La Madeleine" will be given every week night and Saturday matinee, "Janice Meredith" on Thursday afternoon and Sunday evening. "La Madeleine" has a plot of the "Camille" order, but its scenic features are its strong point. One scene represents the interior of a noted Parisian church. "The Christian" with Elsie Leslie and E. J. Morgan, comes on March twenty-fourth.

"On and Off," which Charles Frohman considered the funniest and most novel farce he ever produced, will have its first stock presentation at the Alcazar next week. The play has a most amusing plot and its fun is of the fast and furious order. Juliet Crosby, who was seriously ill, has now quite recovered, and will have the role of Lisette. "The Lash of the Whip" is in preparation.

"Oliver Twist" is drawing well at the Central and will be followed on Monday with "The Bowery After Dark," in which Jimmy Britt will be the star.

—*The Playgoer*

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"ON AND OFF"
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The funniest and most novel farce produced in years
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First Six Nights and Saturday Matinee
The new play by H. J. W. Dam
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"JANICE MEREDITH"
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MUSIC

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A Captivating Singer

Katherine Fisk had sung only a few phrases of her opening number on Tuesday evening when it was apparent that she had won her audience. This favorable impression deepened as the program progressed and at its close there were no words but praise for the charming singer. It is so seldom one hears a real contralto voice, rarely indeed among the great stars that come this way. Mrs. Fisk's voice is warm and rich and she has the natural instinct for true emotional color. She has a naturally warm temperament, too, and a potent personality. Her diction and phrasing are of the clearest. Her voice is of the kind that finds a responsive cloud in the auditor and moves to laughter or to tears as the singer wills. There were four groups of songs, ranging over a wide field of composition. The first group consisted of Secchi's Lungi del Caro Bene, Brahms' Feldeinsamkeit, Schubert's Der Tod und das Madchen, and Hollaender's Winternacht, in which the singer's delicate phrasing was highly artistic. The second group contained Lalo's L'Esclave, Fontenailles' Obstination and Chaminade's The Silver Ring. Most charming of all in their artistic simplicity of expression were the five songs of the third group—Oh, That We Two Were Maying, Nevin; The Dandelion, Chadwick; The Slumber Boat, Gaynor; The Japanese Love Song, Thomas; and The Gardener and the Rose, by Emil Bruguiere. The singer's perfect enunciation contributed to the charm of her interpretation. Emil Bruguiere's song is really a lovely thing and that the audience appreciated it was evidenced by the fact that they called for its repetition. The final number contained the three arias from Saint-Saens' "Samson et Delila," and in these Mrs. Fisk's great dramatic power was shown, and the wonderful strength and beauty of her tones. Though Mrs. Fisk was called out many times to bow her thanks to emphatic applause she granted but three encores, once repeating the song—Emil Bruguiere's—and in the other instances giving a German kinder-song and "The Gingerbread Man." Her recitals on Thursday afternoon and last evening can only be mentioned here, as they occurred too late in the week for more than that. There will be a matinee recital today.

The Musical Atmosphere

Since Maude Fay's departure for Europe to pursue her studies there have not failed the usual remarks about the inadequate teaching to be obtained in this city, when people have to be sent abroad for their music lessons. This is by no means the case. Splendid groundwork can be obtained here, and indeed a full musical education as far as technique and that. But one cannot get the musical atmosphere outside of Europe. It was Walter Damrosch who advised Maude Fay to go abroad, "simply," as he explained, "because there are better opportunities in a city like Dresden to hear constantly all the great operas. Then such a voluntary exile will take her away from her friends and social pleasures and enable her to concentrate herself absolutely on her work."

Messrs. Bouvier and Greenbaum announce two more important musical attractions. The first is Mr. Max Heinrich, the eminent basso and pianist, and his daughter Julia Heinrich, a contralto, whose singing created quite a sensation on their previous visit some four years ago. They are presenting a great novelty this season in the melodramatic musical setting of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," by Richard Strauss, the composer, who is now attracting as much attention by his innovations as did Richard Wagner. The Eastern press is most enthusiastic in its praise of the Heinrichs in this work. About the middle of April the great pianist, Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, will be heard in four recitals. It is six years since her last visit here. Since then Madame Zeisler has toured Europe with phenomenal success and has taken a rank second to no living pianist.

Next Monday evening the members of the dramatic department of the Von Meyerinck school will give a recital at Sherman-Clay hall. The program will include Hofmann's cantata, "Song of the Norns," the song cycle, "Eliland," by Miss Feldheim, excerpts from "Der Freischutz," and a fencing exhibition.

Anna Moore, who will make her first public appearance at the Pasmore concert next Tuesday, is from Vacaville, and has been studying with Mr. Pasmore for the past two years. She has a soprano voice of exceedingly fine character and sings emotional songs with true feeling. "Within a Maiden's Heart," by the young London composer, Clarence Lucas, is said to be peculiarly suitable to her voice and temperament.

A series of scenes in costume from light and grand operas—"Freischuetz," "Tannhauser," "Trovatore," "Ernani," "Maritana," "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Carmen" and others—will be sung and acted by some of the advanced pupils of Joseph Greven at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s hall, on the eighth of April.

San Franciscans visiting New York find that Signor Abramoff is a prominent figure in Gotham's musical circles. He sings at concerts and in smart drawing-rooms and is a great favorite.

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Last Week's Events

Last week was essentially a musical week. There was scarcely a day without its concert, either a matinee or an evening affair. But wasn't it a pity that the first concert of the rehabilitated Philharmonic Society should have occurred on such a stormy night? The program, under Giulio Minetti's direction, consisted of a Von Suppe overture, Beethoven's first symphony, a Tschaikowsky selection for strings, and Strauss' "Tales from the Vienna Woods." Miss Grace Freeman, who played a violin obligato at the second Nordica recital, was the soloist of the evening, rendering Godard's concerto Romantique with orchestral accompaniment. The Harmony Zither Club quartet also assisted in the program. The officers of the Philharmonic are: Emil Greenebaum, president; Joseph M. Willard, vice-president; R. B. Hochstadter, treasurer; Ed. T. Swendson, librarian; E. M. Hecht, secretary. The last symphony concert of the second Steindorff series was artistically successful and much enthusiasm and many flowers were lavished upon the director. The program consisted of Beethoven's Eroica symphony, "The Flying Dutchman" overture, a beautiful Norwegian folks-melody by Svensen, a tender serenade for strings by Pierne and Chabrier's "Espanola." While by no means the most interesting of the programs given during the season, it was full of variety and was as a whole well executed. It is to be hoped that a new series of concerts will be given ere long, for now that the orchestra is getting accustomed to the work, and plays so well under Mr. Steindorff's leadership, it is a thousand pities to have to drop practice. Emma Nevada gave her last concert on Saturday, the audience according her a very warm welcome. But again, as at the first concert, it was Pablo Casals who aroused the most enthusiastic applause. He is certainly one of the greatest violoncellists who have ever visited us. Maquarre, the flutist, also came in for his share of applause. His boyish manner and attractive individuality are factors that seem to contribute to his success. He has a frank and pleasing smile that instantly wins him the audience's friendship. Leonora Jackson's recital on the preceding evening did not draw a large audience, but it was a thoroughly musical one, enjoying all the numbers with understanding of their parts. Miss Jackson deserves the praise she has received from critics all over the world. She is not merely a graceful and charming player. Those terms belong to many violinistes. Miss Jackson's playing has more than grace and charm. It has power, strength and personality. She played the Vieuxtemps concerto in D minor with a splendid grasp of the composer's intention, Saint-Saens' "The Swan," Sarasate's "Gypsy" fantasia, a Tschaikowsky "Humoreske" and other numbers with a fine regard for their varied emotions. Harry J. Fellows, the tenor, sang several selections and created a very favorable impression. William Bauer was the satisfactory accompanist of the evening.

Miss Jackson and Aileen McCabe

Leonora Jackson takes as great an interest in young violinists as Calve does in juvenile singers. Aileen McCabe played at the Palace hotel last week before Miss Jackson, and the latter clapped her hands in delight. She gave it as her opinion that little Aileen has a remarkable future before her, and she encouraged her to keep at her studies. Miss Jackson is a fine example of what steady study and practice, added to wonderful talent, can achieve in a short time. She is only a young girl herself. Her mother travels with her and it was she who arranged the meeting of her gifted daughter and Noah Brandt's little pupil.

Samuel Adelstein, whose "Mandolin Memories" were so warmly received, is at work on another series, "The Mandolin and Its Music," for the New York *Cadenza*. Mr. Adelstein has made the study of the plectrum instruments his life work and has helped to give them their proper place among legitimate instruments. Mr. Adelstein's large class of pupils has been augmented by students from other States.

[Continued on Page 28]

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LETTERS

The Potter Opus One

A pirated edition of Margaret Horton Potter's novel, "A Social Lion," which created such a stir in Chicago two or three years ago, is about to be issued against the wishes of Miss Potter (now Mrs. Black) and her family. Miss Potter was a very young girl at the time that this first book made its appearance, and even had it been all that it was said to be, some allowance should have been made for youthful precocity, but it is pretty well understood by this time that the reason for the "blackguard slating" which was meted out to both book and author was the result of disappointed social ambition. The critic into whose hands the volume first fell laid her failure to make headway amongst the haut ton of the Lakeside district to the opposition of the Potters, and she made the most of her opportunity to hit back. She professed to find the novel, which the Potters claim to have been a pure invention, full of portraits, which she did not hesitate to hint at identifying, and at the same time she otherwise intimated that the torrid "Quick or the Dead?" of Amelie Rives was an iceberg beside the production of the Chicago girl. Only a limited number of volumes had been issued when the attack was made, and the Potters, who owned the plates, called in the edition and stopped further issue, hoping in this way to let the matter die out of mind. Unfortunately the malicious attack was copied and commented on in all quarters of the United States. We of the Pacific Coast cannot hold ourselves guiltless in the matter, though so far as is known, not a single copy ever found its way out here. It seems that the copyright was in the name of "Robert Daley Williams," assumed for the purpose of authorship, and this leaves the loophole for pirating. Of course an effort will be made to prevent the publication, but it will mean vexatious litigation if nothing else, and since there is always the possibility of defeat in any appeal to the law, it would seem to an onlooker as if the wisest plan would be for the Potters to forestall the conscienceless publisher by authorizing a new edition themselves. The circumstances surrounding the withdrawal of the novel are sufficient to force any edition into the first rank of the best selling, and it is only common justice that Miss Potter should reap the profit from her work. In the long run it will have to stand or fall by its own merits.

Books with Living Qualities

Eden Phillpotts has been engaged for a year past on a new novel, "The River," which he does not expect to have ready for publication before the fall of next year. There are very few living writers who are content to work as slowly as Mr. Phillpotts, and it is superfluous to add, equally few whose work is worth as much. Each individual member of the writing fraternity seems to have entered into competition not only with every other novelist, but with himself as well, and it is a race against time to see who will turn out work the fastest. Leaving out Andrew Lang, who is suspected of "being a syndicate," and not an individual at all, there are none of the prolific authors who can be mentioned in the same category as the few who work slowly and conscientiously. The "best sellers" may make more money, but they do not make more friends. Six months after some worthless book has enjoyed a boom, copies which have scarcely been handled can be bought or half price or less at the second-hand shops, and there is no brisk inquiry for them even there. Apparently no one cares to read them twice and they are not valued even as ornaments to the bookcase, despite the fact that they are attractively bound. Hewlett, Hardy, Phillpotts and Mrs. Voynich are amongst the best of our modern authors, and except Hardy, who has been a long time at his desk, none of them is prolific. When it comes to thinning out accumulations and discarding what is comparatively worthless, theirs will not be amongst the books cast aside. It might give writers a very much modified impression of their own worth, if they would occasionally look over the shelves of a second-hand shop and see how readily their productions are parted with. One can find copies of most of the light and frothy books second-hand almost as soon as they come from the press, and the "society novel" which deals only with a passing phase of existence is discarded as readily as a last summer's frock. It is true that there is not much hope in the prospect of "writing for posterity," for posterity is not either reading or buying books now, but it is a poor product of the pen which will not survive for half a year. Slovenly writers make slovenly read-

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Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator William F. Beggs at the offices of Lent and Humphrey, Rooms 167-168-169 Crocker Building, corner Post and Market streets, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

WILLIAM F. BEGGS
Administrator of the Estate of Ellen Beggs, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 1, 1902.

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Returning trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 p. m. and immediately after the last race. THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President.

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ers. Librarians, as well as book dealers, assert that though there is a steady demand for the works of what we are pleased to call the standard authors, there is little chance that the latest sensations will reach the same point in time, for after the first excitement has passed over and "everybody" has read them, they lie undisturbed on the shelves for months, and are finally disposed of because they are dead stock or occupying space which cannot be spared.

Matilda Serao, the Italian novelist recently discovered by the English translator, has sued her husband for divorce on entirely new and original grounds. Signor Serao is the editor of the *Mattino*, and the lady claims that he "has compromised her in a Neapolitan municipal scandal." It is a foretaste of what will happen when women have obtained their "right" of suffrage. Then we shall have shoals of divorces asked for on the grounds of "incompatibility of political views."

An amusing incident has come to light in connection with Tolstoi's "Resurrection." It will be remembered that the book was ostentatiously advertised as a wholesale charity, the proceeds of its sale to be devoted to assisting those malodorous Doukhobors to emigrate to this country. The Society of Friends has been interested in the immigrants, some of whose doctrines and tenets resemble those of the Quakers, but the Special Committee to whom the English translators of the Tolstoi book sent a small check returned the money on the ground that the book was indecent and they could not use money obtained by such means any more than if it were derived from the sale of improper photographs. Naturally the Tolstoians are up in arms over the matter. No one else cares.

Smart Set for March is an unusually bright number for even that brilliant publication. Of special interest to local readers are "A Little Supper in San Francisco," by Gelett Burgess, and "A Study in Suggestion," by Emma Wolf. Miss Wolf, like Frank Norris, has quite a clientele in London, where her stories are eagerly looked for and appreciatively read. The March *Overland* has some notable articles in its table of contents. Since animal bography first became a fad, there has been nothing better than Cloudesley Rutter's "Life and Death of Chouicha, a Sacramento River Salmon." "Jim and Kittick" is a tale of the Nome beach by Josephine Scroggs ,and S. Homer Henley's story, "According to Scripture," is the most original plot of love and revenge that has appeared for a long while.

Marie Corelli's latest tirade, on the subject of "Germanizing" the uniforms of the British army, contained a statement that many of the highest officers had confided to her their opinions on on the subject. Needles to say, the officers agreed with the fair Marie, possibly for pecuniary reasons, though it would not do to hint at aught but patriotism. The absurdity of the idea that Miss Corelli was acting as mother confessor to the army was too apparent to be overlooked, but an explanation was forthcoming. It seems that Marie is engaged on a military novel, and she has been in correspondence with the heads of the army. One would suppose that this might be a ticklish time for British army officers to be entering into correspondence with civilians, and especially with any one who has such a propensity for rushing into print. However, it has furnished Marie with an excuse to scold and an advance notice for her novel. Far be it it from her to neglect her opportunities.

—*The Bookworm*

The Preferred Roofing

The damage done by the recent storms has proved to San Francisco builders that they can no longer erect flimsy structures for dwelling houses. After the foundation, the most important thing to be looked to is the roof. For roofing nothing nowadays is so universally used as slate, whose chief strongpoints are cheapness, durability and beauty. Artists and architects highly commend the slate roof, which is absolutely fireproof thus lessening the price of a building's insurance, never needs repairs, does not require painting, and never discolors or fades. The Eureka Slate Company is turning out an immense quantity of slate from its quarries at Kelsey, El Dorado county. This slate has no superior in beauty and durability, is of fine quality, lustrous and black. The Eureka Company, Room 15, Mills Building, second floor, is prepared to furnish slate for immediate delivery anywhere, in unlimited quantities and all sizes.

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Hyman Marx, residing at 2672 Union Street, San Francisco, California
Albert Marx, residing at 2672 Union Street, San Francisco, California.

State of California)
City and County of San Francisco) ss.

On this third day of March in the year Nineteen Hundred and two, before me F. W. LAWLER, a Court Commissioner of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Hyman Marx and Albert Marx known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in said City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

F. W. LAWLER.
Court Commissioner of the City and County of San Francisco

JAMES L. NAGLE, Attorney for Marx & Fifield
No. 5470 Endorsed. Filed March 3, 1902.
ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of George Granopolos, also known as George Johnson Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, Administrator of the Estate of George Granopolos also known as George Johnson deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 79, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM
Administrator of the Estate of George Granopolos also known as George Johnson, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, February 15, 1902

FRANK McGOWAN, Attorney for Administrator
Rooms 75-79 and 80 Chronicle Building

Estate of Mary D. Sullivan, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Dennis Sullivan, Administrator of the estate of Mary D. Sullivan, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Dennis Sullivan, Administrator, at Room 411 Parrott Building, No 855 Market street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

DENNIS SULLIVAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary D. Sullivan, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco. February 15, 1902

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Administrator
Parrott Building, San Francisco

Estate of Margaret A. Fitzpatrick, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Edward Leary, Administrator of the Estate of Margaret A Fitzpatrick deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Edward Leary at the office of T. I. Fitzpatrick, 501 Hayward Building the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EDWARD LEARY,
Administrator of the Estate of Margaret A Fitzpatrick, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 8, 1902.
T. I. Fitzpatrick, Attorney for Administrator
501 Hayward Building

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Della St. Claire Weston, Plaintiff, vs. William Henry Weston, Defendant. } Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to William Henry Weston, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty to plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made. All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of January, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and two.

ALBERT MAHONY, Clerk.
[SEAL.] By THOS. F. O'NEIL, Deputy Clerk.
JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff.
Parrott Building, San Francisco.

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Music—Continued

The Pasmore Concert

The Fifth Pasmore concert, dated for next Tuesday evening, will be given at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, the audiences having outgrown the maple room of the Palace. Miss Beulah George, who so pleased Madame Nevada by her singing two years ago that she still remembers the young singer and her work, will sing the Bell song from "Lakme" in the original key—E minor. Mr. Pasmore will do the great recitative and aria from Handel's "Acis and Galatea," "I rage, I melt, I burn," and "O Ruddier than the Cherry," accompanied by Mrs. O. K. Cushing. The accompaniment of the aria is of quite as much importance as the voice part. Miss Adelaide Birchler, who is fast gaining the recognition she so well deserves, will sing "Ah Mio Cor," by Handel, and "Von ewigen Liebe," by Brahms, while Mrs. Basford is down for "The Nightingale," by Delibes, which will be a decided departure from her usual style of song. The famous sextet by Henry Leslie, "Charm Me Asleep," by Miss George, Miss Anna Moore, A. E. and Thomas Nowlan, and Mr. Pasmore, will complete the vocal numbers. Mary, Susan and Dorothy Pasmore will contribute the Beethoven trio, op. 1, No. 1 (complete), a popular air arranged by Mr. Pasmore, and two Hungarian dances by Brahms. Mary's solo will be the ninth concerto by De Beriot, and Dorothy's the Gondolier song in G minor by Mendelssohn and the popular gavotte by Popper.

—*The Music Critic*

"Did she marry for love?"
"Certainly, love of money."

A Freebooter—the cobbler who overcharges.

AN EARTHLY PARADISE.

Like Tartarin to the Alps, from a faraway land there arrived a Tourist. He had heard much of the city on the western coast, and as he was collecting data for a work on Freak Governments he could not, without leaving his opus incomplete, pass this western city by. As he landed his ears were greeted by the harmonic strains of a stringed orchestra. "Home again, home again, from a foreign shore," they said to him and his heart was stirred. Then, as he passed through a row of cabmen a chorus of musical tongues burst forth, "Have a cab, sir? Cab sir? This way, sir, to a cab."

But instead of the ordinary shrill cry of the insistent cabby, these simple lines were sung in tenor, baritone or bass voices, with full regard to the pitch, and in measure that suggested the opening chorus of an opera.

Feeling as if he were in a dream, the Tourist was approached by a transfer clerk.

"Baggage, sir; check, sir; shall I take your grip, sir?"

This, too, was recited in musical phrases, and the Tourist noticed that

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the transfer clerk was accompanied by a small boy who was strumming chords on a banjo in perfect time with the other's song.

"Paper, sir? *Call, Chronicle, Examiner*, all the weekly papers!"

A newsboy sang in a charming childish treble, to the accompaniment of a mandolin that did not interfere with his solicitation.

"I must be crazy, or else that last cocktail I took was doped," thought the Tourist, hastily boarding a car. Here his dreamy feeling did not diminish, for "Fare, please," was sung in a deep bass voice and "Change" had the same musical inflection.

Arrived at his hotel, where a band was playing "Welcome, Pretty Primrose" in the courtyard, the clerk sang his orders to a bellboy who replied in a falsetto. The Tourist finally fell asleep, after a dinner eaten to the strains of the classical composers. His dreams were disturbed by visions of operas he had seen, and he found himself saying, "Please give me my key" to the bellboy his pressing of a button had summoned to his bedside.

"Key, sir? Certainly, major or minor?"

Then he awoke. It was the same thing as before, the musical routine. Nobody talked. Everybody sang. He called at several offices, was treated at more than one bar, and everywhere found the same monotonous music, music everywhere. By night he found himself, to keep from being so conspicuous, brushing up his baritone and replying to questions or giving orders in rhythm like the rest. At the end of the week he had grown so used to singing that he had forgotten how to talk in one tone. He even invested in a flute, that he might vary his monologues with tonal effects. And when he finished his travels and issued his great book, one of the chapters began:

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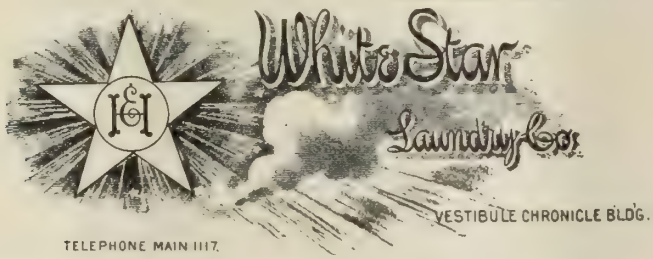
Ah, March! we know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats;
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets!
Helen Hunt.

The latest catch phrase from New York owes its being to the Rogers Brothers: "Why it is, is'nt it yet, not?"



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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of William Colgan, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Margret Johnston Administratrix of the estate of William Colgan deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Margret Johnston, Administratrix at the office of her attorney D. E. McKinlay, Room 61, Appraisers Building, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

MARGRET JOHNSTON

Administratrix of the Estate of William Colgan, Deceased,

Dated at San Francisco, March 1, 1902

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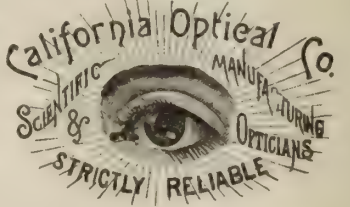

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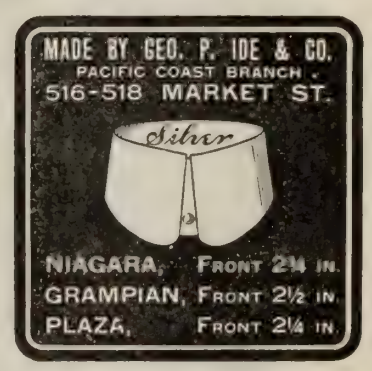

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, March 22, 1902

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OUR OPINION

The Supreme Court

The impending contest over the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court of this State is exciting almost as much interest as the row in the Republican party which threatens to develop some influential bolters after the nomination for Governor is made. The judicial contest is of less importance to politicians than the fight over the gubernatorial job because it involves no patronage. But it is not less acrimonious and therefore it is somewhat unusual. It is generally known that there is a bitter hatred between Chief Justice Beatty, who hopes to be renominated, and Justice Garoutte who is eager to succeed Beatty. It is rather surprising that two distinguished jurists, members of the same august tribunal, should, in the ordinary course of judicial business, develop such antipathy for each other. It is unfortunate that they should be on the same bench. When two judges hate each other so cordially that it would be repugnant to either to agree with the other, then it is difficult for litigants to get justice. And according to well-foundel rumor there is that degree of antipathy existing between Justices Beatty and Garoutte. Both are good men, and they are learned in the law, and it is most unfortunate that, in such an exalted position as the one they occupy, they should permit themselves to be influenced by passions that would reflect discredit on the magistrates of the Police Court. But if both are to be contestants for the Chief Justiceship one must lose, and the personnel of the court will change. Some of the timber in the Republican party that is regarded by the push politicians as available for the prospective vacancy is very bad, and it should be interesting to watch the bosses, and see to what extremes they will go in attempting to foist unworthy men upon the people. It is said that they have in training a judge who made a fairly good record early in his career, and then imagining that he had secured public confidence, switched to the push, and became the most popular representative of that element. So closely identified with it has he become, however, it is hardly likely that the bosses will give him the nomination. He wears the badge of his political fraternity so conspicuously that his unfitness for the bench has become a matter of general comment.

Schmitz Emulating Phelan

It is now generally understood by those familiar with the moss-covered tricks of the politician that Mayor Eugene Schmitz is eager for promotion. He had scarcely warmed the mayor's chair before higher aspirations agitated his breast. The gubernatorial job is now the goal of his ambition. It is a laudable ambition for him to foster, and nobody should find fault with him for nursing the hope of succeeding Governor Gage. But with the fate of ex-Mayor Phelan to guide him, Mayor Schmitz should not rush headlong into the same grievous blunders that were responsible for the undoing of that distinguished reformer. In the case of Mayor Phelan it was demonstrated that a public servant who is at all times trimming sail to catch the political breeze is very likely to forget his duties to the public. It is impossible for a public officer to render conscientious service if his official acts be influenced by cautious consideration of the probable effect on the multitude. Such an official frequently does wrong to subserve his own interests. He is only a degree removed from the crook that takes bribe money. We believe that Mr. Schmitz would serve with greater credit to himself and less damage to the city if he would attend to one job at a time, and keep out of entangling alliances with practical politicians. Beside, the probability is that like Phelan he will ruin his own chances if he constantly reminds people that he is in pursuit of a job. For the job-chaser is suspected of an ulterior motive even when he is doing the right thing. It was Mr. Phelan that set the fashion of speech-making in the mayor's office. He was always ready to take the stump or to be interviewed on any old subject. Mr. Schmitz is showing a disposition to prove that he is as voluble as his predecessor. It's a fatal gift. Moreover, committing type-written speeches to memory consumes a lot of time which a conscientious Mayor might devote to his public duties to the greater glory of himself.

Object to a Requiem Mass

Certain prominent divines of the Church of England are engaged in a warm argument over a question of doctrine. It was recently proposed that a solemn requiem mass be said for Queen Victoria, in St. Matthew's church, Westminster. Whereupon several clergymen sent in vigorous protests to the Bishop of London. They declared that such a mass would be an offence against the laws of the Church of England, as well as of good taste. "That our beloved Queen," wrote one of the clergymen, "should be represented as suffering in purgatory the temporal punishment of sins still in process of gradual atonement, is a painful outrage

on her memory, which is offensive in the last degree to loyal English churchmen, and constitutes a violation of church order such as your lordship should surely take cognizance of." But the Bishop of London is not quite sure that the statements of the protestants are well founded. He disclaims the purpose of the mass to be to liberate Queen Victoria from purgatory. But a requiem mass is what its name implies—an offering of the Eucharist for the repose of the soul for whom it is celebrated. It is of course borrowed from the Catholic church, and therefore it is distasteful to those representatives of the Church of England who affect a belief in the doctrines of the Catholic church while asserting a freedom from Papal influence. But Churchmen should not quarrel over such matters. In such cases, the dead should be given the benefit of the doubt. Perhaps, if Queen Victoria could be consulted she would not deprecate the notion of a requiem mass. Though she was a woman of virtue it has never been suggested that she should be canonized. If she ever worried over the question of the existence of purgatory, she undoubtedly felt that she would be pretty lucky if she could include it in her itinerary after leaving the throne. To suggest that a departed soul is in purgatory is a fine compliment to the deceased, for it implies a pure life full of good deeds.

The Old Familiar Subject

The Divorce Problem is the topic chosen for discussion in the latest of the *Mirror* pamphlets, and Mr. Reedy, like others who have attempted to settle the question, treats the matter as though only the husbands and wives, and that other outer circle, "the community," had any concern in the matter. He assumes that the primary object of matrimony is to secure the happiness of men and women as individuals, and that when a venture has not come out according to the preconceived ideas of the contracting parties they are entitled to "tries over," as the children provide for in their games. Mr. Reedy offers no new suggestions, and no new views of the old arguments, but goes over the ground of the hardships suffered by those who find that mates are not necessarily matches, whatever be the cause, slight or stupendous, for the disagreement. There is no reason for assuming that where divorces are granted for trivial causes—that is to say, trivial to the onlooker—the sum of human happiness is increased. Many a woman who thought her heart was broken because No. 1 kicked her pug dog, has submitted in silence when his successor has lavished similar attentions on herself. Many a woman who has regarded her husband's earnings only in the light of prospective gowns and bonnets, has been thankful later on when she had the certainty of a square meal before her. But in this whole discussion of the question, no matter by whom or from what viewpoint, the children are lost sight of or ignored. When one comes down to bottom facts, it makes no difference what the modern woman, the new woman, the club woman, or whatever else she choses to call herself, sets up as a theory of marriage, the real fact of the matter is that the institution was designed for the propagation of the race, and so long as the welfare of the offspring is conserved it makes little difference to nature whether mamma has been able to persuade papa that they ought to keep a carriage, or whether papa always has his dinners served to his liking and household expenses kept down. The birds build their nests and the beasts make their lairs that their young may be maintained in some degree of comfort until they are able to care for themselves. Usually this is accomplished in a single season, and the parents have no further responsibility for their broods. Among the lower forms of life the parents have fulfilled their destiny when they have brought forth their young. The progeny of the human race is the most helpless of all created beings. Children not only need more care, but they need it for an infinitely longer period than do other creatures, and the home should be maintained with an eye to their proper upbringing. But the children of divorced parents are the last of the menage which are considered. It is true that they are frequently made a bone of contention and dragged back and forth through all the scandal of legal squabbles, neither parent willing to give up to the other; and it is also unfortunately true that, having served the purpose of furnishing something to quarrel about, the same children are not infrequently abandoned by both parents and left to grow up as best they may. Time was when people considered it a reproach that even orphan children should be sent to an asylum while they had relatives able to furnish them with shelter; but now we have homes and schools and associations of all kinds whose doors are open not only to those whom death has orphaned, but to those whom the law has deprived of parents. It is not in human nature that step-parents should have the same consideration for the children of others that they have for their own, and even when the little intruders are not treated harshly they are at best regarded with indifferent tolerance. They have no rights and few privileges, and they soon drift out of the uncongenial atmosphere of a house which is no home, to make their way in the world, up or down. No one who takes even a passing interest in the tragedies of childhood can fail to have noticed how often girls of tender years, found straying in bypaths, and boys whose short legs will not reach the floor when they are seated in the prisoners' dock, are the offspring of divorced parents. This is not a question of poverty or riches. The fortunate ones who can square their cases or keep the reports out of the papers are every bit as numerous as their brothers in misfortune. Even when nothing of this kind occurs, there is the flippant, inconsequent attitude which the young people assume, and which in time leads to indifference on their own part to any perpetuation of the marriage. Where divorce was once regarded in the same light as amputation—as a last resort—and not to be considered while there was

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any other hope, now it is kept in readiness as a "family medicine," and the children are permitted to help themselves. It is no infrequent thing to find families who have had divorces for three generations, and intermarriages with divorces until the family relations are as mixed as an oldfashioned hit-and-miss rag carpet. Mr. Reedy is undoubtedly correct in saying that marriage is too easy, and that public opinion is the cure for divorce; but how is he going to restrict marriage when he promulgates the doctrine that divorce should be made as easy as possible, and divorcees are entitled to as many turns as they can get? It is useless, and worse than useless, to expect that a community made up of divorced people, as we are fast getting to be, will make any outcry against what pleases them. The churches apparently dare not offend their congregations, made up in large part of people who have been through the mill. Laws would be useless when lawyers busy themselves in finding loopholes by which their spirit may be evaded. Making it easy to get out of a scrape is not the way to discourage people from getting into one. Divorces should not be easy to obtain, and the fact that marriage is "for keeps" would go further towards inducing some forethought and consideration before entering upon it, than the easy, happy-go-lucky notion that, as Dundreary used to say, "if you don't like it you can go home to your mother." Divorces should not be granted on frivolous grounds or by default, which is in nine cases out of ten another term for collusion, nor should some nominal charge be made to hide a more serious one. Closed doors, so far as the public is concerned, should be the rule, and salacious details should be kept from the papers. There is too little dignity and solemnity about all of our legal proceedings. They take on too much of the appearance of light comedy and summer picnics. Giddy schoolgirls and idle matrons should be excluded, and proceedings should take on more of the character of a military court. More common sense and less sentiment should be exercised in this matter of breaking up homes and scattering children, and it should be impressed upon the dissatisfied that when they promised to abide by each other "for better, for worse," there was no guarantee that there would be no "worse." Sir Francis Jeune has set an excellent example in the case now before him, the application of the infatuated idiot, Florence Jewell, who a few years ago insisted on marrying a South African savage. Now she is seeking separation and tells a pitiful tale of beatings, stabbings and other cruelty. Sir Francis very pertinently asked her if that were not a reasonable expectation in the case. People have no right to call upon the law to extricate them from the consequences of their deliberate blunders. The harder it is made for them to get out of the net, the more hope there is that those who see the struggles will themselves either stay out of similar entanglements or make reasonable examination before they venture in.

The Saunterer

Her Fast Day Luncheons

Mrs. Eleanor Martin's Wednesday luncheons during Lent have provoked a deal of criticism in church circles. Mrs. Martin is a communicant of the Catholic church and as such she knows that Wednesdays are Fast days in Lent. Yet she selected that day for the regaling of some of our smartest people. Of course I know that when a lady has attained the age of Mrs. Martin she is not obliged to comply strictly with the rules of the Lenten season, but she should not encourage younger folks to commit sin. She has been severely condemned for her conduct by strict Catholics who declare that she has been guilty of promoting scandal, for she has not only wilfully violated the laws of her church but she has given publicity to the fact through the press. They contend that when a woman of her high social position manifests a contempt for the laws of the church she is responsible for a great deal of harm. And I have heard it suggested that she should either refrain from giving luncheons on Fast days or cease to pose as a member of the Roman Catholic church.

A Resourceful Press Agent

Mr. George Bowles is at his old tricks again. Mr. George Bowles, be it known, is the press representative of Blanche Walsh, the clever actress, who first came to us heralded as the daughter of "Fatty" Walsh of New York, and who was the first of her profession to pronounce this a "jay-town." Others have said the same thing since but they were plagiarists, pure and simple, for it was the talented Blanche, piqued at being unappreciated by us in "Aristocracy," that first called us jay. It is Mr. Bowles, however, or rather his genius for exploiting theatrical stars, that I wish to discuss. No other press agent in the business has such a happy faculty for getting his star talked about. When I read in the dailies that Blanche Walsh was coming, and that there was some likelihood of Melbourne McDowell jumping over the footlights some night and carrying her off to nervous music, I suspected that George Bowles was in town. I was quite sure that no other press agent could have invented such a good story to give impetus to the advance sale. I was equally positive that none but Bowles could have "worked" the dailies for such valuable free advertising. And sure enough Bowles was here, and you can depend upon it that Blanche Walsh will enjoy a successful season. If ever I decide to go on the lecture platform I shall want George Bowles for a press agent.

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His Anna Held Yarns

It was Bowles, by the way, who worked up our interest in Anna Held some years ago. He told the papers she took a milk bath every day, and that there was only one brand of lacteal fluid that she used—the brand that goats have copyrighted. And to make his story good he advertised for a supply of goats' milk to be delivered to Anna Held at the Baldwin hotel. It made a big hit and so did Anna with her eloquent hips. Later on he chartered an engine to send her to Ingleside to play the last race on Tod Sloan's tip. Years ago he used to boom Dave Henderson's extravaganza shows in the same way, and for a season he kept Alice Neilson in the glare of the calcium. He's an original chap, is Bowles, and he scorns those stock stories about stolen diamonds. He was a reporter once and he knows the sort of yarns that appeals to newspaper men.

The Fickle Actor

The story of McDowell's mad and unrequited passion for Blanche Walsh is really a thrilling one. It's so good that I should advise both stars to give it vraisemblance, and get all the advertising out of it that it is capable of yielding. What a sensation the muscular McDowell would create were he to spring over the footlights some night and give us the realistic tableau that has been suggested! But I am constrained to explode the story. The fact is that Cupid plays only one-night stands in the gay actor's heart. His passion is not the fierce, unquenchable flame that poets sing about. The thespian was a sailor in his younger days, and while roving the seas he acquired that sweetheart-in-every-port habit. His affections are evanescent. He was married when the voluptuous Fanny Davenport first made goo-goo eyes at him. He got a divorce to marry Fanny, and in those days it was current gossip in the profession that the wealthy actress placated the wife with a good, round sum. And since declaring his love for Blanche Walsh, he has become an ardent admirer of Florence Stone, his present leading woman. He met her at the Grand when he came to this city last season. That was immediately after his separation from Miss Walsh, so it is evident that unrequited love has not been bothering him much. So long as Melbourne McDowell has a handsome leading lady to play with he will not pine away over an actress in another company who is "wedded to her art."

The Latest Political Blunder

Governor Gage blundered in appointing a harbor commissioner to succeed Rudolph Herold. He should have permitted the Democrat to hold office until after the adjournment of the State convention. Now that the Republican party is in complete control of the water front patronage, the Gage machine will be expected to create vacancies for hungry politicians all over the State. Handling patronage on the eve of a State convention is dangerous business. It is bound to engender soreness, and the Gage machine cannot afford to make any more enemies. It is having trouble enough now. I wonder if it was that sagacious politician, Colonel Dan Burns, who advised this latest blunder.

The most delightfully blended whisky known to the human palate is "Jesse Moore"—the standard for over fifty years.

The Fear of Budd

Ex-Governor Jim Budd has returned from Washington where he was exerting his influence in favor of the Chinese Exclusion bill. Budd is causing much uneasiness among the Republican leaders. The fear that he may be prevailed upon to run for Governor again is haunting them day and night. They acknowledge that he is the man in the Democratic party who is capable of making Henry T. Gage look like three dimes in a race for the gubernatorial job, and though he assures them that he is quite content with private life they are afraid that if a convention stampeded for him in a burst of enthusiasm such as might be aroused by the mention of his name, he could not refuse to become the standard bearer of the party that has done so much for him. But Jim Budd actually believes that he would shorten his life by taking the helm of State again, and I know that he has no desire to do that. It must afford him considerable satisfaction, however, to know that he is the only man who ever served as Governor of California who was ever looked upon as an available candidate for re-election.

She will Visit her Sister

After an absence of several years Gertrude Atherton is to visit her old home. She is expected this week. While in San Francisco she will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Ashton Stevens. Mrs. Atherton has gained all sorts of honors since she shook the dust of her native State from her shapely feet. It was only a few weeks ago that Zangwill, in discussing the women authors who deserve a permanent place in literature, said of Gertrude Atherton that she is the greatest American novelist of her sex. This must have delighted the heart of Ambrose Bierce who, when others were decrying Mrs. Atherton's worth, always asserted her genius. Bierce takes credit to himself for the "discovery" of Gertrude Atherton. When she first published, by the way, she

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Mens and Boys Clothing
You are most cordially invited to inspect our new spring stock
J. J. GILDEA & CO.
The Up-to-date Clothiers
756-758 MARKET ST.,
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signed herself Gertrude Franklin Atherton, but later dropped the middle name. She was very fond of her mother's father, Stephen Franklin, whence came that part of her signature.

Her Contribution to Book Lore

Though "The Randolphs of Redwoods" that appeared serially in the *Argonaut*, was Mrs. Atherton's first published novel, no one knew it was her work until years after. The story is called, since it appeared in book form, "A Daughter of the Vine." It is by no means its author's best literary effort. Its interest lies in the fact that its chapters tell a true story, the characters being all known to early Californians. "What Dreams May Come" and "Hermia Suydam" brought a storm of alternate praise and censure about their author's ears, Mrs. Atherton being generally condemned for her unvarnished erotics. She was in advance of her time. Her early works are tame compared with the warm-toned novels that art turned out nowadays in bushels. "Patience Sparhawk" is one of Mrs. Atherton's greatest books, in my opinion. It is a work of genius. Some writers go backward in their writings: Mrs. Atherton is constantly going forward. Her latest book, "The Conqueror," which is a life of Alexander Hamilton, involved any amount of historical research from which however its author did not shrink. She went about it with the same painstaking care that she gave to her series of articles, some years ago in the *Examiner*, on California before the Gringoes came.

Family Connections

Mrs. Stevens, who was Alcece Uhlhorn, is Mrs. Atherton's favorite sister. Another sister, Daisy, is Mrs. Eugene Deuprey. The Uhlhorn girls are only half-sisters of Mrs. Atherton, whose father was Mr. Tom Horne. Her mother was married twice. The family was very prominent here in early days. Mr. Franklin, the grandfather of Mrs. Atherton, Mrs. Stevens and Mrs. Deuprey, was a pillar of Dr. Scott's Presbyterian church, and for years held a responsible position in the Bank of California. Mrs. Uhlhorn was a beautiful woman and her beauty descended to all her daughters. Mrs. Atherton is the fairest of blondes and it was the natural golden tinge of her hair that led Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the ashen blonde, into a controversy with her sister writer, that gave the press of two sides of the continent so much material a good many years ago.

Irvine's Philosophy of Booz

Leigh Irvine, the novelist and well-known journalist of San Francisco, is quite a wit. He is pronounced against teetotalism. Some of Irvine's sayings are worth recording. These, for instance:

Daniel Webster's last words were: "I still live." The nurse had been told by the doctor to give him whisky as long as his heart beat. Fearing that the nurse mistook his quiet for death, he informed her that he survived.

There are no microbes in whisky. Whisky kills microbes, whips up circulation, and gives prohibitionists and preachers a job.

For over half a century "Jesse Moore" Whisky has held its supremacy as the best, purest and most palatable.

Restaurateur Dennett, the seller of Java and doughnuts, failed the other day, because he did not let his customers take a drink once in a while. Grub doesn't mix with teetotalism.

Our Old Missions

The Landmarks' club has acquired possession of the Pala Mission church and graveyard, and will now proceed to the work of restoration. This is a step in the right direction, and one that has been too long delayed. The people of the Pacific coast have been dilatory, to say the least, in taking steps toward the preservation of historic monuments, and it will be but a few years before the remnants of the Mission buildings will totally disappear, unless something more than talk is done towards their protection. From time to time there is a flutter of interest, but it never lasts long enough to accomplish anything, while the elements work ceaselessly if imperceptibly at the destruction and obliteration of what is left of one of the most important enterprises ever undertaken on the continent of America. The missionaries were their own architects, and they had neither means to purchase, nor skilled workmen to direct. They worked with the material at hand, teaching and directing the savages who had not advanced even to the degree of civilization which demanded a breech clout. When the bicycle was in the height of its popularity, and "good roads" was a fad or a political issue, there was some talk of repairing and reopening the "camino real," the road followed by the missionaries in their settlement, and restoring the old buildings as an inducement for tourists, but the bicycle fell into disfavor and the project appears to have been abandoned. If the matter were one which concerned the Pilgrims, there would have been a bill put through Congress and in all likelihood some kind of a national protectorate established. Such monuments as we have on the Pacific coast do not compare in antiquity with those of the older settled portions of the country, but the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania wonders are things of yesterday beside those of Europe. It ought to be a matter of interest to the whole United States to have the Missions of California preserved and restored. It does not reflect credit on our State pride that we have done nothing but talk.

Now for His Church

Rev. Father P. Brady is giving wide publicity to the fact that he is soon to add a church to the parochial residence on the west side of St. Mary's avenue near Mission street. Judging from the picture which has appeared in all the dailies the church is to be a handsome edifice. Father Brady has distinguished himself by providing a home for himself first and erecting a church for his parishioners later on. I have been told that it was his innate hospitality that impelled him to reverse the usual order of things.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

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Why there is a Breach

A scene not on the bill was enacted at the Women's Exchange the other day. It was during the lunch hour when the dining room was packed with the ladies of swelldom, indulging themselves in tea et cetera between shops. All at once there was a terrific howl, and the lunchers sprang upon chairs, revealing glimpses of gay hosiery and beflounced petticoats. A fight between a cat and a dog was in progress. It seems the fashionable milliner next door owns a highbred cat that has a liking for the good things of life, especially those concocted by the Women's Exchange cooks. Every day at the noon hour Mademoiselle Mon Chat paws her way into the Exchange, is regaled with dainty bits and is not chided for her epicurean desires. But the other day she met the Exchange dog, and the latter's hostility led to the scene recorded. There is bad blood now, I hear, between the fashionable milliner and the manager of the Exchange, but the dog and cat have not repeated their battle.

It Impressed Him

The press dispatches tell us that "Arizona" has made a big hit in London, and that a prominent divine who attended a performance the other night declared that it was a great play, and that it impressed him very much. I shouldn't be surprised to learn that what impressed the clergyman more than all else was the utterance of Tony, the Mexican—"Down to hell from the bottom of my soul I love you." That's a great line for melodramatic effect.

Bathing for an Ad

It is the lack of sectional patriotism which has held back the northern counties of California from the material advance gained by the south. The people of the north are not willing to sacrifice themselves no matter how slightly to further the forwarding of their district. Only a few weeks ago the residents of San Diego went through their annual bath in the surf to permit pictures to be made for distribution in the East, showing the mildness of the winters in San Diego. Over fifty of the most public-spirited of the San Diegans donned decollete suits and after thoroughly fortifying themselves with warm drinks, stood on the beach for several minutes. All were tenderly cared for afterward and no fatalities have been reported from their exposure.

But He's Earning an Honest Living

There is a little cigar stand at the head of Vallejo street wharf and few know, outside of the boatmen and denizens of the vicinage, that "Jimmy" Page—"Dapper Jimmy" Page—as some used to call him, once District Attorney of San Francisco, is the little broken down man who reaps the meagre livelihood that its counter offers. The time that he spent in San Quentin for the theft of a madman's money is marked upon his face. What is his legal learning to him now? Good name, profession, family and all went with the step that carried him across the line that marks the division between honesty and crime. Here is a man who had every chance in the world. He was elected to one of the most important offices in the gift of the municipality. He was popular and he appeared to be destined for political preferment, but the primrose path lured his footsteps and he fell. But Jim Page is making a manly struggle for social rehabilitation, and I hope that he is not forgotten by men about town who were proud of his companionship a few short years ago.

Hearst's Rival Exchange

The condemnation of the so-called yellow journals, following the assassination of President McKinley, and which was directed most bitterly against the *Examiner*, is serving a purpose, but not the one intended. The Merchant's Exchange, for years the only disseminator of shipping news, and the bureau which had furnished all of the Pacific Coast with that important feature of their commercial pages, made itself ridiculous by expressing its deprecation of Mr. Hearst and his publications and by withdrawing its service and excluding the *Examiner* from its files. Similar action was taken in nearly every port in the country of sufficient consequence to have a bureau of that kind. Hearst didn't care a snap of his fingers for the exclusion of his papers from the files of the exchanges, for he knew that the merchants would read them anyway, but he had to have shipping reports. To collect these independently was a stupendous task, but the thought of revenge moved him as it has the majority of human kind since the beginning. He started an opposition service. It, of course, has not reached a state of perfection yet, but the competition has roused the mercantile organization from its '49 ways of doing things and subscribers are getting a service that some of them only dreamed of as a reality of the millennium. So Hearst is having his revenge, the merchants have to read his papers and between the *Examiner* and their own exchange they are getting more than they pay for.

The Mailed Cuff

The latest thing in missives is the mailed cuff. We have heard of the mailed hand in war and now we have the mailed cuff in correspondence. Who started the fad is a bit of history which has not survived, but doubtless it was some one who, for want of a sheet of paper

Lord Temple cigars are smoked by all clubmen who will take nothing but the best.

or a postal card, took off his cuff, wrote a message upon it, addressed it, put a stamp upon it and dropped it in a mail box. Doubtless the person receiving this strange epistle told of it to others, and they, thinking it a clever stroke, did likewise. Now it is a craze, and if you are a society bud or a society man and do not get a cuff with your morning roll, you are not in it strictly. The Postmaster General says there is no law against mailing cuffs, or any other article for the matter of that, and that two cents is the postage. Of course it would be much more au fait, if the sender should ascertain the number worn by the intended recipient, and send the right size, and follow up with the fellow. It must be remembered that it is not proper to send dickeys, collars, shirt waists, or socks—that only the linen cuff is accepted good form in the West.

Japan is the objective point of any number of society tourists these days. A party in charge of Anthony E. Kaeser sailed on the *America Maru* yesterday, among them Mrs. E. A. Judson, Misses Pearl and Charlotte Judson, Mrs. Teckla Stein-Reuter, Mr. and Mrs. Crosby Wright.

Conspicuous by their Absence

The original Irish of San Francisco have come to the conclusion that in order to command the respect and sympathy of the world, they must resent jokes at their expense, insist upon being taken seriously, and familiarize themselves with the Gaelic tongue. If they succeed in diverting the current of popular humor the professional jokesmith will suffer irksome restraint and find himself hard pressed for material. And by the time they shall have abandoned the Queen's English, the philosophers of the Dooley school will have retired from business, for the rich Celtic brogue will be a thing of the past. Last Monday the sons of old Ireland appeared to be more in earnest than ever before on St. Patrick's Day. The professional job-chasers, who have hitherto ben conspicuous in affairs in honor of Erin's patron saint, were not in the foreground. If the organized Irish have resolved to no longer aid and abet the professional politicians who, from time immemorial, have appealed to the Irish vote by pumping hot air into the Irish ear on St. Patrick's Day, then they have accomplished something toward winning respect and sympathy. Caricatures of the Irish should be regarded by them as less offensive than insults to their intelligence, such as they were accustomed to swallow when job-chasers succeeded, by artful wire-pulling, in getting their names on St. Patrick's Day programs, not through sympathy with the Irish cause, but in hope of pulling the Celtic leg.

A Sensational Resolution

One of the resolutions adopted at the St. Patrick's Day celebration Monday night occasioned some surprise and comment. It was the one viewing with distrust the action of the Catholic University in Washington in removing Dr. Henebry from the Gaelic chair. There were several Catholic priests on the platform when the resolution was adopted, and yet there was not a dissenting voice. Archbishop Riordan of this city is one of the trustees of the university. The acquiescence of Father Scanlan and others was therefore surprising. The Ancient Order of Hibernians endowed the Gaelic chair with fifty thousand dollars, expecting it to be filled by Dr. Henebry, and now it is said to be filled by a man unfamiliar with the language. Father Yorke is leading the fight for the restoration of Henebry.

He's After Oil Now

Peter Martin is devoting nearly all his time to oil these days. He is an officer of a Texas oil company, and he expects to make a strike that will enable him to put up the dot that he had expected his fond mamma to supply. Peter is really very much in love and so is his fiancee, too, though one hears very little gossip about their engagement these lively Lenten days. But the engagement has not been broken as the prophets predicted, and there is still a prospect of the marriage taking place even though Mrs. Martin fail to loosen up.

Illness of Mrs. Duval

Agnes Tobin and "little" Joe Tobin are speeding to England, where Mrs. Raoul-Duval will be operated upon for appendicitis. The news of her illness has varnished anew the picture she made as a bride—a vision that will never be cobwebbed in the memory of the wdddings guests. It is the thing to ooze polite ecstacies over every bride's looks, but there were no insincerities sprinkled on Beatrice Tobin. The wedding was solemnized in the private chapel in the Tobin residence, and when Beatrice and her gallant Frenchman knelt down before the Archbishop, the sun falling full on the high-stained glass windows reflected its warm colors on the bride. She might have been the Madeline of Keats' "St. Agnes Eve." The earnest hope of her many friends is that the young mother will soon be restored to health.

Of the newest papers the Linen Bonds displayed by COOPER & Co are most effective.

An Industrious Family

Although the wedding of Emma Meyer and Lieutenant George Henry Richardson was a quiet home affair, never was a mansion turned into such a bower of bloom. Lieutenant Richardson is stationed at Fort Apache, Arizona, where nothing but cacti thrives, and the exquisite floral touches at the wedding will be a fragrant remembrance to carry down to the desert. Miss Fecheimer, whose deft fingers carried out the clever scheme of decoration, is another bachelor girl who has proved that girls accustomed to luxury can sometimes butter their bread without the aid of the needle, primer, pen, or paint brush. The Fecheimer girls have taken poverty by the horns and are proving their worth. The two younger girls are at the Children's hospital, studying to become trained nurses, and Miss Fecheimer, after only six months in the decorative field, finds herself, and deservedly so, in the front rank of decorators.

Crocketts Raising the Wind

The Crocketts have rented both their California street house and their Burlingame place. The supposition is that sundry fat fees Mr. Crockett expected have not fallen his way since he reharnessed himself for the engineering profession. However, when Caro, only daughter of the house of Crockett, married Laurance Scott, she feathered herself a nest that ought to suffice however rude the shocks to the parental roof. Caro Crockett was left some fifty thousand dollars by her Grandmamma Mills, but I believe the money was not very wisely invested by Crockett pere.

"Rushed" Say the Gossips

The Laurance Scotts will summer Menlowards, and later will probably be forced into building their own home since the Crocketts have leased their Lares and Penates. Although Mrs. Henry Scott certainly did her diplomatic best to bring about that match there is no doubt of the young couple's devotion. When their engagement was announced it was planned that the wedding should not take place for some months. But he marriage followed closely on the engagement and Mr. Crockett's "resignation" from the gas company tagged the wedding festivities. Mrs. Grundy hinted in stage whispers that the Crocketts had rushed the wedding as soon as they felt that Mr. Crockett would be squeezed out of the gas company. Whether or no they were married in haste, they are certainly not repenting at leisure. Caro is so engrossed in her husband that she is no longer counted one of the "old guard." With Mary Scott-Martin away and Mary Crocker-Harrison living in New York, the Hopkins-Taylors are the only members of that little coterie still faithful to the old haunts.

Livernash Scores a Hit

Judging from the reports that are coming this way from Washington, Mr. E. J. Livernash has made a deep impression on the statesmen at the Nation's capital. Mr. Livernash went to Washington to lead and direct the fight for the Exclusion bill, and it was not long before he was accorded deferential recognition. Livernash is a genius. His mind is a wonderful storehouse of information, and his reasoning powers are of the keenest variety. Though he makes no pretentions to oratorical ability he is a remarkably fluent and entertaining speaker, a fact which was attested by the Senate Committee, which listened to him four hours without interruption. No other speaker on the subject of Chinese immigration was permitted to talk longer than twenty minutes. He has been consulted by the members of both Houses in reference to every measure and amendment affecting the Chinese, and it is acknowledged that no member of Congress has been able to cope with him in debate on matters pertaining to exclusion. Livernash is a licensed attorney, and he has displayed his legal ability in more than one important case, but journalism is his chosen profession, and he is one of the ablest men on W. R. Hearst's pay-roll.

Now a Leading Lady

Pretty Mary Forbes, who only a few months ago made her debut on the stage with the Neill company, is to play the leading part next year in "Barbara Freitchie." Mrs. Neill has been playing Barbara, but Mrs. Neill is getting a trifle old for such roles. When the Neil company put on the Maryland drama here some months ago, although Mrs. Neill won merited applause by her charming portrayal of the Frederick maiden, yet the part was too exacting for her, and she and her manager husband, James Neill, have wisely prepared Miss Forbes to succeed her. Miss Forbes is the daughter of Professor Charles Forbes, who accupies the chemistry chair at Columbia university. He is the inventor of the Eastman dry plate, known to all photographers. She is a niece of Mrs. Neill, and will be remembered as a tall willowy blonde of the Gibson type. When last here she was very raw in her acting, but is said to have improved considerably.

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Merely Perhaps

Ever since I told the story of the luring of Northrop Cowles into marital bonds, the domestic affairs of that popular club man have been the subject of comment both in New York and this city. In view of the circumstances surrounding the marriage the short cut taken by Marie Zane from the altar to the divorce court should not have excited so much wonder and speculation as the gossips have indulged. The divorce case was settled up more expeditiously than the wedding itself, but that sort of thing has happened before. People have arranged plans for their divorce even before marriage. It would not surprise me to learn that Northrop Cowles' consent to marriage was given in consideration of Marie Zane's promise to sue for a divorce.

A Question of Dollars

Little Ethel's hair is rather thin, and it is the trial of her life for she goes to school where most of the tiny maids have long curls or braids. The other day her father came home with the news that his partner's wife had presented him with a baby girl with a fine head of hair.

"How much did they have to pay for her?" asked Ethel.

"Oh, about twenty dollars."

"Well," observed Ethel, after some deliberation, "if you had given one or two dollars more for me I might have had long hair."

That evening Ethel was watching her aunt, who was brushing out her long and heavy tresses, when she suddenly said:

"They must have paid quite a sum of money for *you*."

The New President

It shows how conservative all women are, at bottom, that after all the talk the California club finally elected the regular ticket. There were some very good women elected, too, but I am not quite sure that harmony has been restored. Mrs. George Law Smith, the new president, is a born organizer with not a lazy bone in her body, but she has not the reputation of being a peace-maker. She was at the head of a faction that caused Sorosis to writhe for months in the throes of internal disorder. But evidently she has the confidence of the California club.

Among the Directors

There are some charming women on the new directorate. Mrs. C. C. Burr is a most gracious and cultured woman and belongs to one of California's old families. Her husband's father was E. C. Burr, one of the first mayors of San Francisco. Mrs. Burr, while she believes in the advance of woman and all that sort of thing, is distinctly feminine. She loves her home and delights to entertain her friends there. She has two sons, both married, and a married daughter, Mrs. Julian Holman. Mrs. W. S. Leake is the wife of the *Call's* editorial manager. She, also, is a lover of home and family, but believes in women's clubs because of their opportunities for mental culture. Mrs. Thomas Magee, Sr., is one of the youngest members of the club, but she is quite able to hold her own among the more matured minds. She has no end of tact, and if there are any differences of opinion among the directors she is the one to smooth matters out. Mrs. Magee was Helen Curtis, it will be remembered, and is a sister of Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan. She is a great friend of Mrs. Law Smith's daughter Maude, whose schoolmate she was.

The Wickedest Man in Paris

Sarah Bernhardt has broken another man's heart. The story was told in the despatches the other day. She agreed to produce a new play written by Catulle Mendes, and it appears that they had a row and that the poet has confessed that he was in love with the aged actress. But Catulle Mendes is no longer a young man. It is evident from the story of his affair with Bernhardt, however, that he is the same eccentric genius that he was in his young days when he was known as the wickedest man in Paris. Now he is flirting with the ghosts of old days, a little visionary mourning for dead sins and faded sensations. Catulle Mendes is one of the weird decadents of Paris, an ideal lover for the unusual Sarah. In his youth he was gay and cynical, and he wrote in strange metres and odd rhythms, and his favorite theme was kisses. He was king of the dreaming youngsters of Paris, and he was a perpetual founder of magazines, journals and newspapers. In twenty years he has founded twenty papers, no one of which has survived. But, according to the despatches of Sunday last, he has written a play which promises to keep alive his fame as a writer.

Published His Own Infidelity

Mendes had many love affairs in his time, and it is amusing to read of his complaint of the fickleness of the divine Sarah, in view of his record in the game of hearts. A short time ago Vance Thompson published a charming volume entitled "French Portraits" that contains a sketch of Catulle Mendes. It is interesting at this time, in view of the latest sensation in Parisian theatrical circles. Thompson relates that when Mendes was young he married Judith Gautier, a poet, a woman of genius. They quarreled and one day Mendes wrote in his paper an "Avis" to the public. It was full of sneering, triumphant avowals of his infidelity. He

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threw the paper at his wife, saying, "Here is Madame Mendes' opportunity." She took advantage of the opportunity, and obtained a divorce. Mendes married again —Augusta Holmes and many others.

His Influence on Literature

Jules Lemaitre said of Mendes, "Were I a Christian, I would vehemently curse his works and pray God the while for his soul; and were I a legislator I would banish him beyond the frontiers of the Republic, crowded with the faded roses of his last nocturnal debauch." Yet Catulle Mendes has created a mode that attended and influenced all the poets of his generation. Vance Thompson declares him to be "the most accomplished man of letters living—master of all the artifices and secrets of literature, and in all his books there are only a half-dozen pages that the world will not willingly let die." Yes; Catulle Mendes was once the wickedest man in Paris. But with the increase of his waist-line has come virtue.

Mademoiselle de Ballet: You must be very careful, doctor. You know you must not vaccinate me where it will show.

The Doctor: Madame, I shall then have to give it to you internally.

Beale's Story on McCreery

The late General E. F. Beale was a great raconteur. He always told his stories well besides having, as a rule, something to say worth listening to. One story that he recited with much relish was to the effect that during a visit to Paris he, Judge Pratt and Mr. Andrew McCreery met one evening in a restaurant. It was just after McCreery made so much money in stocks and on the occasion of his first visit abroad. When the three men compared notes, it proved they were all on the eve of departure from that gay capital. "I," said General Beale, "was going to London en route home to the United States; Judge Pratt said he was booked for Berlin, and when I asked McCreery where he was bound, he replied he was going to Rome by way of Spain. I told him he could not do that—go to Italy by way of Spain. 'Can't, eh, and why not, I'd like to know?' I said, 'Man alive, Spain's a peninsula.' 'A what?' said McCreery. 'A peninsula,' I replied. McCreery thought a moment and then said, 'The devil it is; now I always thought Spain was a monarchy.'"

The Haggins in Smartdom

The youthful wife of the millionaire turfman and erstwhile Californian J. B. Haggin is the only member of her very large family connection to evidence a desire for ultra fashionable life. She is said to have induced the old gentleman to enter the Newport arena and compete with owners of villas in that swagger settlement, in a display of wealth and style. Old Californians who remember the first wife of Mr. Haggin know how averse she was to anything like such a mode of life. Both she and her sister, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, were noted for their domestic tastes and while frequent entertainers in our social world, their functions were of an exclusive order. The younger sister of these ladies was almost adopted by Mrs. Haggin and as Miss Laura Sanders was one of the beauties of the day here. She eventually married a Kentuckian, a gentleman named Voorhees (who is the father of the present Mrs. Haggin), and when the marriage resulted in a divorce, the daughter Pearl was, as her mother before her, taken in charge by her aunt, Mrs. Haggin, who took her abroad, and after that lady's death the charming Miss Pearl became the constant companion of Mr. J. B. Haggin, and finally his wife. Her mother married again and is now the wife of a wealthy Southern banker in Kentucky.

Boardman-Salisbury

Gossip declares that one of the earliest Easter announcements will be the engagement of Danforth Boardman and Miss Salisbury. The young man is one of the most popular beaux of the swim and should the rumor prove true Miss Margaret will be heartily congratulated.

Mrs. Salisbury as Folly

Who, to note the dignified bearing and mincing step of the staid Mrs. Salisbury, who poses as one of the fashionable leaders of the Friday Fortnightlies, would ever dream that the same portly dame once disported among a gay company in cap and bells? But, indeed, she on one occasion appeared at a fancy ball in very abbreviated skirts and the other items that go to make up the costume of Folly, and we are told the tinkling of her bells and the loud laugh which ever accompanies Folly were effectual in clearing the track before her as she progressed through the rooms.

They are saying in society that Hymen's business looked up when St. Dunstan's was built. Young people who used to shy at matrimony because of the housekeeping cares involved, or the alternative of hotel life, find apartment life just to their taste. It is like New York at your elbow, with all the comforts and none of the inconveniences of home.

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Burns-Dunphy

Few brides have had as many gifts showered upon them as has Miss Rowena Burns, daughter of Colonel "Dan." She and her pearl necklaces and diamonds, together with the mines in Mexico, become Mrs. Charles Dunphy today. And again, while there have been many necklaces and diamond tiaras showered upon brides through the columns of the newspapers, it must be said that few prospective bridegrooms have taken as little advantage of these things as has Charles Dunphy. He is an individual sort of a fellow, is Mr. Dunphy. He likes to stake his own horse and lose his own money and use his own head to think about it—which is good. He likes to mix his own liquor, drink it himself, and afterwards to put his own mummy to bed—which is also good. He likes wedding trips to Europe, which displays good taste, and he is willing to come back and play polo next year, which is heroic; but he will not—that is, he says he'll be damned if he does—he will not, I repeat, go south and manage his father-in-law's mines in Mexico—which latter denial brings him well within the circle of the truly Oriental elite.

His Amusing Ways

And again, Mr. Dunphy is modest. In that centre of esthetic bibulation—the Palace hotel—where born gentlemen can mix drinks with impunity and drink them with prodigality, and be carried off to bed with Petronian ceremony, Mr. Dunphy has displayed great tact in keeping secret the many intricate arrangements of "his match." "I'll tell you what, gentlemen," he would begin, and then stop short. Turning to some of the reporters, who were present on all occasions, he would say, "Now, Williams, I wish you would get out of the range for a little while; I want to talk privately to the boys." If Williams grew irritable he would pat him kindly on the back. "There, old man, don't go off that way," he would urge. "It's about my wedding," he would add; "and some of the fellows will be sure to tell you about it afterwards. If they don't, come back, and I will. It's private, you know, and it has got to get out by mistake."

A Bud to Be

Among the thirty or so buds who will bloom in the society garden next season will be Eugenie Hawes, Mrs. Jack Schroeder's daughter. Miss Hawes, however, is not going to wait until the winter for her first glimpse of social joys. She will give a tea next Monday, chiefly to her young friends and schoolmates, at the Richelieu. She is a very charming girl, and has all her mother's grace and cordiality of manner. She has not been brought up very strictly, and so she has none of the meek convent-maid air. The Schroeders invariably kept open house at their Redwood ranch, and during their stay in the town always entertained a good deal, so that Eugenie has been "meeting people" all her life. Though an aristocrat by birth, she is rather democratic in feeling. Her mother did not object when her daughter desired to enter of the Lowell High school, though she herself was educated at private institutions of learning. Miss Hawes should have an easy triumph when she enters the whirl of society, for she has any number of relatives to entertain her and give her a good time. Her aunt, Mrs. Jimmy Robinson, is planning all sorts of good things for her niece's social menu when Eugenie shall have been fairly launched.

The Church Seal

Now that Easter is tripping on our heels, some of those who threw dust in Lent's eyes are beginning to apologize to their rectors, and the forbidden gayeties are being shown their proper place on the calendar. The affairs are tapering down to the pink teas for pale people sort. There is no blinking at the fact that somehow San Francisco society does not pay even that allegiance to the Church that is demanded in the East. It is a rather important matter to belong to a church with a fashionable seal once you cross the Rockies, but on this rim of the continent occupying a front pew in a fashionable church does not even admit one into the vestibule of society. When Mrs. Clover was out here, friends congratulated her on penetrating into the fashionable holy of holies. Just before Mrs. Clover left Washington she gave a fancy dress ball for children and the list of young guests was a keynote to the Clover social position in Washington. From the Roosevelt children to the juveniles of the foreign legations the cream of Washington childhood was there. "My husband's father and grandfather," laughingly explained Mrs. Clover, "had the good taste to choose the right church. It's not enough to be a pewholder yourself; but if your ancestors passed the plate then you may lay some claim to being an 'old' member."

The entertaining of the children of society may also be counted distinctive of the East for certainly San Francisco parents have never notably indulged their offsprings in this line. Affairs like the Clover ball and the recent dinner party given by the children of a Cabinet officer have had no parallel out here. Perhaps it is just as well that the juveniles in our smart set are not allowed a peep over the garden wall until they are out of the schoolroom. But the bars have evidently been let down in the East.

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Mrs. Meynell in Chicago

Mrs. Franklin MacVeagh of Chicago is doing for that city what Agnes Tobin tried to accomplish for the San Francisco smart set. Mrs. Alice Meynell is visiting Mrs. MacVeagh and the mental aristocrats of the windy city are according Mrs. Meynell the homage that somehow did not drift her way out here. The only explanation of this indifference is that our aristocracy of brains and wealth are at opposite poles. Certainly Mrs. Meynell did not impress the smart set—the people who are on the Tobins' visiting list. Those who split their gloves over the noted English essayist were blue-stockings, who paid the price of admission to her lectures. Thomas Hardy has declared Mrs. Meynell the best woman conversationalist in all England, but people out here did not give themselves a chance to test his opinion. The truth of the matter is they were afraid to get into deep waters with her. They steered clear of anything but an exchange of commonplaces. The men especially drew the chalk line and if there was a society man who dared a tete-a-tete with Mrs. Meynell, history does not relate it. When a woman carries so much excess baggage in her caput it's bound to make ordinary mortals put a brake on their tongues. There are plenty of heavy weight talkers in San Francisco but conversationalists are rare as the eggs of the great Auk. "We had some talk," Dr. Johnson once remarked after a dinner, "but there was no conversation." Mrs. Meynell might put ditto marks under that for San Francisco.

Her Weak Point

However, the women clutched at one consolation—for though Mrs. Meynell wore a halo she didn't wear her clothes well. And as for her style of her hair dressing, even those accustomed to the London fringe—and fog—found it impossible. It was decided that the late Coventry Patmore might have been correct when he declared Mrs. Meynell the greatest woman poet since Sappho, but that she knew nothing of the poetry of dress. Now that Mrs. Meynell has gone the smart set can return to its flesh pots and forget that she made them feel like the Peri at the gate to higher thought.

Will the Baron Get a New Trial

San Rafael is in a twitter at the mere possibility that the Baron von Schroeder's nauseous libel suit against John D. Spreckels will be tried again. The Baron seems to think that he is entitled to a second inning, and his counsel, Judge Maguire, consumed many hours last week in outlining to Judge Angelotti his client's sixteen reasons for demanding a new trial. On one point, especially, the "Little Giant" hammered away with a thewy vehemence that, so I am told, he has not displayed since he forsook the anvil for the toga. The alleged libel, according to Judge Maguire, consisted in the statement that because of the conduct of the Baron and his friends the hotel had ceased to pay, and that therefore General Warfield had obtained the cancellation of his lease. Now, Maguire argued, Mr. Spreckels presented no evidence at all of the truth of these particular allegations, although, to be sure, he produced numerous witnesses who testified as to certain other matters. There had been, he claimed, a complete failure of evidence constituting justification, and in the absence of such evidence the jury should not have considered the testimony concerning other matters, as it was admissible only in mitigation of damages. Maguire's ingenious plea, delivered with all the clang and blaze of a volcanic upheaval, startled Judge Angelotti and sent the usually placid Mr. Preston on a mad scramble among his law books; but it did not ruffle the hyperborean calm of Mr. Delmas. As soon as the eruption was over, Delmas swished a few buckets of ice-water over Maguire's lava and red-hot ashes and the Court took the matter under advisement.

"I hate that fellow."
"What did he ever do to you?"
"Tried to collect some money I owed him."

Our Indian Costume

Mrs. D. D. Colton is among the San Franciscans who are cutting quite a figure in Washington society this winter, and she easily fits into the social life of the capital. Mrs. Colton was always a great traveler. She took frequent trips abroad when she lived in California, and used to tell many amusing anecdotes of travel. One of them illustrates the hazy idea untraveled English people have about us. While touring in Scotland General and Mrs. Colton fell into conversation with a couple who were in the same compartment of their railway carriage, and the lady asked Mrs. Colton what countrywoman she was. When told, she returned, "An American!" with an air of astonishment; "and do you always dress as you do now?" Mrs. Colton told her that she usually dressed much better, as she happened then to have on her traveling costume, and inquired why she asked. "Oh," said her fellow-traveler, "I thought all Americans wore blankets."

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Another Redwood Writer

The atmospheric conditions of Redwood City must certainly be provocative of literary effort. Every Californian who is a reader of Gertrude Atherton's fervid writings knows that it was while dwelling in that locale that the dreams began which later took shape in her novels; and now another aspirant for literary honors in bobbing up from there in the person of Mr. Charles Josselyn, who has written quite an ambitious work. Singularly enough the lady who is now Mrs. Josselyn, as Miss Mary Greenwood was the fiancee of George Atherton, who, after the breaking of the engagement, married Gertie Uhlhorn.

Why He took in his Shingle

According to the dailies Dr. Harry Tevis is in constant attendance upon his mother, who has been in an alarming condition. But Dr. Tevis is not acting in a professional capacity. Years ago, when he became a physician, he opened an office in New York. One of his first patients sued him for damages and obtained judgment. The doctor's father, Lloyd Tevis, paid the bill, but made his son promise that he would never try his skill on a human being again. And the doctor took in his shingle.

Kipling in French

Kipling's poem on England's army athletes attracted a deal of attention in France. The poem has been translated into French and published in some of the Paris newspapers. *Le Temps* renders the familiar lines "with the flanneled fools at the wicket or the muddied oafs at the goals" as follows:

"—— les imbeciles en complete de flanelle qui jouent au cricket,
Et les cretins souilles de boue qui jouent au football."

Because he is not a Whole Man

There is a story going the rounds that Dr. Kierstedt, the fiance of Miss McBean, will be obliged to resign from the army on account of a lack of bony substance. His attack of the measles was a bad one, and to save his life it was necessary to amputate a rib to prevent complications. And now it is said that the loss of the rib may necessitate the loss of his army job.

Genges, but Not Julius

Dr. Gardner, interpreter for the local United States Chinese Bureau, is engaged in the work of translating a lot of tablets, which found their way from far Cathay in the loot brought him by our soldiers and officers. The other day he had a writing under examination which referred to Genges Khan, one of the great Manchurian warriors at the beginning of the present dynasty, and Commissioner Heacock happened into the office just as the doctor finished telling a newspaper man of the famous Chinese soldier. "That fellow, Genges Khan, was a fighter, all right, wasn't he?" said the newspaper man.

"Julius Kahn, Julius Kahn," said Heacock, testily, looking at the scribe. "A fighter, did you say? Who did Julius Kahn ever fight?"

"I see that Mrs. Martin says that her sons are college bred, but that a man can be a gentleman without a college education."

"I agree with her but I wonder if her conclusion is based on false premises. She may argue that as all college graduates are not gentlemen therefore a man may be a gentleman without the help of a college education."

Would Like to be a Sea Dog

Every one has his hobby or fad—some little conceit in his cosmos that he nurses and cherishes adown the years, thinking all the time how much better off or happier he would have been had he followed the bent of his weakness. As a rule these longings in men run in most surprising forms and directly opposite to the individual's position and avocation. Now who would think that George Knight, with all his success as an attorney and the hope of political preferment that he has, would rather be a sea captain than anything else? In appearance, and especially when he garbs himself in the long navy ulster that he occasionally wears, he is the typical master of the big ocean greyhound class. His enthusiasm is boyish when he discusses the subject, and the suggestion of his being on the bridge of some great brute of a liner, that he knew was responsive to his every touch, the nod of his head, the wave of a hand, takes him off his feet completely. It happened that while visiting New York recently he accompanied a party of prominent politicians, men high in the councils of the Republican party, to the Cunard company's wharf on a sailing day. The *Lucania* was pulling out, and after watching her with critical eye and throbbing pulse for several minutes, as she majestically drew away from the pier, Knight exclaimed:

"Say, I'd rather be captain of that ship than President of the United States."

"Oh, you're crazy," said one of his companions.

"Don't you think I'm crazy," answered the Californian hotly; "not a bit of it. I meant just what I said," and he lapsed into silence and admiration of the outward bound steamship.

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The Star of the Show

Society did not turn out in force at the opening of the spring exhibition of the Art Association, but Miss Doris Jeffrey was there. She wore her favorite black spangled, eel-fitting frock and a big black picture hat beneath whose spreading brim and long plumes her tiny face was nearly lost sight of. She was as much a part of the exhibition as the pictures, as she strolled about, sometimes in company with a young artist, and sometimes with her woman companion, a big brunette also gowned in black and spangles. Miss Jeffrey's resemblance to Margaret Anglin is marked and in the much talked of portrait by Sandona the likeness to the actress is even more striking. She is only beautiful when she smiles, for her features are not regular and it is only when her dimples assert themselves that her charm impresses. Dr. Genthe knew that when he took those photographs of her which were shown at the Photographic Salon. And Sandona knew it when he painted her portrait. It shows Miss Jeffrey in a pink gown, her face all smiles and dimples. Sandona is the most prominent figure in local art circles today, and this prominence was thrust upon him by the absurd jealousy of his brother artists. Their malice has given him more advertisement than his talent, undoubted though it is, would have gained for him in a decade. Everybody is talking about the young man and the five portraits shown at the Hopkins. The best of them, taking likeness, treatment and pose into consideration, is that of Mrs. Fremont Older. He has caught the subject's habitual thoughtful expression and the pose is original and graceful, the white gown and pearls being admirably shaded.

The Green-Eyed Monster

The spring exhibition is far from being as good as that of the Bohemian club artists a few months ago. This, again, is largely owing to the jealous feeling among the artists, a feeling that has been steadily growing of late and which has manifested itself in many ways. Year after year the Art Association has had to contend with this spirit of jealousy and it perhaps explains why the exhibitions are not so successful as they should be. It was that feeling that caused Mathews on one occasion to withdraw a picture that had been accepted, because the hanging did not suit him. Joullin, Dickman, Mathews—where are their pictures? They are not represented, and they with others of their clique say they are going to have a little exhibition of their own. Even Wores sent nothing, but then he is far away and may have had nothing new to send.

A Preponderance of Feminine Work

There is too much of woman's work on view. Not that woman's work is not meritorious in its way, but it lacks as a rule that forceful, broad touch that is given by the Maker of all to the masculine hand. Some of the women, though, have done well. Anne Bremer has a beautiful study of a head. Olga Ackerman's portraits are good exemplars of her peculiar style. Miss Whitefield has two charming sketches, "Sunset" and "Reflections." Mrs. T. H. Thompson's sketch, "Bay Farm Island," Annie Harmon's "Marsh, Larkspur," Helen Courvoisier's "Wind Swept Trees," Louise Carpenter's "Path in the Sand Dunes," Augusta Graves' "San Leandro Bay," Annie Frances Briggs' "Monterey Sands"—these are all worthy of mention. Evelyn McCormick's two large paintings—"Water Front View of the old Custom House, Monterey," and "An Old Adobe"—are exceptionally strong treatments of subjects with which everybody is familiar. Alice Chittenden's portrait has improved so that she now ranks with the best of our portrait painters. Her portrait of William C. Taylor is one of the best things in the exhibition. Maren Froelich has ventured far from her ballet girl field and shows a "Mt. Shasta" which is not however to be compared with her figure work. Matilda Lotz sent two animal studies which easily explain the reason she has obtained eminence abroad and has been compared to Rosa Bonheur. Emilia Kalisher, who does such good work, shows nothing this year.

What the Men have Hung

The redwoods were favored by Gamble, Latimer, and Robinson and their different treatments of the giant trees are interesting. Keith has two paintings in his later style, "In the Forest" and "Mono Pass and Lake." Bloomer, who is never troubled by petty jealousies and always tries to make a better showing at each succeeding exhibition, has seven paintings. "Mill Valley from the Ridge" shows him at his best, and Bloomer's best is something to attract connoisseurs. A "Contemplation" by Baumgartner and a decorative frieze by Piazzoni—who shares the Sandona boycott among the artists—are oddly interesting. Cadenasso's "A Pool" is full of the atmospheric effects in which he delights. Stanton's studies are lifelike, particularly a woman's head and one of an old Breton. Aaron Altmann's "After Sundown" is

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one of five worthy sketches. Kunath's "Portrait of an Old Gentleman" is a fine treatment of a face full of intelligence and charm. Raschen's portrait studies should receive more than a passing glance, especially two Patriziers. Orrin Peck has nothing new, only the portraits that were seen at the Bohemian club hanging. A. W. Best has a good "Mt. Tamalpais." Martinez has lent a bit of humor to his showing in "The Dream." Perhaps he did not mean it as a joke, but it has that effect. A very shadowy lady has evidently accomplished the feat of walking on the water to coquet with a man in a boat. He seems to have a bad headache, judging by his attitude, and the general impression gained by the Reve is that it is the outcome of a spiritual seance.

The Miniatures

There are three cases of miniatures, showing that this branch of art is gaining in favor. Lillie V. O'Ryan's three miniatures are beautiful. She catches the flitting expression of her subject perfectly. Her portrait of Marie Oge brings out the spirituelle look in Miss Oge's face, just as did Theodore Wores in his portrait of her. Kunath has one miniature of a little girl that is charming, and also one of a golden-haired girl in a Juliet cap. Miniature painting is only just beginning to be looked upon as more than a fad. There is still, of course, among those who regard works of art by size, an unfortunate tendency to look upon miniatures simply as curiosities; pretty trifles, but thoroughly unworthy of serious consideration. London has a Society of Miniaturists and a Society of Miniature Painters. These were formed for the purpose of raising the art to the high standard established in England a number of years ago. And though not many Cosways and Plimers are found in London today, still the existence of two such societies proves that the interest taken in England, in miniature painting, is a healthy one. There are still sufficient miniature painters in London to make two formidable bands to fight the "artistic photographers" who threaten the degeneration of the finer art.

Little Things but Valuable

San Francisco has been slow to take to the miniature. When Magda Heuermann, the idol of New York and Chicago art lovers, brought herself and her miniatures to San Francisco, she was almost rendered mute by the apathy she encountered. A few people attended her exhibition, she received a scant number of orders, was asked to teach a limited class of pupils, and that was all. The photograph was preferred to her miniatures by the majority. Then came the exhibition of portraits of beautiful women at the Hopkins. There were miniatures among the portraits shown and these were so much admired that interest in the delicate art of miniature painting received a temporary impetus. People who had hitherto scorned the tiny portraits began to appreciate their exquisite details. They began to read up about miniatures. And there is much entertainment to be gained from a perusal of the annals of miniatures and their makers.

There are still many admirable samples of Greek miniatures in existence, to be seen in the galleries of Europe. The figure drawing in these is delicate, but exaggerated in length; the colors are abnormally bright and the brilliant effect is heightened by a gold background. Many Italian miniatures of the fourteenth century are also extant, and they are interesting studies to the modern painter. The figures in these differ from the Greek miniatures, in that they are shortened. The draperies are always in straight folds. Examples of early Spanish miniatures preserved in the museums show them stiff and rough in drawing, and in sombre colors, black being a favorite background. It is the examples of French, English and Flemish miniatures that show how the art really thrived and improved until it is what we know now. The miniatures of Miss O'Ryan show the latest and best of modern knowledge.

A most effective presentment of Pope Leo XIII's features is that in John T. Woolrich's bas relief of His Holiness, which is one of the topics of the day in art circles. The young sculptor has achieved a remarkable result in molding the Pope's lineaments, particularly in the expression. His work is noticeable for its strength and sincerity.

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With the Money Makers

Fakes and Frauds

If you are offered an investment guaranteed to pay you more than current rates of interest, look at it carefully, for more than likely you will not profit by putting money in it. It is exhilarating to get fifteen, twenty or thirty per cent. interest a year for every dollar you invest in, but it is not safe. There is certainly "a nigger in the wood pile." San Francisco is crowded with fakes and frauds. You may have promised you almost any interest you fancy. "Syndicate" Miller, who paid ten per cent. a month, and who got millions from his dupes, has some daring disciples. Miller is in the penitentiary. These ardent promisers are in all lines—oil, gold, silver and copper mining, stocks, etc. I could not get on this page a list of those operating in California for lack of space, but here is a fair sample: Company—Sunset Mining Company. Location—Chronicle Building. Chief Grafter—G. W. Rumble. Promises—Two per cent. a month.

Rumble is the whole thing in the Sunset Mining Company here. In the East Mrs. K. E. Allington of Rochester, N. Y., is the head. Rumble is nearing three score and ten. His beard is white, his head baldish, and his hand trembling. His office is plainly furnished. He is alone in it except for an active stenographer. His desk is littered with nuggets and vials of gold dust. He has photographs of other nuggets on the walls. He guarantees to pay two per cent. dividends a month on every share of stock you buy. The Sunset Mining Company has a few million shares to sell at $1 a share to investors. If you invest a thousand dollars Rumble will positively agree to give you back two hundred and forty dollars a year in dividends. He says perhaps he might pay five per cent. a month. His advertisements read: "Our drift-gravel mine, 'Old Glory,' has developed into a record breaker. Old Californian miners are both surprised and chagrined at the results. Come and see 'Old Glory' turn out gold nuggets daily. It is simply glorious."

His Evidence of Prosperity

I went to see Rumble. He was suspicious, and refused to answer more than a few general questions. He showed me checks being sent out for the two per cent. dividends to scores of investors. Rumble has paid the two per cent. a month right along. He invited me to heft nuggets, and to look at the photographs. When I pressed him further he exclaimed: "You are a doubting Thomas. I'll show you what kind of a man I am." He seized me by the arm and hurried me across the street to the Columbian Banking Company in the Claus Spreckels building. Up to the cashier's window he dashed with me, and asked: "How much is my balance here today?" The cashier beamed. He consulted his ledger, and replied in the tone of a man dealing with a good customer: "You have this morning $10,785.92." Rumble hurried out of the building, still holding my arm, and exclaimed triumphantly: "That looks like business, don't it? I guess 'Old Glory's' all right." Then down Market street we hastened to the safe deposit vaults in the Crocker building. Rumble walked through the massive steel gates, asked the guardian of the vaults to assist him, and opened a great treasure chest. From this he took a number of milk bottles and two or three cash boxes. In the seclusion of a small room he showed me these filled with what looked like gold. He certainly had the money, and he certainly is paying two per cent. a month. But the money is not coming out of "Old Glory," or any other mine owner by Rumble or the Sunset Mining Company. It is the money of Rumble's victims that is returned to them at the rate of one-fifth of their investment returned to them at the rate of one-fiftieth of their investment each month. What Rumble's ultimate scheme is I don't know, but I fancy he thinks he cannot live more than half a dozen years or so, and trusts to escape the law for that long. He is now in trouble through one of his dupes refusing to be swindled longer.

Gossip of the Street

Spring Valley Water, Alaska Packers' Association and Oceanic Steamship stocks were the attractive offerings at the Stock and Bond Exchange during the early part of the week and sold at strong prices but with the more liberal offering of shares, especially Alaska Packers, the market weakened to some extent and values receded during the past few days. Invest-

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ments in other stocks and bonds were generally confined to small ways and values ruled easy. About the middle of the week Alaska Packers' stock began settling and prices depreciated steadily, brokers giving no positive reason for the decline, but the suggestion is that the indications for easier fish prices and possible labor troubles at the canneries, is the cause. The report that several hundred shares of Oceanic Steamship Company were sold short at about $36 materially stimulated the demand for the stock and prices bounded up from $37 to $41, with offerings exceedingly scarce. The shorts evidently made good in fast time and rates receded almost as rapidly as they advanced. Spring Valley held up quite well, touching as high as $52.50, and many shares changed hands. The adoption of the new water rates by the Supervisors which gives the company a much better income from the city than it obtained last year made the stock quite desirable. Offerings were liberal but had no depressing effect on prices. Bank of California shares were strong and several small parcels changed control at $423. Sugar stocks had no special attraction for speculators. Market-street offerings were scarce and sold well at par, there being more buyers than sellers.

With the sale of the properties and pertinences of the Market Street Railway Company to the Baltimore Syndicate there will be a reorganization and change of name of the corporation. From the prospectus recently issued it is learned that the new title will be the United Railways of San Francisco. It is also proposed to retire the present bond issues by the issuance of new bonds and new stock will be issued in lieu of the old. In a speculative way there have been a few sales of the new securitis on the street, delivery to be made at the prices agreed upon as soon as the new securities are regularly listed on the Board. The following reported sales give an idea as to what the new securities will open at when placed on call: Bonds, $89, preferred stock, $61, bid; $62, asked; common, $22.50, bid; $23 asked.

Operations in the Oil Exchange have been quite limited, operators generally being backward and little interest was manifested in the daily sessions of the board. But few stocks have been represented in the transactions and sales in most instances have been small. Reports from the oil fields have been satisfactory and considerable new development work is in progress. Sales on the Exchange last week were 36,134 shares, valued at $21,282, the leading sales being as follows: Four, 3,100 shares; Home, 2,505; Independence, 1,000; Petroleum Center, 11,650; Reed, 2,925; Occidental, 2,300; Lion, 2,600; Sterling, 2,650; Monarch, 1,900; Sovereign, 3,800.

There were no special features in the Pine street mining market last week, sales generally being light and fluctuations confined within narrow limits. Consolidated Virginia and California was held steady at $1.30 and Ophir showed some evidence of strength also. During the last few days Ophir, Mexican, Best and Belcher and Silver Hill seemed to possess the leading elements of firmness. The Consolidated California and Virginia Milling Company announces the sale of a large quantity of ore concentrates for which $14,735.64 was received.

The statement of the Anglo-Californian Bank, which was presented on Monday at the head offices in London, has been issued for the information of shareholders generally. It shows a profit of over 40,000 pounds, for the year 1901, which, with the balance brought forward from 1900, leaves over 50,000 pounds to be distributed. This has paid 6 per cent and has added 25,000 pounds to the reserve fund.

Reports from British Columbia advise that Henry Doyle, formerly a resident of San Francisco, backed by Eastern capitalists to the extent of $3,500,000, has successfully engineered a deal in which fifty out of the seventy salmon canneries on the Frazier and Salmon rivers have entered into a combination and the syndicate practically controls the output in the northern part of the province. The plan of the combination is that a price averaging from $35,000 to $50,000, according to the capacity, be paid to each cannery and also a certain percentage of the stock of the new company. The intention is to operate only about half of the canneries as the output is considered far in excess of requirements.

Salvation Mining Stocks

Some years ago when real estate men sought to popularize the sale of lots in city additions, they gave excursions and had music and dancing to encourage the bidders. The latest is the selling of oil stock to the music of tambourines. The Salvation Army is the medium for the foisting of a more than rotten deal upon the public. William J. Brewer was editor of the *War Cry* in New York, until recently, when he was fired by Booth-Tucker. It was found that Brewer had been selling more oil stocks than *War Cries*, and had not been as hot in the chase for souls as for buyers. He had been instilling into his associates the heretical doctrine that this world's goods were worth something. As soon as Brewer was kicked out he formed the "Albert E. Hall Company," using the name of a printer on the *War Cry*. Now, the "Albert E. Hall Company" is advertising extensively. The companies it promotes are "The International Zinc Company," "The Great Republican Gold Mining Company," and "The Consolidated Oil Lands." Much oil stock was sold to the lassies, who make night hideous with their discord, and who frequent the saloons to sell the lurid *War Cry*. Meanwhile, former editor Brewer and his gang are fattening on the investing public.

—*The Financier*

UNDER THE TABLE.

Under the table lieth, I ween,
Country mysterious, land all unseen;
Over the feast, with its glitter and show,
Falls the soft light with a radiant glow;
Here sits a woman, like haughtiest queen,
Frowning at look or suggestion unclean;
Pure she appears as the diamond's sheen—
That is, above-board; but ah, is it so,
Under the table?

A lesson of life we easily glean
O'er the white levels, which here intervene
'Twixt what is above and what is below:
My lady demure is as cold as the snow
Up here in the light, but what does she mean
Under the table?

—*R. C. MacDonald.*

March, 1902.

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Diary of an Impecunious Gentleman

Monday: I am very grateful to Mrs. Astor. My status is at last assured. I had always doubted if a man without a bank account could call himself a gentleman. But my mind is at rest. I am college bred, a graduate of Harvard, therefore I am a gentleman. I may hang up my last decent pair of trousers, and go about in my golf suit. I may appear at luncheon in a sweater. I may refuse to tip a waiter. I may forget to give up my place in the car when Mrs. Pacific Avenue is standing. For I am a gentleman. The fact that my diploma of graduation from Harvard reposes in my father's office warms my heart. But I wish I could borrow a V on the strength of my social status.

Tuesday: I dined today at Mrs. Smartem's. We had a spirited discussion over the coffee about the Astor idea. Mrs. Smartem takes the stand that a man need not be a college graduate to make money; i. e., to be a gentleman. Her idea is that any moneyed man who doesn't mix his negatives and who can carry off his evening clothes with a certain air is a gentleman. Well, I'd be willing to agree with her for an X. My credit is getting low. If it weren't for that dinner today, I'd have gone hungry. I think I'll have to cut in and get an heiress after all, though it's against my principles to marry for money. Mais, que-voulez-vous?

Wednesday: Somebody said that monotony is the pool into which a fool sinks, and above which a genius soars. There's only one way to soar above such monotony as that in which I'm sinking. I really must do something. Lunched with Miss Nob Hill today. She called it luncheon, but it answered for breakfast and dinner for me as well. It was a nice solid meal. She asked me to come again soon, so that we might enjoy another heart-to-heart talk. I wonder what she means by soon—tomorrow?

Thursday: I pawned my raglan today. A foolish act, too, for there is that opera party tomorrow night and what I am going to do I don't know. I must be sure and go, for they will have supper in the blue room afterwards and my stomach can't afford to miss it. It is Miss Nob Hill's party.

Friday: I borrowed Dick Easy's raglan. He is always obliging. I owe him a few dollars, too. Really, I must do something in that heiress business. Would Miss Nob Hill do? Oh, but she's got *such* a squint, and besides her father was a pawnbroker. What would my father say to such a match?

Saturday: Am almost famished. They didn't have supper in the blue room, after all. Miss Nob Hill thought it would be more fun to have it in a funny little oyster grotto in the Latin Quarter. So we drove there and had a Dutch lunch—crackers, cheese, beer and raw oysters as a finish. They carried on like children and seemed to be enjoying themselves more than if the spread had been champagne and terrapin. But I was disappointed enough to cry. Fortunately, I was able to sneak a few crackers, which did me for breakfast. Am expecting a letter from father today. Perhaps he'll send me a cheque. I ought to pay Dick Easy and some of those fellows.

Saturday: Mrs. Swellbury says I must pay my room bill or step out. She says she has duties to her daughters to think of, their gowns and hats and things, and she isn't running a charity orphan asylum. She says if I were a gentleman, I would not make a poor lone widow wait for her money. I had my answer ready. I told her I *must* be a gentleman, for Mrs. Astor said so; that I am a Harvard graduate. But she said graduate or no graduate, her daughters needed money for the summer campaign, and if I couldn't pay there was a young parvenu with money to burn who would take my room at once. I asked her to give me grace until Monday. She shouldn't have come down so hard on me this morning. My heart feels weak. So does my stomach. Where shall I lunch? Where shall I dine? * * * Oh, I have looked at my engagement book and find that I am invited to three teas this afternoon and an Orpheum party this evening. How lucky that I still have Easy's raglan here.

Sunday: Yesterday was a fast day of the church, but a feast day for me. I haven't had such a lot of good luck for an age. At Miss Jones' tea she had salad and sandwiches and nice little cocktails in teacups. At Mrs. Brown's there was tea, with German cakes. At Miss Smith-Green's I got there so late that they begged me to join them at dinner, and then sent me home in their own carriage, so I had lots of time to dress for the Orpheum party. After the show we all went to the Drinkand and had a magnificent spread at Young Million's expense. I heard some one say, "He's an awful mean fellow. Goes everywhere and never spends a cent. Not a gentleman, I say." I wonder whom they referred to! I am so glad no one need ever question *my* being a gentleman. Never before have I been so grateful to my father for sending me to college. He gave me the cachet that time. At church today—I always go to church, for there is then a chance of being in for a lunch or a dinner somewhere—I caught Miss Readimoney rubbering at me all through the Commandments and Litany. She is a nice little thing and dotes on college men. Her father was a janitor at the University, which explains her fancy, I suppose. He got a lucky tip in stocks and that gave him the chance of his life. His only daughter wears a halo of ciphers. But she has a snub nose and a Limerick mouth.

Monday: Mrs. Swellsbury sent me formal notice to quit today. What shall I do? Shall I defy her? No cheque from my father. Poor man! I guess he finds it hard to run his family, for the girls are all unmarried and expensive. Mother writes that she looks for me, with my college education, to do something great. I'm supposed to be engaged in Judge Noted's law office, and so I am, but as there are ten other clerks my chances for making a few cents at typewriting briefs is scanty, especially since the others are all related to him and have a pull. Guess I'll have to swallow my pride and ask Ned Cotillon's advice. He knows everything, and has engineered lots of undowried youths into millioned fields.

Tuesday: I didn't have to ask Ned, *apres tout.* Mrs. Swellsbury's the peach. She came in and had a soul-to-soul chat with me last night. She said she knew my mother in the long ago; that they were schoolmates at Madame Thingumbob's seminary, and that she couldn't bear to be cruel to me. But she must be paid, of course, and she showed me the way. It seems she knows a girl who wants to enter the swim and is willing to pave the way to the magic portal with chunks of gold. But Mrs. Swellsbury has struck so many snags in introducing uncultured money into the swim that she feels fearsome about trying it again. Therefore, she proposes that I marry the girl, give her my social position as a crutch, and assist her to her ambition. The result will be that Mrs. S. will get her room rent and a fat fee from the girl, the girl will get her wish and I will get my worries off. "If you weren't a gentleman," Mrs. S. said, "I wouldn't tell you of this snap. But I always trust a gentleman." She didn't say anything about the short trust she gave me for my room. I agreed to think it over.

Wednesday: Buncoed! I signed an agreement with Mrs. S., and then she brought out the girl. Wouldn't tell me before who it was. Said it wasn't businesslike. And it was Miss Readimoney, whom I might have had without any of Mrs. Swellsbury's palaver. I agreed to pay the old lady a plump commission, too. Well, I must abide by my contract. I am, as I have known since my birth, a gentleman of my word. But it does wound my pride to think of letting a woman get the better of me like that.

—*The Cad.*

Tacking Ship off Shore

(The following verses are published by request. They were written by a Miss Nichols at the age of fifteen. She sailed the seas on the American ship, S. P. Hitchcock. The verses have rarely been published. They are remarkable for the aptness of nautical terms used, and the familiarity displayed by the author with the language of the sailor.)

The weather leech of the topsail shivers,
The bowlines strain and the lee shrouds slacken
The braces are taught and the lithe boom quivers,
As the waves with the coming squall-cloud blacken.

Open one point on the weather bow.
Is the light-house tall on the Island Head;
There's a shade of doubt on the Captain's brow,
And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

I stand at the wheel, and with eager eye
To sea and sky and to shore I gaze,
Till the muttered order of "Full and by"
Is suddenly changed to "Full for stays."

The ship bends lower before the breeze,
As her broadside fair to the blast she lays,
And she swifter springs to the rising seas
As the pilot calls "Stand by for stays!"

It is silence all, as each in his place,
With the gathered coil in his hardened hands,
By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,
Waiting the watchword, impatient stands.

And the light on the Island Head draws near,
As trumpet-winged the pilot's shout
From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear,
With the welcome call of "Ready, about!"

No time to spare; 'tis touch and go,
And the Captain growls, "Down helm! hard down!"
As my weight on the whirling spokes I throw,
While heaven grows black with the storm-cloud's frown.

High o'er the knight-heads flies the spray,
As we meet the shock of the plunging sea,
And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay,
As I answer, "Aye, aye, sir, hard a lee!"

With the swerving leap of a startled steed,
The ship flies fast in the eyes of the wind,
The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,
And the headland white we have left behind.

The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse,
And belly and tug at the groaning cleats;
The spanker slaps, and the mainsail flaps,
And thunders the order, "Tacks and sheets!"

'Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of the crew,
Hisses the rain of the rushing squall;
The sails are aback from clew to clew,
And now is the moment for "Mainsail haul!"

And the heavy yards, like a baby's toy,
By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung;
She holds her way, and I look with joy,
For the first white spray o'er the bulwarks flung.

"Let go and haul!" 'tis the last command,
And the head-sails fill to the blast once more,
Astern and to leeward lies the land,
With its breakers white on the shingly shore.

What matters the reef or the rain or the squall,
I steady the helm for the open sea;
The first mate clamors, "Belay there all,"
And the Captain's breath once more comes free.

And so off shore let the good ship fly,
Little care I how the gusts may blow;
In my fo'castle bunk in a jacket dry,
Eight bells have struck and my watch is below.

Heinrich's Enoch Arden and Song Recitals

Max Heinrich and his daughter Julia will appear here after an absence of four years at Sherman-Clay hall, Tuesday and Thursday nights, April first and third and Saturday afternoon, April fifth. On Tuesday night the program will be a novel one. The first part will be devoted to Richard Strauss' musical setting of "Enoch Arden," Mr. Heinrich at the piano. The second part will be: Songs—In Picardie, Arthur Foote, The Lark now Leaves his Watery Nest, Horatio Parker, Send me a Lover, St. Valentine (sixteenth century), Old English, Miss Heinrich; Songs—Des Knaben's Wunderhorn, Die beiden Grenadiere, Schumann, Mr. Heinrich. The program for Thursday night will contain a group of four numbers by Emil Bruguiere, which have met with great success in the East. Other numbers will be: Duetts—So war die Sonne Scheint, Unterm Fenster, Schumann; Songs—Fruelingsglaube, Standchen, Die Taubenpost, Schubert, Mr. Heinrich; Songs—L'Esclave, Marine, Lalo, Arioso, Myrtho, Delibes, Miss Heinrich; Duetts—Gondoleria, Henschel, Amour Villageoise, Mein Herz Werde Wach, Goring Thomas; Songs—Spring Song Mackenzie, It is not Always May, Gounod, Songs my Mother Taught Me, Dvorak, Der Erl Koenig, Schubert, Mr. Heinrich. The sale of seats will begin next Saturday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and the prices will be seventy-five cents, one dollar and one dollar and a half. The Heinrichs' will appear at the Unitarian church, Oakland, Friday, April fourth.

The Davises

The most popular manager in Chicago, or anywhere else, is Will J. Davis of the Illinois, the newest and most jeune siecle playhouse in the windy city. Mr. Davis is also one of the theatre's proprietors, in connection with Al Hayman. Will Davis is Jessie Bartlett Davis' husband, and they are a most congenial couple. They are much entertained socially. A recent event, at which they were the guests of honor, was a dinner given by Sir Henry Irving in the green room of the Auditorium. The popularity of the fascinating Jessie has never dimmed and her name on a program is always a certainty of success. She still sings "Oh, Promise Me," because the public insists upon it. She has lately been singing at the Columbus, a return engagement, her numbers being "The Rosary," with "Love's Sacred Trust" and "Sunshine," two songs by Carrie Jacobs Bond of Chicago. Mrs. Davis looks forward to her next visit to San Francisco. She has many friends here.

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Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, Administrator of the estate of Jacob F. Bros, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at Room 79, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,
Administrator of the Estate of Jacob F. Bros, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco, March 22, 1902

FRANK McGOWAN, Attorney for Administrator.
Rooms 75, 79 and 80 Chronicle Building

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STAGE

Blanche Walsh and her Play

It is not easy of comprehension why Blanche Walsh chose such a ragbag of a drama as "La Madeleine" for her present starring tour. "More than Queen" was only a series of striking pictures, but "La Madeleine" is less than that. As a burlesque on the plays from which Harry Dam has borrowed in constructing his drama it might have a certain vogue, say, like that of "The Hall of Fame." But there is no vitality even in its principal figure, the Manon-Mimi-Camille-Zaza-Sapho who is called La Madeleine. Certain climaxes give scope for Blanche Walsh's emotionalism, but there is no definite reason why these climaxes should be. The dailies having ventilated all the intricacies of the plot, there is no reason for me to consume valuable space by retailing it. The characters, with the exception of the Prince and the Priest, are not well drawn, and the latter in most of his situations is absurd. When Blanche Walsh again comes this way, I hope she will have a better play than either "More than Queen," or "La Madeleine." At one time she gave promise of becoming one of the best of our emotional actresses, but the promise has not matured. The best work she ever did was as the heroine of "Trilby" and of "La Tosca."

Good for a Vaudeville Sketch

There is one scene in Mr. Dam's play that could be lifted bodily from the work and, with some elaboration, made into an effective sketch for a duo of vaudeville artists. That is the incident in the garden, in the first act, where two men bet on which lump of sugar a fly will first alight. It is acted well, too, and gives relief to what would otherwise be anything but an entertaining act. 'Tis a pity the playwright could not have imparted into his glimpse of lower Bohemia some of the ginger that La Madeleine desires the waiter to introduce into her absinthe.

There are three young women in Miss Walsh's company who will likely be heard of later on—Harriet Sterling, who enacts Albertine Charlot, Fanny Marinoff, the Rose Niel, and Rose Brahm, Toni Touchette. They are all remarkable for their beauty, and act their roles with understanding. Of the men, Mason Mitchell stands head and shoulders above the rest, just as the character he interprets is beyond any of the others Mr. Dam has created.

News of Norma

They are doing a great deal of talking in Chicago, a correspondent writes me, over the fact that Norma Whalley is to enter drama. Norma is said to be anxious to fit herself for dramatic work, and the Dearborn manager is to let her have a try at it. This is no new ambition on Norma's part, for she tried her hand at drama in this city in "A Contented Woman," but was persuaded by her critical friends that she'd better go back to her old field. In Chicago she is billed for a part in "The White Horse Tavern." The people in that city like Norma and she will probably receive kind treatment from them. She likes the city, too, even though it is the home of the widow who won Walter Jones away from her.

Nance O'Neill

The bust of Nance O'Neil at the Hopkins is a disappointment. It shows the actress as "Leah the Forsaken" but it has a more than lifesize effect that is repellant. There are so many more grateful roles in which Nance O'Neil has appeared that would have been better subjects, it seems curious the young sculptor should have singled out this one. Nance O'Neil has a beautiful face. Her features are not harsh, as this bust shows them. Her expression as Leah is tragic but that does not alter the shape of her classic features. Nance, by the way, must have opened at the Irving theatre in London by this time, and I am prepared to hear of a succession of her triumphs. If she keeps on as she has begun she will be California's greatest gift to the dramatic world. We have sent out any number of talented actresses, and fewer actors, but Nance O'Neil is a genius. It will probably be a long time before we see her here again. She is to own a theatre in London, built with her own money, the quarter of a million she and McKee Rankin made in Australia.

Juliet Crosby is always a welcome figure on the Alcazar stage and her return this week was warmly greeted on Monday night. She has the part of Lucille, the girl with the nervous affection, and puts any amount of intelligence into the role. Miss Crosby could do great things in her art if she had the strength, but she has not been in the best of health lately.

Rialto Gossip from the East

From New York a correspondent writes me that Eleanor Kent (Mabel Love) has made a big hit in "Foxy Quiller," having the prima role vacated by Helen Bertram. The papers praise her vocal work very highly. Laura Crews is now known as Laura Hope Crews and is still at the Murray Hill, where her ingenue work has won for her many good words from press and public. George De Long is with "A Messenger Boy" in a cast of one hundred, Jimmie Powers being the star. Ruth White is with Richard Carle's company in "The Explorers" at the Dearborn in Chicago.

'Tis an Ill Wind, Etc.

A story coming to me from Philadelphia is an instance of Dan Daly's quick wit. Daly was recently playing in "The New Yorkers" at one Quaker city theatre while Frank Daniels in "Miss Simplicity" was at another. The two comedians met one evening and in the course of their conversation a discussion arose about the engagement of a young woman who had agreed to sign with Daniels. The men had some hot words and Daniels finally said, "I may not be a model of virtue but no one ever accused me of being two-faced."

"And so you insinuate that I am?" asked Daly.

Daniels' silence gave assent to the insinuation and Daly hastily added:

"Great heavens, man! Do you think if I had two faces that I wouldn't always leave this one at home?"

Emery as a Playwright

Edwin Emery, of the Belasco Thall company, has written a play which he calls "The Prince Imperial" and which will probably be produced before the present season closes. The play, as its title indicates, is historical. It deals with the Second Empire, Napoleon III and the people of that period. The Prince Imperial is the hero, Napoleon Eugene Louis Bonaparte, the fruit of the marriage of Napoleon III, nephew of the first Emperor, and the Countess de Montijo of Spain. It will be remembered that, after the fall of the Empire, caused by the failure of the French war, the Bonapartes were proscribed, and spent a greater portion of several years at Cheslehurst, Kent, England. It was there the Emperor died in 1873. The Prince was sent to Woolwich college where he was commissioned an officer in the English army, and was later killed by the Kaffirs in Africa during that war. The plot of the play and its characters sound very promising, and there is no doubt that the play will please the public. It is not Mr. Emery's first effort as he has before this written plays. His fellow actors as well as his friends outside of the profession are looking forward to "The Prince Imperial's" successful production.

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At Fischer's

The changes in the furnishings and the plan of Fischer's theatre have transformed it into one of the prettiest and most genial playhouses in the city. The public is proving that it likes good clean burlesque by the way it is patronizing "Christopher Jr." "The French Maid" was a little too British in its ground plan and dialogue to catch on briskly but the present bill has a less solid flavor. There is a French ballet in it and its plot is British but the new business introduced is strictly United States. There is much good music in it, and "Lazily, drowsily," "He couldn't tell a lie," "Love's highway," "The Sisters Giggle" and the rest are all very melodic. I thought "The Lady Slavey" the best of any of these musical comedies that have visited San Francisco. They are all much alike in their general make-up. It is the gags, the chorus, and the costumes that make this sort of thing so attractive. Pilar Morin does well with the name role but it is again Lillian Coleman who carries away the larger portion of the laurels. Hermsen is an amusing Irishman and the company as a whole fits well into its several roles. Winfield Blake has the best voice among the men and he is a clever actor as well.

White Whittlesey will again support Florence Roberts in her season at the Alcazar which opens in June. "Zaza," in which Miss Roberts has made a pronounced hit in the Northwest, will be her opening bill.

Attractions Next Week

Blanche Walsh closes at the Columbia tomorrow night, when she will play "Janice Meredith." "The Christian," with a far stronger cast than we saw here before, will be Monday night's bill. It will stay two weeks. Elsie Leslie as Glory Quayle and E. J. Morgan in his original role of John Storm head a strong company.

At the Grand Melbourne MacDowell and Florence Stone are repeating their triumph of last season. "Cleopatra" is again given one of the most sumptuous productions ever seen on any stage. Beginning Monday evening next "La Tosca," the greatest financial and artistic success the late Fanny Davenport had during her long connection with the stage, will be given. Mr. MacDowell and Miss Stone, as Scarpia and Floria, and a cast equal to the original in every particular are promised. That it will do a tremendous business there is no question.

Monday will mark the opening of the fifth week of "The Serenade" at the Tivoli, and there is no diminution in the demand for seats. The opera is a money winner. "The Fortune Teller" is to be the next production, another case of a high-priced opera at the popular tariff.

"Little Christopher" has decidedly caught on at Fischer's and is drawing large and enthusiastic audiences. It will be continued all next week. "The Ballet Girl" is in preparation.

Fanny Rice with her pretty act has made a hit at the Orpheum, a success shared by her accompanist, Alice Beach McComas. They will have a second edition of "Surprises" next week. Papinta, always a favorite here, will return with four of her most noted dances—the Boulevard, Danse du Diable, Volcano and Jardiniere—and with new music especially written up to her solos. Louis A. Simon, Grace Gardner & Co., will appear for the first time in this city in their comedy, "The New Coachman." Frank Lincoln, the "globe trotting humorist," has a melange of new songs, stories and musical sketches, and a burlesque of Italian opera. The Melani trio of vocalists and instrumentalists promise a musical sensation. George Gorman, minstrel and singing comedian, and Frances Keppler, dancer, will present "Crippens Corners." Hedrix and Prescott, the singing and dancing duo, and Les Troubadours Toulousians, will appear for the last times. Among new moving pictures the Biograph will show a panorama of the San Francisco water front.

One of the funniest comedy scenes ever devised is the introduction of a phonograph as one of the principal characters, which is done in "On and Off," this week's bill at the Alcazar. "On and Off" is certainly a big drawing card, and its second week beginning Monday night will be even more popular than its first. "Brother John," "Madame Butterfly," and "Why Smith Left Home" are future attractions. "When the Heart Was Young," by Charles Francis Bryant and Lotta Day Coleman, will soon be produced.

"Man o' War's Man," a great naval drama, is to be presented at the Central next week, for the first time in this city.

—*The Playgoer*

AMUSEMENTS

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LETTERS

Unfit for Publication

Hall Caine's difficulty with the Pearsons over the publication serially of "The Eternal City" has been settled out of court. Clement Shorter, editor of *The Sphere*, acted as arbitrator or peacemaker, and Caine has accepted payment for only such portion of the novel as was published in *Pearson's* before the editor discovered its unfitness for his clientele. The dispute is not the only one of the kind, though it seems to have absorbed the public attention. The Frederick A. Stokes company has a similar suit on its hands in connection with the recent novel of Agnes and Edgerton Castle, "The Secret Orchard," and as this suit will come into court first, the decision will probably determine the outcome of the English dispute. The Stokes company owned both the book and the serial rights in this country, and sold the latter to the *Delineator*. At the time the story was not yet completed, and no one in America had read any part of it, but a synopsis had been submitted, and the previous works of these authors had been such as to make it a seeming certainty that they would be the least likely to shock "the young person." When the manuscript arrived the contract was repudiated by the *Delineator* on the ground that the novel was immoral. In this connection it is worth while noting that the *Cosmopolitan*, which ceased the publication of Tolstoi's "Resurrection," accepted "The Secret Orchard." Another suit of the same kind may arise between the *Sunny South* and the executors of the late Sir Walter Besant. The *Sunny South* has been using " No Other Way" as a serial, but as it developed in the fourth installment that the heroine was to marry a negro, the publication has abruptly ceased, with some scathing remarks on the subject of indecency.

Melodrama in Book Form

Scene, a New England fishing village; *characters*, Hester and Ethel Blair, daughters of a deceased squire who has given them every advantage which his wealth could secure, but whose estate, when he dies, is found to consists of nothing but his farmhouse; Millie, housekeeper for the young ladies, who are keeping summer boarders as a means of livelihood; "Slack" Dorkins, a fisherman and household retainer of the Blairs, comedy lover of Millie, whom he has courted unsuccessfully for twenty years; John Cary, playmate and lifelong adorer of Hester, who is supplanted in her affections by Ralph Featherly, one of the summer boarders, adopted son of a wealthy New York banker, but rich in his own right; Glen Hopedale Fenton, heavy villain, bent on ruining Hester, and with money enough to carry out his plan if that is all that is needed; fishermen, boatmen, religious gossips, and summer boarders. Featherly, under promise to his father, whose own second venture has proved disastrous, never to marry. Hester, enlightened by Aunt Carry, persuaded that marriage would be a dangerous venture, or at all events the disclosure would be injudicious. Secret ceremony, lost certificate, death of clergyman, destruction of records and disappearance of witnesses. Hester installed in a luxurious apartment in New York, ostensibly as a music teacher. Fenton more than sucpicious that all is not as it appears. Sudden death of Featherly. No proof of marriage. Abandonment of flat and installment in humbler quarters. Persecution by Fenton and defence by Cary. Return to childhood's home, sniffs and sneers of villagers, humble resignation of virtuous heroine, and complete vindication, with all characters in the last scene. Discomfiture of the villain and happy marriage with early lover. That is "Hester Blair," an old-time melodrama, from which there are missing only the father's curse and the precious che-ild to bring about the happy denouement. Indeed, the child is not altogether wanting, but she is only one of the villagers, who finds and restores the missing marriage certificate and makes remarks that older folk are wise enough to suppress. One cannot help feeling that the author, William Henry Carson, has written with an eye to dramatic production, and any average amateur company ought to be able to produce it without going to more trouble than copying each his own share of the dialogue. The book is a characteristic example of its kind. The villagers are natural, with their prejudices and oddities, and the clumsy jokes and horseplay of the boatmen are such as we are long since familiar with. The plot unfolds naturally and without artificial hindrances and obstacles. One is not hampered with the niceties of hair-splitting or doubts about the moral or social standing of the characters, for they are neatly labeled on their first appearance. Neither the villain nor any one of the "nature's noblemen" has a single redeeming quality. The villain even

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smokes cigarettes. In fact, there is to be found in this book all the charms which come from reminiscence and familiarity, and it is better written than the majority of novels of the same grade. It is even refreshing as a variation from the strenuous life and problem novels which have predominated. As a piece of bookmaking it is a credit to the publishers, the C. M. Clark Company of Boston.

Verne as a Prophet

Some one has again been pointing out the surprising number of instances in which Jules Verne's fanciful tales have been prophetic. His "Five Weeks in a Balloon" is now regarded as not only possible, but very likely to be proved practicable, since two French scientists are ready to undertake a journey in a balloon across the Dark Continent. The Holland submarine boat was foreshadowed in the Nautilius of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," and the modern long range cannon and aerial torpedoes come near to "The Five Hundred Millions of the Begum." "Dr. Ox's Experiment" is an established fact and "Around the World in Eighty Days" is slow travel without extraordinary effort in these days. Pittsburg comes fairly within the description of the "City of Steel." The voyage of the Belgica comes near to being Verne's "Sea of Ice," and in several of his other works he has made successful forecasts. If the political prophet could establish his capacity in anything approximating the success of the French romancer he would not be seeking obscurity immediately after "the first Tuesday following the first Monday, etc."

The Bookman.

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A splendid opportunity is offered to any one desiring to invest in a handsome country place, in the sale of the Talbot Stock Farm. This is the property of F. C. Talbot, situated near San Leandro and adjoining the Souther farm, now known as the Dunsmuir Place. The Talbot place contains one hundred and forty acres under the highest state of cultivation. Sixty acres are planted in fruit—all varieties of almonds, walnuts, olives, oranges, lemons, prunes, cherries, pears, apples, quinces, crab-apples, figs, grapes, apricots, etc.; two thousand walnut trees are in full bearing. Eighty acres of choice farming land are sown in red oats for hay; one-fourth of the crop goes with the ranch baled and delivered in barns. There are green houses and gardens, dairy, dwelling house and servants' quarters, children's playhouse, storehouse and other outbuildings. The residence is a beautiful modern house of twelve rooms, with four baths, running water and gas throughout, plumbing and gas fixtures, the finest obtainable. The Talbot farm is finely situated at the base of the foothills and is one of the show places of San Leandro.

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The Loring Club Concert

The Loring club concert last week was on the same night as Mrs. Fisk's first recital but, as is ever the case at invitational affairs, the hall was crowded. One of the best numbers was Arthur Foote's "Farewell of Hiawatha," which was repeated in response to the demand. Harry Barnhart, who sang the solo, was in splendid voice and made a great success. Miss Grace Davis was the soloist for "The Awakening of the Spring," which was another fine number. Miss Davis, always a pleasing singer, has improved greatly during the past year, and her voice shows great possibilities for the future. Her fresh, sweet tones rang out clear and strong over all the male voices. She also sang three solos, one of which, "Oh, Swallow, Swallow, Flying South," is remembered as a favorite selection of Anna Miller Wood, the San Francisco contralto who has made such a name for herself in Boston and London. "King Waldemar's Chase," by De Koven, was a rousing chorus and was sung with much spirit by the club. The club still shows a lack of tenors and until this want is supplied will always lack proper balance. It is a pity some of the bassos cannot be metamorphosed into tenors.

The concert at the opening of the spring exhibition at the Hopkins' Institute, last week, was rendered by an orchestra under Henry Heyman's direction, selections from Bach, Funke, Strauss, Sousa, Arditi, Vollstedt and others being given. Mr. Mahood was the soloist, rendering selections for cornet. There was another concert on Thursday evening of this week. During this exhibition vocal and instrumental concerts will be given on Thursday evenings, March twenty-seventh, and April third and tenth.

The San Francisco Oratorio Society has been reorganized, with Mr. W. A. Knowles as president. The reorganization of the society is due in a measure to a communication received from S. H. Freidlander, who desires the co-operation of a thoroughly organized choral society for the purpose of presenting with choral setting many of the singers of national reputation whom he expects to bring to this city in the near future.

Madame Mantelli, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera House company, has just returned from a South American tour, where she met with most gratifying success. She has arranged for a series of concerts which will include the Pacific coast, and on her tour will be supported by Louis Blumenberg, the 'cellist, and a pianist.

There will be special services at Trinity church during Holy Week. On the evening of March twenty-sixth, at eight o'clock, Stainer's "Crucifixion" will be sung. The Easter service will be very elaborate, and in addition to the organ accompaniment there will be two trumpets, three trombones and tympani.

(Continued on Page 28)

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Music—Continued

A Conservatory Recital

A very large audience enjoyed the recital at the California Conservatory of Music of which Otto Bendix is director, last Friday evening. The program was of a high order and was worthy of a larger auditorium. The vocal and instrumental numbers were equally excellent, and displayed a fine technique and finish. Especially good was the final number, the two movements of Grieg's sonate for violin and piano by Nathan Landsberger and Miss Mayer. The other numbers were: Mozart, violin and piano sonate in E, Mrs. Landsberger and Mrs. Leon; Schubert, Ave Maria, Miss O'Donnell; Raff, violin sonate, The Chromatic, Mrs. Sears, Mr. Landsberger; Gade, sonate for violin and piano, first movement, Miss Peterson Mr. Landsberger; Rachaminoff, romanza from Suite No. 2, first time in America, Mrs. Aylwin, Miss Hausen; Raff, Andante for piano and violin, Miss Hansen, Mr. Landsberger; Chopin, Polonaise, Miss Reinstein; Bemberg, Hindoo Song, and Song by d'Hardelot, Mrs. Daniells

They are having "Pop" concerts at the Bohemian club. Lunch is served in the jinks room where Stark and his orchestra play. The "Pops" will continue on Saturdays during March. But they are for members only and outsiders can have no chance of enjoying them.

A very large audience enjoyed the Pasmore concert on Tuesday evening. The program was admirably arranged and the selections all of the highest order. The favor with which Mr. Pasmore's series of concerts has been received shows that the public can appreciate concerts by local talent, and patronize them, too, when sure of their being good. The soloists were Miss George, Miss Birchler, Mrs. Basford, Mr. Pasmore and the three Pasmore sisters.

The recital by pupils of the dramatic department of the Von Meyerinck school, on Monday evening, was successful from every point of view, reflecting great credit on the school, its teachers and pupils.

Katherine Fisk's Thursday afternoon recital did not draw a large audience, but on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon there were very good houses. At every recital the singer gained in favor. —*The Music Critic*

"To have known no enthusiasms—which are but love, in one form or another—is to have failed to give that impulse to the course of events which every man born into the world should hold himself bound to give, as the human debt to the Eternal."—*From Gwendolyn Overton's "Heritage of Unrest."*

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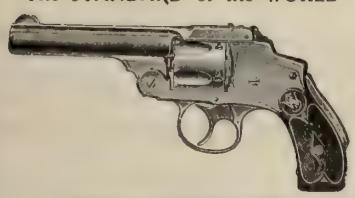

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A Foregone Conclusion

The pretty palmist held his palm;
He felt vibrations up his arm;
"You'll win your way," she said;
"No dangers need your soul alarm;
You're brave and bold, a potent charm"—
With blushes he grew red.

"You'll marry soon and not for dough,
But love on both sides, don't you know"—
Around her waist, his arm—
She could not read another line.
"'Tis you I love," he said. "Be mine"—
In his hand went her palm.

—*The Sentimentalist.*

The Gentleman

Eevrybody is talking about What Makes a Gentleman, since Mrs. Astor made her much-quoted assertion about only college bred men eligible to that distinction. This is what Martin Maartens, the novelist, has to say about Gentlemen in "The Greater Glory":

Reinout: Life is very difficult. Do you know, Papa, I think it is almost impossible for a man always to know how to act as a gentleman.

The Count: Certainly not. Nothing is easier. It becomes a habit, like all others. Like speaking French without mistakes.

M. de Souza: Never do anything mean to a woman—except under the cloak of "love." A gentleman should not save but spend, wisely, if possible, and, if not possible, ill. Money must flow, or it freezes.

The Countess: A gentleman is a man who breaks all the commandments—genteelly—and who keeps his linen scrupulously clean. —*The Gleaner.*

Art for Art's Sake

Scene: Committee room at the Hopkins' Institute. *Time:* Seven days before the spring exhibition. *Characters:* Mr. Lickman, Mr. Scratchers, Mr. Foolin, of the hanging committee; President Learn, of the Art Association.

Mr. Lickman (turning over a canvas with his thumb and forefinger): What's this?

Mr. Learn: That is my portrait by Signor Landowner.

Mr. Lickman: Portrait? Did you sit for it, or was it enlarged from a photograph?

Mr. Learn (haughtily): Let us get down to business.

Mr. Foolin: I don't see any pictures to judge. None of these is worth a place on the walls.

Mr. Learn: What's the matter with these portraits?

Mr. Scratchers: I don't see any portraits.

Mr. Learn: Gentlemen, this is no time for jokes. We must get down to the business in hand.

Mr. Scratchers: I see nothing here worthy to hang beside my Vision of a Lone Tree on a Hill. And you can't hold an exhibition of one picture.

Mr. Lickman: I have two pictures here—A Sailor Mending His Jersey and a portrait of Foxy Grandpa after his Morning Shave.

Mr. Foolin: My Arizona Venus and A Bacchus of Mexico are what *I* call

A NEWSPAPER NOTE

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TOWN TALK

VOL. 10—NO. 500 SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 29, 1902 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, March 29, 1902

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OUR OPINION

Buying Entrance to the Coronation

English newspapers are just now highly wrought up over another threatened American invasion. Their spleen has been roused by the ebullient and highly garnished stories turned out by the competing Eastern yellow journals regarding the lavish show of riches which certain American millionaires will make at the forthcoming Coronation. Of course the stories of gorgeous gowns, coronets costing fortunes, ropes of pearls and jewels without price, are all figments of the panting reporter's brain but the English journals don't know that and take the yarns and the accompanying pictures of fake gowns and diadems in all seriousness. The dignified London *Times* completely lost its composure on reading in a leading New York paper the sensational story with full yellow garnishment that "the reason why the Koh-i-noor was to be set in Queen Alexandra's crown was because the Queen was afraid that the jewels to be worn by a certain wealthy American woman at the ceremony would outshine her own. The American in question was said to have ordered a coronet for the occasion similar to the Empress Josephine's, to cost one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars." After reading the wild item the *Times* snaps out:

"If it were known in England how certain Americans are using the coronation as a means of advertising themselves, an order forbidding the presence of unofficial foreign persons would centainly be issued."

The *St. James Gazette* lays down the item with the tart comment that "the worthy American dame is somewhat 'previous' if it be true that she has ordered such a coronet to wear at King Edward's coronation. Such stern republican simplicity would be quite out of place at a gorgeous survival of feudal splendor like the coronation. It is clear, therefore that, the ceremony must be a strictly family party, to which even our own good cousins from over the water cannot be admitted."

Truth consoles itself and its readers as follows: "

"The King, I am glad to note, has decided that Americans are not to be admitted to the coronation, even though they may come arrayed in their most gorgeous vestments and robes of pearls and diamonds. The space in Westminster Abbey is limited. The pageant will be paid for by the British taxpayer, and until every taxpayer who may wish to view the ceremony finds a seat, there must be no admittance for the representatives—male or female—of foreign shoddydom. There is the more reason for insisting on this if it be true, as asserted, that some of those who claim a right to be present are offering to sell their tickets in New York to the highest bidder."

The British press will not have any difficulty in keeping wealthy American women arrayed in gorgeous vestments and wearing one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollar coronets outside the coronation ceremonies, because no American women thus bedecked will apply for admission but they'll never be able to keep out the wealthy Americans who care to spend the price of the tickets to see the show, for there isn't any doubt but what, as on previous occasions, many degenerate representatives of Briton's ancient nobility will be eager to barter their family tickets, even though the King has imposed disgrace on the nobleman caught in such traffic.

Russia's Great Commercial Schemes

Gradually it is coming to light that the great Siberian railway is only one of a series of great engineering problems which Russia has contemplated for some time in her immense scheme of bettering her commercial prospects. Outlines of two other projects are now fairly well known: to join northern and southern Russia by a canal system for developing internal commerce and the creation of an inland sea in Asia, both problems of water communication. That which has longest been advocated is a great canal across European Russia from the Baltic to the Black sea, utilizing the river systems by joining the northward flowing Duna with the Dneiper. The estimated cost of this canal is one hundred and fifty million dollars, and it would traverse the best agricultural soil of the land. The great cost of the new Siberian railway has crippled this scheme for a time. But the plan for creating an inland sea in Asia arouses the liveliest interest among the Siberian inhabitants. The destruction of the great forests there has caused a marked decline in the humidity of the country. The result is the increasing liability to famine, always caused by drought, and the forestry laws are an insufficient remedy for the evil. Various remedies have been proposed and the one most favored at present is that of diverting the Tobol and Obi, northward flowing rivers, into Central Asia. The details of the scheme have been worked out by M. Demchenke, an eminent Russian engineer. It is estimated that in an area of over three hundred thousand square miles the rainfall would be increased so as to change the whole character of the country, turning the unproductive steppes and the deserts of Turkestan into land habitable by a settled population. All these

schemes are well calculated to increase enormously the food-producing and commercial utilities. The steady perseverance of Russia in achieving her aims, combined with her patience and the force of a great historic tradition, can hardly fail to win new engineering triumphs as notable as that of the Siberian railway. This scheme of diverting a river to flood a barren territory is no new one in the history of nations. The last great one to receive the serious attention of economists was proposed a few years ago by a French engineer. He offered to cut a channel across the highlands bordering the Algerian seacoast, and then to turn the waters of the Mediterranean into the Sahara, transforming the great desert into a vast inland sea. In this case the proposition excited something very much like consternation, since, if such a thing were done, it would undoubtedly so affect the climate of Europe as to convert the northern countries—Norway, Sweden and the British Islands —into regions of almost bitter coldness. Oddly enough a scheme of a somewhat similar nature is just now causing considerable comment in England. It relates to an alleged plan on the part of King Menelek to protect himself in case he should come in conflict with the Anglo-Egyptian government. The assertion is made that this picturesque monarch of Abyssinia has had the problem worked out for him by French engineers for the diversion of the waters of the Blue Nile eastward into Lake Demebea, and thence by an artificial channel into the Red Sea. Of course the result of any such operation would be to lower the waters of the Lower Nile and to prevent the annual irrigation upon which Egypt depends for her harvests. The story seems improbable. There may be one element of truth in it and that is that Menelek at one time entertained such a plan in considering a scheme for protecting Abyssinia.

About Evening Schools

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the course of one of her misty vaporings, has taken occasion to regret that Carnegie and Miss Helen Gould have not let their benevolence take the form of donations toward the maintenance of evening schools, which, in the opinion of Ella, are doing such a lot of good. Evening schools are all right in their way, but Ella talks blithely from theory, rather than from familiarity with facts. Evening schools should be encouraged when regarded as places where children, obliged to labor through the day, are given the opportunity to get in the evening hours such schooling as they would otherwise be deprived of. The primary idea was to prevent unfortunates from growing up illiterate, but any one who chances into one of our evening classes will be struck not by the number of children, but by the number of adults who are taking advantage of the opportunity afforded. It is not plain reading, spelling, grammar and elementary mathematics, but foreign languages, bookkeeping, industrial and architectural drawing, stenography, and other accomplishments which are being taught, and these, if appearances are any indication, to young men and women who are able to pay for what they get. It is true that these deserve some credit for spending their evenings in mental improvement but the object in establishing evening schools was not to copete with private institutions, and there is no more reason for supplying adults with the opportunities for accomplishments than there is for setting them up in business or endowing them with substantial purses. In this city at least, where so many of the primary schools are death traps and breeding places for disease, the sums of money expended in teaching fancy branches gratis to people able to pay their way, would be more sensibly dispensed in providing proper school facilities for the children of school age. Evening schools are, like a good many other benevolent projects, getting beyond the bounds which were originally set for them, and it would be just as well to take stock and shorten sail a bit. As it looks just now, it is only a question of time before there will be a demand for instrumental music and voice culture. Only let some one with the proper amount of pull appear on the scene, and the classes would be formed forthwith. The public would have to pay, and as to pupils, they would flock in by the hundred, provided the course were easy and required no effort. Instead of calling for public benefactions, what is wanted is a great deal more of individual effort. With public libraries and facilities on all hands, and the complete elucidations afforded by modern text books, it is lack of mental activity which stands in the way of advancement, not lack of school opportunities. Let any pupil of the present day overhaul the attic, and see what he can make of the ill-printed and mapless geographies of the early part of the last century, the grammar modeled on the Latin, and plentifully besprinkled with Latin terms, and the arithmetics with their intricate puzzles of problems; let him compare print, and prices and consider the dearth of supplementary assistance, and then ask whether it is more schools or more study that is needed. Opportunities, like everything else, are valued according to their rarity and cost. It is not schooling that makes education; not teaching that insures learning.

Make Way for the Fashionable Disease

And now it is propesed to make disease fashionable; to entertain it with the compliments of the season; to bestow on it the wholesome benefits of the "community of interest" idea. Not long ago there was organized in this city a locomotor ataxia club with affiliations in the East. None but those similarly afflicted were eligible. For very good reasons the Thespians, or "bad actors," as some of them preferred to call themselves, did not go in for dancing and outdoor sports as do the members of Oakland's select Appendicitis club. They preferred to gather in the inglenook and recount the pleasures of the good old times. But their idea was spread by giddy bacteria and gay microbes and the result has been fruitful in all sorts of germ cells. Last week the smallpox victims in two widely different sections of the country set about ameliorating each others'

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condition. At Bloomfield, New Jersey, the inmates of the Isolation hospital have planned a series of dances, even the members of the orchestra being sufferers from this disease. At Omaha, Neb., the smallpox patients in the Emergency hospital have organized a golf club and have links covering forty acres. It wasn't so very long ago that the patients in our own Pest House out in the Potrero organized a gun club to go shooting on the marshes in that vicinity. But the authorities cut short its life when they discovered that the patients frequently met and talked with outsiders when on their shooting trips. All of which goes to show that those suffering the most grievous maladies are susceptible to the pleasures of sociability and abase pain and despondency to elevate the conviviality of those similarly afflicted. Men become brothers in locomotor ataxia and appendicits as well as in charity, gastronomy and the arts. The day may come when some other disease than appendicitis will lead the fashion. If it does there will then be only a short time till exclusive diseases will be represented by high-priced clubs and the dude of the period will be boasting of his membership in the "loco" club where a poor man can't get above the "rheumatism" step.

The Saunterer

Society Girls to the Rescue

Jessie Fillmore and Amy Gunn would be blue-ribboned and bemedaled if society were prepared for its belles to blossom into heroines. Last Saturday these Lenten maidens ignored the "world, the flesh, and the devil," and escorted to the park Augustina Morales, the pretty young Guatemala girl who was brought here by a man named Baffett. He boasted on shipboard that he had bought the girl from her Central American mother for two hundred dollars. The authorities placed the girl under the wing of the Chinese Presbyterian mission until her mother could be heard from and a peg driven to hang the charge against this purchaser of a white slave.

Tried to Kidnap the Senorita

The girl has been under the care of Miss Cameron for two months, but were it not for the bravery and presence of mind displayed by Miss Fillmore and Miss Gunn she would once more be in the power of Baffett. It was late last Saturday afternoon when they returned from the park with the Senorita Morales. When within a stone's throw of the Mission a man suddenly sprang from one of the alleys that network the district. He grabbed the senorita and whisked her off the main street into an alley before the girls realized what was happening. Not knowing into what tortuous blind passage he might lead them they quickly followed and dragged the Spanish girl from him. They screamed lustily for help, meanwhile warding off the man's efforts to recapture the girl. Fortunately an outlook for the Mission heard their cries and Miss Cameron and the guard ran out to their assistance while Baffett beat a hasty retreat.

Love Freed One Slave

This has opened the eyes of the authorities to a nefarious slave trade that passes belief. Augustina Morales, facts show, is not the only Central American girl who has been sold into slavery here. Instances of Mexican girls sold by their parents and brought to this post are also being unearthed. It is whispered that the beautiful Mexican wife of a prominent local merchant was purchased by her husband for five hundred dollars gold, and brought here. Subsequently the merchant fell very much in love with her and married her. The couple are now very happy and have several handsome children. The Augustina Morales case is evidently not unique of its class.

Declines to Marry Him

Miss Morales, in her simple, unsophisticated way, explains that she saw nothing improper in her mother's selling her to a "Gringo," who promised that she should live a life of besatined, bejeweled ease. Baffett, who is a widower, registered her on the steamer as his "wife." When he was haled into court here he seemed willing enough to escape his trouble by marrying the girl, though it was not so stipulated on the "bill of sale." But the senorita, in her childish fashion, tearfully declared that she did not love the "Gringo," and did not wish to marry him. So she was sent to the mission. Miss Fillmore and Miss Gunn offered to help dissipate her doldrums by giving her a day at the park and cliff. Amy Gunn has spent several years in Spain and drips Spanish softer than honey from the comb. Augustina was as happy as a little child on the jaunt and delighted at the chance to talk to some one who knew her language. The sudden appearance of Baffett was a sensational climax to the day and gave Jessie Fillmore and Amy Gunn a chance to show their fibre.

Somewhat Uncertain for the Bride

Although Samuel Cheyney and his bride, Bessie Wall, are flitting to Europe their troubles are by no means over, for the lady who was beaten in her suit to establish herself as his wife is proceeding to carry the case to the Supreme Court. One cannot help wondering what will

THE STANDARD FOR CHAMPAGNE QUALITY IS

THE WORLD OVER

be the position of the Cheyneys in case the higher court should overrule the lower tribunal.

The Committee Fell on its Knees

The controversy over the hanging of certain pictures at the Hopkins exhibit is reminiscent of a little mistake a committee of local artists perpetrated some years ago. Susan Sroufe Loosley, a sister of Mrs. John Merrill, had just returned from studying abroad, and friends urged her to send some of her work to our local salon. Mrs. Loosley sent a picture of which she had reason to be proud. Fancy her wonder when it was returned as unworthy of hanging beside the masterpieces of local artists. The fact that the picture had won the gold medal for its class at the Paris salon salved any chagrin Mrs. Loosley might otherwise have felt. She had not thought it necessary to ticket the picture with its foreign triumph, preferring to let the committee discover its merits—but our knights of the brush and palette did not recognize its worth. The story leaked out before opening day and raised such a jeer in artdom that the committee were brought to their knees and begged Mrs. Loosley to let them hang the picture. They declared that it was all a hideous mistake; that the wrong picture had been returned; that a blind artist could feel the breadth and soul in her work. But no amount of art jargon and explanation could regild the committee in the public estimate. Their judgment had been put to the test and found wanting according to Paris standards.

Little Girl (catching sight of poster of Sweetheart Chewing Gum): Oh, mamma, look, look!
Her Mother: What, dear?
Little Girl: See papa and Aunt Fannie!

Croesus Versus Cupid

Hearts are never supposed to be trumps in the smart set, and Croesus is said to have made Cupid pack his arrows and try less worldly targets. Of a truth there are probably as many love matches as marriages of convenience scored against society. And according to a matchmaker with a kink for statistics, the marriages for love have not stood the test of time as well as those where Cupid had no finger in the pie. She ran over the marriages of the last ten years at a little luncheon the other day, and proved her assertion to the satisfaction of the other guests. Even Mrs. Burton Harrison and Mrs. Van Rennsalaer Cruger never marry their silk-lined heroines to celluloid cuffs and collars. Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Cruger sometimes give their brides a preliminary canter of poverty—the sort of poverty that includes four servants. "Society girls should marry money, or if they have money enough of their own they should marry position," is the edict of our local arch matchmaker. The sentimentalists may shiver at this and call it cold as cracked ice, but if money and position are the things the dear girls want they certainly ought to marry them, for love won't fill in the chinks made by the absence of these two talismen.

Cases of O'er True Love

Marrying for love is regarded as a vagary by the smart set. But staying single is impatiently pronounced madness. There are several instances of "first love" remaining "last love," and society has never ceased to wonder at such constancy. Daisy Casserly, Flora Low and Jennie Blair are three examples of this—these young women were not the "victims of unrequited love," but their affection was returned. In each case there was a different impediment that prevented their marrying the men of their choice. The years have not wooed them to a loveless marriage, and if not faithful to their first loves they are at least constant to first ideals.

Cost of a Beauty's Smiles

Paris papers are still discussing the provocative advertising suit brought by La Belle Otero against an Englishman. The gay danseuse demanded that he should be made to pay a bunch of bills for furniture, jewels and dresses which she claimed he had undertaken to defray. As he was a man of prominence it was thought he would be mulcted rather than face the notoriety but the Briton was game for the bills were high. The fair Spaniard was non-suited but she attained her object—publicity. Incidentally the Englishman's counsel offered the spicy announcement during the hearing that his client was only one of a train of admirers who enjoyed La Belle Otero's smiles for two or three years and that the pleasure had cost him three hundred thousand dollars.

Farmers on the Water Front

A report that John Mackenzie, the new member of the Board of Harbor Commissioners, intends to make not a few appointments from the interior of the State reminds me of the farmers that were put in collectors' and wharfingers' jobs during the administration of Governor Stoneman, much to the disgust of local Democrats, but to the infinite amusement of shipping circles and the water front. They seemed to have been chosen for their ignorance of things marine, and out of the entire lot not more than two had ever seen salt water. One day one of the yokels who had been installed as a collector at one of the wharves hailed the master of a deep-water ship who was just going ashore: "I say there, captain, hev ye heerd haow many head o' ship got in yesterdey?" The skipper's answer was a look of pity and disgust. Another brilliant wharfinger, resplendent in much new brass and braid, went aboard of a Britisher. After gazing aloft at her forest of yards and sticks for several minutes in undisguised amazement he went to an open hatch and looked down into the cavernous depths of the vessel's hold. A look of wondrous awe came over his face and he stepped back from the hatch combing a few paces and stamped on the deck. "B'gosh," he said to a sailor who was standing near him, "it's holler, isn't it?" "Of course she is, you —— fool," said the salt. But Sammy Braunhart when he was Port Warden earned the contempt of a whole ship's company by addressing a mate thus: "Say, open that door," and he indicated a hatch, "and let me down in your cellar so I can see what you have there."

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

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LORD TEMPLE
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A Favorite in New York Clubdom
ALL DEALERS

Spreckels Way of Silencing Suitors

Among the debutantes said to have succumbed to Cupid during the first season is Miss Katherine Herrin. Reddick McKee Deperu, the stock broker, is the man accredited with having won her nineteen-year-old heart. Reddick has been so long in commerce that he can tell an heiress by her looks. Wherever you see the girls with a dot of a million or two, there you see Reddick. He is a bright, good-looking chap, and he has a fund of small talk that makes the bud think him the dearest darling ever. Miss Cohen of Alameda was his first crush, but Lieutenant Bent won her. There was a time when Florence Breckenridge had him in her train, but she was whisked off to Europe. At one time it looked as if he and Grace Spreckels were surely going to make a go of it, but John D. Spreckels has a way of settling penniless aspirants by remarking to them incidentally that no man can marry his daughter unless he has a hundred thousand. But Reddick is a bright fellow, and will doubtless succeed in his aspirations.

Isabel McKenna's Diplomacy

The news that Lily Oelrichs and Isabel McKenna have broken biscuit at a love feast will be an interesting tidbit for the gossips. Miss Oelrichs happened to be in Washington on the day set for Miss McKenna's luncheon, and Isabel held out the olive branch, probably to show the world that the green-eyed monster had no fangs on her. Miss Oelrichs accepted—she could hardly refuse—and it was noted that the two girls were frankly cordial. They were naturally watched with some curiosity by the other guests, but one who had not read the history of Peter Martin's heart affairs would never have guessed that Miss McKenna had been a predecessor of the fair Lily. Isabel McKenna has not lived in the diplomatic circle for nothing. That luncheon to Miss Oelrichs and her attitude was a wily stroke worthy of the Dean of the Corps.

Peter Martin's Bon Mot

Peter Martin and several New York friends were discussing bon mots by the club fireside and Peter told one over which the Gotham smart set has been smiling ever since. Peter, it seems, wrote a letter to his mother, in regard to some matter connected with his marriage, and she disagreed from him on some of the points. She wound up her objections with this clincher:

"I ought to know, my dear, boy, for I was married before you were born."

"So I was brought up to believe," answered Peter, "but I am glad to have it in black and white from your own pen."

Confessed Her Sin Penitently

Perhaps the choicest and most delectable bit of gossip now going the rounds of the tea tables is the story of a matron who went for a moonlight stroll over the golf links with a fascinating bachelor who was old enough to know better—so was the lady for the matter of that, but the bachelor has a very winning way. It seems that the tryst was originally planned with a girl who was then visiting the matron. On the night that the girl was to meet him she had sudden qualms and confessed the proposed moonlight ramble to her hostess. The matron pronounced it a bit too unconventional and declared that the man ought to be punished for proposing such a thing. She determined to meet him at the golf house herself and hand him a large slice of her mind.

Caught the Confused Matron

When eleven o'clock came and the matron did not return the girl imagined that she had met with some accident—had probably been "held up" on the way. She held herself responsible for the awful fate which she felt sure her hostess had courted for her sake. As the matron's husband was out of town she rang up his brother, and told him of the dilemma. Together they went to the rescue and finding no trace of Madame they waited around the deserted golf house awhile, hoping for some clew. In about half an hour a couple came in sight and proved to be the missing matron and the cavalier.

"Mrs. —— had such a long scolding to give me that we didn't dare to stand still for fear we'd chill," glibly explained the suave bachelor.

"I couldn't resist taking a walk, it was so lovely," contradicted the confused matron.

Somehow the cat has jumped out of the bag. It is suspected that the girl for whom she walked by proxy ungratefully slipped the knots.

Blackballs Shower at the Pacific Union Club

Just at present the Pacific-Union club is having a spasm of exclusiveness. Apparently no applicant for membership, unless he has the millions of Pierpont Morgan, will be admitted to the club. Some of the blackballing has made the hair of members with candidates to stand on end. The election committee is the haughtiest ever known in the club. There is no redress for applicants residing here, but New Yorkers have a way of

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wreaking vengeance. When Elisha Dyer was out here a few years ago he was blackballed. Later, when George Crocker and Downey Harvey went to New York, and had their names put up at the Union club their friends were warned to take them down if they wished to save them. Something like a feud exists between the clans in the fashionable clubs of the two cities.

Seems to be Happy with Either

Smart society in Oakland is amused by the apparently transferred affection of one of its gilded youths. Since a boy he has been prone to seek the society of women older than himself. When a certain dashing widow of some remaining beauty arrived here from the Southland and was enthusiastically admitted to the exclusive coterie in which this chevalier-of-dames moves, he fell an immediate victim to her fulsome charms. This devotion has been going on for something like a year, the widow amusing everybody by her almost girlish enjoyment of the situation. A few weeks ago the captivating widow went East and it was freely predicted that the lovesick youth would soon follow her. To everybody's surprise, however, he has been looking anything but cast down and the other day he startled his set by being discovered making goo-goo eyes at a smart and pretty woman on this side of the bay, who is living apart from her husband. Oddly enough, she is at least four years older than the widow, but she carries this handicap in a far better way. This transference of attentions at such short notice to a woman who can go her rival a lot better in age and worldly experience is amusing society exceedingly. The young man is well liked and takes his gentle quizzing with cheerfulness and amiability.

The Baron as a Diplomat

Here is a story of the diplomatic way in which the Baron von Shroeder used to soothe his wife when she was irritated over his spending too much money:

"Baron," said she, "Don't you know that is *my* money?"

"Of course it is, my dear," he murmured, "but aren't you *my* Mamie?"

What could she say?

His Parthian Shot

One reason has just come to light for the bitterness displayed by D. M. Delmas in his excoriation of Baron Von Shroeder at the memorable San Rafael trial. It seems that on the morning of the argument the two men met, and the Baron said, "And so you, Mr. Delmas, are prosecuting me. I am extremely afraid for it takes a thief to catch a thief." Shortly afterwards the attorney went into court and made his noted "Go back to your Baroness" speech. Von Schroeder winced and in a stage whisper said, "Go back to *your* Baroness, Mr. Delmas."

The young Baron Alec von Shroeders are as happy as two turtle doves. They gave Californians just a peep at their bliss and now have gone back to Europe to remain a year. Baron "Alec" will then resign from the army and come to California to pass his life with his bride.

For over half a century "Jesse Moore" Whisky has held its supremacy as the best, purest and most palatable.

Luck of the Williams Heir

The birth of a son last week to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Williams Jr. has settled the disposition of the Williams estate. Had Tom Williams died without heirs his fortune would by the will of the late General Williams have gone to young Frank Johnson of San Rafael. General Williams provided in his will that only his direct descendants should inherit, and so widows of his sons and vice versa were to have nothing. The Williams baby cuts Johnson Jr. out of nearly four hundred thousand dollars, but as he has already that amount in his own right he is doing pretty well for a youngster.

Cupid's Cruel Work under the Palms

I advise all young women who are contemplating matrimony with South Sea islanders, whole or half caste, to read Louis Becke's tales of the tropic seas. If they are capable of drawing conclusions therefrom they may be saved many unpleasant repinings after the fatal knot is tied. Marriages with half-castes are quite the thing since Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines were added to our possessions. Generally these marriages have the white blood on the bridegroom's side and in that case it is only the offspring that suffer for the mixture of races. A short time ago an Oregon man, Albert Brazee, married one of the prettiest of the Filipino belles, Consuela Palma, the heiress of Judge Jose Palma, in his time a famed justice of Manila. This marriage promises to be one of the happy ones for it was a decided love match.

Rumors of Domestic Troubles

The rumors of another dark and fair alliance are not so rose-hued, and all sorts of things are whispered in the letters coming from Honolulu. It seems a pity that the Harry Macfarlanes' dream of love could not last. Some say it is another case of half-caste blood cropping out where least expected. In spite of the denials of Mrs. Dole, who but recently became the bride of General Dole of Honolulu, those who are close connected with her declare she and her husband have practically separated. There are various reasons assigned for the domestic trouble. One is said to be that the bride found

(Vineyard—Livermore Valley)
Are the choicest in the market
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upon her arrival in Honolulu the usual appendages to an Hawaiian household and objected to being confronted with so many seemingly little living likenesses of her bridegroom. Another story is that the Doles enlivened their bridal passage across the Pacific with wordy differences of opinion, the husband objecting to his young wife's high spirits on board ship.

How the Gay Widow got her Gift

The name Christmas mentioned this week in Eastern dispatches in connection with a scandal regarding the sale of the Danish West Indies, recalls a tale which stirred San Francisco some years ago. A lady of that name figured prominently in it. She was very beautiful and very brilliant. When she came here from the East she brought letters to some of our best people, among them the Lloyd Tevises, at whose house she became an honored guest. It was not very long, however, until society saw how the land lay between host and visitor. It took longer to open the eyes of the hostess to the true condition of affairs. The smart set was greatly amused with the comedy. Strained relations finally developed and rumors of a probable divorce between the man and his wife. One day a valuable Market street lot was hastily transferred from the man to the Eastern fair one in the guise of a registered "sale." Almost immediately after she had bagged the game she returned to Washington. The local wags dubbed the property "the Tevis Christmas gift."

Miss Guygirl—I thought her husband was considered so smart. He doesn't seem to know anything.

Miss Maygirl—Know anything! Why, dear girl, he doesn't even suspect anything.

Duplicating Our Beauties

Those who call Mrs. Edward Moore Robinson a duplicate of Lillian Russell—and that is one of the comparisons some of Mrs. Robinson's girly-girl admirers are making—are talking through their Easter confections. Mrs. Robinson's only resemblance to the airy fairy Lillian of comic opera fame is that both are blondes. Their coloring is similar; their features are very dissimilar. However there is a duplicate of Lillian Russell in San Francisco who, in all except inches, might successfully counterfeit the idol of New York. This is Mrs. Helen Walker Tay, who is considered by many to be an even nearer perfect type of blonde than is that lovely grass widow, Mrs. McCarthy. Mrs. Tay is beginning to go about a bit, by the way, and she is prettier than ever. Her mourning, no longer in the heavy crepe and veil stage, is marked by its simplicity and is immensely becoming. As was the usual thing before her husband's death, Mrs. Tay in her walks abroad is invariably chaperoned by her mother.

Does She, oh does She Touch Up?

Mrs. Robinson had not been in the glare of society's calcium for more than a day before the girls who were invited to meet her at luncheon and tea began to whisper that the golden hue of her hair was—well, not quite natural, that the tint was too even and unshaded and that she must use—whisper the word—a bleach. The fact is that Mrs. Robinson, like many Californian blondes, has always touched up her hair. It is a tradition at the Denman school, where she gleaned some of her sheaves of learning, that Ailene Ivers was the first Denman girl to bleach her hair. She came to school one day with her hair almost a peagreen shade, from misplaced confidence in peroxide. But she was always a blonde and when a little girl was a real towhead. She was always a beauty, too, and the gracious manner that charms all those who meet her nowadays is not assumed, but a natural gift.

Blondes in the Beauty Parade

In the local swim nearly every other woman seems to be a natural blonde. There are grades of fairness and occasional Titian heads, but the brilliant brunettes are too few and far between. There seems to be something about the Californian climate that produces the society blonde. Edith McBean, Therese and Ella Morgan, Edith Preston, Helen Hopkins-Taylor—they are but a cluster in society's cornucopia of blondes. Theodosia Cook, who has made such a hit in Washington, D. C., is a blonde with brown eyes, and the Van Dyke blonde, as that combination is called, is rare everywhere. In their time there were no more beautiful blondes in this part of the world than Miss Cook's mother, Mrs. McLean Martin, and the latter's sister, Mrs. Crittenden Thornton.

"Tarry thou till I come" is the message which the late Board of Health is sorry it received from Schmitz.

Theodore Wores Coming Home

A letter from Samoa announces the early homecoming of Theodore Wores, the artist, who has been working hard for months on south sea subjects. He spent much of his time time on the island of Savii, one of the Samoan group, which is practically unexplored and where the inhabitants still keep up their trivial customs. Oddly enough Marie Wells and Marie Oge, whose pictures he delighted to paint, sail today for Tahiti. Miss

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Oge will return on the next steamer but Miss Wells and her mother will continue their trip to Samoa and New Zealand.

Her Golden Spoon is Ready

Little Eugenie Hawes, whom I mentioned last week as one of the buds of next season, will be one of the richest in this season's garden of girls. She has in her possession now the largest portion left of the Horace Hawes estate which at one time was worth nearly a million dollars. Mrs. Hawes Sr. was most extravagant and went through with nearly four hundred thousand dollars. After the widow of Horace Jr. married "Jack" Schroeder they spent nearly a hundred thousand with lavish hand. Free spending runs in the family. Mrs. Jimmie Robinson, Eugenie's aunt, simply closed both eyes and seemingly spent her money as fast as she could. She is one of the most generous women in local society. She used to take young girls East with her on trips and pay all their expenses, and she gave dinners and luncheons without end. Now her husband is in a dying condition at Santa Barbara, and she has taken a house there. At present they live modestly on the small remnant of her fortune. Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps, another of Eugenie's aunts, is also very wealthy and spends her money without stint.

A belle of seven seasons ago was recently heard to call this year's buds "the worst lot of little stuck-ups' she ever saw.

To Welcome Admiral Evans

The naval officers stationed here are preparing to give Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans a warm and hearty welcome when he arrives. His stay will be extremely brief as he leaves for Yokohama April ninth, where he will succeed Rear Admiral Kempff, a junior in command of the United States fleet in Asiatic waters. Admiral Evans has been leading a very quiet life since acting as this Government's special representative to look after Prince Henry.

General Miles ought to remember the fate of the parrot that talked too much.

Gave a Matron Quite a Scare

Through the mistake of a badly muddled young man at a very well known Pine street family hotel, one of the best known matrons there passed a very wretched quarter-hour the other evening. Entering her rooms after dinner she turned on the light only to discover on her couch a well-known young business man who has for a long time been her constant admirer Realizing that to summon assistance would bring upon her innocent head most dubious reflections, she tried in vain to awaken the sleeper and have him go quietly away. Shakings and pleadings proved in vain. Then she did a wise thing. She slipped downstairs and sent word to her husband, who was in the billiard parlor, and told him of the awkward situation. A few minutes later the muddled and befuddled young man was bundled to quarters where he could do no harm if discovered. Since then he has been vainly trying to square matters with apologies.

The most delightfully blended whisky known to the human palate is "Jesse Moore"—the standard for over fifty years.

Alice Rix O'Leary's Lost Home

Alice O'Leary that is, Alice Rix that was, has lost her picturesque side-hill ranch in the Mendocino redwoods, not by a landslide, as her friends who had seen the property prophesied, but by a decision of Uncle Sam. The O'Learys stumbled on the ranch when on their honeymoon. It was then occupied by a shake-cutter named Hall, his wife and the brood of youngsters. The house is perched on a mountain side, encompassed by giant redwoods, and from the back yard there is a sheer drop of two miles down to the silvery Noyo. Hall had only "squatter title," but Mrs. O'Leary fell in love with the place and incontinently bought him out for four hundred and fifty dollars. Then her troubles began; also O'Leary's. The ranch is twenty lone miles from everywhere. While awaiting the arrival of a Chinese cook from the city, Mr. O'Leary undertook the cuisine and catering departments. He hunted deer and quail by day and if he was fortunate enough to bag game, in the dusk of the evening he cooked it and the family dined. If he wasn't—why, they picnicked in deviled ham and crackers. The night Ah Chin arrived a raccoon entered his room; next day he ran into a wildcat near the spring and resigned, remarking, so O'Leary says: "Me no likee. Too dlam muchee circus companlee!" The O'Learys stood the situation six weeks and succumbed. Later a woodchopper filed a contest in the Land office and a decision was rendered in his favor on the thirteenth.

Prompt to Defend Marie Zane

A bird of ill-omen certainly seems to roost near the Loughborough girls. Somehow everything they do or say gets twisted out of plumb. They are perhaps a bit bohemian for girls brought up in the thick of conventionality, but their wildest larks never even approach

The Standard for Over Half a Century
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the dangerous edge. They do things openly which other girls keep under cover. And now that pretty Marie Zane has made such a mess of matrimony people are underlining her cousinship to the Loughboroughs. "It's bred in the family bone," says Mrs. Grundy; "they all have the bohemian kink." Just why Marie Zane's affair should prove that her cousins are not the pink of propriety is the kind of logic that is brewed over the tea cups. It is true that the Loughborough girls have taken up the tongs for cousin Marie and brand her as showing proper spirit in getting a divorce right away instead of keeping the marriage certificate in cold storage for a year. "I'd do the same thing," said pretty Josie Loughborough, and the tabbies purred, "Of course you would!" which the initiated will appreciate is not the retort courteous.

Mystery of Gertie Carroll's Pearl

The gossips are wondering whether the magnificent pearl Gertie Carroll is wearing means more than meets the eye. It is a pearl that the Sultan of Sulu would be keen to add to his collection, and Mrs. Grundy insists that it is the gift of George Hall, who happened across the gem while junketing in the South Sea Islands. Those versed in Cupid's lore have long since paired off Miss Carroll and Mr. Hall, but the young people have never given these wiseacres a chance to say, "I told you so." If they are engaged they have kept their secret deep under the rose. The pearl is the first tangible proof the matchmakers have discovered. Miss Carroll has set her feet firmly in the path that runs at right angles with society. She has seriously taken up the study of French literature and is on intimate terms with German philosophy. Her French has a Parisian coating that even every-day wear does not tarnish. George Hall has a Johnny-on-the-spot pronunciation, absorbed during many years' residence in France.

Cowles' Forfeit to George Hall

If Hymen is trimming his torch for them there is reason to believe that the light will not go out as soon as it did in the Cowles-Zane fiasco. George Hall and Northrup Cowles have been "pals" for a long time, and after they "did" Europe last year a story was started to the effect that they had plighted their troth to eternal bachelordom and the first to break his vow must pay a forfeit known only to the two friends. This may account for the astonishment George Hall was surprised into when the Cowles-Zane marriage came over the wires. But he did not even quiver a carefully groomed eyelid at the news of the divorce. If that mysterious forfeit was ever paid it is not public property.

Eastward Flight of Circe

That sprightly little grass-widow, the co-respondent in the Northrup Cowles divorce case, is back in town after a delightful trip to Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles, and is preparing her fourteen trunks to return East at an early date. She is occupying spacious apartments in one of the leading hotels, and one of Northrup Cowles' swellest club friends is dancing devoted attendance upon her. He was a star in her cluster of ardent admirers before she went East last time to dazzle New York swelldom with her figure and charms. She purrs content and looks unutterable things over his avowals and pronounced attentions—and, as usual, simply allows him to pay her bills. Of all her artful traits that of adroitly getting her admirers to take a pride in paying her extravagant bills is certainly prominent. No wonder the very high official in the telephone company, within a week after meeting her, called her "Sugar Coated Circe." She laughed and when she went East dropped off at Chicago just to let him see her. With the usual sigh he muttered "Circe" again as he paid her tidy little hotel bill. The fact that the court forbade Northrup Cowles to marry again doesn't seem to bother her any, and she's going back to the only man who seems to have been successful in holding her fickle devotion for more time than it takes a rose to bloom and die.

DR. PARKER'S COUGH CURE
One dose will stop a cough, it never fails, try it, price 25c.

He: Wasn't it a bit daring to telephone me to come? Suppose your husband should suddenly return home?

She: He won't. He thought of one of his usually important engagements this evening, and he won't leave her till late.

Still Follows his Charmer

There is much curiosity being manifested about a manicure establishment that has been opened recently in Post street by a young woman well known in another establishment. She was discharged, owing to the too devoted attentions paid her by a well-known City Hall office-holder. She has furnished her parlors in lavish style, and her admirer drops in to see her at least once a day—at present. The matter wouldn't attract such widespread notice, except that the man has a wife and family occupying a handsome residence in the western addition.

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He Didn't Think It a French Farce

One of Oakland's society girls feels that it is impossible to cherish kindly feelings toward the tabbies of that town. A long, long time ago she had a little adventure. It was a very mild sort of incident with only a bit of risque, and would have been forgotten long ago if it had not been for the tabbies. Whenever this young woman laughs over the whisper line or takes a third glass of champagne, the tabbies begin to wag their tongues and tell that old, old story. It's a rattling good tale, too, and contains material for a bright Bisson farce. The scene could be laid in a smart French restaurant, in an upstairs apartment. Time, the lunch hour. Characters, an Oakland benedict, his handsome wife (slightly inclined to be jealous), and the society girl referred to. Scene I would show the benedict and the maiden lunching a deux. Entrance of waiter, breathlessly informing the lunchers of the arrival of "Madame votre femme" belowstairs. Consternation, hasty conference and departure of the lady convoyed by the waiter.

She Shot the Dumb Waiter

As the tabbies continue the tale, the benedict proceeded to finish his lunch. Presently appeared his wife, wrath in her eyes and voice. Received with a charming smile, she was somewhat shaken in her confidence, for she had come to the restaurant on what she thought was a sure tip.

"What! lunching *alone* upstairs?" was all she managed to say.

"Why not?"

And the whole incident would have closed without a jar had it not been that the young woman, in her hasty flight, had left her gloves on the chair and these could not be explained away. The wife investigated and found out the manner of the girl's escape. She had gone via the dumb waiter, through the kitchen. The servants below gave the whole thing away.

Sue—I wouldn't marry a man unless he knew me thoroughly.

Prue—They say Tom does, but I never heard of your engagement to him.

Earns his Living as a Mystery

The crowd of curious people that has been haunting a well-known local music store trying vainly to discover whether "Psycho, the musical wonder," is a man, an automaton, or a missing link, can easily solve the problem by slipping into the basement some half-hour before the "figure" is so carefully lifted by several burly assistants into his place before the piano. In a small dressing-room will be discovered a trim-looking chap of about thirty years carefully smearing enameline over his face to give it a waxlike appearance, and otherwise fixing himself up to look like the mysterious "Psycho." J. Howard Hill is his name. The Psycho act is his business, for which he receives a handsome sum weekly. The first time I ever saw him was in Chicago, where he attracted a lot of newspaper notice at the World's Fair by entering into a wager that he could stare steadfastly at an object for forty-eight hours without winking. He won. Thereafter he gave a number of exhibitions to show the marvelous manner in which he can keep his muscles motionless for hours at a time. Fix his limbs and body in any position and he will remain so till most people get tired of looking at him. It was this ability that led him to develop his peculiar "automaton acts," and "Psycho, the musical wonder," is one of them.

Ecstasy by the Pocketful

No more will anxious man have to go out between acts "to see a friend," or to break through "the line" on Market street to reach salvation. An Oakland man, James P. Mordant, is after a patent on a highly concentrated form of intoxicant. It is in the shape of a pill, and a man can carry an assortment of "braces, pick-me-ups and night-caps" in his vest pocket and rattle all kinds of stages of ecstasy with his keys and coin. These pills are said to be compressed whisky, treated something like hydrogen and other liquefactions described by learned chemists. The globules are easily dissolved in the mouth of the delighted user and cause a glow and ecstatic titillation to creep over him that is said to outstrip anything that comes over the bar. Inordinate use of them is said to make the earth bulge in spots and cause the universe to take on the same toppling aspect as seen through the bottom of a glass in the early morning hours. The new lozenges taken freely are likewise described as leaving the same dark brown taste in the mouth next day. Despite these trivial details the "regulars" will undoubtedly place James P. Mordant and his prize pills beside the bust of Bacchus and the other great "life savers" in the Hall of Eternal Fame.

William J. Bryan, who was the guest of honor at the smoker of the New York Press club recently, was elected an honorary member by a viva voce vote without a dissenting voice. In his easy, fluent way he created a hearty laugh, in acknowledging the compliment, by saying: "I can assure you, gentlemen, that I am glad to be at last unanimously elected to something and especially in New York."

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Latest Amusement of Society

This is the mi-saison when there are still enough people in town to keep up the round of dinners. The latest thing in the East is a fancy headdress dinner. And one of our indefatigable hostesses will very likely pioneer the fad out here at an early date. The Countess Cassini of the Russian Embassy gave one last week to twenty-two guests. The interesting young Countess was gowned in a conventional ball dress of white lace, but she wore a Francesca de Rimini cap consisting of pearls and diamonds. Some of the guests, among them Mrs. De Koven and Mrs. Chatfield Taylor, wore the powdered hair and patches of the colonial dame, but many tried more bizarre and original effects, ranging from the Egyptian to Chinese headgear and the local experiment would be more amusing, though less picturesque, if the guests wore characteristic headgear. Fancy Ned Greenway with a dancing pump perched on his pate; or Mr. Crockett with a bit of gaspipe; Frank Carolan in a headgear of marigolds; and Mrs. Henry Scott with a miniature matrimonial bureau on her head!

Miss Beulah George, who made such a decided hit at the last Pasmore concert, has been engaged to sing at the Orpheus club concert which will be given in Oakland next Friday evening. She will sing an "Ave Maria" by Abt, with the club, and as a solo number the "Bell Song" from "Lakme."

Family Skeletons in Will Contests

The contest over Winfield Jones' will goes to prove again how few of our rich men die and have their last testament carried out according to their desires. And how many family skeletons are unexpectedly brought to light in these contests! Take for instance George W. Gibbs, the iron man, a pillar of the church and for nearly half a century the main support of Grace Episcopal parish. No sooner was he laid away than a disputant arose in the person of a Mrs. Marie Louise Hastings whose children were mentioned in the deceased millionaire's will though she herself did not appear therein. A compromise was effected and what promised to be a rich scandal was averted by a settlement out of court. The will of Peter Donahue, the rich foundryman who left a comparatively small sum of his large estate to his widow and second wife, Mrs. Donahue, was successfully contested by her, the sums thus obtained going later to enrich her sister, Mrs. Eleanor Martin. Mrs. Annie Donahue's will was in turn threatened by her step-daughter, the Baroness Von Schroeder. The baroness however finally reconsidered that move. The will of her step-son, (brother of the Baroness), Mervyn Donahue, was successfully contested and broken by his wife, Mrs. Belle Wallace Donahue, now Mrs. Richard Sprague. The will of Charles Mayne, an old-time resident of San Francisco and member of the banking house of Belloc Freres, was a long time in the courts. The German cousins of the deceased capitalist contested the document, claiming he had been unduly influenced in the disposition of his estate by Mrs. Louise Barroilhet to whom he left the bulk of his wealth. During the controversy it came out that his true name was not Mayne but Merzbach. James G. Fair's will is among the countless others in point. All of which goes to show that heirs-at-law of Croesus think they can divide his wealth much better than he can devise it. This kind of contest has given California the name of being the greatest will-breaking State on earth.

Is She Blarneying Blingum?

Mrs. Andrew McCreery has acquired something beside wealth from her Irish husband, apparently, and that is the desire of being thought to have fallen captive to the people she meets which is so characteristic of that nation. Blarney, some call it; others call it taffy. However, the lady has convinced the Blingumites that the charm of their settlement has eclipsed Lake Como in her fancy and to them and San Franciscans the hope is held out of her return to become a house-holder next winter. I fear the expectations of both town and country are doomed to disappointment and that it will prove to be like what one British Admiral has so recently called the talk of another British Admiral—"gas, nothing but gas."

Conspicuous among the very wealthy people now quartered at the Palace are Captain de la Mar and the two sons of Copper King Clark of Montana. Captain de la Mar has his little daughter with him. His ex-wife, who was considered such a ravishing beauty, is living quietly abroad with her mother. With the young Clarks are their wives, both strikingly handsome women. Senator Clark's interests are becoming so great in the southwest that the chances are his sons will be frequent visitors here. They spend their time looking after his interests.

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OCULISTS' PRESCRIPTIONS FILLED

Ed. Stetson's Agricultural Trustfulness

Mr. Edward Gray Stetson, the lawyer, has a big marrowbone to pick with the agricultural department of the State University. He owns the Toyon ranch near San Rafael and his hobby is scientific farming. Being a Bostonian and a Harvard man to boot, Mr. Stetson, until a few short weeks ago, reposed a confidence serene—nay, unbounded—in all statements of a technical character emanating from a recognized institution of learning. In the old days, if a scientific sharp trailing Ph.D. after his name had casually mentioned in his hearing that they were grafting their watermelons on plum trees down at Palo Alto, Mr. Stetson would have instantly wired his foreman to raise all melons in future via the plum tree route—or root. Today, such an expert would be very fortunate if he escaped scathless.

Captured the Vegetable Marvel

It was called the Saghalien Polygonum—so the Agricultural College people wrote—after a desolate island off the coast of Kamschatka, where Russia keeps her convicts. It was the greatest, latest and most improved forage plant known to agricultural science. It would produce ninety tons of fodder to the acre! With infinite trouble and at great expense the State University had secured a very limited quantity of the seed of this hardy annual, to be distributed gratis among "advanced experimental agriculturalists" who would cherish and cluck over the polygonum, so to speak. Would Mr. Stetson try a little? Would he—and hay fourteen dollars a ton! Well—he scorched the wire telephoning, "Yes." They sent him a small packet and his mouth fairly watered for more. So he hied him to Berkeley and returned triumphant with enough polygonum seed in his valise to plant almost an acre. With the usual amount of ploughing the seed was deposited in the earth and then, and not till then, Mr. Stetson sat down—and waited for it to grow.

Polygonum Everywhere, but—

He did not have to wait long. The vegetable stranger from the frozen north appreciated Californian sunshine and seemed to realize that the time had come to show its capacity as a long-distance grower. "Jonah's gourd—pshaw! just watch me," said the polygonum, in dumb show, of course. And Stetson watched and marveled. When the plants were six feet high, but still growing, Stetson, his foreman and the ranch hands held a council. The polygonum had developed a thick woody stem almost as succulent as a telegraph-pole; but not quite. "We'll have to harvest her with an ax," remarked the foreman. At seven feet, with prospects of fuller returns later, Stetson introduced one of his Jerseys to the polygonum. The sedate bovine sniffed suspiciously at the long, green, banana-like fronds, but wouldn't bite. Stetson tried it on a band of assorted cows, a thoroughbred horse, six work horses, a pony, a mule, and finally in despair, on a goat—not an Angora, but a plain, every-day tomato can variety. None of them would look at the polygonum, much less eat it. He is striving now to convert it into hay, but as the leaves are difficult to cure and when cured crumble into an impalpable powder resembling buhach, and as none of the Toyon live stock can be induced to try this novel diet, his faith in scientific agriculture is gone forever.

Roused the Comment of the Teachers

Although the Teachers' Institute just concluded was singularly free from this plague of physical culturists, book agents, and others of that ilk, there was one proceeding which was decidedly unprofessional and should not have been allowed. Miss Jennie Long, a teacher of elocution, was billed for a lecture on the subject of reading, assisted by classes from the Hearst and Hawthorne schools. After an address to the teachers Miss Long called in a class from the Hearst school. The children were asked to repeat certain sounds and then to recite "The Brook and the Wave," which they did in a simple, unaffected manner. Miss Long then began to show up their deficiencies of tone, inflection and general style. After confusing them as much as possible by her questions, tone and manner, she dismissed them and called in the Hawthorne pupils. These took their places to a fancy march. They all knew where to stand, as Miss Long had previously worked out their places on the platform with chalk. She then repeated the vowel sounds herself and the children said them after her. Then she asked for "The Brook and The Wave," upon which they had evidently been carefully drilled, for the whole thing—questions, answers, inflection and all, were glib and ready.

Apparently it was Programmed

I am told that Mrs. Mann, the principal of the Hawthorne school, visited the Hearst in company with Miss Long who asked for a class to illustrate her method, Mrs. Mann remarking that one of *her* classes would not do because Miss Long had been drilling them beforehand. It was decidedly unfair to bring in a class which she had not drilled and "show them up" in comparison with one which she had tutored. The affair was evidently arranged for the glorification of Mrs. Mann and her school.

Lord Temple cigars are smoked by all clubmen who will take nothing but the best.

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Ambitious to Shine in Chorus

Mary Mann Haley, who has joined the Tivoli chorus with view of working her way to the higher operatic walks, has had a past that will offer her press agent good material to work upon. It is not a past to give ministers of the gospel material for denunciatory sermons against the stage, but it is sufficiently romantic for a page of a Sunday supplement. The first chapter would show Mary Mann as a schoolgirl, the daughter of two school principals. Then would come her experience with a young ladies' quartet, singing about in country towns and occasionally at a city concert. The first installment would end with her marriage.

Fled from Ironing to Music

Mr. Haley was not Mary Mann's first husband. She made a love match with a young farmer and temporarily forsook her musical studies for ranch life. But the humdrum existence did not agree with her. She was not very strong and among her duties was that of assisting in the family ironing. It proved too trying on her physique. When she could no longer stand the strain she went home to her mother. A season of rest in a sanitarium was followed by her legal separation. Once more she threw herself into her musical studies and in the course of time took unto herself her present husband.

She's the Only Beauty Left

Of the young women forming the quartet only one is still unmarried. Ivy Gardner made a romantic marriage with a Mr. Glassell from Los Angeles, member of a piano firm. Clara Heyman is now Mrs. Emanuel. Florence Doane, the most attractive of the quartet, shows no desire to change her state. She is a beautiful girl, a blonde, and her voice is one of the best under Mrs. Marriner-Campbell's tuition. Miss Doane has many times received good offers to go upon the stage, but she hates to leave home. The Bostonians made her very glowing terms but she declined them.

Opening of the Season in Burlingame

Though all the householders are not yet in summer quarters at Burlingame the season there is in full swing. Burlingamites are beginning to appreciate the fact that the early spring there is all that can be desired for frivols, health, and entertainment. This year festivities have been hastened by the visits of the Eastern contingent headed by the Whitelaw Reids, D. O. Mills, Mrs. A. B. McCreery and the smart quartet of the Burlingame club who are out here to have a polo brush with the local champions. As usual at Burlingame the outdor events have led in social affairs and the devotees of polo have started the ball with little luncheons and dances at the club house and various residences. Several quite formal affairs have been given by the Whitelaw Reids and Mrs. Francis Carolan. This week the latter gave an elaborate affair in honor of the opening of the new polo field. Messrs. Menzies, Dryborough and McCreery of London and Mr. Wheeler of Philadelphia have been doing conscientious training and are in great form for the forthcoming polo tussle. According to present arrangements there is likely to be a series of five polo matches lasting some ten days. With such an early and lively start the season at Burlingame promises to be a most successful one.

Cause of Her Uncontrollable Grief

A well known attorney recently boarded the city-bound train at Palo Alto. A station or two this side two ladies got in the same car with him. Evidently they were strangers to each other, but they happened to take the vacant seat in front of him. One lady was in deep mourning, the other in the prim attire of a spinster. After settling herself in the window seat the elder woman lifted her heavy veil and began to weep bitterly. She was in such evident distress that after a time the attorney, in sheer sympathy, felt impelled to lean forward and say, "Pardon me, madam, but I see that you are in trouble; is there anything that I can do to help you?" "Nothing," she sobbed, and buried her face in her handkerchief. Her grief was so pitiable that the man was shortly impelled to again proffer his services. "May I ask the nature of your trouble, madam?" he said.

"Oh, sir," she managed to say between sobs, "I've buried three husbands and my fourth is in the baggage-car yonder. I'm taking him to the cemetery to have him cremated."

At this recital the spinster gave way to a wave of uncontrollable grief. The sympathetic man in gentle amazement turned to console her. "Is your husband dead, too, madam?" he asked.

"No," she sobbed violently, "I'm crying be-be-cause I'm forty-five and I—I never had a hus-husband, while she's got hus-husbands to burn."

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Wooed by Its Original Love

One could almost have imagined it was an old time ladies' jinks at the Bohemian club on Wednesday night. It was strictly an ultra-bohemian gathering, society being there but knocking elbows at every step with Art, Music and Letters. If the Bohemian club ever goes back to its original idea and banishes the financial pall that has caused the old Owl to shed so many tears, it will be largely due to the visitors it occasionally admits within its portals. The red room, peopled with spirits of poet, musician and artist members of the past, has become nothing more than a dining and supper room for the smart set. The green room still withstands assaults upon its privacy. But it is the jinks room that I feel is going to be the salvation of the old Bohemia. On Wednesday night there were smart dames present in lovely gowns, a distinguished United States senator, several writers, artists and musicians. The beautiful Japanese color-prints received close inspection and none appeared more interested in them than Casals, the diminutive 'cellist with the fingers of genius, who came here as a member of Emma Nevada's concert company.

Alluring Beauties in Japanese Prints

The color-prints, by the way, are only interesting to those who have taken the pains to study up the subject. In this exhibit they are shown in all their grades of evolution. Most of them are of rare beauty. The proper way to enjoy these prints is to take them one at a time and not hurry in your inspection. The real esthete who owns a collection of Japanese prints does not cover his rooms with them. He places one on his wall and feasts his eyes on that for days, weeks or whatever time is necessary to absorb its beauty. Then he makes a change, and another print takes its place. During the World's Fair in Chicago, a great Buddhist lectured, and it was he who first told this country how to enjoy art as embodied in the Japanese color-print.

California Girls in London's Nobility

From London I hear that Princess Hatzfeldt, formerly Clara Huntington, is entertaining in lavish style and having her portrait made by the Marchioness of Granby. It is now pretty well understood that the show she made out here of a will contest, under Attorney Redding's direction, had the effect of increasing her million-dollar bequest under the will to a five million-dollar gift.

Viscountess Deerhurst, formerly Virginia Bonynge of California, the stepdaughter of Charles Bonynge, is also entertaining on a very liberal scale. She is devoted to her three children, a boy and two girls. The boy is busy in his second year, and, if he lives, will some day be the Earl of Coventry.

The rumor is again current that the Duke of Roxburghe is going to marry an American "millionairess," but whether either May Goelet or Pauline Astor will have him is a matter of speculation. These two heiresses are being very actively angled for by foreigners. The Earl of Pembroke is said to be particularly anxious to form an alliance between Miss Goelet and his son. Her aunt married Michael Herbedt, the earl's brother.

American Women at the Coronation

In discussing the American women who will occupy prominent positions at the coronation of a leading London society paper says that as a matter of fact only a small proportion of American peeresses among the hundreds of grandes dames will form King Edward's court on that occasion. Of the four American ladies who have worn or are wearing the strawberry leaves, the handsome widow of Lord William Beresford is conceded to be the most interesting personality. As a young girl she married the old and very wealthy Mr. Hammersley of New York. After he died she married the Duke of Marlborough. He added to her already immense fortune. After his demise she capped her social achievements by becoming the wife of Lord Beresford, whom people had always regarded as a confirmed bachelor. Their married life was short but ideally happy.

Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, was a noted belle of New Orleans in the fifties, and is still a good looking woman. The world has seen comparatively little of her since the death of her daughter, Lady Alice Montagu. The Dowager Duchess of Manchester was the pioneer of the many Anglo-American "alliances" which so interested society during the Victorian era, as she was the first American girl to marry an English peer.

Captured London with Her Beauty

The present Duchess of Manchester, Miss Zimmerman, has not yet made her debut in London. The picturesque and piquant Duchess of Marlborough, Miss Vanderbilt, is a very notable social figure with an individuality all her own. A beauty among the American peeresses is Lady Naylor-Leyland. As Jennie Chamberlain she made a great sensation. She is now a lovely young widow with a big son, who is a godson of King Edward. Another notable figure is Countess of Craven, whose parents are the wealthy Bradley-Martins of New York. The Countess of Essex, Miss Adele Grant, spends most of her time cultivating country hobbies and society sees little of her. Mrs. George Cornwallis West

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has the distinction of being the only American woman, who has ever renounced voluntarily a title she once held. New York was breathless with surprise when, as Lady Randolph Churchill, she sank her identity by marriage with a commoner and gave up her title for love. It is probable that she will be among the elect few invited to the coronation. Another American who will undoubtedly be singled out for that honor is Mrs. Arthur Paget.

Hunting Gullible Heiresses

Not only is a certain class of the English nobility taking advantage of the coronation to screw all it can out of foreigners in rental for town houses, but certain degenerate peers are not above using that event to barter their titles advantageously as the following advertisement in a leading London daily shows:

"An English peer of very old title is desirous of marrying at once a very wealthy lady—no objection to foreigner. Age and looks immaterial, but character must be irreproachable; either widow or spinster, not divorcee. A lady who is willing to purchase the rank of a peeress for $125,000 cash paid to her future husband, and has besides sufficient wealth left to keep up the rank of a peeress, will do well to communicate with the undersigned and arrange for a meeting. Any one who can bring about this desired arrangement by introducing me to a lady of the desired wealth will be handsomely reimbursed. Adress J. G. M. this office."

Making the Money Fly

Honolulu society has been very gay in the past few weeks. The return of Sam Parker and his bride, formerly Mrs. James Campbell, and Prince and Princess David Kawananakoa, set the Hawaiian capital all a-flutter. The old royal home at Pualeilani near Waikiki where once kings and queens reigned in barbaric joyousness is now the centre of gayety, for Prince David is lavishing thousands on entertainment. Princess Kawananakoa, Miss Abbie Campbell until her marriage a few weeks ago, has revived the glories of the monarchy. She drives in a magnificent coach, bearing the royal coat of arms, and with coachman and footman in the liveries of the Kalakauas—knickerbockered, silk-stockinged and slippered.

Shows She's a Democratic Princess

But withal the Princess is democratic, or rather neglectful of the dictates of fashion. Her intimate friend is Rosie Cunha, a half-white daughter of a Honolulu saloon keeper who stands all day in his shirt sleeves to wait on his customers, and who has amassed a half million dollars in selling rum to sons of missionaries. Her brother is "Fatty" Cunha, formerly at Yale and later at Stanford, and famous as a football and baseball player. "Fatty" is reading law, supposedly, but spends most of his hours on the beach at Waikiki where the subtle ginfizz is handy. Cunha and Prince David are chums and are usually together when the sensuous strains of the hula hula sound under the waving cocoa plumes in the moonlight, and the sinuous brown bodies of the soft Hawaiian maidens curve to the voluptuous airs.

The death of Albert Gerberding broke up one of the happiest households this side of heaven. The Gerberdings were a very devoted couple, and theirs was a true love-mating. They had but one child, a little girl, but by her former marriage with Mr. Bates Mrs. Gerberding had two sons. A picture of the younger boy was used as an illustration in his mother's juvenile book, "The Golden Chimney," that A. M. Robertson published a few months ago.

For over half a century "Jesse Moore" Whisky has held its supremacy as the best, purest and most palatable.

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Latest Test in Society

The controversy as to who is who in New York society has started telegraphed articles this way that are unfair to some of those concerned. The correspondent expressed no doubt as to the prominence of Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt, Mrs. Ogden Mills and Mrs. Clarence Mackay to be leaders anywhere, not alone on account of their birth, their beauty or their wealth, but endeavored to prove that their husbands are not up to the standards of the wives. Now the fact is that all three of the husbands are college graduates, thereby satisfying even Mrs. Astor's requirements of a gentleman. They are all men who have traveled the world over and possessing wealth have had every advantage. As to their birth, young Vanderbilt is the fifth in line of great wealth, his mother a most refined and lovely woman. Mills' father is as well known as any pioneer who came to California: in building up his own fortune he helped build up this State. He is recognized in New York as an upright, shrewd and conservative man and is one from whom any family might be proud to be descended or connected with. He married Miss Cunningham, a lady of the greatest refinement and charm of manner. Her old Scotch father was the most successful of real estate investors in the early days, owning the land where the Examiner building, the Grand and Palace hotels now stand, and also the holding where the present Mills building is located. She therefore was a great heiress even in those days. Young Mackay was educated at college abroad and is a hard-working, successful man whose parents are well known, respected and admired. Instead of decrying these three young men it would be hard to pick their equals in any society. California ought to be proud that it can claim two of them.

St. Dunstan's Opened

The beautiful apartment hotel at the corner of Van Ness avenue and Sutter street is formally opened for guests today, with nearly a full house. The unique features presented by the management appeal to those who enjoy elegance and home comfort without the cares and annoyances of housekeeping.

A. J. Morrison, son of Charles Morrison, the well-known newspaper man of the *Call's* local staff, was married at Halifax, N. S., with Miss Willette Kershaw of St. Louis, Mo., on February nineteenth. The young benedict is an actor of much promise and at present is leading man and stage manager of the Harkins company, one of the biggest road organizations in the northeast. His bride is a member of the same company. Morrison started out in this city at Morosco's, and after cutting his eye-teeth made for the other side of the Rockies. He supported Joe Murphy and acted as his stage manager for two seasons and enjoyed great popularity in the middle west. He has been highly praised for his rendition of Gavin in "The Little Minister."

Well Qualified for his High Task

F. Marion Crawford, who was selected by the Pope to write his biography, well deserves the honor. His novels on Roman life are acknowledged to be the most accurate pictures of Italy's social side that have ever been given to literature. George Eliot's "Romola" is the only work that can at all be compared with those of Crawford, though Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Eleanor" and Mrs. Voynich's "The Gadfly," are by many held to be their equals. Caine's "The Eternal City," and Marie Corelli's "Master Christian" do not rank the same from a literary point of view. Crawford has for years lived in Italy. He has a country place at Sorrento, the birthplace of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's heroine, "Agnes of Sorrento." His string of Roman novels deals with every phase of life in the Eternal City. The chronicles of the Saracinesca, the Corleone and Braccia, the Lauderdales, and others, have all the imprint of history. His earlier books, "Mr. Isaacs," "Dr. Claudius" and "The Roman Singer," though not such models of fine English as his later novels, are still among the most read works to be found in public libraries. His "In the Palace of the King," staged for Viola Allen, was more dramatic as a novel than as a play. He comes of a literary family, containing such members as Julia Ward Howe and her daughter, Maude Howe Elliott. Sam Ward, the most famous bon vivant and raconteur the United States ever produced, was his uncle.

"Mamie Ray got married yesterday."
"Really? Then she's an ex-Ray now."

Viva Cummins Doan is ill in New York, and so is her stepfather Philip Verrill Mighels. Mrs. Doan has been in rather poor health for some time past, and Mr. Mighels works far too hard. He and his clever wife, Ella Sterling Cummins Mighels, are expecting to be settled in their new Nevada home, the old residence of the Washoe Seeress, by spring.

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A Work of Restoration

What the McPhee Machine is doing to Beautify San Francisco

The restorations in Pompeii and Herculaneum are of less interest to San Franciscans than those the McPhee Company is making in our own city. It is true there is nothing of great antiquity here but some of our buildings sadly needed restoration, for all that. The way the McPhee Company has gone about its work is interesting, and deserves a place in the annals of "What Machinists and Machinery Have Accomplished in the Last Decade." The McPhee machine was constructed primarily for the cleaning, under contract, of the United States Mint, which contract was completed in 1901. Later the machine was changed and improved and since then the company has completed contracts for the restoring of the Nevada bank building, the Pacific Mutual Life building, Mutual Life and others, the approaches to the Hall of Records, City Hall and other public buildinggs. In the accompanying illustration the machine is shown in operation on the granite steps of the City Hall. The lighter portion shows where the steps have been cleaned.

The company is now at work on the Bank of California, and this restoration is drawing the attention especially of old-timers, many of whom since the work of restoring has begun say that at last they begin to recognize the building as the famous old bank of early days. One year ago the Bank of California contracted to have the building repaired, on account of defective stone which was chiseled out and cement filled in. The building was then coated with a solution that changed its color, which was originally a greenish gray Angel Island stone, to a dirty black. The native color of the stone is now being restored by this wonderful machine, which by the way is a sand blast and air compresser run by gasoline and gin. The force of the sand blast cuts away the dirt and leaves the surface of the building cleaner than when first erected.

The next move of the machine, after the completion of the Bank of California, will be to clean the Fair mausoleum in Holy Cross cemetery, after which the Starr King building in Geary street will be freed from its crust of dirt, also the Fair building in Montgomery street. The company pays especial attention to the cleaning of the granite steps of private residences, and among the first of these to receive attention will be that of J. B. Stetson, corner Van Ness avenue and Clay street.

Daniel McPhee is the president of the company bearing his name, and James Sutton is the secretary. They are general stone contractors, with mill yard and office located at Nineteenth and Harrison streets; telephone Blue 661. They are members of the Builders' Exchange, 40 New Montgomery street, Box 235, and have been in the contracting business in this city about ten years. Among the building contracts they have successfully carried to a finish were the Emma Spreckels building in Market street, the beautiful Claus Spreckels residence in Van Ness avenue, the magnificent home of the William Irwins at the corner of Washington and Laguna, the M. J. Keller building in Market street, the Stockton post-office, approaches to San Jose and Sacramento post-offices, the Bank of Woodland, Yolo county, and scores of others. They are now completing the Emerson building in Sutter street and the Minnie Shotwell building in Eddy street.

With the Money Makers

The Pacific States Mining and Investment Company is selling shares in the Costa Rica Petroleum and Coal Company, of which Colonel Charles L. Pierce is president, E. Hugg, secretary, and which has among its directors James G. Maguire, Baron Molitor of Berlin, and Ludwig Schunemann, a Hamburg banker. Dr. Ernest Henrici, a geologist of Costa Rica, says that there is not enough petroleum or coal in Costa Rica to warrant the incorporation of a large company with the capitalization of the Costa Rica Petroleum and Coal Company. Henrici has written the Cologne *Volkszeitung*, a leading German newspaper, denouncing the company as one impossible of gain for the investor. He says: "I warn every one not to purchase the shares of the Costa Rica Petroleum and Coal Company, incorporated in South Dakota. There exist indications of petroleum in Costa Rica, but not enough to warrant the incorporation of a large company for exploiting the same, nor is there enough coal to pay working except on a small scale." He says the corporation cannot be made to pay and that the enterprise is not a Government affair. To prove his sincerity Henrici sent the Cologne newspaper his certificate of shares in the company, valued at $5,000 on the face, to give away or throw away.

The daily papers of San Francisco contain the following advertisement: "News of the excitement in Costa Rica over the discovery of great deposits of coal and petroleum is confirmed by Consul-General Tinoco, who has returned from a visit of investigation. He is convinced that the future of his country both as a source of fuel supply and in the development of manufactures is now assured. As to the construction of either the Panama or the Nicaragua canal the Costa Rican coal and oil will play a prominent part. Consul-General Tinoco says the coal is both anthracite and bituminous, and has been declared equal to the famed bodies of Pennsylvania, while the petroleum near Old Harbor is plentiful and of the paraffine base so much sought after. So convinced was he of the importance of the discoveries that while in Costa Rica he associated himself with the brother of President Yglesias and other prominent men, and purchased large tracts of coal and oil properties under fifty years' concessions. These he transferred to the Costa Rica Petroleum and Coal Company. The Pacific States Mining and Investment Company is the fiscal agent of the new enterprise, and has for sale a limited number of shares at $1 each.

Hints to Investors

Prosperity has made money easy and investments hard to find, especially for the small or moderate investor, seeking a fair interest on his cash. The extraordinary premiums commanded by Government bonds, and the excessive demand for gilt-edged State, county and municipal loans have forced those without big resources to look for investments in sound industrial enterprises. It is almost impossible now to buy United States Government or State paper, or first railway liens, except at an exorbitant advance. Convertibility is a most valuable property in any form of capital, and the buyer of bonds must decide for himself how much he can sacrifice in convertibility, and what added percentage of yield will compensate therefor. The utility of an investment is measured by the degree of means by which it may be exchanged for an equivalent of current cash. In choosing investment securities all these points should be considered in the order named:

1. Legality of issue and proceedings precedent thereto.
2. Security of principal, including assurance of clear liens on fixed property sufficient at all times to liquidate the loan and ample to insure redemption at maturity. Sinking fund clauses and retirement options are to be considered under this head.
3. Security of the increment, including assurance of income sufficient to maintain the pledged proerty free from impairment; to meet all current and contingent liabilities; to pay the full interest on all the bonds; to provide an equitable sinking fund for redemptions, and to provide a reasonable surplus.
4. Convertibility of the bond into cash money without loss of value, or probably at a profit.
5. Net yield on the principal sum (being greater than the rate specified if the bond be bought at a discount, and less if bought at a premium), also bearing a certain relation to all the preceding points.
6. The corporate credit of the emitting body, the sagacity and ability of the mangement, the nature of the basic industry, the conditions likely to affect that industry, the geographical position of the pledged property, its relations to the community, etc.

Unique Way of Floating Stock

The Red Cloud Mining Company of Los Angeles advertises extensively to sell its stock at 50 cents a share. Its mines are in Riverside county. Its advertisements state that the stockholders are owners of a large number of "engines, boilers and other machinery, a drug store, harness rooms, one hundred and sixty acres of desert land, of which forty acres are closed in by a barbed wire fence, and used as a pasture for the company's mules, a cottage, bunk house, corral, horses, mule burros, stages and wagons, a spring of soft water, and five acres of a vegetable garden." Its advertisements, however, do not mention its ore but make it plain that the company "does not allow liquor, beer, gambling or dance houses on the grounds." The prospectus states: "Our miners are all intelligent and gentlemanly. Every one who has visited our mines has been favorably impressed with the class of miners we employ. They are quiet and peaceable." One might think that the Red Cloud Mining Company, which is trying to sell stock in San Francisco, was disposing of an interest in its employes, and not in its mines. The company is not paying dividends.

The American Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Comany of Philadelphia offers shares at $8 each, the par value of which it sets down as $10, and with which 25 per cent. scrip dividends go from each of six sub-companies. The companies say they con-

"It Suits Me"

are the three words that follow the first quaff of

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trol an invention of "selective" wireless telegraphy, which keeps wireless message from butting into one another. The advertisements of the company say the stock will soon be worth $1,000 a share. Don't be in a hurry to invest.

Giving California a Bad Name

The Diamond Oil Company of the McKittrick district sold about $75,000 worth of stock, and has quit. The investors all have their stock. The company was promoted by W. O. Hilbish. The Oil Land Company took a lease on the land of the Diamond, and has also quit working, apparently. The Oil Land Company also sold stock. R. Matthews of Wichita, Kansas, bought stock in the Diamond Company. A letter from Matthews dated March 11th, shows how California's fair fame is smutted. He writes: "Dickens said: 'America has 40,000,000 of people—mostly all fools.' My judgment is: California has some 10,000 oil companies—mostly composed of scoundrels."

The Sunset Mining Company, with an office in the Chronicle building, of which G. W. Rumble is the head, and which was exposed as a fraud in *Town Talk* last week, is now being sued by Reverend D. D. Smith, who says he put in $12,500, and has gotten nothing out, except the two per cent. a month which Rumble pays out of his victims' contributions. Rumble's motto is: "Your money back—at the rate of one-fiftieth of your investment each week, until I get ready to fly."

A strong upward movement in the stock market was checked by President Roosevelt's announcement that he would instruct the Attorney General to bring action against the Northern Securities Company. Wall street would have had a tremendous boom, if President Roosevelt has not been so pronounced.

Hawaiian Sugar Stocks

Prospects for sugar dividends during this year are not promising. Those who hold these stocks as income earners need not expect much in the next year or two. Onomea will probably resume paying dividends in April or May, and possibly Makaweli plantation may begin paying again in July. But no dividends from the others listed on the San Francisco Stock Board will be paid in 1902. A year ago seven of these Hawaiian sugar companies were paying dividends.

The sugar crop last year was 360,000 tons, and is expected to equal 400,000 tons this year. The crop is turning out very well, but higher rates for labor, lack of rain some months ago, and the reduction in sugar have forced the plantations from paying dividends. If Cuban sugar is granted a reduction in import duties to this country of from 20 to 25 per cent., it will not materially affect Hawaiian sugar, and Hawaiian planters look hopefully for Uncle Sam to grant this reduction, fearing that if no concession is made Cuba the agitation for annexation will begin.

A reign of economy in the management of Hawaiian plantations is begun. High salaries have been cut down, and economy in milling introduced. These changes will tend to put back these companies on a paying basis within a year or two.

Last week's feature on the Stock and Bond Exchange was the announcement of the sale of a seat in the Exchange at $20,000, George F. Bowman selling his membership to Frederick Knight, son of George A. Knight, the popular attorney. The selling price is considered an excellent figure by local financiers, and is an admirable illustration of the growing importance of San Francisco as a financial center.

—*The Financier*

To pose as a reformer in these degenerate days is to invite suspicion.

"She got a thousand dollar verdict for the kiss he gave her."
"Well, no man will ever kiss me that way for such a sum."

The **Pianola** is used for accompanying by Jean de Reszke, Nordica, Calve, Gadski, Bispham, and ***all*** the greatest singers.

The Pianola

The most marvelous musical device of the 20th century. With it anyone can play the piano. The **Pianola** gives you the technique, you supply **all** the expression;—therein lies the acknowledged superiority of the **Pianola.**

The following are among the great musicians who use and endorse the **Pianola:**

Paderewski—"It is perfection."
Josef Hofmann—"The Pianola is the best of all piano playing devices.
Emil Sauer, Emil Paur, Rosenthal, de Pachmann, etc., etc.

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28 O'Farrell Street *San Francisco*

ALMOST HUMAN

This is the Universal Report of All who see the Basket Making Machines of the Mergenthaler-Horton Basket Machine Company

ONE MACHINE DOES THE WORK OF TWELVE MEN

Hand Work Superseded and the Entire Fruit Basket Industry Controlled by These Marvelous Machines. The Stock of the Company Now Offered for Popular Subscription

What the cotton gin was to cotton growing, what the linotype was to typesetting, the basket making machine is to the fruit basket industry—a revelation and a revolution.

Two billions of baskets are required each year to market our berries, our grapes, our peaches and our other fruits.

These baskets are now all made by hand.

The total volume of fruit basket business at wholesale prices amounts annually to over eleven millions of dollars.

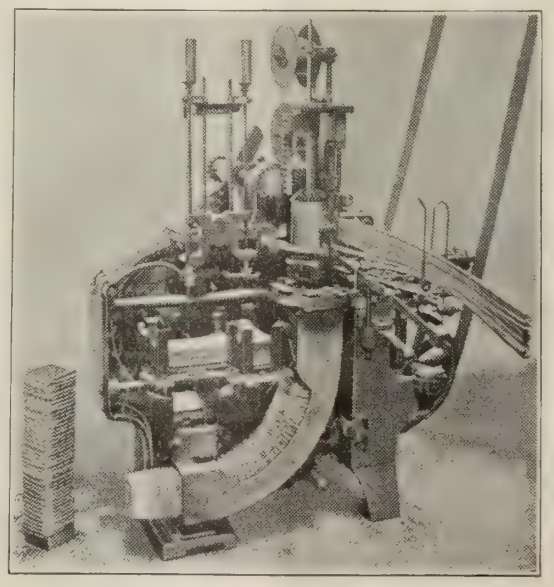
WHAT THE MACHINES SAVE

The yearly saving in labor in producing these baskets by the machines of this company, amounts to over two millions of dollars. Upon this substantial foundation the Mergenthaler-Horton Basket Machine Company builds and adds the profits now realized in the manufacture of these baskets by hand, amounting to nearly one and a half million per year.

To this sum can be added the saving in handling the raw material on a large scale, in round numbers three-quarters of a million dollars a year, making an estimated yearly profit of 40 per cent on its capital of ten millions.

STEADY INCREASE OF DEMAND

There are other justifiable additions to be made, because the demand for such baskets is increasing at the rate of 150,000,000 baskets per year in this country alone. Then there are great gains to be expected from providing an adequate supply of baskets to every fruit grower from the Atlantic to the Pacific by placing basket factories within convenient shipping distance of every fruit growing field. This will save the waste of fruit which occurs every year in many sections, and will add to the sum total of baskets used.



BERRY BASKET MACHINE
Present Capacity 12,000 Per Day

Then must be considered the inevitable increases of profit from administering this great business on a large scale and by having absolute control of it and of fruit growing enterprises which must use the baskets made by its machines.

But, putting aside every reasonable business gain to be derived from all sources except the one of saving of labor, the profits earned by the machines in making baskets to supply the present demand would be two millions of dollars, which go directly to the credit of the machine. These profits alone will pay 20 per cent. on the entire capital stock.

WHAT AN EYE-WITNESS SAYS

The following is an extract from the description of a gentleman who visited Painesville Ohio, and saw the machines make grape baskets:—

"FIFTY-ONE POSITIVE MOVEMENTS MADE WITH THE ACCURACY OF A CHRONOMETER, ALL WITHIN SIX SECONDS OF TIME, and all to turn out

a simple little grape basket.

"The floor space taken up by the machine may be sixty inches by thirty inches. Into the perpendicular receiver the girl operator piles a hundred basket bottoms, and into the other receivers she piles sides and binding strips. The machine is loaded with stock, the lever is pulled, and presto, a bottom is transferred from under the pile and carried to the form. It has hardly reached the form before a side is in place, which, in turn, is met by the inside and outside top strips and the bottom strip, all of which are met with the simultaneously self-made staples, securing the pieces as the basket is made up. Side after side is added, each one fitting accurately to its place and being at once clinched home by the staples. All these movements are going on, and as surely as the second hand of your watch gets through the sixth second, a complete basket drops on the floor.

"The reaching out and grasping of a bottom and drawing it into place, the meeting of the bottom, the strips, the sides and the driving home of the upper and lower staples, self-made from reels of suspended wire, was something in mechanical precision necessary to see in order to properly appreciate. To see the semi-oval basket change pivotal centers and revolve so as to present every part to the fixed blow of the staples was what a machinist might term a mechanical dream. And when the last staple was driven, completing the basket, an arm descended and discharged it upon the floor, and a new basket to undergo in its turn a course of manufacture instantly took its place.

"We saw a basket stopped in the middle of its manufacture, a fresh side put in place with the hand of the operator, and the machine go straight ahead.

"Like Goldsmith's Village Schoolmaster:—

"'As we gazed our wonder grew,
How one machine so many things could do.'

"To see that hand reach out, and with a perfect, universal, joint wristed movement pick up those veneer sides one after another and put them in place with absolute accuracy, was enough in the old days of Salem, to have sent the inventor to the stake for witchery."

The Mergenthaler-Horton Basket Machine Company has not bartered away the control of its great machines to any syndicate, but it offers to every one, with a surplus hundred dollars or five hundred dollars, the opportunity to become a member of the great popular syndicate which is furnishing the needed capital for this magnificent enterprise. Every share of the company's stock is a voting share. There is no preferred stock, no bonds, no debts. The entire capital is made up of common stock, and all who become stockholders will have a voice in the affairs of the company.

SALES OF STOCK

The present selling price of shares of the Mergenthaler-Horton Basket Machine Company is fifty cents a share (par value, $1.00, full paid and non-assessable). Sales of shares at this price will be closed without notice.

In sending remittances for subscription all checks, drafts or money orders should be drawn to the order of Charles R. Barlow, Treasurer, and mailed to any of the offices of the company named below.

The full operation of the machines can be seen by all who will call at any office of the company. Mutoscope pictures illustrating the actual making of baskets by these machines are shown at the offices, where it is obviously impracticable to set up and operate the machines themselves. This gives a perfect moving illustration from photographs and will charm any one who will call and see the wonderful work the machines do.

SWEEPING BASIC PATENTS

The patents secured on these machines are those of Emmett Horton, which have been combined with the patent of Ottmar Mergenthaler, the famous inventor of the great Linotype machine. These patents are all absolutely fundamental and make an unshakable foundation for the great industry which the machines control.

The experimental and testing work has all been finished.

Over thirty of the grape basket machines are in operation at Painesville, Ohio, and each machine has a capacity of four thousand grape baskets per day. Berry basket machines may be seen at Elmira, N. Y. These machines have a present capacity of twelve thousand quart berry baskets per day and Mr. Horton, the inventor, who is constantly at work on the machines, to which he has devoted his life, has just completed an improvement which will multiply the speed of this machine by four. This seems almost incredible, but would not be so regarded by any one who sees the machines in actual operation.

The list of patents on these machines follows:

530,048, Nov. 27th, 1894.	635,725, Oct. 24th, 1899.
578,876, March 16th, 1897.	635,726, Oct. 24th, 1899.
587,734, Aug. 10th, 1897.	666,755, Jan. 29th, 1901.
635,374, Oct. 24th, 1899.	680,149, Aug. 6th, 1901.
635,723, Oct. 24th, 1899.	680,726, Aug. 24th, 1901.
635,724, Oct. 24th, 1899.	690,322, Dec. 31st, 1901.

No machines will be sold or rented.

EIGHTEEN DOLLARS A DAY FROM EACH MACHINE

An easy calculation of the earning power of the machines of this company is shown by the fact that each machine is capable of turning out a product upon which the net profit exceeds eighteen dollars per day, and by running two hundred days only in the year each machine should net the company thirty-six hundred dollars per year.

EARLY ADVANCE IN PRICE

Without any attempt at inflated estimate of values it is a reasonable statement that the increase of the market price of the stock of the company will, within a few months, double the money of the investors at the low price of the present offering, and from this time onward to par and beyond is as certain as any business proposition can be. Indeed, it is by no means unlikely that the stock of this company will prove as great a sensational money earner as any of the stocks of the great concerns whose stockholders excite the envy of all who are less fortunate.

The fullest information will be given to all inquirers at any of the company's offices, and it is not to be forgotten that the subscription list at fifty cents for one dollar shares may be closed at any time without notice.

The Mergenthaler-Horton Basket Machine Company

President, H. H. WARNER Secretary, SIDNEY B. WHITLOCK Treasurer, CHARLES R. BARLOW

San Francisco Office, Room 507 Examiner Building

Executive Offices:
287 Broadway, New York

Chicago Office:
Continental Nat'l Bank Building

Boston Office:
Atlantic Nat'l Bank Building

Philadelphia Office:
Mutual Life Insurance Building

Cleveland Office:
New England Building

Pittsburgh Office:
Empire Building

Buffalo Office:
937 Ellicott Square

The Machinations of Madge

As betrayed by her letters

New York, Dec. 8th, 1901.

My Dearest Charles:

I am in receipt of your flattering letter of the 3d in which you ask me to be your wife. How cruel it seems, coming as it were on the eve of my marriage to the General. Why could you not have been less deliberate? It does seem as if I were always just a little too late for the good things of life. And it has been so from the very first—that night of our meeting at the Assembly Ball. You can recall it, I guess. You were, you remember, engaged for every dance. And now after three years of society, I am in exactly the same position as regards the dearest man in New York. If you did love me all these weeks, months and years, oh, why did you delay telling me so till now? I presume you have heard of the General. He is neither young, good-looking, nor brilliant. A more unattractive specimen of the genus homo couldn't be found. Yet I'm to marry him on the 1st. The next day we sail on the Celtic. If you care to reach me by mail—and that seems to be the only way you can reach me now—address Grand Hotel, Paris. Your regretful *Madge.*

New York, Dec. 10, 1901.

Dear General:

How I did long for you last night! Why did you not come out? To think, too, that I canceled a dozen engagements with the hope of seeing and being with you, my precious own! Don't ever say again I don't love you. You know that I do. My life is one long thought of you and the days are all too short for the thinking. How perfectly I recall your first words to me down upon the rocks at Newport. That was when you called me "little girl." I was so overcome by the perfect manner in which you won me that I lay awake all that night, thinking, thinking. How can you ever say that you are old? Why, you don't look a day over thirty and as far as actions, a boy of twenty-one couldn't be more buoyant and gay than you, my own sweet love! I got a letter the other day from that shallow-brained Charlie Galloway. He actually had the nerve to propose to me. Think of it, dear. I never was so bored in all my life. Plenty of assurance, I think, and his wife been dead but a year! I settled him. I wrote him that it was quite out of the question —quite! Oh, love of my heart, how can I bear your absence much longer?

Your devoted *Madge.*

P. S.—I heard today that Mr. Galloway was booked for Europe and by a curious coincidence sails the very day we do on the Celtic. How horrid!

Grand Hotel, Paris, Feb. 15, 1902.

Mamma Dear:

I did what you wanted me to and here I am! A more perfectly wretched young woman never did draw breath. I can't help thinking you were just a bit too calculating when you formulated this matrimonial scheme, and I don't see how we are to profit by it, anyhow.

The General is a well-meaning old curmudgeon, but not half so rich as we all hoped and believed he was. If I had only known the true state of his finances, I should never have sold myself as I did. Even at the risk of offending you, Mamma, I should have called the whole deal off. Oh, how he bores me! He is old and ugly and cranky and cross. Never mind, though, Mamma dear, there's a silver lining here as elsewhere—in this particular instance being Charlie. You remember that very handsome blond you were so opposed to my loving? He is here in Paris today. Don't say it's sinful! you have driven me to it. Charlie says existence is intolerable without me and he is here I guess to stay. Don't worry about me, Mamma dear, and above all don't pray for me. Your prayers won't count now, anyhow, the damage is done. *Madge.*

Paris, March 12, 1902.

Darling Mamma:

It isn't often that the wheel of chance turns just to our fancy but in my case it finally has. The General is dead. He succumbed last night to an attack of apoplexy after one of those horrible drunks. I find by his will he has left me more than I ever dreamed of—a cool million. Charlie is so sympathetic. He says I can have him when ever I chose to, the dear! I shall sail at once for home. For the looks of the thing will be in deepest black, but in my heart, Mamma dear—the mourning is over. Mamma, you're a trump. Here's a bumper to you—and Charlie. *Madge.*

"I bought my wife a parrot today," said the first club man.
"And why a parrot?"
"So as to save me the trouble of talking to her."

The stronger don't always win the battle, according to a good many married men.

Permanent Guests especially desired

MANHATTAN HOTEL
American Plan
MARKET, FELL AND POLK STREETS
OPPOSITE TENTH, SAN FRANCISCO
Telephone South 833
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1001 MARKET STREET
Finest Imported and Domestic Wines and Liquors
Corner Sixth St.
A Strictly First Class House

Techau Tavern...

The most artistic, best lighted and ventilated place of its kind in San Francisco. . . . . For luncheon, dinner or after theatre parties one may be sure of getting excellent service, choicest of oysters and all sort of refreshments. And while enjoying comfort and the artistic surroundings one is entertained by the strains of sweetest music, where Techau, the proprietor, is constantly in attendance to assure patrons satisfactory and prompt service as he always has done in former establishments conducted by him. . .

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine.
—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899*

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL RESORTS AND RESTAURANTS
WILLIAM WOLFF & CO., SAN FRANCISCO
PACIFIC COAST AGENTS

Easter Gowns Tell Their Secrets

"I've felt it in my feather-bones for a week," said the blue poplin, fidgeting uneasily on its hook.

"Sh!" cautioned the little velvet coatee, who was very good form.

"Hm!" sniffed the strawberry mousseline. "How do you suppose that hat, tied up there in a box and half smothered with tissue paper, is going to hear what the poplin says?"

"I knew Easter was coming," continued the poplin, "even before Celeste brought in the hat. I suppose—" But just then Celeste opened the closet door again, this time carrying a lovely berege colored gown, freighted with yards and yards of Russian lace. The maid moved the poplin back and hung the berege on its hook.

"Dear me," yawned the newcomer, "doesn't it seem good to stretch out! One gets so dreadfully cramped and mussed in those horrid boxes. I hope you don't mind my taking your hook"—this to the blue poplin. "You know we're related, so it's in the family, after all."

"Oh, I've got my family history down to a fine point," insisted the berege. "I forgot to introduce myself—'Samite' is my name. 'Looks something like poplin,' I heard a lady say, while I was still in the store. 'It's a modern edition of poplin,' the clerk answered. Poplin was the grandmother of samite!'"

"Is madame going to wear you on Easter morning?" timidly asked the gray crepe.

The samite shook its flounces disdainfully. "No, indeed! She's too swell to make a mistake like that. Only people who get their fashions from the Sunday supplements wear glad rags on Easter. The poplin may have a chance to make a 'positively farewell appearance' on that day."

"Oh, the rest of you needn't gloat over the poplin. Half of you will be relegated to Celeste's closet or thrown away to make room for all the new gowns the modiste who fashioned me is going to send Madame."

"You're good as new," complained a fluffy blue chiffon innumerable of ruffs and puffs, "but poor silly me, I've a scandalous tear in my train and all because a horrid man tried to kiss Madame at the Dolger ball. He was a married man too and ought to have known how to do it without pretty nearly tearing me off her back. But either Madame didn't want his caresses or she was afraid her husband might be near, for she drew back and he put his foot through my ruffle before he managed it. And then I thought he would scorch my shoulder straps when his lips happened to miss the dimple on her shoulder. I hope I'm not beyond repair."

"You're probably safe," said the spangle gown, in a hard metallic voice. "I'll be the first to go, though she only wore me once and that six months ago. It was the night her husband proposed to her. The old moneybags was terribly fluttered, but she was cold and pulseless. When he put his hands on her soft velvety arm I could feel her quiver with pain. He kissed her just once on the lips and when he left her, she bit them till a drop of blood fell on me just over her heart. She hates me, I know, for whenever Celeste suggests that she wear me, Madame shudders."

"Well, it's not your fault," said a pink velvet evening coat. "Personally I thought Madame never looked as stunning as that night. You remember I went in the carriage with you. The way you clung to her figure left nothing to the imagination. I remember I heard her mother say, 'If that gown doesn't fetch him, my love, nothing will.' It's base ingratitude for Madame to discard you after you helped her land the ogre."

"I should think that dowdy white organdie would be the first to go," whispered a mauve cloth.

"If they only knew!" thought the organdie. "She's Madame to them, but she's Miss Margaret to me. 'Margie,' he used to call her. She had me on the night he first met her, and after that she used to come and bury her sweet blushing face in my folds and tell me where they went and what he said. One evening she put me on and ran down to the end of the garden where he was waiting for Margie to ask her to marry him. But her mother wouldn't hear of it and one day Miss Margaret cried over me and said that he'd gone off to try to make a fortune big enough to win her mother's consent. At the end of the year she came to me again, but this time she didn't cry. 'He's dead,' she said, and laughed, but it was more horrible than tears. When she married the ogre I knew—"

Just then Celeste threw open the closet door to re-arrange Madame's clothes and the conversation abruptly ended.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS.

9, 11, 13, 15 BEALE STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Simply Delicious

Castle Malt Whiskey

With a little Siphon Soda or suitable Mineral Water

TRY IT!!

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

STAGE

At the Columbia

With the exception of the scenic features and the central figure, John Storm, the present production of "The Christian" at the Columbia is not so strong as the one originally presenting the play here. That was a road company, too, and the present one is the original New York cast minus Viola Allen. We have had other cases of road companies being better than the originals—the first "Shenandoah" production here, for instance. But E. J. Morgan is a great John Storm. One forgets the irrationality of such a character in his remarkable grasp of the main points in Storm's disposition. Morgan is a wonderfully intense actor. Except poor Teddy Henley I know of no actor I have ever seen who can match him in this quality. He clutches your sympathies as only an intense actor can. The only part of his impersonation that falls short of expectation is in that scene with Glory where John Storm sacrifices his life principles at the woman's kiss. Morgan's idea of this seems to me too much like an impressionist's painting. There is not enough of good red blood in it. It leaves too much to the auditor's imagination. Elsie Leslie, not in the least the Glory Quayle of Caine, is still very charming. As yet she is too artificial to impress, for she still has some of the one-two-three of the dramatic school clinging to her. But she is as pretty a creature as one would wish to see, graceful and lovable. Her intelligence gives her a fine conception of the role but her youth and inexperience seem to keep her from giving full expression to her idea of it.

Honors for a Californian

Caro Roma, who has been prima donna of an English opera company now for some seasons, had the honor of singing before the King in London recently. Three times Edward VII visited the theatre, the bills being "La Fille du Regiment," "Lucia" and "Somnambula." San Franciscans who were present report that Edward appeared greatly pleased with Roma's singing and in the amusing music lesson scene in the second act of the "Daughter," he laughed and applauded heartily. Roma has any number of valuable gifts she has received from royalty and others. One is a pin that Queen Victoria gave her. Another, her latest present, was from the members of the company of which she is prima. It is a brooch in the shape of a ROMA, the

EDWARD MORGAN
In "The Christian" at the Columbia

R formed of eighteen rubies, sixteen sapphires and twenty diamonds, the O of eighteen sapphires, the M of twenty-nine rubies and the A of twenty-seven emeralds. The OMA are embodied in the R.

Of the newest papers the Linen Bonds displayed by COOPER & Co are most effective.

Florence Roberts in "Zaza"

I know of no feminine stars who have been able to win and hold so many theatre-goers in this city as has Florence Roberts. Those who remember her Marguerite in Louis Morrison's

FLORENCE ROBERTS
Who has made a tremendous hit in the North and whose reappearance at the Alcazar in June is looked forward to with much interest

production of "Faust" and have since traced her dramatic career, from the heroine of "The Master of Ceremonies" through "The Country Girl" and other high comedies to her splendid portrayal of "Sapho," and have noted her constant gain in power and strength, are looking for her "Zaza" with more than interest. Miss Roberts has the power of refining any role she interprets and her Zaza is sure to be something quite different from that of Mrs. Leslie Carter. Miss Roberts has played the part through the northwest and has won the critics all along the line. The Tacoma *News* calls her "unquestionably one of the great actresses of the day," and further declares: "Through five long acts Miss Roberts rises to continuously greater heights in her dramatic art and not once is there the least suspicion of a false note or a suggestion of a failure to interpret the difficult theme. * * * Her acting is natural, refined, vivid, intense and thoroughly artistic." It is only a little over two months now before Miss Roberts' season begins at the Alcazar and "Zaza" will be her opening bill.

MAX HEINRICH.....

THE FAMOUS BASSO AND PIANIST

And MISS JULIA HEINRICH, Contralto

At SHERMAN AND CLAY HALL

Tuesday Night, Next, Richard Strauss "Enoch Arden" and Song Recital
Thursday Night, Next, "Evening of Song"
Saturday Matinee, Extraordinary Program to be announced.

Reserved Seats 75c., $1.00 and $1.50

At Sherman, Clay & Co's this morning and all next week

"Enoch Arden" Program at Unitarian Church, Oakland, Friday Night, April 4th.

Coming FANNIE BLOOMFIELD ZEISLER

Rialto Gossip from London

From London my correspondent writes me: Just now we are having a moral disturbance. There's to be a new opera syndicate backed by thousands of pounds which is to produce operas only on an operatic basis. They have been looking about for West End theatres. Each time ,however, when there have been papers to be signed there's thus far been a prima donna attached to the lease at the very last minute, and the capitalists have rebelled. They want a place where there is no "influence" behind the money part of it and where the company is free to engage its own sopranos. Things are desperate in the comic opera and musical comedy line as the dramas that draw are only patronized from the costume standpoint, to give Society a chance to copy the gorgeous raiment. The royal family are "doing" the theatres in great shape. It is nothing new, and scarcely worth a line in the papers, for the King to go to the play. Gillette has to move from the Lyceum to make room for Sir Henry Irving. "Sherlock Holmes" and Elliott's "Mice and Men" are the two big drawing cards still. Alice Neilsen's name does not yet appear in the list of Covent Garden artists; she may return home after Coronation.

San Francisco Agreed with London

A press despatch says that "in spite of its popularity in America 'The Girl from Maxim's' has utterly failed to be appreciated in London. Seldom has a play been so unmercifully criticised." It seems strange that such a piece as "The Girl from Maxim's" should have been permitted to cross the water with the idea of pleasing our English cousins. Unless the Londoners are much more coarse in their feelings than we are here anyone could have predicted a failure for "The Girl." In New York, where there is a large floating population eager to take in all shows good or bad, the worst things dramatic can have a go of several months. But the smaller cities wouldn't have "The Girl" at any price. In San Francisco it only ran a week and there were icicles all over the interior of the Columbia even during that brief run.

BARNEY BERNARD
The famous Hebrew Character Actor from Weber & Field's company to appear at Fischer's shortly

Now is the Time

Bring your friends from the East. If you have friends or relatives coming to California, write D. W. Hitchcock, general agent Union Pacific R. R., No. 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco, who will arrange to secure for them the following special low rates, beginning March 1st and continuing until April 30th:

From New York	$50 00
From Chicago	33 00
From Peoria	31 00
From St. Louis	30 00
From Kansas City, St. Joe, Omaha, Sioux City, and Council Bluffs	25 00

Correspondingly low rates from all Eastern cities.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Annie Kelly, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Annie Kelly deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, Andrew J. Gill at the offices of Lent and Humphrey, Rooms 167-168-169 Crocker Building, corner of Post and Market streets, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

ANDREW J. GILL
Administrator of the Estate of Annie Kelly, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco, March 29, 1902

LENT and HUMPHREY, Attorneys for Administrator

Argonaut
O. K.
Bourbon & Rye Whiskeys
Are the best on the market at any price
Every bottle, quarts, pints and half pints, is full measure

E. MARTIN & CO.
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54-56 First Street
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Dealers in Feathers, Dusters, Brooms, Carpet Sweepers, all Kinds of Brushes, Liquid and Paste Blacking.
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Sensational reports were sent out last week from St. Louis to the effect that Mrs. Fiske had met with a serious accident while playing at the Grand Opera House there. It was said that while she was appearing in "A Bit of Old Chelsea" a platform gave way and she was violently hurled to the stage, a distance varying in the accounts from eight to twenty feet. It was said that Mrs. Fiske struck upon her head and was stunned, that the audience was dismissed, and that she was removed to her hotel, where a physician announced that she would not be able to play for several days. This story was wholly a fabrication. No accident occurred.

Louis W. Buckley, who so successfully managed the late Fairyland carnival in San Francisco, is now arranging a street carnival for Bakersfield, to take place from May thirtieth to June tenth inclusive. While in some respects the carnival will be on the order of la fiesta, such as those given in California, otherwise it will be unique and original. Under the guardianship to Colonel Tim Spellacy, a well-known oil man, one entire block of ground opposite the court house will be devoted as an exposition and exhibition of the oil industry interests in Kern county. A well in complete operation, prospecting for oil, the latest appliances for showing the consumption of oil as a fuel, machinery, drilling for oil and other similar features of the industry, will be extensively shown on this tract of land.

So great has the success of "Foxy Grandpa" been at the Fourteenth street theatre, New York, that it is more than probable that Joseph Hart and his merry crew will shortly move into a Broadway theatre for the summer preparatory to a season at Manhattan Beach in July.

Joseph R. Grismer created the part of Judas in the much decried production of Clay M. Greene's "Nazareth" by the Lambs club recently. Mr. Grismer and William A. Brady control the rights of this spectacle.

Fred Belasco leaves for the East on the thirty-first for the purpose of meeting his partner, Sam Thall, in New York. They will secure new plays and people and will then return in time for the Florence Roberts season.

Attractions Next Week

Packed houses attest the appreciation of the public for the really magnificent productions Melbourne MacDowell and Florence Stone are giving at the Grand of the Sardou dramas. "La Tosca" this week is a great success. Next Monday evening "The Empress Theodora" will mark the third week of the Sardou plays. This play was produced here last year for the first time and was most enthusiastically received. It is one of the most picturesque of all the Sardou creations. The plot calls for the most sumptuous settings of any of Sardou's plays and Robert McGreer and his corps of scenic artists are working day and night on the scenery. The hippodrome scene will introduce the lions Nero and Juno from the Chutes.

Next week will be the sixth and last of "The Serenade" at the Tivoli. On Monday, April seventh, comes the Alice Neilsen opera, "The Fortune Teller," which was seen here with the soprano in the title role. This will be the first production at reasonable prices.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew will appear for the first time in several seasons at the Orpheum tomorrow afternoon, presenting their comedy success, "A Model Young Man," in which they have scored a great hit throughout the East and England. Homer Lind, operatic baritone, recently of the Metropolitan English grand opera company, will make his initial appearence in this city, with a strong supporting company, in a dramatization from the French, "Gringoire, the Street Singer," dialogue by Willard Holcomb, music by Julian Edwards. Two of Mr. Lind's solos, "I Do Not Care Who Makes the Laws So I Make the Verses" and "The Rhyme of the Razor," are said to be charming. The title role is that of a poet of the people, who sings his way into the heart of his lady love, and into the graces of King Louis XI. Fred Staher, banjo soloist, will also be hearrd here for the first time. Simon, Gardner & Co., Papinta, the Melani trio and Gorman and Keppler will vary their acts.

"The Christian" will go another week at the Columbia, the final performance to be given Sunday night, April sixth. E. S. Willard in his great production of "The Cardinal" comes next.

The success of "Little Christopher" has been so pronounced that it will be kept on for one more week. Extensive preparatins are being made for the coming great sensation at Fischer's, as on Monday night, April seventh, the famous Weber & Field's productions will be given a long season at this place of amusement. The entire original principals who are now playing "Fiddle-Dee-Dee" throughout the country have been secured to augment the present company, as has also Mr. Harry James, a well known leader, who for the past ten years has been identified with all of the Weber & Field plays. Among the newcomers are Maud Amber, a fine soprano who though a brunette is said to resumble Lillian Russell very closely in voice and manner; Kolb and Dill, who have Weber and Field's parts in all the road productions, and Barney Barnard, a comedian of the David Warfield order. There are also some new chorus girls, who have been imported expressly from Broadway, and who will surely make the chappies' heads whirl.

"Brother John," Martha Morton's successful comedy, will be the Alcazar's offering next week. George Osbourne will have the name part, that of a rich hatter who tries with his sister's smart life at Newport. For the week of April seventh a strong double bill is anounced when "Madame Butterfly," in conjunction with "The Great Unknown," will be presented with nearly the original cast. Juliet Crosby will play her old part, in which she scored such a hit last season. Posters anouncing the coming production of Charles Francis Bryant and Lotta Day Coleman's new play, "When the Heart Was Young," are to be seen about town.

"The Sleeping City," a drama of New York life, full of thrills, will be the Central's bill next week.

—*The Playgoer.*

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And change sad heart to gay,
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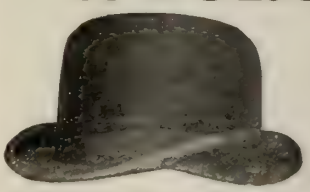

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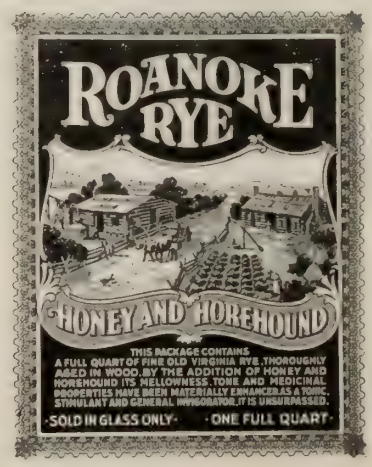

LETTERS

"The House with the Green Shutters"

From the endless stream of printed paper rushing from the overworked press one occasionally picks out a BOOK, and the day on which it happens is a day of rejoicing. The Book is not always a pretty tale of love and marriage, and the author is not always one whose name is known, but if there is meat and drink in his work it will make itself known and felt. "The House with the Green Shutters" would have been a notable production under any circumstances. For a first novel it is remarkable. We have been somewhat overburdened of late with stories of Scotch villagers, all douce and canny bodies, pious, sentimental and humorous. Their griefs and their joys have been set before us with such idealization that we have been hypnotized into a half-belief that Heaven and Thrums were but a short mile apart and the barefooted Scotch callant had but to show his face at the college at Edinboro', and prizes dropped into his hands like over-ripe plums. The minister has been set before us as the visible head of the church, and life has flowed on serenely to the end with few ups and no downs. We thought we knew our Scotch villagers as we know the humbler parts of our native towns, and we were content with our knowledge. Now comes George Douglas, and wakes us from our comfortable dozing. His Barbie is so diametrically different from the local ities of Barrie and Maclaren, that one could almost believe he had set himself the task of correcting the impression they have made by going to the other extreme and leaving us to come to a more correct vision by averaging both and finding the truth between them. It is difficult to determine which of the Gourlays, the father or the son, is really the centre of interest. Hero there is none, nor heroine, unless the dogged silence of mother and daughter be accounted heroism. The house with the green shutters is the visible, tangible sign of the prosperity of Gourlay the elder, and by its prominence and presence he flaunts his success in the faces of his neighbors. A hard, dull man, absolutely devoid of feeling, he has dominated the village and driven competitors from his field by sheer brute underbidding, even to the point of carrying goods for nothing until he has gained his point. Neat and methodical in all things, he has married a weak-minded slattern for the sake of her bit of dowry with which to enlarge his business, and the fly in his ointment in the years of his prosperity is the untidiness of his pretentious home. One can easily picture a community like Barbie, where the brighter wits and more progressive inhabitants seek fresh pastures, leaving at home only failures, the incompetents, the slow-witted and the sour-tempered. One can even imagine them taking their characteristics from Gourlay himself, just as children reflect their parents, and in time come to be their counterparts. Hating and fearing Gourlay, at the same time his neighbors had a sort of respect for him for the very brutality which brought him his success. Failure or downfall was never thought of with him. And it might never have come, could the old conditions have remained, but with the advent of the railroad, and the new methods of transacting business, quicker and shrewder brains soon undermine his monopoly. Then begins a dogged fight to hold on, but mere brute determination has no chance against the shrewder wit and natural business of a competitor, and little by little business falls off. Wild plunges and extravagant expenditures, many of them sheer bluff, help to eat into the fortune which has been supposed to be boundless. The family is kept in ignorance, and what hints they might have gleaned are set down to the surly ill-temper and natural fault-finding of Gourlay's disposition. The son, dull and weak by nature, spoiled by the foolish indulgence of his mother and the harshness of his father, has had what little he has learned literally thrashed into him. He is sent away to a high school in order to make as bold a front as others, and later, is sent to Edinborough to college, with a dim idea that an education can be bought like other commodities, and traded upon like any other invested capital. Hating books in any other form than that of silly novels, a taste inherited from the mother, the lad does little good. His natural inclination is to follow his father's business and what little preference he has is for home and familiar surroundings, yet abroad he must go and a scholar he must be at his father's command. Timid and nervous he yet swaggers and struts, on the strength of his father's supposed solidity. Possessed of nerves but without brains, with power to perceive but not to understand, and with an uncanny gift for "seeing pictures inside his head," and imagining all sorts of horrors, the young Gourlay, with the mind of a plowboy, set

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—AUCTION—

Grand Special Probate Sale. Choice properties of the estate of Joseph M. Wood, deceased. By order of the executrices. **Tuesday, April 1, 1902**

At our salesroom, 638 Market St. At 12 o'clock noon

Pacific Heights Residence Lots.

Nine lots on west side of Steiner st., between Vallejo and Green sts., and lot on south side Green, 110 feet west of Steiner; these lots command a magnificent unobstructed marine view and are surrounded by the finest residences in the city; graded and ready for building; only one block from Union or Fillmore st. cars; streets accepted by the city; large lots, 27:6x110.

Seventh-street Manufacturing Site.

East line 7th st., 120 feet south of Berry, being the northeast cor. 7th and Division sts.; this property is surrounded on all sides by the railway yards and tracks and is assured of a big future; lot 63:8x60:8½x102:6x45:10.

Pacific Heights Building Lot.

South line of Broadway, 103:1½ feet east of Steiner st; elegant lot surrounded on all sides by the finest residences in the city; only a few steps from the Fillmore-st. cars; large lot, 34:4½x127:8¼.

Seventeenth-street Building Lots.

South side 17th st., 189 feet east of Church; three choice lots, ready for building; flats erected on these lots would rent and sell readily; street bituminized; lots 25x100 feet each. Also South line 17th st., 289 feet east of Church st.; a choice lot, level; street bituminized; 27:6x100, more or less; 18-st. cars and Guerrero-st. cars handy. Also

Dorland-street Lot.

North line Dorland st., 114:1½ feet east of Church st.; a fine lot, ready for building and close to Mission High School; lot 24x157:6.

Union-street Business Lot.

South line of Union st., 195:6 west of Gough st.; a choice lot for flats and store; Union st. is the business street of this district; street work done; lot 25x137:6.

Mission Residence.

North line (3648) 19th st., 245 feet east Dolores st.; a two-story residence of 6 rooms and bath in the best part of the Mission warm belt; Guerrero, 18th or Valencia-st cars; street bituminized; lot 25x100 to rear of street.

Eighteenth-street Business Lot.

South line (Nos. 3619 and 3621) 18th st., 100 feet west of Guerrero st.; a fine key lot, close to the transfer corner, suitable for store and flats in front and flats in rear; if properly improved would pay big; present improvements old; street bituminized; extra large key lot, 30x213, with L 24x113.

Lombard-street Corner.

Southwest cor. Lombard and Buchanan sts.; a fine corner lot, suitable for store and flats; on "North Side boulevard"; lot 30x110.

Sanchez-street Corner.

Southeast cor. (Nos. 449, 451 and 453) Sanchez and Dorland sts.; improvements 3 cottages of 4 rooms each; rents $288 per annum; a fine corner in a growing neighborhood; lot 54:2x104 feet.

Van Ness-avenue Residence Lot.

East side of Van Ness ave., 12:18 feet north of Greenwich sts.; a grand lot on an elevation giving a magnificent unobstructed marine view of the bay, Golden Gate and Marin county hills; lot 35x294 feet, more or less.

Mission-street Business Lot.

Northwest cor. of Mission and Brooks sts., opposite Cortland ave.; a handsome sunny corner, level and ready for building; a fine site for stores and flats; Mission st. bituminized; corner lot, 40x85 feet. Also

Northeast cor. San Jose ave. and Brook st., at junction of Dolores st., a fine level lot on which small flats would pay well; corner 40x77.

Green-street Building Lot.

South line Green st., 137:6 feet east of Steiner; a splendid site for a home; elevated; marine view; only half a block from Fillmore-st. cars; lot 32:6x137:6 feet.

San Bruno Road Lots.

Lots Nos. 337, 339, 340, Gift Map No. 4; 3 lots on San Bruno road, a short distance beyond Cortland ave.; the electric cars pass the property; lots 25x70 feet each.

Subject to confirmation of Probate Court.

EASTON, ELDRIDGE & CO., 638 Market St.

to wrestle with abstractions of mental philosophy, manages to distort the remarks of a professor in that science to fit his own ideas and to encourage him to applying whisky as a stimulant to such wit as he has. The end is not far off. Expulsion from college sends him home on the eve of the final collapse of the family fortunes. A quarrel with his father leads to murder. Insanity is the next chapter in the gruesome history, and the mother and sister, left alone in their misery, each, unknown to the other, stricken with mortal disease, make an end to the tragedy. The history of the House with the Green Shutters closes consistently, with ruin and death. There is not a single pleasant character in the whole book, from cover to cover, though the baker shines ever so little by contrast with the rest of the inhabitants to whom we are introduced. He occasionally has a gleam of humanity. With the others of the "bodies," the one form of humor which they indulge in is what they themselves term "a slap in the face," a knife turned in a green wound. With their quicker wits and sharper tongues, they bait Gourlay, and their malicious spite is not lessened by his repressiveness and lack of words to pay them back in kind. All the inhabitants of Barbie may not have been such as these, but the provost, the deacon, and the other worthies who met at the head of the brae to gossip and shoot their prickly arrows, are typical of a class to be found in any community where every one's affairs are known to all the rest, and where generations of the same families hand down gossip as an inheritance. This is a book that calls for reading. It will not find its place amongst the dainty trifles of my lady's boudoir, nor on the shelf for juveniles. Those who like to spend their tears on the woes of Angelina and her three-hundred-page journey to the matrimonial altar with her Orlando had best be warned off. Good people who want something soothing, with a pretty ending, will find nothing here for them, but to those who like a meal of strong meat, it is here. It has all the strength of Zola, without his muck and mire. [McClure, Phillips & Co.]

—*The Bookworm*

The music to be rendered Easter by the solo and chorus choir of St. Dominic's church will be: Organ, sonata in D. minor, Guilmant; Asperges, Lejeal; Generali's mass in G; Alma Virgo, Hummel; Veni Creator, Monti; offertory, Exulta Sion, Hammerel; postlude, Finale Brilliante, Guilmant. Evening service: "Arm, Arm, Ye Brave," Handel; In Paradisum, Dubois; Veni Creator, Howe; offertory, Easter anthem, "Sing with All the Sons of Glory," Howe; O Salutaris, Palmer; Tantum Ergo, Wiegand; Laudate, "Blessing, Honor," Howe; Postlude, "Coronation," Meyerbeer. Members of the solo choir are Lillian L. Roeder, Eleanor Joseph, Ella V. McCloskey, Mrs. H. Clark; Messrs. F. Onslow, G. M. Long, Ernest George and W. C. Webb; James Hamilton Howe, organist and director.

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Among barbers improvement has been the watchword, and their leader, Mr. W. G. Seppich of the Russ House Antiseptic Barber Shop and Baths, at 217 Montgomery street, who it will be remembered is the originator of the antiseptic and license law for barbers of this State, has now introduced a new method of shaving without soap. It is antiseptic, clean and smooth; it will never burn or smart the skin. Shaving cups are no more used at the Russ House Antiseptic Barber Shop, where fifteen cents is the price of a shave. Altogether, fourteen artists are engaged in this establishment, likewise a manicure and chiropodist. Mr. Seppich takes great pride in his achievement and is glad to explain to all inquirers how his establishment is kept in antiseptic condition.

Mention Town Talk when getting a shave and you will be presented with a Pot of Cream Free

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ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY

For many years in San Francisco the name of Dames was one to conjure with in photography. It was San Francisco's loss when Mr. Dames departed to Oakland. There as well as here he at once took the lead. Today the firm of Dames and Arrowsmith, photographers, 1116 Washington street, Oakland, have one of the finest galleries and produce some of the most superior work in California. They excel in artistic posings and groupings, employing all the latest effects, and the results are simply perfect.

The well known Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra has re-opened for the Fourth Season, 1901-1902. To guarantee promptness, all engagements must be made at the Studio, 718 Post street. Telephone Polk 1575. School hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m

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Opening on Monday Night, April 7th

All the Original Principals

Night 25 and 50 cents Matinee Saturday and Sunday 25 cents

Children at Matinee 10 cents

MUSIC

The Heinrichs

After an absence of four years Max Heinrich, the famous basso and pianist, and his daughter Julia, whose beautiful contralto voice created such favorable comment here, will return and give three recitals at Sherman & Clay hall, next Tuesday and Thursday nights and Saturday afternoon. Heinrich, erstwhile a noted actor, will recite on Tuesday night Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" which has been given a musical setting by the celebrated Richard Strauss. The latter will be rendered at the piano by Julia Heinrich. The second portion of the program will consist of songs by Arthur Foote, Horatio Parker, Schumann and others. Thursday night's program, which was given here in full last week, will contain compositions of Schumann, Schubert, Lalo, Leo Delibes, Henschel, Goring Thomas, Emil Bruguiere, Mackenzie, Gounod, Dvorak, and Schubert. The final program to be given next Saturday afternoon will be announced later. Reserved seats, seventy-five cents, one dollar and one dollar and a half, are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Strauss "Enoch Arden"

Richard Strauss' Enoch Arden is a musical composition of novel conception. Strauss himself has called it "Melodrama for the Pianoforte." It is in reality a series of descriptive tone pictures knit together by the wording of Tennyson's poem. The themes are of a clearly defined melodic nature. The listener catches first the roar of the sea dashing spray against the cliff-lines of Enoch Arden's village. Even now surely may be heard the overwhelming sadness of Enoch's fate swelling out from the instrument at the first mention in the poem of Enoch's name. One catches also the charm and gentleness of Annie, first in daintily playful cadence, then more deeply, portentously, as loneliness and poverty press close about. Annie's dream has the sweep of harps lightly flashing as from a vague golden dawn; after Enoch's death tones melt into tones, rise and glow.

Elaborate Wedding Music

At the home wedding of Miss Florence Neustadter and Walter Stettheimer, the excellent music under the direction of Cantor E. J. Stark formed a part of the ceremony and added much to the impressiveness of the affair. The choir of the Temple Emanu-El was present and an orchestra of ten instruments, including a two-manual pedal organ, assisted in the musical portion. Cantor Stark had arranged and composed words and music to a wedding hymn for chorus with soprano and baritone solos. Miss Daisy Cohn's beautiful voice, in connection with her artistic rendition, was quite conspicuous in the solo parts, and the entire ensemble work was of a most effective and inspiring character. Cantor Stark essayed the baritone solo in his usual artistic and intelligent interpretation. Mr. W. A. Sabin presided at the organ.

(Continued on Page 32)

Mr. L. A. Klein, the popular secretary of the San Francisco Kennel club, is to be the kennel and field editor of *True Blue*, the new journal to be devoted to the interests of amateur sportsmen. Mr. Klein is well fitted to assume this office as there is nothing about kennel and field matters with which he is unfamiliar.

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Keep it, dear friend, and show it.
Show it to those who will lend an ear.
To the tale this trifle will tell,
Of Liberty—born of a patriot's dream;
Of a storm-cradled nation—that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ones,
And too much of a stranger, to borrow,
We issued today our "Promise to pay,"
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.
The days rolled on, and weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty still.
Coin was so scarce, the treasury quaked,
If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong indeed.
For our poverty—well, we discerned,
And this little check represents the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.
They knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet, as gold our soldiers received it;
It gazed in our eyes, with its promise to pay,
And every true soldier believed it.

But *our* boys thought little of price or pay,
Or of bills that were overdue;
We knew if it bought our bread today
'Twas the best our poor country could do.
Keep it, for it tells *all* our history over,
From the birth of the dream to its last,
Modest, and born of the angel Hope,
Like our hope of success—*it has passed.*

Music—Continued

With the Musicians

The evening of Chamber Music given by the Musicians' club on Thursday evening of last week packed the hall with a notably cultured and attentive audience, a large percentage being musicians, professional and amateur. The program was well chosen and given by picked musicians in a way that brought the evening's work up to a standard rarely excelled by any visiting organization that comes this way. In the quintet in E flat major, in Mozart's most characteristic vein, oboe, clarinet and horn were well sustained. Mr. Martinez was at the piano, his work running like a delicate undercurrent through the measures, never too prominent, yet always with precision and effect. Beethoven's exquisite serenade was adequately rendered by Messrs. Rodeman, Wismer and Fuhrer. Rodeman's flute rarely having been heard to better ad-

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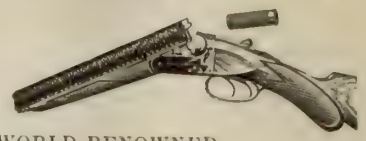

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vantage than in conjunction with Wismer's free bowing. Assisting the club was a new vocal organization, the Polyhymnia quartet, composed of Mrs. Brown Dexter, Miss Una Fairweather, Messrs. Aspland and Barnhart, accompanied by Messrs. Fickenscher and Sabin in love songs of Brahms, a succession of quartets, duets and solos in eighteen sections, with all Brahms' absence of the stereotyped and a tenderness and sentimental melodiousness not always dominant in a Brahms number. The closing trio for piano, violin and horn, also a Brahms number, was marred by the too strident horn.

For a Worthy Cause

Great preparations have been made for the production of "The Bohemian Girl" and the minstrel entertainment to be given for the benefit of St. Dominic's church, next Tuesday evening. The affair will take place at the Alhambra, and as it is for such a worthy cause, the theatre is sure to be crowded. The opera will be sung by members of St. Dominic's juvenile choir, and a band of well-trained boys will give the minstrel part after the old-time style.

The twenty-fourth anniversary of Unity Lodge, No. 27, A. O. U. W., will be commemorated by the members with an entertainment and dance, to be given next Tuesday evening, April first, in Elks' hall, 223 Sutter street. An admirable program has been arranged.

—*The Music Critic*

CHEERING THE CONTESTANT.

Husband: The doctor says if I keep up this eternal race for money I'll break down before I'm forty.

Wife: Never mind, dear; keep it up, for by that time we'll have enough put away to afford it. — *The Butler.*

AFTER THE DIVORCE.

Mr. Popps: When were the suspicions first aroused that he had married her for her money?

Mrs. Popps: When she had to pay the minister. —*The Footman.*

She: Very often a woman's face proves her fortune.

He: Yes; and how often a man's cheek is his.

WHEN SHE LOOKED HER BEST.

Loquacious Visitor: (who had been describing her trousseau): You ought to see me in my going-away gown.

Hostess: I wish I could.

—*The Maid.*

"I see the Boers have won another victory and taken the British by surprise."

"That's odd. I shouldn't think anything would surprise them now."

SAVING HER REPUTATION.

Mrs. Buzz: I don't see how Mrs. Gayly can afford to wear so many expensive tips on her hat.

Mrs. Fuzz: Why not? Her husband is a waiter in Drinkand's.

A NEWSPAPER NOTE

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HER VIEW OF MATRIMONY.

Maud (with a sigh): Matrimony is not what it is cracked up to be.

Flossie: Oh, Maud, how can you say such things? There's Tattie Coughdrop, who married last year. Now she's got a divorce, and I'm sure she couldn't have a lovelier sum in alimony if she'd prayed for it.

MADE SURE OF HIS RECORD.

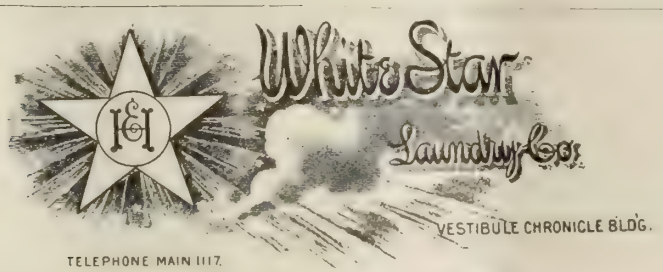
Careful Parent: Before I can give consent to your marriage with my daughter I must look up your record.

Suitor: Certain'y, sir; here is my bankbook.

Careful Parent (after a pause): Take her, my son, and be happy. Your record is splendid. —*The Chaperon.*

Lucy: Pa, why do they call a man henpecked?

Paterfamilias: Because his wife rules the roost.



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Hyman Marx, residing at 2672 Union Street, San Francisco, California
Albert Marx, residing at 2672 Union Street, San Francisco, California.

State of California }
City and County of San Francisco } ss.

On this third day of March in the year Nineteen Hundred and two, before me F. W. LAWLER, a Court Commissioner of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Hyman Marx and Albert Marx known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in said City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

F. W. LAWLER,
Court Commissioner of the City and County of San Francisco

JAMES L. NAGLE, Attorney for Marx & Fifield
No. 5470 Endorsed. Filed March 3, 1902.
ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of William Colgan, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Margret Johnston Administratrix of the estate of William Colgan deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Margret Johnston, Administratrix at the office of her attorney D. E. McKinlay, Room 61, Appraisers Building, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

MARGRET JOHNSTON
Administratrix of the Estate of William Colgan, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 1, 1902

Estate of Ellen Beggs deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator William F. Beggs at the offices of Lent and Humphrey, Rooms 167-168-169 Crocker Building, corner Post and Market streets, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

WILLIAM F. BEGGS
Administrator of the Estate of Ellen Beggs, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 1, 1902

Estate of Margaret A. Fitzpatrick, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Edward Leary, Administrator of the Estate of Margaret A. Fitzpatrick deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Edward Leary at the office of T. I. Fitzpatrick, 501 Hayward Building the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EDWARD LEARY,
Administrator of the Estate of Margaret A. Fitzpatrick, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 8, 1902.
T. I. Fitzpatrick, Attorney for Administrator
501 Hayward Building

Estate of Jacob F. Bros, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, Administrator of the estate of Jacob F. Bros, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at Room 79, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,
Administrator of the Estate of Jacob F. Bros, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco, March 22, 1902
FRANK McGOWAN, Attorney for Administrator.
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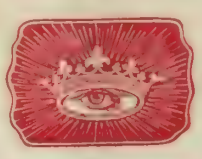
TRADE  MARK

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, April 5, 1902

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OUR OPINION

Watterson's Absurd Attack

Colonel Henry Watterson's appeal for reorganization at the biennial banquet of the Virginia Democratic Association was an entertaining after-dinner speech, delivered no doubt in the characteristically fervid style of that distinguished Southern gentleman. It sounded well after the pousse-cafe, but the average reader free from the mellow influences of a Washington banquet is impressed with the absurdities only of the Colonel's utterances. No sane American looks upon the present occupant of the White House as the Man on Horseback intent upon becoming a military dictator. The average job-chasing Democrat may be eager to denounce President Roosevelt as a menace to Republican institutions, but sincere and patriotic representatives of the party admire him as an American and have confidence in his loyalty to his country. We may object to the principles of the Republican party without questioning the sincerity of Roosevelt. Up to date he has done nothing to cause alarm. On the contrary, he has made it apparent that he is not in sympathy with the sharks that thrived during the administration of his predecessor. He has nullified imperialism by his stand for Cuba's right to free trade. His action against the Northern Securities Company was the most effective attack on the Trusts that has yet been made. His attitude toward Wall street clearly demonstrates that he is free from the malign influences that cast discredit on the Treasury Department under Secretary Gage. It was the habit of Mr. Gage to relieve stringency in the money market, from time to time, by buying Government bonds. As a consequence the Wall street manipulators, in anticipation of Gage's action, used to buy up big blocks of Federal bonds, whenever there were indications of higher money-rates, and then sold their holdings at outrageously high prices to the Secretary of the Treasury. President Roosevelt has decided to discontinue that practice. He believes that he can keep the sea of finance smooth by different and less suspicious methods. Indeed President Roosevelt has been doing many things contrary to custom, but they are not of a character to warrant such attacks as that made by the blatant Watterson.

About Hero Worship

The New York *Sun* asks, "Are our women growing in the matter of hero worship?" The question was suggested by the frenzied conduct of a mob of maudlin females on the occasion of a recent concert by Kubelik, the Bohemian musician. Women have been hero worshipers from time immemorial, and there has not been much change in the manifestation of their admiration. Neither have they evinced a tendency to seek new gods. All heroes look alike to the sentimental female. The woman that enthused over the warrior of yesterday may be found groveling at the feet of the fiddler of today. The women that raged over Kubelik are full-blooded sisters to those that wove garlands for David after his justly celebrated conquest of the biblical bully. The intense emotionalists of the skirted sex that laid hands on Paderewski, the tawny Pole, were fired by the same enthusiasts that moved a mob of quivering worshipers to plant fervid kisses on the ready lips of Hobson the sailor. The whole sex has a predilection for thrills, and merely seeks in the adoration of some particular figure a romantic contrast to the routine of every day life. They are frenzied with love for the favorite of the hour and it matters not whether he be talented musician, bold and dashing soldier, handsome actor or muscular prize-fighter, he appeals with equal strength to the emotionalists of the sex. There has been no evolution in the matter of hero worship. Women are no more susceptible to the influences of the exceptional man today than they were a thousand years ago, but perhaps the twentieth century woman is a trifle more demonstrative and bolder as a consequence of her greater independence.

Charms Must Not Be Fictitious

A decision renderd by the Supreme Court of Iowa the other day is fraught with warning to fair femininity. It is a decision which may go a long way toward discouraging suits for breach-of-promise, for if the Supreme Courts of other States should decide to follow the reasoning of Iowa's high tribunal then it would not be so easy for artful plaintiffs to recover judgment against their erstwhile wooers. It is no trick at all under our chivalrous code, as usually interpreted, for a dashing damsel or a demure maiden to obtain a verdict from the average sympathetic and impressionable jury, but if the law enunciated by the learned jurists of Iowa is to prevail then it will avail jilted maidens nothing to beguile susceptible jurors. The plaintiff in the Iowa suit was Jennie Amsler. Her recreant wooer was William Strong. William fell in love with Jennie's glorious, silken tresses. They were of a nut-brown shade and rippled luxuriantly over her shoulders. William's weakness was

pretty hair, and Jennie's gleaming strands entwined his heart. He wrote sonnets to her hair, and confessed naively that his fancy was caught in its ravishing tangles. One day in the ecstasy of his passion he proposed and was accepted. Pending the solemnization of his vows he regaled his friends with panegyrics on the beautiful nut-brown hair until one day a young woman—an envious one, no doubt—hearing William apostrophizing Jennie's bewitching locks, exclaimed nonchalantly: "Yes, Jennie has beautiful hair. And why shouldn't she, considering what she paid for it?" These remarks were of course innocently uttered, for the young woman was Jennie's bosom friend. But Iago never said anything that cut deeper into the heart of the jealous Moor. Straightway William visited Jennie and asked her bluntly if her hair was her own. Candid Jennie, unaccustomed to the equivocating methods of her sisters, confessed that the nut-brown hair was false. William stormed out of the room declaring the engagement off. Jennie sued for breach of promise and obtained a verdict from a kind-hearted jury with the assistance, no doubt, of her nut-brown hair. But the Supreme Court has set aside the verdict, and the gist of the decision is that the plaintiff's hair having won the defendant's heart, and the said hair not being indigenous to the scalp of the owner, the engagement was procured by false pretenses; verdict for defendant, and plaintiff assessed for costs. There is no doubt of the justice of the decision. It is seldom that weak man is won by the mental endowments only of a woman. Her physical charms usually appeal to him first. It is cruel and unjust to take advantage of his inability to penetrate the mysteries of her toilet. Marriage is, among other things, a contract, and neither party to it should be induced to enter into it by misrepresentation.

Literary Diet of the Young

One of the favorite discussions of the hour in literary periodicals is the question of what children read and what profit the libraries are to them. There seems to be an idea that books are like "pink pills," to be administered in doses, whether they are needed or not. It would seem as a corollary to all that has been written on the subject that what children most need is some sort of guidance on the right shelf. After they have read through a certain strata of juveniles they are at sea, and it is right here that the guiding intelligence of parents should take hold. Boys naturally like adventure, and having no one to point out to them the next step, they take to detective yarns, when they ought to be at Scott and Dumas, and would if they were not timid about attacking "big people's books." Girls gravitate to the Duchess and her style for the same reason. Children not only read the wrong kind of books, but they read altogether too much. The specializing of literature for children, though good in theory, has done infinite harm in practice. Not only have whole libraries been written down to what is supposed to be their intelligence, but a large number of the classics have been simplified or "Bowdlerized" for them. This, in plain English, usually means that the author has been eliminated and the story re-written so that it is only a story. There seems to be a general fear that the modern child will be discouraged by the sight of a solid page. It must be broken up by paragraphs and conversations, and made entertaining. It must be put into such shape that it can be hurried through with and the book returned to the library for exchange. This kind of thing is quite in keeping with the surface scratching of modern educational methods. There is no time to settle down to anything, but the child must learn to take a hasty snatch and run. A prominent educational journal, in one of its recent numbers, devoted space to the exposition of a method for working out problems involving board measure. In the course of the explanation it was naively remarked that "if the children have forgotten that they raise tenths to hundredths by multiplying both terms of their fraction by ten," "if they have forgotten that two-fourths or four-eighths equal one-half," etc., they should be reminded. There it is. If they are unaware of such simple and obvious facts it is because they never knew them. They have never learned that two and two make four, and they have no business, or rather educators have no business, to be dragging them through problems in board measure by main strength. Attempt less and do more. Babies in the receiving classes are stuffed with "Hiawatha" and expected to understand it. Literature, so-called, is fed pretty much after the manner that the famous Squeers administered treacle and brimstone, and children are as apt to be fond of one as the other. It is an over-true picture which Kipling painted, when "Black Sheep," having learned through many tribulations, to stammer through his first reader, laid the book aside with the resolution that he would never read any more. The modern fashion of "studying authors" is enough to discourage any one, and small wonder there will be if children go wide to avoid any book or writer mentioned in school. Gerald Stanley Lee says the modern idea seems to be that if the average child cannot be taught a classic, he must be choked with it. The same remark is to be applied to reading. Instead of letting the child grow up to books, and read as naturally as he eats or plays, because he wants to do it, he is made to read. If he cannot take the book as a whole, it is condensed and boiled down, and administered in tinctures, extracts and capsules. Instead of the mind growing to the book, the book is fitted to the mind. Libraries do as much harm as good to children, and in the way that they are permitted to devour fiction without guidance, they might as well be turned loose in a druggist's laboratory, with permission to taste and handle in the same free style. Children are not apt to suffer by free access to expurgated editions of the classics. It is the exceptional one who is precocious enough to understand even the plainest statements, and they are more than apt to drop the subtleties as stupid. They are injured by the weak draughts of "children's editions," and by the wretched style of the books that are put into

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their hands as unobjectionable because they are the products of some ministerial hack writer, or are published by some religious house. One pernicious form of children's literature is the "Children's Page." It is not necessary to enter into any description of its style or contents, since any one with curiosity enough to investigate the subject has the material close at hand. One result of this department has been to crowd out of existence the many excellent juvenile monthlies which were a delight and a real help to the last generation of children. Another, and a very grave consideration, is that we have now a generation of newspaper reading children. They begin with the children's page, but they do not end there. Week by week they extend their researches, until they are eager to devour the scandals of society and the sensations of crime. At a very early age they become initiated, and they demand their spiced diet. Children read too much in quantity, and of the wrong quality. They have access to too much print, and what they need is to learn to digest more of what they read, not to read more. One book in a week is ample literary diet in addition to school work. One a month is better still.

The Saunterer

Poniatowski of Saumur

Under the constitution of the University Club a man is not eligible to membership who is not possessed of the qualification which Mrs. Astor declares to be essential to all who desire to become gentlemen. But I have begun to think that, perhaps, Mrs. Astor is not so exacting as people have been led to believe. This thought suggests itself by reason of the fact that I have learned that the University Club places a very liberal construction on the term, "college education." Looking over the catalogue of this gentlemanly club the other day, I came across the name of Prince Poniatowski, than whom there is no more high-toned gentleman from Dan to Beersheba. The university from which he is accredited, according to the catalogue, is located in the town of Saumur in France. I had never heard of that institution, but upon learning that the Prince had been educated there, my curiosity was aroused. Being aware of the Prince's high attainments in the science of finance, I thought that perhaps the old world college of Saumur was an institution devoted to the training of men in the fine art of organizing syndicates. I consulted the Columbian Cyclopedia, and much to my surprise, learned that the Ecole Militaire de Cavalerie of Saumur makes no pretensions to promoting mental culture.

A Noble Smithy

The specialty of this old world institution is horsemanship. But it is an historical school, and one from which any cultured gentleman should be proud of having graduated. Its diploma proclaims the fact that a graduate of that school is skilled not only in horsemanship, but also in the art of shoeing a horse or making a saddle. And I doubt whether there is another member of the University Club who is possessed of those accomplishments. The Militaire de Cavalerie was founded in 1825. It was organized for the purpose of training non-commissioned officers for the French army with a view of having the best methods of riding, saddle-making and shoeing introduced into the cavalry regiments to which graduates were assigned. The classics are tabu at Saumur, but having taken the course there a man should have no trouble in becoming an expert polo player, and that is one of the highest accomplishments of Mrs. Astor's school of gentlemen.

The Club's High Standard

But according to the constitution of the University Club no person is eligible to membership who has not spent at least two years in a college of recognized standards. I have been informed that the course at Saumur is taken in one year. So the probability is that the case of Prince Poniatowski is an exceptional one, and that he was admitted because of his exceptional accomplishments. Such is my conviction, for I know that a few years ago, a very popular member of the Pacific-Union Club was rejected by the University Club because it was thought that Santa Clara college of which he was a graduate was not entitled to rank among the high-grade institutions of learning. I believe this view has been changed since, but I refer to the incident by way of evidence of the altitude of the club's directors. Having admitted the Prince on his Saumur diploma it is evident that mental culture is no longer the touchstone of eligibility at the University Club. You cannot become a member unless you have Astorfied as a gentleman, but you are thrice welcome if you are a Prince and a rider.

To Abandon the Stage

Miss Frances Joliffe has decided to retire from the stage, and the Joliffes of San Francisco are jubilant. Miss Frances has not been disillusioned. She has had no unpleasant experience before the footlights, and she has had no occasion to regret her determination of a few years ago to carve out a theatrical career. But she could no longer stand the pressure of home influence. Her histrionic ambition was distressing to her relatives, and they sought in every way to dissuade her from going on the stage. But she refused to be sidetracked. When it was publicly anounced that she intended to ornament the drama there was great surprise in local social circles.

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THE WORLD OVER

Her Brief Career

Her sisters had made such good matches that everybody wondered why she had not been inspired to emulate them. In view of the family connections that had been established, it looked easy for Frances, but the prospect was somewhat vague and being a girl of considerable independence she resolved to make her own living. For a short while she played small parts at the Alcazar, just for experience, and later on she joined Madame Modjeska's company. She has toured through the East and has met with some measure of success. From the talent she has displayed there is no doubt that she could maintain the independence of bachelorhood for life on the stage, but she has heeded the pleadings of her sisters. She is now living with some friends in New York but will return home in a month or two. There will be great rejoicing in Pacific avenue over the return of the prodigal sister.

Greene and His Play

Judging from the storm of protests that startled the members of the Lambs' Club in New York when they produced Clay Greene's Passion Play, the probability is that the playwright will change his mind about utilizing his Santa Clara college inspiration for commercial purposes. It was unfortunate that Greene was ever persuaded by manager Brady and actor Grismer to put his Passion Play on the road. He wrote that play for the Jesuit Fathers of Santa Clara, and he was originally imbued with the idea that it should never be produced outside of the walls of the college where the inspiration came to him, and in the propitious atmosphere of which he did his noble work. It was the hope of his friends that the play would become identified with the religious institution and attract thither annual pilgrimages. But the astute Brady and the mercenary Grismer, keenly alive to the possible capacity of the play as a money maker, prevailed upon the author to produce it on the professional stage, and the presentation by the Lambs' Club last week was in the nature of a "feeler."

Morse's Suicide

The only objection that the church has to the Passion Play is that when it is used for commercial purposes it is likely to soon become a travesty on the episodes in the life of Christ. It is repugnant to religious people with a fine sense of delicacy that the dramatization of the story of the life of Christ should be used to stimulate the flow of coin into the coffers of people who, perhaps, may have little sympathy with the theme, and who would not hesitate to have the most sacred characters impersonated by persons of unsavory reputation. But a Passion Play produced as was "Nazareth" at Santa Clara college is more effective than a thousand sermons. Salmi Morse wrote his Passion Play for gain, and he went to a suicide's grave. And so strong was the feeling of resentment that the production of his play aroused, that it was suggested that his suicide was the result of remorse.

That Gracie Shain Story

A few weeks ago the dailies told the story of the marriage of Gracie Shain in the East, and of her recently achieved success in Broadway. I am reluctant to spoil a good story, and in this instance to do so is very unpleasant, for I am always ready to enthuse over the accession of Californian girls to the heights of fame and to rejoice over their attainment of happiness. But in the case of Gracie Shain there is no need of painting fanciful pictures of her achievements either theatrically or matrimonially. The erstwhile society girl and Tivoli chorus favorite is bound to strike "pay dirt" some day, and it is not extraordinary that she should meet with reverses. She has talent, beauty and a bewitching manner, and I am confident that she is destined to charm the chappies of Broadway before she is much older.

He is a Gentleman of Leisure

But the fact is that she has not yet begun to push Lillian Russell for first place honors. She is not threatening to come under the wire with Edna May. True, she did rise above the chorus in "The Telephone Girl" company, but that was a road show and the part was a small one. And it was while with that company that she found a husband. True it is, too, that he is a member of a good family, but unfortunately he is not a first quality member. He is a gentleman of leisure and scorns work. His parents were willing to support him in idleness, but unwilling to support a daughter-in-law too. They particularly draw the line at a stage divinity. Now it happens that Gracie Shain, like a good and dutiful daughter, is supporting her mother, and she has found it too much of a task to assume the burden of a gentleman of leisure. She is now a member of the chorus of "The Belle of Broadway," and the salary is not large enough to warrant indulgence in luxuries. Latest accounts are to the effect that Gracie has wearied of her matrimonial experience, brief though it has been.

She is a Smuggler

Smuggling is a fine art in this country. One does not have to go into criminal circles to find that a person may be regularly employed as a smuggler and yet be regarded with respect. A Californian writing to me from New York states that some days ago he met a very charming woman at the home of a friend, and that after a few minutes' conversation he learned that she was employed at a high salary by the most fashionable and celebrated ladies' tailor in America. Her duties consist in accompanying, periodically, a buyer employed by the house, to Paris, and returning with high-priced gowns and millinery goods which she represents to be her wearing apparel, and thereby evading the customs' duty. She stated that she never had any difficulty in landing the goods. She merely represented that she had worn them, and she generally arranged them in such a manner as to give them the appearance of having been worn. She related that a gown had been sold that week for nine hundred and twenty-five dollars which she had smuggled into New York. It was purchased in Paris for three hundred dollars.

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Cortelyou a Genius

It is rumored in Washington that there is likelihood of George B. Cortelyou being promoted by the President to a fine Federal position. I am of the opinion that President Roosevelt is too shrewd to part with the services of George B. Cortelyou. It would be no easy matter for the President to find a worthy successor to his suave and popular secretary. It was during the illness of Mrs. McKinley in this city that the name of Cortelyou became familiar to the people of the United States. But the people, officials and newspaper correspondents of Washington had known him for a long time. They have long recognized him as a genius in his capacity as secretary to the Chief Executive of the Nation. He is peculiarly adapted by nature for the position which he holds. It is his duty to act as a buffer for the President, and he never loses his head and never says or does the wrong thing. He is constantly in the lime light of publicity and he meets, every day, public men of all grades, and to everybody he is uniformly courteous. Though the incarnation of loyalty to his chief, he is the friend of correspondents whose newspapers are the implacable foes of the Administration. He knows how to differentiate the newspaperman and the paper he represents.

His Duties

Mr. Cortelyou was a stenographer in the Post-office Department when President McKinley selected him for his assistant secretary. He could not have picked a man better qualified for the trying duties of the office. As the assistant to John Addison Porter, who, by the way, was unfitted for the position of secretary, he looked after all the public business of the Executive and had complete charge of his private affairs, too. He has proved himself equal to every emergency, and when Roosevelt succeeded Mr. McKinley, the new President was quick to appreciate the value of Cortelyou's guidance and advice. Only the other day the newspaper fraternity hailed with delight the new rule at the White House to the effect that in future Mr. Cortelyou shall give out the news of Cabinet meetings, obviating the necessity of running after each member to beg for just a few hints. Cortelyou is among other things an accomplished musician and a musical critic. He is one of our public men who is destined to play an important part in the affairs of the nation.

A Tiger Hunt

Mrs. Linda H. Bryan and Miss Mabel Toy were the participants in an exciting alligator hunt during their recent visit to Mrs. Felton, mother of the former, at her beautiful home in Mazatlan, Rosario. There were five of the party, the men being Mr. Hoag, Dr. Moore, formerly of the U. S. A., and Stewart Rawlins. The lagoons were explored and two alligators were killed. One measured eleven and a half feet. The other was smaller. The skins are being tanned. On another occasion a shark six feet long was captured about four miles out in the ocean. The ladies were in Mexico two months, and returned for Easter.

Now for Miss Harvey

Among the new crop of buds in our swim for next season is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey, who will be a veritable plum for some enterprising young beau. She is not only gifted by nature with personal attractions, but will possess golden charms, being co-heiress with her sister to the fortune left her father by his aunt, Mrs. Donahue. Miss Harvey has been educated at an Eastern convent, passing occasional vacations at home. Whether it is that the genial Downey and his wife regard our Californian methods of bringing up girls as too breezy, deponent knoweth not, but their two daughters have passed most of their girlish lives the other side of the Rockies. There is wealth on both sides of Miss Harvey's family. Her mother, who was Miss Sophie Cutter, is a daughter of Mrs. B. B. Cutter, formerly of Sacramento, who inherited the entire property of her brother, the late L. L. Robinson, which was part of the F. L. A. Pioche estate. Robinson's lack of memory when the French litigants sought an accounting in the settling up of said estate became a matter of notoriety at that time.

And Downey has Wealth

However, Robinson won out, and upon his death, when his own heirs began squabbling for his property, his sister, Mrs. Cutter, proved victorious and entered into possession of his wealth. Mrs. Harvey is her mother's sole heir, the eldest daughter, Mary, familiarly styled "Tot" by her friends and society generally, having been drowned while bathing at their country home on the Sacramento river some years ago. The occurrence was particularly sad as the young girl was just blossoming into womanhood, and, report said, was engaged to the well-known dentist, Dr. W. J. Younger, then a widower. On Downey Harvey's side there is not only the money bequeathed him by Mrs. Donahue, but he will no doubt share with his half-brothers, Peter and Walter Martin, the wealth of their mother, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, he being the son by her first husband, "Old man Harvey" of Southern California.

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A Novel Picnic

Apropos of the statement made in one of the dailies, that when Mrs. George Crocker was Mrs. Rutherford she was known as the best swimmer at Monterey, I recall a frolic in which she figured at that interesting watering place. A party of Del Monte guests decided one day upon enjoying a raft picnic, and they went swimming to the raft, each laden with some article for the spree. Mrs. Rutherford, Miss Anna Head and George Crocker each carried a bottle of champagne, Charles Crocker bore on his head a huge cake, Miss Hattie Crocker had a salad in her care and Miss Bonynge a packet of sandwiches. Some of the gentlemen of the party took glasses and wooden plates, but the race was won by General Barnes, notwithstanding the fact that his burden was a bale of blankets. Having arrived at the raft, the party wrapped themselves in the blankets and proceeded to enjoy their feast amid the admiring plaudits of the crowd upon the beach, and after a rest and a smoke they all swam back again to the shore.

Didn't have her Switch On

A friend of Mrs. William G. Irwin telephoned to the home of that lady the other morning and was answered by the butler.

"I should like to talk to Mrs. Irwin," said the friend.

"You can't talk to her for a little while," said the butler.

"Isn't she up yet?" asked the friend.

"Yes," replied the butler, "but she hasn't got her switch on yet."

The astonished lady didn't learn until Mrs. Irwin talked over the wire that the butler meant the telephone switch.

Her Oft-Deferred Debut

Poor Florence Breckenridge! Her friends are agreeing with what she said a little while ago, that she will be a gray-haired woman ere her formal debut in society is made. There seems to be a fatality that the event which all young girls anticipate with such delight should in her case be so often deferred, for as frequently as arrangements are contemplated for her coming out party either serious illness or a death in the family causes a postponement. When her mother married Fred Sharon, Miss Florence was legally adopted by her grandmother, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, who it is now feared is on her death-bed. Should the old lady pass away it will result in again putting off Miss Breckenridge's debut hitherto deferred by the deaths of her grandfather, Lloyd Tevis, her brothers, Harry Sharon and Lloyd Breckenridge, and her uncle, Hugh Tevis.

Those Lenten Feasters

The consensus of Roman Catholic opinion as expressed by many of its members in regard to the lax observance this year of the penitential period by church people, and particularly by that conspicuous Catholic, Mrs. Martin, is that *Town Talk's* comments were justified. But if Mrs. Eleanor Martin did give lunch parties on fast days of her church, the feasting was not confined to members of the Catholic church. Ladies in the Episcopal church were guilty of backsliding where a lunch or tea, dinner or dance was the lure. Even women who have lent their voices to the week-day choir and posed as shining lights in at least two of our foremost churches have been noted among the partakers of Lenten hospitality. Two of the ladies are both well known as devotees of wealth and position, and it is therefore not strange that they should have put their duty to their (rich) neighbor before their duty to God. The whole thing resolves itself into this—it was not fashionable this year to "keep Lent." Voila tout.

The Van Ness Avenue Parade

The O'Connor girls gave a tea on Holy Saturday and that certainly capped the climax of Lenten diversions. Next year, perhaps, its coming will not even be noticed by smart society. If it had not been for the Mardi Gras ball "to close the winter's gayeties" Lent's arrival would scarcely have been noticed this year. Its presence was soon forgotten; but on Easter Sunday those who had purchased the inevitable spring bonnet recalled the fact that the day was propitious for exhibition purposes. And, by the way, the circumstance suggests that the church parade would be a good thing for the churches of San Francisco. There is no doubt that the Fifth avenue parade in New York every Sunday forenoon stimulates religious fervor on the Sabbath in that city. It is a pretty custom, that of parading the broad avenue after church, and it is one of the great attactions of the metropolis. It is the day for the frock coat and silk hat—every man's long suit—and it is the day on which women wear their prettiest street gowns. I should like to see such a parade as that of last Sunday on Van Ness avenue become a permanent institution.

Tempest in an Alameda Dancing School

There is a new dancing school in Alameda and they refuse to admit Jewish children to the classes. It seems rather late in the day for such intolerance, but Alameda is greatly excited in a teapot tempest way over the matter. Some of the smartest people in Alameda society attend the synagogue and of course they see no reason why their offspring should be discriminated against in a dancing school. It is this same absurd out-of-date intolerance that caused the

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management of the Hotel Rowardennan to exclude Jews from that hostelry a year or so ago, and that aroused much comment in the papers.

The Persistent Blackball

The Pacific-Union Club is experiencing a reign of terror. The black-baller is rampant, and he is "pilling" his victims in a manner that is causing much uneasiness among those that have the interests of the club at heart. Within a recent period two men of unquestioned honor and of exceptionally high social standing have been pilled at the Pacific-Union, and their fate has struck terror to the hearts of many that contemplated application for membership. One of the gentlemen is a member of some of the most exclusive clubs in the United States, and there was absolutely no objection that could have been urged against him. And a circumstance that reflects serious discredit on the club by reason of his blackballing is that every one of the eleven members of the Election Board had promised to vote for him. It requires three blackballs to reject an applicant, and there were three in the box when the vote was inspected.

The Supposed Ringleader

The persistent blackballing has threatened to disintegrate the club, for some of the most prominent members have been talking about resigning. President Byrne, I have been told feels very much chagrined over recent happenings. Just at this time harmony is most desirable. The club is preparing to erect a home of its own, and those interested in its welfare are anxious to increase the membership, but with rumors in circulation about indiscriminate blackballing men are reluctant to be led to the slaughter. Fortunately, the annual election is close at hand and the probability is that certain members of the Election Board will be retired. One man is suspected of being the ring-leader. He is one of the oldest and most active members of the club. He once occupied a salaried position in the club and the club is his home. If he be ousted from the new Election Board the two gentlemen to whom I referred will probably be proposed for membership again. They have many friends in the club whose indignation is at a white heat.

Widespread Discussion

It is seldom that the affairs of the Pacific-Union Club become the subject of public gossip. Such incidents as the blackballing of applicants for membership are most religiously kept from the ear of the outer world, but the persistent pilling of late precipitated a scandal which has become the subject of discussion among the clubmen of the city. The situation has become positively critical, and if it were not for the approach of the annual election there would surely be many resignations. The action of the blackballers is regarded as purely malicious and has been denounced as most cowardly particularly in the case of the gentleman for whom eleven members agreed to vote.

On Easter Morn

New gown and old hat, or old gown and new hat seemed to be the order of costuming last Sunday. Few even of the most modish wore entire new suits. It was like the "something old, something new" of the brides. Mollie Thomas McMullin and Daisy Van Ness wore gowns alike save for the trimmings. They have had them some time, those black velveteens polka-dotted with white, and they are immensely becoming. Mrs. McMullin wore a white chiffon hat, relieved by a bit of black velvet. She is the prettiest young matron in society and not even the dash of the Hopkins-Taylors is so alluring as Mrs. McMullin's quiet manner.

Argument Against Marriage

The "old guard" are saying they are better off unmarried. They base their assertion on Mrs. Walter Dean's case. Emilie Hager was the picture of health before her marriage. Since then she has scarcely known what it is to feel well. First, her husband's illness required her constant attendance at his bedside, and she never seemed so strong after that confinement. Then came the stork's visit and the mother's life hung by a thread after that for some weeks. She has never fully recovered from that illness.

Inherits Her Father's Spirit

One of the most industrious workers for the success of the sailors' entertainment on Thursday night was Ardella Mills. Miss Mills is a second edition in energy of her father, W. H. Mills, and she also takes from him her executive ability. She can plan and, what is better, carry out her plans with wonderful success. Miss Mills is not a beautiful girl, but she has a pleasing face and her manner is unaffectedly cordial. She was a pupil at a public school and believes in carrying the democratic principle into society. Nobody could ever call her a snob, but there are a few snobs in her set.

What will He do Next?

Since Parker Whitney appeared in feminine attire at the Spreckels' bal masque some of his friends look upon him as another Harry Lehr. They are waiting for a "next" from him that will eclipse the other startling episode, but as yet nothing has occurred to dim the brilliancy of the female impersonation. Young Whitney is said to be much epris with a society girl about four times his size.

Keep "Mumm"

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Champion Match Maker

Once upon a time Mrs. W. J. Younger—the stout dentist's second wife—held the banner as champion match-maker of the city of San Francisco. Mrs. Younger made splendid matches for her stepdaughters, and long since, with only one left unmarried and that one from choice, she retired on her laurels. Now comes a rival champion in Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, who has launched so many on the sea of society, losing neither prestige nor money by her chaperonage. Mrs. Salisbury may worthily smile at her image in the mirror when she cons over her victories, particularly the ones that gained husbands for her daughters. Margaret Salisbury, whose engagement to Danforth Boardman was announced this week, has the same good luck that befell her sister, who married young Alexander Keyes. Neither had a bit of a dowry and neither was beautiful beyond the common standard. Nice, ladylike, pretty and good girls both, and that was all. But one married young Keyes with his good fortune and better expectations, and the other is engaged to a society bachelor of like eligibility.

Better than Waffle Flipping

Mrs. Keyes' tea for her sister, Miss Salisbury, was the official medium for announcing the engagement that has long been discussed over the tea-cups. It is said Mrs. Salisbury is very much pleased with the prospect of Danforth Boardman as a son-in-law. Apropos of their marriage people are remembering that it was at a tea given by Mrs. Boardman that Mrs. Salisbury first announced her intention of going to Nome. No amount of urging could wheedle her mission from Mrs. Salisbury, but she whetted curiosity by announcing that she herself would do the work, while all her "daughter" had to do was stand around, look pretty, and ring a bell. Probably if Margaret had gone along and held up her end Papa Salisbury's waffles would not have fallen so flat. However, a Salisbury-Boardman alliance is better than flipping waffles hot from the griddle for hungry miners.

Now that Mrs. Salisbury has married off both her daughters so well, she may turn her matrimonial powers on some of her nieces. There are several of them in the clan who might not be averse to mingling blue blood with yellow gold. Heretofore Mrs. Salisbury has conserved her energy for her own daughters, but now she may take the rest of the connections closer under her wing. When the two Scott girls lived in the California-street boarding-house with the Salisburys they appeared to be kept in the background. When Mary Scott married a lawyer and went to San Jose to live, it was thought that she had silvered her cloud at last, but financial disasters tripped on her heels the moment they left the altar. When things grew too leaden, she decided to go on the stage, and resuming her maiden name, was exploited by Frawley a couple of years ago. It is said that her husband exhausted his vanishing means for her theatrical debut. I believe she is now in the East.

The most delightfully blended whisky known to the human palate is "Jesse Moore"—the standard for over fifty years.

Shocked by Their Host

The latest unique occurrence at the Bohemian Club has provoked no end of comment. There was a dinner at the club the other night, at which a young man of enormously wealthy connections presided. At its close the host proposed that they all shake dice to determine who should pay for the meal. Some of the "Dear Harries" of the club are very much vexed over the occurrence. They have denounced the conduct of the host as outrageous and have even pronounced him a cad. But there is another side to the story. It is that the young man did not know he was regarded as the host. His friends say that the dinner was an informal affair, and that it had been suggested by the young man at the dinner hour that it was time to eat, but that being a stranger here he did not know that some of the members of the party expected him to pay for their food. It appears that there are clubmen who are ever on the alert to be treated as guests when in the company of a millionaire. But it is unfortunate that such a matter as the club dinner should be discussed so freely beyond the portals of the club. The more I hear of club gossip the stronger grows the conviction that the clubs of San Francisco are fast becoming the exclusive rendezvous of bounders.

She's a Heart Breaker

Mrs. Bessie Blitz-Paxton is in New York studying music under Edouard de Reszke, the great basso. I have heard that he has fallen in love with her voice. Mrs. Paxton has had many people fall in love with herself. I have heard that she was engaged to Colonel Fred Crocker at the time of his death, and that she had the romantic experience of receiving an offer of marriage from the ebullient General Antonio Ezeta, ex-President of San Salvador. He fell in love with her voice and proposed through an interpreter.

The Standard for Over Half a Century
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Debut of an Heiress

A new beauty and heiress has been put upon the market in Honolulu, writes a correspondent. She is Alice Campbell, sister of Princess David Kawananakoa and daughter of Mrs. Samuel Parker. She made her debut several days ago, in a new Parisian gown at the Moana hotel. After the champagne was uncorked, Sam Parker made a speech and all but announced the engagement of the debutante. He would have revealed the name of the happy man had he not been squelched by his wife. Since Sam's marriage he and Prince David have been going a merry pace in Honolulu. The Parkers have moved into their magnificent Emma street mansion.

When Mills Entertained a Duke

If any one thing could more than another emphasize how the possession of great wealth for years will improve the tastes and ideas of our rich parvenues, it would be the little incident in the life of a present multimillionaire which occurred on the occasion of the visit paid our coast by the Duke of Manchester many years ago. The Duke who was the grandfather of the present holder of the title was, with his son, Viscount Mandeville, touring the State for the benefit of the latter's health and naturally was extensively entertained by our rich bankers and capitalists generally, among them being D. O. Mills and M. S. Latham.

Feared He'd Soil the Furniture

Mr. Mills had furnished his country house at Millbrae regardless of cost, even the bedroom chairs being of gilt and sky-blue satin. His Grace of Manchester was the guest of Mr. Mills while en route to banker Latham's Menlo Park villa and was shown his apartment for the night amid all the glitter and glare of such splendid upholstering. Next morning when asked by his host how he had enjoyed his slumber, he replied, "To tell you the truth, my dear fellow, your furniture was so awfully fine I had no end of a time finding a spot whereon to put my old clothes, as I actually feared to soil the satin of your chairs by doing so." Club men and others who met his Grace will not be astonished at his fearing to spoil nice furniture with his dirty garments, as the clothes he wore during his stay here were ancient and slovenly in the extreme. He appeared at the opera one evening in a ladies' box, clad in a travel-stained suit and a gray flannel shirt.

A Record Beater in Fresno

A Fresno woman can claim the championship for speedy work in the matrimonial arena. Margaret Moore is one of the handsomest young women in the raisin city. She is about thirty years of age and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Moore. Her first husband, Louis Augustine, died in March of last year. He was of an excellent family, Portugese descent, and was interpreter at the court of Fresno. Two months after his death Mrs. Augustine married George Gay but their married life was short as in December the Reaper called him. The widow Gay has just married Jacob Martin, and as this makes her third husband within the year I do not think any San Francisco hymeneal record can beat that. Mrs. Moore-Augustine-Gay-Martin has one child, a little girl of three.

A Mother's Fears

It is whispered that one of the sons of a wealthy woman who has not long been a widow is causing his mother a great deal of anxiety owing to his attentions to a dashing young woman who is not in the same exclusive set. He has been paying his devoirs in that quarter for so many months that the mother is fearful the matrimonial bee may roost in his bonnet. The young man has a bungalow at Monterey and spends much of his time there with his charmer peopling the perspective. Several months ago Mamma became so alarmed that she hit upon the plan of lassooing her boy and casting him within the spell of a society girl to whom he was once devoted. At that time his father was still alive, and having married money himself, was keen for daughter-in-laws with plump dots. This young lady could not toe his financial mark, but the affair languished without any parental extinguishers and died a natural death. When the fond mother feared that her boy was burning his fingers elsewhere she began to stir the ashes of the old affection to see whether a spark of love could be kindled. Not meeting with any encouragement from her son she went to the girl herself and asked her to try her winning ways on her son. The girl frankly asked her whether she expected her to marry him if she succeeded and the mother said that "she didn't like to see her boys marry but if there was no other way she would have to be content." The good lady was probably too rattled to realize that this was not very encouraging but as the girl was then secretly engaged to a New Yorker and is now in the East with the wedding day calendared for the near future, she took it good-naturedly—and it made a rare story to entertain her intimates.

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Connoisseurs of perfect goods appreciate "Jesse Moore" Whiskey for its purity and delightful flavor. It is without a peer.

A Hospital Story

Last month the wife of a young professor died, leaving four children, the eldest of them a little girl of six. This little girl wanted to send her mother a valentine and every day during the three weeks that the latter was away at the hospital the child would ask if St. Valentine's day had arrived yet. Finally, the time came and she sent the valentine, but the mother was dead when the missive reached the hospital. They put the valentine in her coffin.

A Romantic Marriage

The widow of a prominent German resident was the heroine of a romantic marriage celebrated recently. She was over seventy years of age and by no means attractive, but she married a man of wealth, a farmer in one of the northern countries. It appears that this man loved her when she was a girl and when she married another it was a heart blow to him. He never loved another and when he heard that his first love was a widow he made haste to press his suit. And though she had passed the three score and ten period she accepted him and joined her heart and wealth with his.

When Etta met DeKoven

Reginald De Koven, the composer, is one of those educated gentlemen for whom Mrs. Astor has a high regard. In his case, however, a college education failed to tone down certain snobbish traits. But Etta Butler, the vaudeville star, gave him a lesson in politeness the other day which it is to be hoped he was able to appreciate. Etta Butler is a San Francisco girl, who believes that a successful actress is the peer of any writer of catchy music. The story of her meeting with De Koven was told me by a Californian now sojourning in New York. It took place in the office of Ben Teal, the theatrical manager. Mr. Teal introduced them. Mr. De Koven had his hat on and a cigarette in his mouth. He removed neither the hat nor the cigarette, but bowed and proffered his hand with an air of condescension. Miss Butler overlooked the hand, turned to Mr. Teal, and said, in a somewhat indifferent tone, "I wonder why it is, Mr. Teal, that whenever an actress meets a man in a theatrical manager's office he usually has a hat on and a cigarette or a cigar in his mouth." And paying no further attention to De Koven she proceeded to discuss a business matter with the manager.

Two Oaklanders have an Adventure

Two of Oakland's inner circle, sisters, who are too far gone in years to be dubbed even by courtesy bachelor maids, closed up their big house in Eighth street some time ago and went abroad. They have slathers of money, but are too fast bound to convention to get much enjoyment out of it. They are in Italy now and one of their friends who met them in Rome writes me that they had an odd adventure there recently. They were going through the streets when a band of jolly maskers, who were taking part in a carnival and "making Rome howl," saw the two staid maiden ladies. In a spirit of fun two of the most dashing of the merrymakers stepped forward, doffed their plumed hats and each took a lady by the arm. Along the street and into the midst of the rollicking carnival crowd they hurried them, showering confetti on their heads and singing burning Italian love songs into their unwilling ears. After a few minutes the jokers lifted their plumed hats once more and disappeared, while the two maiden ladies fled, terror stricken, to the safety of their hotel.

Lord Temple cigars are smoked by all clubmen who will take nothing but the best.

Johnny Lawson said Good-Bye

The last person to say good-bye to the Wells-Oge party was John Lawson, the polo player and Blingum swell. It is not often that Johnny Lawson honors any but heiresses with his distinguished attentions, for he is a member of that great firm, Balfour, Guthrie & Co., and down at Blingum they look upon that firm with the same degree of respect with which a cockney regards the House of Lords. They think every British merchant is a nobleman in disguise. And the average British merchant is amused at their adulation because he knows that at home he is only one of a numerous middle class. Mrs. Henry Scott is one of those that have great admiration for the blood of the British middle class. Johnny Lawson was devoted to Mary Scott for a time, but when little Mary Crocker put on long skirts she received his attentions. Miss Oge is now on his list, and she is a dowerless girl. Perhaps she should feel complimented.

Mrs. Urquhart Lee was instructing one of her classes in parliamentary law the other day. They were holding a dummy meeting and a well known club woman was presiding. After calling the meeting to order she turned to the secretary and said. "The secretary will please read the seconds of the last meeting."

Wears His Father's Medals

Captain Jack Hains is back from Manila, and many of the girls are in the seventh heaven of delight. Captain "Jack" loves display, and on parade day he wears all the decorations left by his father. In the full pride and panoply of the occasion he might be taken for George Hall or any Eastern potentate. The captain thinks that he inherited the right to wear the medals.

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Or, more accurately, an increase of 252,432 bottles over the year 1900, *equal to r than 100 per cent of the combined increase of all the other Ch pagne houses.—Extract from Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular, January 10,*

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A McAllister Selling Wine

There appears to be a strong affinity between blue blood and wine. Harry Lehr was a wine agent when he was a leader of New York society, and now "Judge" Ward McAllister, son of the organizer of the 400, is engaged in the same business. "Wardie" has succeeded to the job held for many years by Harry Veuve, who drank so much of his own wine that he is now an invalid. Harry is going the way of all good, active members of the Pacific-Union Club. To eat and drink yourself into a state of florid bloat is the proper thing at the Pacific-Union. That was what Fred Crocker and Russell Wilson did, and the former is now one of the gods of the club. The members always bow reverently when passing Fred Crocker's image in the club. He was their ideal gentleman, for he had contempt for his liver. When he died Horace Platt wrote a touching eulogy of him in which he told of deceased's pure life.

The War of the Artists

Art is long and time is fleeting. San Francisco, the Paris of America, repeats what her older and more beautiful sister did years ago. We are to have a second clique of painters and sculptors, showing their wares separately from those of the time-honored group who have made the exhibition at the Hopkins' an annual treat. They will hang their work this month in Sherman & Clay hall and challenge the criticism of their more staid and stouter brothers to the brush and tool. In Paris only a few years ago they divided as here, and formed the New Salon. To it went the majority of the artists who had not lived out honest ambition and ability, and they made it a most brilliant gathering. They had long suffered from the petty jealousies, the favoritism and mercenary spirit of the old school, and they rejoiced in the freedom and fairness of the new. Alexander Harrison and John Sargent—two of America's greatest representatives in the old world—chose the New Salon. Here the insurgents of the brush hope to accomplish much good, too. They purpose helping the seekers after the true and beautiful who have been crushed under the heel of the despots of the big house on the hill. They say that they will rid the younger and broadening generation of painters of the Matthews' incubus. It is curious how long they groaned under the Blind Boss, how many insults they took and sweated under, and it is a marvel that some of those who have trod the weary path to the Real have not fled to the flesh pots under the merciless and unfair goads of the dictator of the Art Institute.

An Autocratic Dictator

According to the gossip in art circles, Matthews is at the bottom of all the squabbles among the art folk. He is always at sword's points with those at the Hopkins' who have any independence of soul. Once Joullin taught there. Matthews harassed him so he rushed away and registered an oath before the Bohemian owl never to send a canvas to the hill again. John Stanton and Matthews hate each other cordially. Matthews loves to takes a smash at Stanton's work in the presence of the pupils who look to Stanton for guidance. All must bow before the boss. They call him blind because he sees no imperfection in anything he does himself. But he is hypercritical of the work of others. That is one of the idiosyncrasies of genius. But there have been women at the school who have been shocked by hs peculiar badinage and who retired in consequence. He once said to a woman of culture who paints well, "You paint like a sausage." Another he commanded to arrange her palette after his fashion, as though the mere detail of paint on the board had aught to do with art. Be his slave, his flatterer and sycophant, say the insurgents, and one may be sure of advancement and having one's pictures prominent in the annual exhibitions. It is Matthews who manages the juries who sit on the offerings of the artists.

Objected to the Framing

Not alone the Hopkins' has stifled or tried to stifle the real in art by the absurdities of faddism and the laughable littleness of dilletantism. Not long ago the Sorosis—the fashionable club of women with a large admixture of tabbies and poseuses—had an exhibition. Among those invited to send pictures was Miss Marion Drewe, an Australian artist of much talent and experience. Not long a resident of San Francisco, but with a deal of note in Sydney and London, she welcomed the invitation and dispatched two of her best canvases. She got them back with the following letter:

N. W. Corner
Page and Laguna Streets.

Dear Miss Drewe:

The pictures you sent to the Sorosis were not the ones you promised me, and it was found impossible to properly adjust them on account of the framing.

Yours sincerely,

Elizabeth Tallant Brice.

Miss Drewe's Reply

Miss Drewe was chilled but urged to smiles by the ridiculousness of the plea. What have frames to do with pictures? In Paris some of the best pictures hang in

DR. PARKER'S COUGH CURE
One dose will stop a cough, it never fails, try it, price 25c.

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(Brut) CHAMPAGNE
Established in 1729
A perfect wine with Natural Sweetness. Not a headache in a case of it—the wine of the refined.
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JESSE MOORE
A A
WHISKEY
BEST ON EARTH

the salon in bare wooden bindings, guiltless of paint or gilding. The great masters seldom frame their work pretentiously. They leave that to the buyers and the clan who look for gorgeousness and not art. Miss Drewe penned the following in reply to the Sorosister:

Dear Mrs. Brice:

Replying to your letter of Sunday, if my memory serves me right, my work at the time you called at my studio, was all at Sacramento, consequently I could not have promised you any particular two pictures. The sea scape passed the "National Gallery of New South Wales" and was hung on the line at the "Grafton Galleries," London, in almost an identical frame. The picture of blossoms was accepted and hung at the Society of Artists, Sydney.

I am sorry that after being asked by the Sorosis Club to let them have two of my pictures that they were unable to hang them. Yours sincerely. *Marion Drewe*

The pictures refused by the Sorosis passed in the same frames the council of the Society of Artists of New South Wales and then the directors of the National Gallery. Four pictures by Miss Drewe were hung on the line in this widely-known exhibition. But her frames did not suit the finnikiness of Sorosis.

Why Matthews Rejected a Picture

When Miss Drewe's pictures went before the jury at the Hopkins' for the present exhibition there, a marine was voted against which had hung in the Grafton Galleries in London. Matthews was told it had been admitted there, and demanded proof. Asked why he blackballed it, the Blind Boss said:

"Oh, she has two pictures in anyway."

The intelligent hanging committee at the Hopkins' took Miss Drewe's picture which had been accepted and skied it—put it up where the cobwebs collect in a corner while mediocre ones by favorites were given preference. A leading London paper said of this picture: "Miss Marian Drewe's 'Wet Evening' is careful, intelligent and very true. What she has done is ably and truly done—the wet road, the grays of stone, pathway and sky, the artificial lights just perceptible in the scarcely darkened day are well valued." But Miss Drewe had no pull. There are a dozen good artists who had as lief hang their precious canvases in the Spreckels' market as send them to be judged and probably hidden away by Matthews and his potgang at the Hopkins'. That is why we have a new salon here, and it is why we need one.

"She's fortunate in having a husband easy to please."
"I always thought him hard to please."
"You forget that he married her."

Osteopaths are Coming

The vogue of osteopathy is become more pronounced every day, and its devotees now include some of the most prominent and cultured people in the country. The State Association of Osteopaths is to meet here in August, and there will be fully three hundred exponents of the science in attendance. The San Francisco Osteopathic Association met at the California College of Osteopathy Wednesday night last, and elected Dr. A. C. Moore, of 204 Sutter street, President, Dr. A. G. Madden, Vice-President, and Dr. C. S. Richards, Secretary and Treasurer.

For over half a century "Jesse Moore" Whisky has held its supremacy as the best, purest and most palatable.

All Fools Jinks at the Press Club

The Press Club is doing something in the jinks line these days. A few months ago the club gave a ladies' jinks that was sired by Captain Barnes and on Tuesday night another was given with Judge Hebbard in the chair. The piece de resistance of the program was supplied by the Hawaiian sextet, which sang and played on the native instruments. Little Kathleen Parlowe played the violin, Homer Lind came over from the Orpheum and sang one of the beautiful "Gringoire" songs, Nathan Landsberger played, Arthur Cunningham sang one fine song and had to sing again as did also George McBride, Mrs. Wilbur G. Zeigler recited, Mrs. Jack Wilson sang and there were other things by professional and amateur talent. It was a very charming bohemian gathering with a representative audience of newspaper men, artists, musicians, lawyers and merchants, with their wives and daughters, cousins and aunts.

McNab's Ambition

The new officials of the street railroads company have solemnly declared that they have no intention of supporting a political bureau. And the politicians about town are speculating on the length of time it will take for the new officials to reconsider the matter. Railroading and politics are very much akin these days in all the large cities of the country. A political campaign is as essential to the success of a railroad enterprise as a general superintendent. It is already being whispered that that astute politician, Gavin McNab, is after the job of political manager. I have noticed that he has been spending a deal of time in the company of some of the new officials. He has entertained them at dinner and has brought them into cheek-by-jowl contact with representatives of the judiciary. Gavin would be better than a raw hand at manipulating affairs in the interest of a railroad company for he has friends at court, not to mention the city's executive body.

Their Political Program

And Gavin, by the way, could kill two birds with one stone if he were at the head of the street railroad's

MEN'S TAILORING at KELLER'S

Our Spring Fabrics are now on display and are admitted to be the prettiest in the city. . . . .
The Fit and Workmanship which is executed stand without an equal in the city, because every detail, from the material to the completion of the suit, is in the hands of workmen who are artists in their business. . . . . .
We aim to give the best work in the city and we aim to do that work much lower than any other house. . . . . .

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political bureau. Such a bureau would give him great prestige and strength as a political boss, and just now he is in need of both. He is anxious to control the next State Convention and with a big railroad corporation behind him he would have considerable influence. The Democratic politicians are no longer despondent. With Gage as the State candidate for Governor, and his party divided and quartered, and some of its most influential representatives eager to knife him, the Democrats have been decidedly cheerful and hopeful. The so-called reform element dominated by McNab has already agreed on the details of the campaign. J. C. Sims, the ex-chairman of the State Central Committee, has started out to secure delegates from the interior, while McNab has decided to devote his attention to those from San Francisco and neighboring towns. It is agreed between them that if Sims secure more than McNab he shall be nominated for Governor, but that if McNab shall make the better showing he shall have the privilege of designating the nominee. It is understood that he is for Franklin K. Lane but that he may switch to Barney Murphy, who was elected President of the Monticello Club the other night, an honor of little worth since it was once enjoyed by job-chaser Jim Booth.

His Name was Perkins

Senator Perkins is working tooth and nail to have Colonel Chamberlain's report suppressed and his friend, General Long, saved. The Perkins' and Requas are old friends. Hence the Senator's interest. I heard a story the other day which was suggested by the Senator's habitual practice of taking both sides of the fence simultaneously. A friend of Perkins was on a Pullman dining car one day and he asked the colored waiter what kind of soup he had.

"Consomme and oyster, sah," was the answer.

"Which is the better?"

"Both are good, sah."

"What fish have you?"

"Salmon and smelts, sah."

"Which do you recommend?"

"Both are good, sah."

"Good heavens, is your name Perkins?"

The waiter confessed that it was his name, and he appeared greatly surprised that the man should have guessed it.

They Shy at a Dentist

The announcement of the engagement of Sophie Pierce and Dr. Brownell did not make a great hit in the swagger set, for dentistry has not yet been permitted to take rank with the aristocratic professions. Its divorce from the barber's trade is not sufficiently remote to warrant its admission to polite society. Dr. Younger broke in but that was because he charged exorbitant prices for his mechanical work, and society felt that his skill as a financier was entitled to recognition even though it was exercised through a vulgar medium. But yet Dr. Younger was never really "it" here. So the Pierces hesitated for some time before the peril of introducing a dentist.

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Dunphy's Farewell

The menu card for the farewell bachelor dinner given by Charles Dunphy at the Palace hotel just before his matrimonial plunge has fallen into my hands. Its cover was ornamented with the colored picture of a ballet dancer in the conventional decollete attire. One might infer that the picture was intended to symbolize Mr. Dunphy's abandonment of the diversions that had been most alluring to him, but I know that his preference was polo ponies. It was quite a cosmopolitan gathering at the banquet. This was the list: Adam Andrew, Colonel Burns, Frank Carolan, William Cluff, Ed. Denigan, Ed. Doudlin, Tom Driscoll, Willard Drown, W. Dryber, W. D. Duke, Robert Dunphy, W. H. Dunphy, Clarence Follis, William Gutzkow, Walter Hobart, Al. Kaufman, Judge Kerrigan, John Lawson, Robert Mean, J. J. Moore, Dan Murphy, Prince Orloff, Major Rathbone, P. Rossi, Harry Simpkins, James Sweeney, Dick Tobin, Ed. Tobin, Joe Tobin, Ollie Tobin, Lieutenant Von Winnischgratz, Clarence Waterhouse, Tom Williams, Parker Whitney, William Wolff.

Wood's Prospective Promotion

General Leonard Wood, who is spoken of for a major-generalship, was for ten years under General Miles and other famed commanders in Indian campaigns. He was a surgeon before going into the army, and is a thorough soldier and tactician. When the Rough Riders were getting ready for the Cuban warfare General—then Colonel—Wood's experience provided many valuable hints in the preparation. Though Roosevelt and Wood are such warm friends they are not at all alike in disposition. San Franciscans feel a particular interest in General Wood because of his wife who was one of the Condit-Smith girls and a niece of Mrs. Andrew McCreery.

A correspondent tells me that it was an error to give the authorship of the famous sea poem, "Tacking Ship Off Shore," which was published by request in *Town Talk* two weeks ago, to a seventeen-year-old girl. My correspondent contends that the author of the poem was an Episcopal clergyman of New York city. He became familiar with sea terms through visiting the hospital ships.

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Another Blingum Wedding

It is not at all unlikely that the match already hinted at as among the possibilities by society at Blingum will become an accomplished fact, in which case one of the most brilliant affairs in the line of nuptials will unite two wealthy families whose business connection has already existed for years. What a charming union it will be.

Handsome Robinson Reilly

The guests at the Hotel Richelieu have been quite excited the past week by the arrival at the hostelry of two beautiful women, the lovely widow of poor Hugh Tevis and Mrs. Genevieve Goad-Martin-Reilly. The former made but a brief stay, but the latter and her husband have taken rooms for a prolonged sejour. The guests were divided in opinion as to which beauty bore away the palm, but there was no rival to the good-looking Robinson Reilly himself, who seems to have captured the fancy of our fair dames, his physique being, they declare, "simply adorable."

The Decollete

Washington society was evidently as much impressed by the decolletage of Countess Marguerite de Cassini at her recent fancy head-dress dinner, as were the guests at the Phelan dinner to the Walter Martins by Kate Clement's scant shoulder drapery. "Squire Kate" has never spent much time trying to hide her charms but this season she has outdone herself. Now that the out-of-town hegira has begun the question of showing bared shoulders in a hotel dining room is once more on the rug. The majority have decided in favor of transparent yokes and I doubt whether Del Monte will see many decollete dinner frocks. The Hopkins girls even in the days of their buddom wore low-cut dinner gowns at the hotel. Other girls took the cue, and Eastern visitors were shocked to see our maidens thus attired in public. As a matter of good form, rather than compunctions of modesty, this season will not be one of decollete gowns.

The Nuttalls and Rosenstocks

The death of Mr. Rosenstock was such a sudden blow that his family are completely prostrated. His daughter, Mrs. Nuttall, will of course go into retirement and during her period of mourning where, oh, where will society find the sauce piquante for its formal dinners? Ever since the daughter of the house of Rosenstock married into the Nuttall family, Rosenstock pere et mere have edged away from the "chosen people" and are now boxholders in the smart set. Neither the Castles nor Colonel Hecht's family ever occupied the position that the Rosenstocks enjoy. It was natural that as Mrs. Nuttall, the daughter should be received and affiliate with her husband's people, but such marriages do not always wed the entire family to society. However Mrs. Rosenstock is almost as clever and very much more beautiful than her daughter. With subtle tact and finesse she followed in the wake of Mrs. Nuttall's success, until she gradually gained the seats of the mighty. Mrs. Nuttall's specialty is repartee, not sugar-coated stings, but witty verbal sparring. She is much sought after as a dinner guest. The Nuttalls had a luncheon planned for Tuesday, the very day that Mr. Rosenstock dropped dead of heart failure.

Smoking in Society

If at Mrs. D. J. Murphy's suggestion cigarettes are served with culturine at the ladies' clubs, the good dames will only be openly confessing what many of them have long practiced under the rose. Cigarette smoking is almost as general among our society women as it is in New York. We are still too puritanical—which always spells provincial—to include My Lady Nicotine at a formal dinner party but she is a welcome guest at luncheon or afternoon tea. People have grown acclimated to a smoky atmosphere in London, Paris or St. Petersburg too long even to pretend to be shocked. Mrs. Will Crocker was almost the first society woman here to make no secret of the fact that she enjoyed a post-luncheon puff. An amusing story was given tongue by a nurse who was employed to take care of Mrs. Sperry while she was ill at her daughter's house. The nurse was a thoroughly competent person in the sick room, but she had an idea that all morals not cut on her pattern were strictly on the bias. One day she happened in the dining room after luncheon and found Mrs. Crocker and the Princess Poniatowski still at the table blowing dainty wreaths of smoke ceilingwards. The nurse was petrified with astonishment, and disdainfully shaking her starched skirts she flounced back into the sick room and almost sent Mrs. Sperry into a relapse by "serving notice" at once. When Mrs. Sperry demanded her reasons the nurse declared that she would not stay under a roof contaminated by such women as her daughters. This sounded so ominous that poor Mrs. Sperry was relieved to hear that the cloud was only tobacco smoke. Instead of denying the soft impeachment to Mrs. Grundy Mrs. Crocker ignored the affair until a razor-edged dame gave her a slash on the subject at a luncheon. Then Mrs. Crocker took the weed by the holder and boldly championed it. Since then the custom

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has become so general as to no longer excite commentary in the ton. As long as you know where and when to smoke it matters not how much.

Therese Likes the Weed

Perhaps of all the girls in the smart set, Therese Morgan does the best imitation of a little chimney. At a fashionable tea last season at which Therese assisted, a select coterie of guests were entertained by her dialogue with two matrons who are known as "Prunes and Prisms."

"You're not looking well today," said Madame "Prunes."

"Oh, I'm all right," answered Therese, "just a bit nervous, that's all."

"Did you ever try putting your feet in running water for ner—" began Madame Prism, but Therese punctured her advice with this daring request:

"All that I need is a puff at a cigarette to set me in tune. If you'll take my place at the punch bowl and let me slip away I'll—" If Miss Morgan wanted to shock the dames she certainly succeeded, for they still sniff the air when in her presence, eager to catch some telltale truant odor.

The Fad in London

But while society negatively approves of smoking behind its own Turkish hangings, it is doubtful whether smoking rooms will ever be introduced into our women's clubs. The average club woman is not built on the lolling, languid lines, nor would she court the peace and quiet a siesta with a cigarette invites. In London a woman's club without a smoking room would be regarded as a curiosity. But the women over there do not gulp down such large chunks of culture at a session and the smoking room is more frequented than the lecture hall. A local jokesmith once started the rumor that the staid, conventional Century Club had a "smoking den," and the daily papers hurried out reporters, but before they could sprinkle salt on the tail of the report it exploded. From the indignant denials hurled by the members of that club it is not likely that Mrs. Murphy's suggestion will ever be warmly received there.

Twenty-five Years an Editor

The dean of San Francisco editors, John P. Young of the *Chronicle*, rounded out on Tuesday an unbroken quarter of a century of service for that paper, most of it spent in the managing editor's chair. His record stands alone in this part of the country, so far as I know. When he joined the *Chronicle* staff in 1877 Mr. Young had already won a spur or two in the arduous field of his choice, having labored with distinction as city editor of the Washington *Chronicle*, long since defunct, and on the Washington corps of the Chicago *Times* in the days of the brilliant Wilbur F. Story. Charles de Young was quick to appreciate the ability of the newcomer, and sent him up to the legislative session of 1877-78, on his maiden assignment of importance. Immediately after his return Mr. Young took his present place as the chief of Mr. de Young's editorial force. The anniversary was made the occasion of some pleasant remembrances by the *Chronicle* people, who sent out to Mr. Young's house in the morning a handsome silver and china after-dinner coffee service and some flowers, with a letter which told him how much the men and women under his command appreciated his ability and his fairness. When he reached his office Mr. Young found it filled with cut and potted flowers and greenery. This was the tribute of Business Manager J. B. Eliot, who has been associated with Mr. Young through nearly all his long term of office. Not least among the things that made it a pleasant day for the *Chronicle's* chief was a cablegram from Mr. de Young, now in Rome, heartily expressive of his congratulations and good wishes.

In the European Swim

Surely Miss Helen de Young, the debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, was born under a lucky star. Just out of a convent, keen with an all-round education and alert with plenty of intuitive appreciation, she is making the acquaintance of the most interesting people of European life and seeing the things not vouchsafed to all travelers. For all this, she is looking forward with delight to coming home within the next few months. Side by side with accounts of the unusual happenings in her life, are those of her progress in driving four-in-hands and pictures of the fun she is going to have at San Rafael in summer, handling the ribbons that will guide the best ponies in her father's stables. To a capacity for enjoying the pleasures that come her way, Miss de Young adds the ability to write about them and her correspondents in this city count themselves in great luck. One of the best descriptions she has sent tells of the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the elevation of the Pope. For this great service, Miss de Young, with her parents, had seats that commanded the best possible view of everything that made that day memorable. She writes of a few days at Monte Carlo, where they met Mrs. John W. Mackay and Madame Melba; of being entertained in Rome by Adelina Patti and her handsome young husband; and of the ambassador's ball in St. Petersburg and the cordial attention bestowed by Minister and Mrs. Charlemagne Tower. For the Italian trip Miss de Young had the additional

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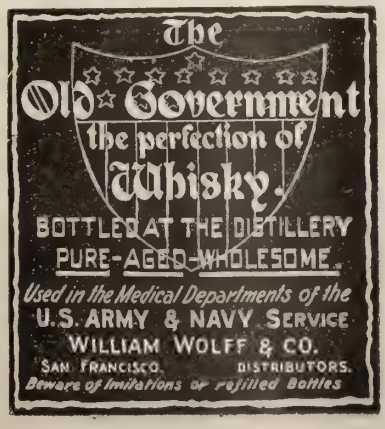

pleasure of the company of her sister Constance. So much of pleasant interest was happening that Mr. de Young telegraphed to the convent in Paris for the younger sister.

England's Big Show

An occasional correspondent writes me from London that perhaps we may see England's Big Show at the Orpheum for there is talk of introducing the biograph machine at the Coronation ceremonies in the Abbey. "There is to be a terrible crush here," says my correspondent, "and now the Executive Committee of Arrangements is talking of curtailing the services. The Litany is to be cut down, and not only the Communion Service but the Commandments dispensed with, while the anthems, treated as a sort of chorus, are to be edged in here and there when other business is being pushed forward. Changes of this sort, say some of the kickers, may shake not only the Church but the Constitution."

Napoleon's Show Caricature

The proposition to introduce the cinematograph at the Coronation is a good one. No previous event of the kind has ever been correctly recorded. For a long time after the splendid Coronation of the first Napoleon the only thing that conveyed any sort of an idea of the ceremony was Gillray's caricature, a work of fancy, which depicted the Emperor, the Empress and attendants as a set of guys. The charming Josephine, for instance, appeared as a dowdy woman, whose train was borne by three old hags, one of whom had a black eye. Some of the illustrations that circulated in France at the time were equally extravagant. One engraving represented the Emperor kneeling to receive the crown. In reality Pius VII sat as a mere spectator while the imperious Corsican crowned himself.

Josephine's Relatives may be There

It is more than likely, by the way, that some of the descendants of the Empress Josephine will appear at King Edward's Coronation. Her son, Eugene Beauharnais, married a Princess of Bavaria, and his sons and daughters made great matches with leading royal houses whose representatives at the present day are quite numerous. They include Prince Charles of Denmark, nephew and son-in-law of King Edward and Queen Alexander; also, Prince Max of Baden, the husband of Princess Marie Louise of Cumberland, Queen Alexandra's niece. Their ancestress, the frivolous yet fascinating Josephine, was a magnificent figure at the Coronation of Napoleon. She wore on that occasion a long-sleeved robe of white satin embroidered in gold and silver, edged round the hem with gold embroidery and fringe. The bodice was adorned with clusters of diamonds. The court train of white velvet was also embroidered with gold, and her heavy mantle was of purple velvet covered with gold bees in embossed work, with a gold bordering of laurel, olive and oak branches, and it was lined throughout and bordered with ermine. On her head was a high diadem of gold, amethysts and diamonds. She retained the whole mass, ornaments, robings and all to dine alone with the Emperor on the night of their coronation day. A few years later the crown of the divorced Josephine was worn by her successor, Marie Louise.

Tardy Justice from Uncle Sam

A three-line dispatch from Washington appeared in the daily papers the other day telling of the introduction of a bill in Congress directing the Secretary of War to compute the pay and allowances of the late General Fitz-John Porter between the years 1863 and 1886 and pay the amount to the soldier's widow and children. There was a tragedy in the few words that told the news. Who was General Fitz-John Porter? He was the Dreyfus of the American army, although he was not finished off as the unfortunate Frenchman was. Porter was dismissed from the army January 28, 1863 "and forever disqualified from holding any office of trust or profit under the Government of the United States." It was at the second battle of Bull Run that he was alleged to have disobeyed orders on the field of battle. General Pope was sorely beset by the Confederates and at 4:30 in the afternoon sent an order to Porter to attack Jackson in the flank. The order was not delivered until after dusk, too late to execute, even if Longstreet and Jackson had not been between Pope and Porter. It was a disastrous day for Pope, and it was only what Porter did that saved him from utter rout. However, Pope charged Porter with disobedience of orders, wilful and deliberate. Party feeling ran high at the time. McClellan had been relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac; Porter was a McClellan man and the adherents of Pope claimed that the general had refused to aid Pope for the purpose of ruining him. Porter was helpless and he was cashiered. With the aid of Confederate reports of the battle he finally brought home to the mind of General Grant the injustice that had been done him, but it took twenty-three long years for him to clear his name and reinstate himself in the army. He died last year, a broken-spirited old man.

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Par Value of Shares, $1.00
Full Paid and Non-Assessable

More than one thousand new subscriptions to the capital stock of the Mergenthaler-Horton Basket Machine Company at 50 cents a share were made during the past week.

There are thousands more contemplating purchase of these shares.

To these persons and to the public and to the present shareholders the officers of the Company renew their positive declaration that no subscriptions at fifty cents a share will be accepted beyond the limits of the present allotment, and that this allotment is sufficient only to accomplish certain steps in the well defined plans of the Company's directors.

The price of the next allotment will not now be announced, but it will be a substantial increase.

It may take effect at any time without notice, although notice will be given if possible.

Nothing is more certain than that the present movement in the purchase of shares in the Mergenthaler-Horton Basket Machine Company will carry the price of these shares steadily upward, as is just and right, and distinctly to the benefit of every shareholder.

The steady growth of interest in the great business proposition which this company presents justifies the judgment of its officers, who refused the offers of syndicates and opened their lists for popular co-operation

When before has such a strong proposition ever been offered to the general public on such fair terms?

The secret of the unprecedented success of the popular subscription plan for these shares is in the inherent commercial strength of the fundamental structure of the Company, and in the universal verdict that the offering to the public was fair and equitable. The notable features of this presentment are:

NO UNDERWRITING SYNDICATE.
NO FISCAL AGENTS
SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE
EVERY SHARE A COMMON SHARE
EVERY SHARE A VOTING SHARE
NO PREFERRED STOCK, NO BONDS AND NO DEBTS.
FIRST ALLOTMENT OF SHARES AT LOWEST PRICES
SUBSEQUENT ALLOTMENTS AT STEADILY INCREASING PRICES

This presentment is based upon a proposition absolutely controlling an industry of which the present and immediate

PROFITS ARE OVER $4,000,000 A YEAR, an industry the volume of which is increasing so rapidly that in seven or eight years

IT WILL BE DOUBLED

Consider a moment what absolute control of such an industry means.

It means that the laws of supply and demand in that industry are wholly within the province of such control, regulating the prices which rule for the product of being the

ONLY SOURCE OF SUPPLY

PRESENT SELLING PRICE OF SHARES

FIFTY CENTS A SHARE

Par Value $1.00. FULL PAID AND NON-ASSESSABLE

Subscribers to the stock of the Mergenthaler-Horton Basket Machine Company may send or bring their subscriptions to the office of the Company, 507 Examiner Building, San Francisco. Checks, drafts and money orders should be drawn to the order of CHARLES R. BARLOW, Treasurer. No subscription accepted for less than 50 shares.

FACTS THAT COUNT

The actual yearly demand exceeds Two Billion Baskets.

Value at wholesale, Eleven Million Dollars.

The net profit on this volume of business last year was $1,387,000.

The Baskets were all made by hand

Each Mergenthaler-Horton Company machine does the work of twelve men.

The saving in labor by the use of the Mergenthaler-Horton Basket Machines amounts to more than TWO MILLION DOLLARS ANNUALLY

This gives earnings for the company of OVER THREE MILLION THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, OR OVER THIRTY-THREE PER CENT ON THE ENTIRE CAPITAL ON THE PRESENT VOLUME OF BUSINESS

The machines may be seen in operation at the Robinson Basket Company's factory, Painesville, O., where over thirty are installed; at Elmira N. Y.; at the machine shops of Emmett Horton, one of the inventors, and at Sodus, N. Y., where they are also in operation.

The practical working of the machines is now shown in every office of the company.

The company will not sell or lease its machines, but will equip and own and operate basket factories all over this country.

DOUBLING THEIR MONEY

Follow the steps taken by the Mergenthaler-Horton Basket Machine Company and it will be seen that every step has been in exact accord with its announcements. Early shareholders now see their shares double in value. New subscribers will see their shares double in value, and still the limit of price for these shares will not be reached, because just as surely as the Linotype Machine pays its shareholders twenty per cent on ten millions of capital just so surely will the Automatic Basket-Making Machines, which save three times as much labor as the Linotype, earn dividends which will make the shares of the Mergenthaler-Horton Basket Machine Company sought for at prices which are beyond present computation.

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CAPITAL $10,000,000

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SAN FRANCISCO

Seulement, Par Hasard

Well, yes, I made a trifle out of it. Grandmamma? Oui, vraiment, why not? Then, yes—if you promise not to tell, you shall have it all. I will tell it as I know it, and the parts that I only fancy happened I will put in as if I had been there myself. Tres bien, voila!

Transport yourself to one of the most charmant menages in Paris, entourage the most magnifique, tres Americaine like the young woman who inhabited it. Georgia Briggs, tall, brunette, rich and independent, of age to do as she pleased, frank, boyish manner, generosity the most profound—but you know her.

I did not—then. Apres? Well, you will discover that for yourself later, when I've finished. In Miss Briggs' French flat, beside herself, was her maid. No chaperon? Why, certainement. The maid was the chaperon, a woman of years definitely above forty, and of virtue the most incorruptible. Never was Americaine more sought after than Miss Briggs. She went in the best society, both French and English, and could have married anybody she pleased. But she cared for no man, not in that way. "My old friend Winn is enough masculine society for me," she said, "and I'll be chained to nobody." There was never any talk of an engagement between her countryman and herself. They were good comrades, "pals," as Miss Briggs called it.

They used to drive together in the Bois, or ride when inclination pointed that way, and they read the same books and went to the theatre together. Miss Briggs was so well-known in Paris, and her independent nature so well understood, that no one said a word about her or even harbored an ill thought of her. Winn was un homme intelligent, un homme of clubs, a—what is it you call it?—good fellow. I knew him very much as Miss Briggs knew him. He called often chez moi, and he knew all the girls in the "Seminaire de Madame Psyche." Zou-Zou, Lulu, Pompon—he had their names at his tongue's end, and they all called him "Monsieur Mignon." As for anything more than the acquaintanceship—well, you must not believe all you hear.

Miss Briggs was as happy and care-free a girl as you could find in all Paris when her cousin "Tootsy" Fearon looked her up. "Tootsy" was an old pal of mine. I had known him in New York before my expatriation. With years he had become absurdly conventional, and one of the first things he said to Georgia Briggs was that she must no longer live in Paris without a chaperon.

"If I'm old enough to manage the fortune my father left me," said Georgia, "I'm old enough to know how and where I shall live."

Tootsy heaved a sigh.

"Oh, my dear, you haven't lived in the world as long as I have. You don't know what evil tongues are abroad."

"Evil tongues perdition!" returned Georgia, who always used strong language when she was excited. "Do you mean to say I can't run my flat in Paris as well as if I were at home, and that my dear old Margaret, who was my mother's maid before I was born, is not enough protection for a woman of my age? Tootsy, go and pray for your own sins. I can manage mine. I respect your great age—but, well you must let me alone."

But Tootsy Fearon never would let anything alone in which he had made up his mind to be interested. He went on to London, but he wrote several letters home in which he placed before Miss Briggs' American relatives the danger that young woman was in from wicked Parisians, but more than anything else from her own independence—and Winn.

Absurd, vraiment, but that's how it was. The next steamer brought over an avalanche of letters from New York, Chicago, Baltimore, Washington, even San Francisco and Tucson—the whole clans Briggs and Fearon with their branches said their little say to Georgia Briggs. And the burden of their letters was, "You must really not go about so much with Dicky Winn."

Georgia, at first amused when she read the Reverend Lysander Fearon's sermon disguised as a letter, was disgusted when she came to Mrs. Templeton Briggs' solemn warning to girls who persist in flying in the face of Providence and refusing to marry. Then her disgust turned to anger as she ran through the budget which ended in Grand'mere Briggs' affectionate appeal to her dear dead son's little Georgia, to come home and act like any other Briggs, get married and settle down.

Then the girl had a good cry, half drawn from wounded feeling and half anger. Then she summoned her pride to her aid, and then her good sense came to the surface. She threw the whole set of letters into the fire, put on her habit and went out for a ride with Winn.

That girl had the consciousness of virtue to uphold her. Pauvre petite! in spite of this, she could not help feeling a trifle of embarrassment when she thought of the ideas her own people had conceived about her. Sometimes she was nearly on the point of telling Winn all about it, and then laughing that heavy weight off her mind. But something withheld her from this.

Mais le finis was on the way—the hand avenging, the implacable Dame de Propriete. On to Paris swooped the grand' mere of all the Briggs' and Fearons, a lady tres grande with much strength of will and a tongue—ah, even I know what that tongue can say! It was hard on poor Georgia, a little bit cruel to pauvre Dicky Winn. They were such friends, and now they can no longer be that. Oh, these meddlers, these tabbies, these women whose virtue is so tremendous that they must have everybody else conform to their rules of morality. God knows we can't all be molded in the same fashion.

One day Dicky Winn came into Madame Psyche's seminary.

"I want Rose," he said, "I must see Rose right away."

I went to him and he burst out with a great story in which the names of Georgia, Mrs. Briggs senior, the maid, Tootsy Fearon, himself and all sorts of others were mixed up in such shape that I couldn't understand a word. Finally I comprehended that I, and I only, could save poor Georgia Briggs from an awful fate.

"You see it's that damned grand'mere," said Dicky. "She pitched into me and said I was a despicable cad and all that sort of thing, and the upshot of it was we went right up with her before our American chief, and she fetched in a reverend—and that's the whole blamed business. Georgia Briggs is Mrs. Dicky Winn and she doesn't love me nor I her. We were the best old pals that ever was, and never a word of love passed between us, I swear to you, Rose. And now, to get even with the old cat and do as near the right thing as I can, too, Rose, I want you—"

But I haven't lived among the nimble French wits for ten years for nothing. I was on to the whole little play at once. Do you not remember the Vanderbilt affair—how easily it was arranged?

Vous comprenez, it was only a ruse du theatre that on that very day I was seen driving in the Bois with Dicky Winn. We dined together and—well, he did not go home. Our little reve d'amour—fancy the horror of Madame la grand'mere!—lasted a fortnight. Mrs. Winn went home—so shocked at her husband's infidelity! A divorce—certainement. Would you not have predicted it—and me covered with diamonds bought with Georg—no, I meant Dicky Winn's money!

H. I. Davis J. W. Davis
W. D. Fennimore

We are now comfortably located in our new four-story establishment.

You are cordially invited to visit the most elegant, modern and convenient optical store in California.

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3rd door, west side, north of Sutter

This little trip to the States is doing me a world of good, though it is something rather annoying to be pointed out everywhere I go as "La Femme"—the woman in the Winn divorce case.

Georgia Winn is free and lives in London. She could not bear to face the tongues of Paris, those tongues that never frightened her when she was a girl, careless and fearless and happy. Dicky Winn is in Mexico. Isn't this the worst managed universe in the world that would let the arch conspirator, the heavy villainess and the sub-villain go unpunished, while the poor heroine and hero suffer to the end. Madame la grand'mere and Tootsy Fearon were congratulating themselves the other day on their clever management of Georgia's affairs, and saying what a good thing it is that she can go anywhere now because she is a "Mrs." —*The Co-Respondent.*

Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler

Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, the great pianist, who made an impression on her previous visit five years ago that no pianist who has visited this city since has succeeded in effacing, will give a series of four recitals at Metropolitan hall under the direction of Bouvier & Greenbaum. No artist that has appeared here has left more admirers than Mrs. Zeisler and demands for reservation of seats are already coming in. Since her previous visit here, Mrs. Zeisler has made a most successful European tour, and has just completed engagements with the Thomas and Fritz Scheel orchestras. The dates for her concerts in this city will be Tuesday and Thursday nights, April fifteenth and seventeenth, and Wednesday and Saturday matinees, the sixteenth and nineteenth. Complete programs can be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the sale of seats opens next Thursday morning. The scale of prices will be seventy-five cents, one dollar, one dollar and a half, and two dollars.. On Friday night, April eighteenth, Mrs. Zeisler will appear at the Unitarian church, Oakland, and on the twenty-second at Stanford university.

"It was fortunate for Jonah that the whale had a cold," remarked the Youngest Member of the Bible class.

"The Bible does not tell us that the whale was so afflicted," said the Old Maid who prided herself on her familiarity with Holy Writ.

"But then," said the Youngest Member, "such is my interpretation of the story for it appears that the whale coughed Jonah up."

A Modern Optical Firm

The ideal of a twentieth century optical house is that of the Haskell & Jones Company at 243 Grant avenue. This is an excellent location and the store does not suffer in comparison with the other handsome establishments in the vicinity. The new store is beautifully fitted up, the interior fittings being of green-tinted polished wood very restful to the eye. The fitting room is well lighted and contains all the newest inventions and appliances known to the modern optician. Nothing but optical goods is carried by the firm. Both members of the firm are well known here, Mr. Haskell having for many years been a partner in Haskell and Muegge, wholesale jewelers, while Mr. Jones is known as one of the most expert opticians in this part of the world.

"They say the better your underwear the worse your morals," observed Edith.

"Then I must be a model of virtue," returned Haidee, as she showed a glimpse of forty-nine-cent petticoat and five-pairs-for-one-twenty-five hosiery.

Of Interest to Art Lovers

Two great paintings by Santos Gonzales, a Philippine artist, who for fifteen years studied in Madrid, Rome, Paris and Munich, will be placed on exhibition for the first time in this country at the Maple room of the Palace hotel, beginning next Monday and continuing for a week. The larger canvas, named "The Surrender of Manila," measures fourteen by thirty-four feet without the frame, and is a beautiful study of both the American and the Spanish soldier. The Spaniards, beaten and crestfallen, are represented marching across the Bridge of Spain toward the walled city. The characteristic palm trees, the rough road, prominent and picturesque buildings and even the dust in the atmosphere are wonderfully portrayed. The smaller picture, "Saluting the Wounded," shows Colonel James Smith raising his hat to salute a wounded man. Behind him are the glorious columns of the First California. A new frame, twenty inches wide, has just been imported from Milan for the larger picture. The Maple room will be open from ten o'clock in the morning until midnight, daily, and the price of admission will be fifty cents; children, twenty-five cents.

The Greven Operatic Society

The fifth operatic concert given by the pupils of Joseph Greven promises to be very interesting. Judging by the success of former concerts, there will be a large audience gathered in Sherman, Clay & Co. hall next Tuesday evening. The operatic selections will be sung in costume, with scenery and all accessories. These concerts are excellent as practice for Mr. Greven's pupils, as they inspire them with confidence in their ability to appear before the public. Mr. Greven has some fine voices under his training.

The Colonial quartet—Mrs. Mary Carpeneto Mead, Mrs. Elizabeth Fonda, Miss Grace Marshall and Miss Xena Roberts—sang at the musicale at the Hopkins on Thursday evening, under Henry Heyman's direction. Other vocal numbers were by Mrs. Louise Wright McClure, Miss Stella R. Schwabacher, and Miss Ruth Weston. Miss Frances Wertheimer, pianist, and Benjamin Tuttle, violinist, also contributed to the program. Mrs. Gerard Barton was the accompanist and Emil Cruells was at the organ. The final concert of the spring exhibition will be given next Thursday evening.

With the Money Makers

Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company

On April ninth the Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company will submit at the annual meeting of the company the report of the crop of 1901. The total amount of sugar produced was 26,524 tons, of which 23,724 tons were sold at an average price of $77.61 a ton. The average expense of production was $11.59 a ton. This leaves the average net price received for each ton of sugar $66.02, making the net returns for the entire company $1,566,076.57. There was a loss of weight in shipping of .888 per cent. When the report was drawn up there was 1,000 tons of sugar in the coolers at the plantation, and 1,800 tons of sugar were carried over into this year. As against last year's average price of $77.61 a ton, the present price is about $72.50. However, wages are somewhat lower, which partly offsets the shrinkage. The labor situation in Hawaii is clearing somewhat. A great many Japanese are being brought over to work on the plantations. Negros, Porto Ricans and South Sea Islanders, all of whom have been experimented with, have proved failures. Only the Asiatic seems able and willing to work in the sugar fields. While Japanese cannot be set down in Hawaii from Japan, under contract, still there are available many thousands. They demand higher wages than was paid before annexation, when Japanese were worked under contract, but wages have have been lowered considerably since the first excitement due to the abrogation of all labor contracts in Hawaii by the fact of annexation to the United States.

The Market Street Deal

Now that the holders of the Market-street Railway stock have been paid off by the United Railroads of San Francisco, the new Eastern syndicate, which bought 228.95 miles of street railway here, there will be offerings of the stock of the new company. The United Railways Investment Company owns the entire outstanding capital stock of the United Railroads of San Francisco. The capitalization of the United Railroads will be as follows:

General first mortgage 4 per cent. 25-year gold bonds	$35,275,000
Reserved for underlying liens ($14,591,000, less $4,725,000 to be discharged by operation of sinking funds under existing mortgages) and future betterments, improvements and acquisitions..	$15,275,000
To be issued in part payment for the stocks of the general companies and for $1,600,000 cash to be used for the betterments and improvements..	$20,000,000
Preferred stock, 4 per cent and not more, cumulative, preferred as to dividends and capital.....	$20,000,000
Common stock	$20,000,000

The income above 5 per cent on the common stock will be reserved and applied as a sinking fund for the payment of the bonds or for the improvement of the property.

Combined operations of the several companies for the year ended Dec. 31, 1901: Gross earnings, $5,125,883; net earnings, $2,065, 925; total net income, $2,083,155; interest on bonds, $723,200; mortgage sinking fund, $84,000; balance surplus, $1,275,955. Deduct: Interest on proposed issue of $20,000,000 4 per cent bonds, $800,000. Surplus under plan, $475,955.

Brown Brothers & Co., as "managers," are given the right to the absolute control of the bonds of the United Railroads of San Francisco until Feb. 1, 1903, and may offer said bonds at public issue or private sale at any time prior to said date, at the best price obtainable in their judgment, not to be less than 90 per cent of the face value thereof, together with accrued interest. The banking firm is to receive a commission of 1 per cent. upon the par value of said bonds that are sold, together with brokerages and other actual expenses of sale. The firm is also to have the right to retain possession of all the capital stock of the investment company until the plan of purchase is fully perfected.

Interest Payable in April

Semi-annual interest will be paid on the bonds of the following local corporations in April: Geary-street Railway 5s; Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar 5s and 5½s; Los Angeles Railway 5s; Los Angeles Lighting 5s; Los Angeles Pacific Railway 5s; Northern Railway Company of California 5s; Omnibus Cable Railway 6s; San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway 5s; Sierra Railway of California 6s; Southern Pacific Railway of California, Series A, 1905, 6s; Southern Pacific Railway of California, Series B, 1905, 6s; Southern Pacific Railway of California, 1906, 6s; Southern Pacific Railway of California, 1912, 6s; Southern Pacific Branch Railway of California 6s. In addition quarterly interest will be paid in April on U. S. 4 per cent, 1907, bonds.

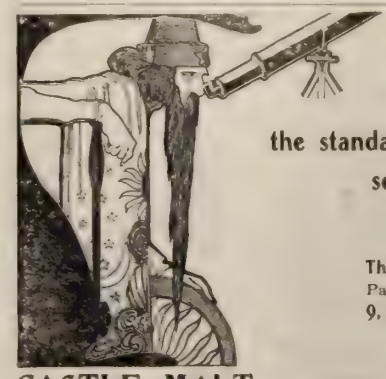
Local bank clearings in March were $116,296,567, against $93,111,435 for March, 1901. For the first three months of the year they amount to $310,482,711, against $263,322,258 for the same time last year. The heavy bank payments in settlement of the Market-street Railroad sale swelled the clearings last month.

The California Title Insurance Company has withdrawn its offer of $60 per share, and a dividend of 2 per cent. per annum to stockholders of the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company in an effort to secure an option upon a majority of the capital stock, as an insufficient number of shares responded to the proposition within the allotted time.

The Makaweli Sugar Company has elected the following directors for the ensuing year: S. T. Alexander, H. F. Allen, I. Strassburger, W. Gregory, W. G. Cooke and W. M. Alexander. S. T. Alexander is president, H. F. Allen, vice-president, W. M. Alexander, treasurer and George M. Rolph, secretary. The Makaweli Company is interested in the Hawaiian Sugar Company, which is credited with making 13,056 tons of sugar last year. The net earnings amounted to $284,651.21, and on December 31st, 1901, there was a total surplus of $102,521.64. Dividends were expected to be resumed by this time but the low prices prevailing for sugar and the high cost of production in the Islands have caused the directors of the Makaweli to request the directors of the Hawaiian Company not to resume dividends until a large surplus has accumulated.

A Dull Oil Market

The flurry in the Oil Exchange which was apparent last week has subsided and the market is again reported dull with more sellers than buyers. Values for almost all shares have eased off to some extent, especially those for Sterling and Sovereign which bounded up rapidly with the announcement of large contracts for Island delivery. Many shares of these stocks, however, changed hands, but sales at the easier prices were less brisk than during the flurry. Litigation has been begun before the Superior Court which involves directly and indirectly oil lands valued at $20,000,000, testing the legality of acquiring claims and pending the decision trading in certain shares, especially those of the Kern Oil Company, against which the suit is naturally directed will be naturally small. Other companies that will be affected by the suit are the Four Oil, the Elwood, The Grand Central, the Kansas City and the Aztec.



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CASTLE MALT, a pure and perfect rye
Does not dull the mind nor dim the eye

Sales on the Oil Exchange last week were 74,957 shares, valued at $33,326, the leading sales being as follows: Aztec, 1,000 shares; California Standard, 1,775; Independence, 8,000; Junction, 1,000; Petroleum Center, 13,800; Lion, 5,050; Monarch, 6,350; Monte Cristo, 1,700; Oil City, 1,600; Sovereign, 8,950; Reed, 1,200; Occidental, 2,665; Sterling, 14,550.

Gossip on Change

Bonds have been the attractive feature on the Stock and Bond Exchange during the past week and transactions have been of good value at sustained prices. Numerous railway bonds have changed hands at good rates and several large lots of Sacramento Electric, Gas & Railway bonds were placed. The latter bonds ruled strong with $98 bid but holders stood firm for $98.75. In general securities business was quite active and prices generally ruled steady. Spring Valley Water Company shares were in good light with buyers and there was some little inclination to speculate. Several large sales were consummated and the stocks ruled firm at about $92.75. The official announcement that dividends would again be paid beginning with this month have made the shares quite desirable. No further news relative to the threatened friction with the fishermen in the North has again brought the shares of the Alaska Packers' Association into favor and quite a few transactions were recorded at from $160 and $161. Sugar stocks continued quiet and values varied but little. Early in the week Hutchison developed some little strength and sold at $12. San Francisco Gas and Electric was quite weak, declining from $43 to $42, but subsequently recovering to $42.75. The weakness was attributed to the action of the California Title Insurance and Trust Company in declaring off the deal suggested in its circular issued some time ago. It will be remembered that on behalf of certain parties the Company asked shareholders to deposit their stock with the Bank of California, receiving therefor $60 per share, with dividends at the rate of 2 per cent per annum, until the deal was closed, providing sufficient stock was subscribed. As less than 1000 shares were deposited the deal was declared off. Market-street Railway stocks were strong at $100 bid, but there were no offers to sell. Prospects for a good fruit yield and an excellent market for canned stock has strengthened the shares of the California Fruit Canners and prices were somewhat higher at $102.

On Tuesday semi-annual interest amounting to $1,517,600 was payable on bonds of railroad corporations listed on the Stock and Bond Exchange, including $906,525 by the Southern Pacific Railway of California; $118,775 by the Northern Railway of California; $150,000 by the San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway; $105,990 by the Southern Pacific Branch Railway of California, and $93,925 by the Los Angeles Railway. On April 12th the Sierra Railway Company of California will pay interest amounting to $19,260 on its bonds.

The unofficial statement of the Oceanic Steamship company for the period from February 18th to March 18th shows disbursements amounting to $128,472.28, of which $12,141.39 is on account of cost of the steamers *Sierra* and *Sonoma*, and $104,861.08 on account of repairs to the steamer *Mariposa*. The total amount now due J. D. Spreckels Bros. & Co. by the company is $815,936.22, but from this may be deducted $109,626.95 for amounts due on mail contracts, coal on hand, etc., leaving a net overdraft, amounting to $706,299.27. —*The Financier*

Nothing more refined or charming could possibly be imagined in vaudeville than Homer Lind's little musical sketch "Gringoire" at the Orpheum this week. It is such a dainty arrangement of song and story as Lotta gave us upon her last appearance at the Baldwin. Julian Edwards has written some very effective music for "Gringoire" but it is Mr. Lind's delicate interpretation of the songs that wins attention. His voice is a baritone of admirable quality and well trained.

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STAGE

Tied Her Notes with Blue

The society girl who used to occupy her time sending mash notes to E. J. Morgan has not been in evidence this season. But her infatuation was a real one in its day. She addressed the actor as "King Haughty" and always rolled her notes as if they were a sweet girl graduate's essay. Then she tied a blue ribbon around them. But all the art was wasted on the actor. He never opened the notes but would toss them over to his wife. Morgan is very much in love with his present helpmate and she with him. His trouble with his late wife was about alimony, an old question revived for the divorce was a matter of a good many yesterdays.

Who Mrs. Morgan Is

Gretchen Lyons has been Mrs. Morgan for a long time. Those who fancied there was anything more than a stage friendship between the chic Gretchen and Ernest Hastings, when the two were members of the Alcazar company, erred in their surmises. Last summer, when Morgan was with the Frawleys at the Grand, he and his wife had apartments in Powell street near Geary and those who visited them then called them the turtle doves, they were so happy. Gretchen Lyons' other matrimonial affair was not so congenial. Lucius Henderson was her former husband. Gretchen is playing the leading woman part in "Soldiers of Fortune" at the New Savoy in New York. She is said to be the embodiment of Richard Harding Davis' charming Hope. Bob Edeson is the leading man in the company. Miss Lyons expects to go to London for her vacation but unless her "Darling Jack," as she calls Mr. Morgan, goes, she will forego her desire. Her father is a noted English actor and a friend of Sir Henry Irving.

An Opportunity Lost

If the management of "The Christian" had but known it, instead of putting on a very inadequate understudy as Glory Quayle during Miss Leslie's illness, the stage manager would have looked up a local star to play the part. He would not have to look far, either. There is a young matron in this city who once had an ambition to shine on the stage. Her husband did not like the idea but he humored her desire as far as to go to New York with her, and during the several months of their residence there she studied in a famous dramatic school. She took physical culture, fencing, expression, dancing—everything indeed to fit her for her intended career. And among the parts she studied was Glory Quayle in "The Christian." The young matron did not fulfill her ambition. It was about the time that the stork was out paying visits and since then she has been occupied with domestic and parental cares. But what a chance was lost in her not knowing the part of Glory Quayle was to let for a limited period. She is as pretty as Elsie Leslie, clever and well up in her art, and it would have been an admirable if brief chance to show what she could really do.

Eleanor Haber is studying at the Stanhope dramatic school in New York with view to a stage career. Miss Haber's recital here before her departure for the East is remembered as a most scholarly and interesting exposition of her talents.

Joseph Kilgour's wife having sued him for a divorce there is a chance for some other well dowered young woman to win the handsome actor's heart and hand. Kilgour was the pet of the women during his Alcazar engagement and there was much weeping and wailing when he went away. His wife was a Chicago heiress and Kilgour himself was a society clubman before he became an actor.

Mabelle Gilman is as much a matinee idol as Henry Miller or Faversham. The giddy young girls go wild over her. A correspondent writes me from New York that she rode down in a car the other day with a bunch of girls who had just been to see "The Hall of Fame." They fairly raved over Mabelle Gilman and one of them ended up with, "Well, she's a mighty sweet thing and has such *grand* eyes!"

I wonder if Mortimer Snow of the Aubrey stock company in New Orleans is the same Mortimer Snow who used to act in San Francisco? Snow of New Orleans has just married Adelaide Warren, the Inez of Viola Allen's production of "In the Palace of the King." Mortimer Snow who used to act at the old Grove street theatre and later at the Alhambra married Mollie Stockmeyer of the Tivoli chorus, after she divorced young Turner. The Turner marriage was a romantic one, an elopement, but after Hymen made his innings Cupid got lost somewhere.

Mrs. Ward's "Eleanor" has been dramatized, or is just about to undergo the operation. Anthony Hope's "Pilkerton Peerage," somewhat after the style of the "Dolly Dialogues," is said to have been a success on its first presentation.

In the Easter number of the St. Louis *Mirror* appears a pretty story by Hobart Bosworth, entitled "Cuchillo de la Muerte." Mr. Bosworth is a son of William Bosworth, the organist of this city, and is an actor who has achieved pronounced success in Eastern companies.

A Change of Management

The Hotel Mateo at San Mateo changed hands on the first of the month, Messrs. Wrenn and Spaulding being the new lessees. Mr. Wrenn, who is so well known through his position of cashier of the California hotel, has had years of experience in the hotel business, and this insures success in his new undertaking. Many alterations are being contemplated, including an entire change of domestic service. The grounds are to be beautified in many ways. It is said the management intends to have the dining-room surpass that of any hotel on the coast as regards menu, service and table appointments. The club-house has a fine bar and adjuncts in the way of shuffle-board, billiard and pool tables and bowling alley.

Business men and women whose lines are laid in the downtown district are glad to avail themselves of the convenient Puritan Dining Room at 413 Market street. The specialties of this restaurant, of which E. J. Clinton is the manager, are pure foods and ideal service.

Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler

...PIANIST...

Four Recitals ...AT... **Metropolitan Hall**

Tuesday and Thursday Nights, April 15 and 17

Wednesday and Saturday Matinees, April 16 and 19

Seats at Sherman, Clay & Co's, next Thursday, 75c, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00.

Oakland Concert—Friday Night, April 18th

MAPLE ROOM—PALACE HOTEL

BEGINNING MONDAY, APRIL 7th

And for One Week Only — From 10 A. M. to Midnight Daily

— First Time in America of the —

GREAT PAINTINGS by SANTOS GONZALES,

The Eminent Philippine Artist:

The Surrender of Manila AND **Saluting the Wounded**

"The Surrender of Manila" is 34x14 feet and shows, among other features of great historical interest, Company B, First California Volunteers. "Saluting the Wounded" is smaller, in which the central figure is Col. James Smith, of San Francisco.

ADMISSION, 50 CTS., CHILDREN, 25 CTS.

Of the newest papers, the Linen Boods displayed by COOPER & Co are most effective.

Attractions Next Week

It is a long time since San Francisco has had such a splendid offering at the theatres as next week's bills promise. The visiting attraction will be E. S. Willard in "The Cardinal." This fine English actor has not been seen here in years, and he then presented "Judah" and "The Middleman." He is a quiet, intense actor of wonderful power and magnetism. His season here will be for three weeks. The opening play, "The Cardinal," is by Louis N. Parker, with scenes laid in Rome of 1510. The second week "The Professor's Love Story," a very charming play by Barrie, will be given. "Tom Pinch" and "David Garrick" will be given the third week. This is one of the most important engagements that the Columbia has had for a long time. The prices for Willard will be at the New York standard: two dollars, one-fifty, one, seventy-five, fifty and twenty-five cents.

Melbourne MacDowell and Florence Stone will present Sardou's "Gismonda" at the Grand next week. There are many who consider Miss Stone's portrayal of this heroine the greatest in her repertory. MacDowell's Almerio is also one of his best roles. The Sardou dramas will apparently never lose their grip on audiences here. Every night there is a big house at the Grand.

The hallmark of novelty and New York will be on "Fiddle Dee Dee" which Fischer's will introduce to us next week, the first time of a Weber & Field burlesque in San Francisco. The management of Fischer's has secured not only the sole rights for the plays, but contracted for the artists who have made them so successful in New York and throughout the country. "Fiddle" ran during the entire time of the Pan American exposition, and for two years at Weber & Field's music hall in New York. There are two travesties in it, one on "Antony and Cleopatra" and the other on the "Florodora" sextet. Maude Amber, a famous beauty and singer, Barney Bernard, the Hebrew and German character actor, and the comedians Kolb and Dill, have arrived from the East to play the principal parts. Among the new specialties are the Rosey Posey girls, the Mexican dancers, the shirt waist (girls) boys, the manicure girls, the gendarmes, Hoffman Barr's string of beauties, the wonderful acting St. Bernard dog.

A revival of the pathetic little one-act drama "Madame Butterfly," David Belasco's dramatization of John Luther Long's story, will be the feature of the Alcazar's bill next week. Juliet Crosby's exquisite characterization of the role of the poor little Japanese wife is one of the most artistic things that was ever done on a local stage. She will again have the name part. "The Great Unknown," a Daly comedy, will be the curtain raiser. It is an adaptation from the German telling of an unlettered but ambitious mother who, fancying herself a literary genius goes to Paris that she may find herself in the company of her equals. Her husband and children use drastic measures to cure her of her folly, their medicine being successful. "When the Heart was Young," the new Bryant-Day play, will be produced on the fifth of May.

Something far above the average vaudeville act is "The Yellow Dragon," the "strange adventure in one act" by George R. Deane to be presented by the Sidney Drews at the Orpheum next week. The play takes for its keynote Kipling's "An' the dawn comes up like thunder, outer China, 'crost the bay," and is filled with Oriental mysticism. Mr. Drew will have the role of a United States Secret Service agent and Mrs. Drew will be Mrs. Flood, an American woman in whose home the adventure occurs. Marie Wainwright in a new romantic comedy by Theodore Kreamer, "The Lady and the Clock," will be a star attraction. The Clipper quartet in a sketch "Uncle Eph's Dream," and James H. Cullen a novel monologuist and parodist will be novelties. Homer Lind, Fred Stuber, Papinta, Gorman and Keppler will remain over. The original English Pony ballet of eight dancers is coming.

The Tivoli's next attraction, "The Fortune Teller," was one of the successes of Alice Neilsen's starring season. The leading role of course calls for much "birdie" singing, in which Alice Neilsen excelled. It also calls for a good many changes of costume in the soprano. The contralto and baritone have good parts and there is opportunity for three comedians to distinguish themselves. It requires a large chorus. The Tivoli company should make a great deal out of it.

The Playgoer.

The most delightfully blended whisky known to the human palate is "Jesse Moore"—the standard for over fifty years.

The well known Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra has re-opened for the Fourth Season, 1901-1902. To guarantee promptness, all engagements must be made at the Studio, 718 Post street. Telephone Polk 1575. School hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m

AMUSEMENTS

ALCAZAR
BELASCO AND THALL, Managers
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Week beginning April 7th. Extraordinary Double Bill
David Belasco's Dramatization of Long's Charming Story
"MADAME BUTTERFLY"
Juliet Crosby in her great impersonation of the title role
Beautiful Costumes and Scenic Production
This tragedy will be preceded by Augustin Daly's comedy
"THE GREAT UNKNOWN" It goes with a bang. Fun piles upon fun.
Regular Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Seats on sale six days in advance Prices - 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c & 75c.

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER
Commencing Monday, April 7
Reappearance in San Francisco of
MR. E. S. WILLARD
In a new play entitled
"THE CARDINAL"
By Louis N. Parker
Prices—$2.00, $1.50, $1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c.
Second Week—"The Professor's Love Story"

Orpheum
O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee Apr. 6th
MARIE WAINWRIGHT and Company. The Clipper Quartette.
James H Cullen. Homer Lind and Company. Fred Stuber.
PAPINTA. Gorman and Keppler and Last Week of MR.
AND MRS. SIDNEY DREW, Presenting
"THE YELLOW DRAGON"
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
Reserved Seats, 25c: Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.

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Evenings at 8 sharp! Matinee Saturday at 2 sharp!
April 7—The Celebrated Alice Nielsen Opera
"THE FORTUNE TELLER"
Popular Prices, 25c, 50c and 75c. Telephone, Bush 9

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Matinees Today and Tomorrow Last Two Nights of
"THE EMPRESS THEODORA" Beginning Monday evening next
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Melbourne MacDowell supported by Florence Stone
In Sardou's Powerful Play
"GISMONDA"
Popular Prices: 10, 15, 25, 50, 75c. Good Orchestra Seat all Matinees 25c

FISCHER'S BURLESQUE THEATRE
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The greatest humorous hit of the season An epoch maker in mirth and melody. Opening of the great
WEBER & FIELD'S SEASON Commencing Monday, April 7th
Direct from the long run at the Pan-American Exposition
"FIDDLE DEE DEE"
The most successful burlesque ever presented in Weber & Field's Music Hall, N. Y. . A Cast Never Surpassed
Kolb & Dill, unequaled. Barney Barnard, matchless. Maude Amber, unrivalled. And we retain Winfield Blake, Lillian Coleman, Harry Hermsen, Alice Kellar and many others who are Headliners in their lines. "Fiddle dee dee" will be put on scenically, costumed and lyrically perfect.
Night 25 and 50 cents Matinee Saturday and Sunday 25 cents
Children at Matinee 10 cents

LETTERS

Mrs. Atherton's "Conqueror"

Advance sheets have been issued of Gertrude Atherton's "The Conqueror," and the book turns out not to be a biography of Alexander Hamilton, but a novel pure and simple. Later on, the word goes, she will fulfill her original intention and compile a biography of Hamilton. In the meantime, the novel can reap the benefit of the boom in semi-historical works, and possibly give its author a fortune. She has put quite modern thoughts and words into her characters' mouths and though these prove startling at first they need be no more so than Winston Churchill's imaginary conversations of Paul Jones, Pitt, Lincoln and others. For instance, in one chapter Mrs. Atherton makes Hamilton say he would not care to be Chief Justice, for he would "be bored to death. Can you fancy me sitting eternally and solemnly in the middle of a bench, listening to long-winded lawyers?" And later he says: "I know, and you know, that my greatest gift is statesmanship; my truest, widest knowledge is in the Department of Finance; moreover, than that nothing has so keen and enduring a fascination for me. I could no more refuse this invitation of Washington's than I could clog the wheels of my mind to inaction. It is like a magnet to steel. If I were sure of personal consequences the most disastrous, I should accept, and without hesitation. For what else was the peculiar quality of my brain given me? To what other end have I studied this great question since I was a boy of nineteen—wild as I was to fight and win the honor of the field? Was ever a man's destiny clearer, or his duty?" Mrs. Atherton's book has naturally brought Aaron Burr into prominence in connection with her hero. Burr is evidently to be the historical character of the present moment. We have already had "Blennerhassett," in which Mr. Pidgin undertook the task of trying to bring about at least a review, if not a reversal, of judgment. Mr. Pidgin will shortly publish another, a pure romance, in which he will set forth what might have been had Burr's scheme of settlement succeeded. And now Messrs. A. S. Barnes are to publish "The True Aaron Burr."

Philadelphia has a local Society of Authors, recently established, of which Dr. S. Weir Mitchell is the first president. Dr. Mitchell long ago established a reputation in his profession. His poems and novels rank well up, and now he is writing short stories, which are appearing in the monthly magazines and being widely copied in the weekly and daily papers. Dr. Mitchell is long passed three score and ten, but he writes as vigorously and in as modern a spirit as the youngest and latest recruit to literature. Some one has pointed out the similarity between him and the Autocrat, who also did all things well, and refused to grow old with years.

One of the surprises of the season for English book dealers is that religious books, which usually sell well during the Lenten season, have been dead stock. Most probably people are looking beyond and concerning themselves with coronation matters. The changes necessary in the prayers and other services since they have a king instead of a queen to defend the faith may have resulted in the purchase of so many new books of common prayer that the "religious money" has been exhausted and there was none to spare for special books of devotion.

It was only a question of time before the horseless carriage and its owners and advocates would enter the field with a periodical of their own instead of being content with an occasional column in the magazines and weekly papers. The time has come, and the *New Centaur*, edited by George B. Gallup and Malcolm W. Ford, made its initial bow with the March number. The table of contents consists of club notes, technical articles, society and fashion articles and matters of general interest to motorists, interspersed with poems and short stories. Such names as Robert Barr, Clinton Scollard, Will M. Clemens and Malcolm Ford will give a hint as to quality.

The Uncut Novel

Librarians of London have taken a sensible stand on the subject of uncut novels, and the patrons of the libraries are upholding them. Hereafter, no novel which is not ready to be read without the task of separating the pages will find room on the shelves. Heretofore it has been supposed that only works of permanent value such as contained information not to be dispensed with, were entitled to the privilege of making

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— *Medical Press (London), Aug. 1895*

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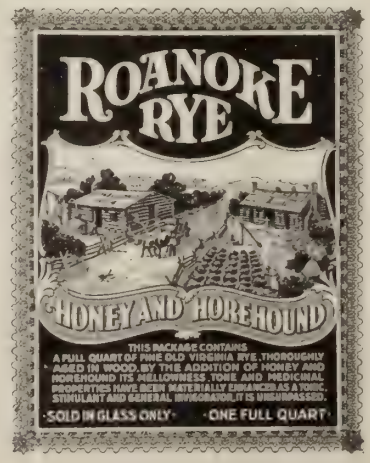

readers earn their right of way, but of late, the novel has usurped the privilege of the more important works, and this, in spite of the fact that too frequently the works of fiction do not pay for the trouble. There may be artistic compensations for the ragged edges of uncut books, but to the ordinary mind they are best described by a paraphrase of Mark Twain's comment on Wagner's music. They must be prettier than they look. Add to the inconvenience of cutting one's way through a book, the irritation which results when invariably some of the pages are jagged, and the invariable gathering of dust on the rough edges, there is the general effect of untidiness, and it is little to be wondered at that elderly people, accustomed to the older way of doing things, object to accepting unfinished work, as they not unjustly term the ragged volumes. It is a slight matter for publishers to trim the edges of their volumes before they are put into covers, and the only excuse for not doing so is the possibility that some purchasers may prefer to place the books in bindings of their own, in which case, as in that of magazines preserved for binding, the additional margin will add to the appearance of the book when finally finished. But the average novel of the day does not merit even a paper cover, and few, if any, will ever receive a new dress. Even if they were worthy, or likely to receive it, there is no reason why a whole edition should be turned out rough finished. As is the practice with magazine publishers, a limited number could be placed on the market with uncut edges and purchasers could choose which they preferred. The uncut book was once a distinctly English institution, and it was said that the reason therefor was that our Cousin John feared that if he bought cut books, second-hand copies, or at least, copies that had been read before would be foisted upon him. Be that as it may, there will be general rejoicing if the uncut novel is to be seen no more.

Scribblings to Friends

Apparently there is never to be an end to epistolary literature. Madame Maurice Sand will be the next "authoress," with the correspondence of her mother-in-law. As George Sand herself burned all of the Chopin letters, and the family of Alfred de Musset has intervened with an injunction there is the satisfaction of knowing that everything will not be turned inside out for the benefit of the gaping crowd. There is something positively indecent in the way that private correspondence is made free to the world, and one cannot but feel that both the publishers and the reader are lacking in a sense of honor. One could imagine them listening at keyholes, rifling desks, or resorting to the steam of the teakettle in order to loosen the flap of an envelope that excited their curiosity. In theory, it is the litertry form which is supposed to attract readers, but in fact it is the hope of coming upon some secret, more or less salacious, which attracts the majority of people to these collections of letters of the illustrious. The extensive use of the telephone will be a blessed thing if it helps to put an end to the hoarding of chance notes and unimportant communications, in order that they may be disposed of later on for coin of the realm.

Maeterlinck, the Belgian dramatist, is soon to marry Mademoiselle Leblanc of the Opera Comique, and the marriage is to be celebrated in England in order to escape the tiresome formalities in force on the continent. One is not called upon to either warn or advise the bride to be, nevertheless, I can recall some curious and decidedly unpleasant consequences of this same desire to escape continental formalities. The "irregularities" have been strong weapons in the hands of husbands who have chosen to repudiate wives. We are told that the "prospective bride has not yet published anything; but she is engaged on a study of the psychology of women, which M. Maeterlinck believes will make a sensation when it appears." Is that the roseate view of the ardent lover, or is it merely going to be case of "marrying into literature"?

Albert Bigelow Paine has broken the record in having published three books within two months. That is the publication record. Nothing is said concerning the time it took him to write them.

Horace Annesley Vachell, once of California, will soon publish another novel, "The Shadowy Third."

—*The Bookworm*

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Estate of Annie Kelly, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Annie Kelly deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, Andrew J. Gill at the offices of Lent and Humphrey, Rooms 167-168-169 Crocker Building, corner of Post and Market streets San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

ANDREW J. GILL
Administrator of the Estate of Annie Kelly, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco, March 29, 1902

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MUSIC

The Heinrichs

Not since the Henschels have we had such highly finished work as the Heinrichs, father and daughter, gave us this week in their two charming song recitals. The first evening's program was something of a novelty, Tennyson's melodramatic poem "Enoch Arden" with a musical setting by Richard Strauss. Mr. Heinrich showed his diversified gifts in his reading of the poem which was given with great pathos and tenderness, every phase of human emotion being brought out with a touch vivid yet always exquisitely refined. In his vocal work he again showed that rare polish and intelligence that placed him beyond comparison with any but the Henschels, whom vocally the Heinrichs go beyond. His accomplishments are a delight and seem so a part of himself and his singing that one could not think of the singer and instrument but as a perfectly blended whole. Miss Julia Heinrich's voice is of a pleasing, sympathetic quality bordering on a mezzo, and her style and enunciation are admirable. She has gained in poise since her last visit here. Both artists received a warm welcome on Tuesday evening. On Thursday another fine program was given and there will be a matinee today at which all the best in their repertory will be sung.

At the concert given recently by Madame Abbie Carrington (Mrs. Emlyn Lewys), soprano, Miss Mary Carrington and Mr. Emlyn Lewys, pianists, the program rendered was of a very high order. Madame Carrington, who has had operatic experience as prima donna under the management of Strakosch, Mapleson, and others of like note, sang the scena and aria, "Ah Perfido" (Beethoven), aria from Boito's "Mefistofele," "The Dewdrop" (Rubinstein), "Understood" (Pfefferkorn), "Song of Sunshine" (Goring Thomas), "The Loreley" (Liszt), "Sandmanchen" (Brahms), and "The Erl-King" (Schubert), covering a wide range of voice and subject. The piano numbers were: Prelude, C Sharp Minor (Rachmaninoff), Menuet (Dreyschock), "Liebestraum" (Liszt), "Soiree de Vienne No. 6" (Schubert-Liszt), Mr. Lewys; "Kamennoi Ostrow" (Rubinstein), "Le Papillon" (Lavallee), Etude, C Sharp Minor, Op. 25, No 7 (Chopin), Tremolo, Etude de Concert (Gottschalk), Miss Carrington; Polonaise, A Flat (Chopin). Though it is but five months since Mr. and Mrs. Lewys came to San Francisco they have thoroughly established themselves in that short time. Madame Carrington's time is fully occupied with her engagements.

The production of "The Bohemian Girl" for the benefit of the exterior painting and interior decoration of St. Dominic's church was such an enormous success that it is to be repeated to fill the demands of those unable to secure admittance on Tuesday night to the Alhambra theatre. The opera was sung by St. Dominic's junior choir and choral union and there was a juvenile minstrel performance by St. Dominic's junior Christy minstrels.

(Continued on Page 29)

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Music—Continued

Grothwell Musicale

The musicale at Miss Henriette Grothwell's studio on Saturday last was a pronounced success. There were over seventy-five people present, crowding the rooms to their utmost capacity. The singing of Misses Hazel Leszynsky, Emma de Boom, Celia Zinnen and Bertha Herzog showed careful training and conscientious study. The program in full was: Duet, I Waited for the Lord, Mendelssohn, Miss Zinnen and Miss de Boom; Murmuring Zephyrs, Jensen, Miss Zinnen; Ich grolle nicht, Schumann, Miss de Boom; Chanson Boheme, Carmen, Bizet, Miss Bertha Herzog; Berceuse from Jocelyn, Godard, Miss Leszynsky; My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice, from Samson et Dalila, Saint Saens, Miss Zinnen; Calm as the Night, Bohm, Miss de Boom; L'ete, Chaminade, Miss Leszynsky; duet, Two Tuscan Folk Songs, Carraciolo, Miss Zinnen and Miss de Boom. Rumor has it Miss Grothwell will very soon allow some of her pupils to appear upon a semi-public occasion.

Fritzi Scheff is said to be about to embark in comic opera, in a work written expressly for her. Fritzi should make a delightful comic opera prima donna if one judges by her Muzette in "La Boheme" and her Cherubino in "The Marriage of Figaro." She is all life and magnetism and she always seemed too giddy somehow for grand opera. She has all the qualities necessary for success as a comic opera star.

Georg Henschel is busy on a Requiem in memory of his wife. It will be sung in Boston and Breslau.

Willis E. Bacheller has a studio in Carnegie hall, New York.

—*The Music Critic*

Sweet Alice Ben Bolt

How the Popular Song Happened to Be Written.

The death this week of Dr. Thomas Dunn English, representative of the Newark, N. J., district in Congress, has brought to light the story of how he happened to write the song, "Ben Bolt," which had such a vogue when resurrected by Du Maurier in his "Trilby." Dr. English is now seventy-six years old, and "Ben Bolt" was written in 1843. N. P. Willis and George P. Morris, who had revived the New York *Mirror* under the title of the *New Mirror*, asked English to send in a sea song to the paper. English wrote a song, which he was dissatisfied with, and in its stead wrote four a half stanzas of "Ben Bolt," to which he added the first four lines of the rejected sea song. The song was copied, parodied and replied to in English papers and finally its author had Dominick May of Washington set it to music. This setting was not successful and English wrote one himself, but the one that is generally used, and which became instantly popular, was composed by Nelson Kneass, a young actor, who was a brother of the United States District Attorney at Philadelphia. Kneass introduced the song in a play in which he appeared, and sang it from city to city. The words and music were first

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published by Peters of Cincinnati. But Peters objected to the lines:

"Don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook,
Where the children went to swim?"

on the ground that modest women would be shocked at the idea of children going in swimming. These lines of his own composition were substituted:

"With the master so kind and so true,
And the little nook by the clear-running brook,
Where we gathered the flowers as they grew?"

Peters sold more than sixty-thousand copies of the words and music. Kneass' setting was adapted from a German melody.

Dr. English is not an Englishman, as many fancy, but a native of Philadelphia. He was graduated doctor of medicine at the University of Pennsylvania and also called to the Philadelphia bar but has mainly pursued authorship and journalism.—*The Reader.*

A NEWSPAPER NOTE

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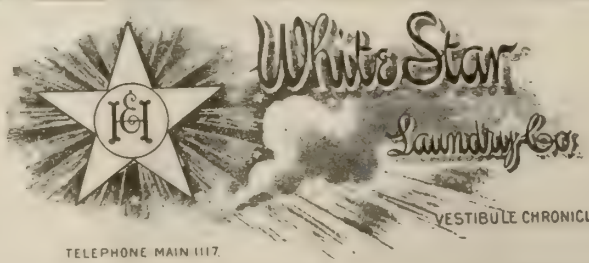

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Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Edward Leary, Administrator of the Estate of Margaret A Fitzpatrick deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Edward Leary at the office of T. I. Fitzpatrick, 501 Hayward Building the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EDWARD LEARY,
Administrator of the Estate of Margaret A Fitzpatrick, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 8, 1902.

T. I. Fitzpatrick, Attorney for Administrator
501 Hayward Building

Estate of Jacob F. Bros, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the uudersigned, John Farnham, Administrator of the estate of Jacob F. Bros, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at Room 79, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,
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TOWN TALK

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, April 12, 1902

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OUR OPINION

The Spectacular Miles

General Miles is once more in the glare of the calcium. Indeed, one might suspect the General of preferring the calcium's glare to the cannon's mouth. It is certain that he has courted one more than the other. His friends tell us that he is the victim of political jealousy, and that he has been purposely kept in the background. But the fact is that General Miles has never been in the background. He is always in the forefront, not of battles, but of other things. By a strategic marriage he achieved a political and social position of vantage that bespoke exceptional generalship, and as a consequence obtained the position of Lieutenant-General, Commander of the Army. He never did anything of a military character to entitle him to that exalted position, a position previously held only by men who had demonstrated their ability to command armies. General Miles has been very lucky. True he was not permitted to exercise his prerogative of commander of the army during the Spanish war, but he was not heard protesting loudly against being held in Washington. If he had made as much fuss over that as he has lately been making because of the President's refusal to send him to the Philippines he would undoubtedly have been sent to Cuba. He was content to take command of the expedition to Porto Rico when the war was over, and now that the work in the Philippines is nearly done he appears to be anxious to go to the Orient and get the glory that is due to others. We have no doubt that General Miles would gain distinction in the Philippines. He did in Arizona, though Lawton did the fighting. He has been credited with the capture of Geronimo who surrendered to Lawton, and it has even been said that he won the battle of Santiago though he was in Washington when the Spaniards laid down their arms. Notwithstanding all his good fortune Miles appears to have many grievances and they are of such a character as might suggest that he is anxious to pose as a martyr. Next year he will reach the age limit and drop to the retired list, but it seems to be his purpose to force a row with the President and the Secretary of War so that they may be compelled to retire him meanwhile for the good of the service. Then his friends could boom him for the nomination for President on the Democratic ticket. There are many influential politicians who think that the name of Miles is a good one to conjure with. And at present a candidate for the Democracy is very much in demand. But the politicians in Washington are sadly in error if they are of the opinion that the country regards Miles as a hero. The country believes that Miles has been unduly humiliated but it knows that he has invited humiliation, and that he is a man of invincible egotism. He is the greatest military demagogue that this country has produced.

America's Gambling Hell

Every little while a story comes over the cable about the big losses sustained by some American millionaire at Monte Carlo or at some other gambling resort in Europe. Seldom is anything heard of the doings of our plutocratic gamblers in this country, but there are gambling hells in America that receive the patronage of our most distinguished citizens and that do a plethoric business. Money comes very fast to the pockets of our captains of commerce, but the play in Wall street is not exciting enough for them. They require diversion and quick action, and at the roulette tables of Saratoga they get both. William C. Whitney, ex-Secretary of the Navy and street railroad magnate, is one of the most daring gamblers in the country, and there are members of the Belmont, Vanderbilt, Gould and Astor clan that hazard large sums on the turn of the wheel at Saratoga every summer. The Saratoga Club is the one place in New York where gambling goes on without interference of any sort, except an occasional perfunctory visit from a constable. Seasons are short and highly profitable. The owner of the Saratoga Club privilege is Richard A. Canfield. A few days ago he was offered three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the clubhouse, furnishings and good will. The offer is not regarded as extravagant. The coming season promises to be the most prosperous of all the years of high rolling there. Extensive improvements at the Saratoga racetrack, larger purses and the personal interest in affairs shown by William C. Whitney and other rich patrons of the turf will attract to Saratoga more men, women and money than ever before. Canfield's club is credited with a profit of two hundred thousand dollars for its seven or eight weeks of activity last summer. This sum was won by the roulette tables. The faro bank lost thirty thousand dollars. It got the play of the experienced plungers who wouldn't dream of putting their checks down at the wheel. In consequence of the open gambling at Saratoga that place becomes, every sum-

mer, one of the fastest resorts in the world. More vice is crewded into a few weeks there than can be found in any similar resort in Europe. But one seldom hears of any protests from the reformers in New York. Governor Odell is aware of the Saratoga hell but he has not interfered although charges have been made against the sheriff of the county who winks at the gamblers for a handsome consideration. The preachers may denounce polo playing on Sunday but they refrain from comment on the gambling evil at Saratoga. And now, as the wealthy New Yorkers demand recreation over a longer season of the year, preparations are being made for the establishment of a swell gambling resort in the heart of the metropolis. A house in West Thirty-third street close to the Waldorf is now being fitted up and is to be the most magnificent gambling palace in America. The plant including decorations and gambling devices will represent an investment of two hundred thousand dollars. It is estimated that with the patronage that is expected the house can pay a hundred per cent a year on the sum invested. Perhaps the people of New York will welcome the new institution in the hope that it will foster home industry.

Discrimination Against Boys

On the night of the first of April some thirteen youngsters who were skylarking on their way home from school, under the delusion that the day gave them special privileges, were arrested, taken to the city prison and detained over night. The same thing happened on the other side of the bay, where some misguided youths had imbibed the impression that on that one day in the year all laws were suspended. No doubt the youngsters were obstreperous, and some measure of restraint was called for, but they would probably have desisted had they been requested to do so. In any event, the lads who were on their way home from night school were young breadwinners, employed during the day, and however annoying their tricks, a point might have been stretched in their favor. Had they been University students instead of night school boys, no fault would have been found. They might have got drunk, annoyed pedestrians, taken possession of the street cars, disturbed a theatrical performance, stolen signs, removed gates, and acted the tough generally, and it would have been "so funny" that only the curmudgeons would have dared to object. It would have been "college spirit," not hoodlumism. The same kind of thing is carried on wherever there is an "institution of higher learning," and full-grown men, endowed with all the rights and privileges of citizenship are permitted to deface public and private property, commit burglary, and conduct themselves like candidates for the penitentiary, but the fact of their connection with a college protects them from any interference. Quite recently some of these gentlemen at one of the Eastern colleges cut an oil painting of Mrs. Agassiz from its frame and attached it to a telegraph pole to flutter as a banner till it was whipped into rags, and no effort has been made to apprehend or punish the perpetrators of the vandal prank, who were only "college boys." There is no necessity to enumerate more, or to go afield in search of examples, for we have plenty at home. Police are loth to make arrests, and the judiciary are lenient when they are forced to take note of the misdemeanors of these favored classes, giving as an excuse that they "hesitate about blighting the career" of a young man who may be about to enter into professional life. It is a pity that their hesitation cannot be exercised for the benefit of the children who come before them, younger in years and experience and without the training which life, if nothing else, has supplied to the men of twice their age. The pandemonium let loose on our streets on New Year's eve during the last few years is enough to have demoralized the little boys who probably have witnessed the unrestrained antics of men and women, and have seen the newspapers given over to the laudation of the carnival. Between carnival and college spirit, little wonder that children are misled, and that they feel entitled to their share of sport on All Fool's day. If we are to have discrimination, let it be in favor of those who may be presumed to be acting from ignorance and thoughtlessness, not for those who are receiving special benefits and ought therefore to be under special obligations to the State.

More Culture Needed

In the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the Columbian University there is agitation for imposing a hard and fast rule as to general education among the students of medicine. Some of the trustees are said to be in favor of making the possession of a degree in arts a necessary preliminary to the study of medicine. They contend that a man who purposes to doctor his fellows should have had a wide training in liberal studies before he begins preparation for his professional career. This matter has frequently been the subject of discussion in this part of the country. We have a College of Physicians and Surgeons through which a barber or plumber may pass in a few years without any education except such as may equip him sufficiently for the administration of pills or the sawing of a leg. If all medical students were required to have at least the rudiments of a good education there would not be so many charlatans in the world, and there is no doubt that if the standard of mental culture were raised in the medical profession physicians would command greater respect and confidence than they now enjoy. And that the success of a physician frequently depends on the confidence he is capable of inspiring there is no doubt. An uncultured medical student is unfit to become the highest type of the profession of medicine. If a degree were the entrance requirement of all medical colleges many worthy men would be barred, but the good resulting therefrom would far outweigh any injustice that might be done.

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THE SECOND THOUGHT

I.

"I die tonight," I wrote her
To make the sum complete;
In a fortnight how she started
To behold me in the street.

II.

Yet, pistols make a horrid mess,
And daggers I despise,
And I am poison-proof since I
Drank poison from your eyes.

III.

So am I forced this life to live
Nor for its end make moan,
And since you cannot see my death,
I yet may see your own.

IV.

'Twixt Life, and Death for you, methinks
Life is the lesser evil:—
The being dead is very well
But the dying is the devil.

April, 1902 Herman Scheffauer

The Saunterer

His Softer Side

When the revelations were made the other day of the large sums of money due the estate of the late C. P. Huntington from persons who had enjoyed the bounty of the railroad magnate great was the surprise of those who were wont to quote his famous utterance about the impossibility of ever tracking him by the quarters he dropped. Sandbagging politicians and leg-pulling journalists were well aware of the generosity of Senator Stanford, but the reputation of Huntington as a "good thing" was somewhat circumscribed. The side of his character revealed by the inventory of worthless promissory notes belonging to his estate was unknown to the great mass of chronic and expert borrowers in this neck of the woods. But Huntington was never so available as Stanford. The latter was always accessible to flatterers in need, and to those ready to bend the pregnant hinges of the knee he was ever grateful, and quick to exemplify that thrift does follow fawning. Huntington, however, was generous only to those who could be of some benefit to him or who possessed qualities that appealed to his admiration.

The Magnate's Quarrel

Both Huntington and Stanford played such important parts in the development of this State, and figured in so many episodes of national as well as local interest that I should not be surprised if some day a competent raconteur decided upon publishing the story of their connection with some of the remarkable and thrilling events that have become of historical importance. A great deal that they did in connection with their railroad enterprises and in shaping the politics of the State for their own ends was of a nature that required secrecy and consequently the stories of many of the episodes have been garbled. Only the other day I heard a new version of the story of the quarrel between Huntington and Stanford over the turning down of Senator Sargent. The story with which the public is familiar is that Stanford deceived Sargent by pretending that he was not an aspirant for the toga, and that he got into the fight and elected himself with the aid of the funds of the railroad company.

Sargent Wanted Money

Stanford has been severely condemned for his alleged treachery to Sargent, and he was being denounced the other day when I heard the other side of the story. It was told by a newspaper man who was thoroughly familiar with all the incidents leading to the introduction of Stanford to the Senatorial fight and culminating in his election. Indeed, he was one of the dramatis personae. According to his story Stanford had no intention of becoming a candidate at the time that Sargent announced his determination to make the fight, but the railroad magnate was in no sense bound to give precedent to Sargent because the latter subsequently declared that he would not enter the race without the aid of the railroad company. In fact he demanded two hundred and forty thousand dollars from the company with which to elect a legislature and buy votes. It was then that Fred Crocker, Creed Haymond, Henry Vrooman and others determined upon persuading Stanford to become a candidate. Crocker was an enthusiastic Stanford man. He thought as much of Stanford as he did of his own father, because, when he was a boy and his father sought to educate him as a railroad man by requiring him to work as an ordinary train hand, Stan-

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THE WORLD OVER

ford interceded in his behalf and showed a deep interest in his welfare. Haymond and Vrooman were interested in Stanford through selfish motives, but at any rate they decided upon persuading him to run.

Public Opinion Manufactured

And to carry out their purpose they resolved upon a bit of strategy. In their opinion it was necessary for them to appeal to the old man's vanity—to make him believe he was the people's choice. They took Colonel John P. Jackson, who was then editor of the *Post*, into their confidence, and as he was an admirer of Stanford he agreed to assist them. A Stanford boom was started in the *Post*. Prominent citizens were interviewed, but only those who were friends of Stanford, or who were eager for his friendship, and of course they proclaimed him the right man for the job. Those interviews were sent to every railroad organ in the State, and within a few days the Stanford boom had attained large dimensions. Finally, Senator Stanford was interviewed, and he declared he was not a candidate, but of course if the people wanted him, etc., he would not deprive them of their choice. Meanwhile, Creed Haymond was working the railroal's political bureau for all it was worth, and overtime too, and as Tim Hopkins, then Treasurer of the company, was a Stanford man, there was no difficulty about paying the bills. By the time the Legislature met Stanford had the fight won, and the egotistical old chap actually believed that he was the people's choice until some years later, when Huntington called his attention to the vouchers. The man who tells this story is the one who began the "molding of public opinion" in Stanford's behalf.

Why They were Fond of Her

When the will of Hugh Tevis was opened his relatives were amazed and shocked to find that he had appointed his eighteen-year old widow the guardian of his daughter. The supposition was that he would not have done so had he expected to die so soon. The relatives of the girl expected trouble but the young widow graciously agreed to surrender the child to her grandmother, Mrs. Boalt. And it was this graciousness that has made her husband's relatives so fond of her. But little Alice is so much in love with her "new mamma" that she wanted to stay with her.

Why She Fainted

H. L. Baggerly, sporting editor of the *Bulletin*, is a modest chap and easily shocked. He figured in an episode on the Oakland boat, while returning from the races, the other day, that played havoc with his nerves. A woman who was sitting near him, reading a paper, suddenly threw up her hands, exclaimed "Great heavens!" and fell into a faint. Baggerly rushed for whisky, and when he returned found the woman staring at the headlines in the newspaper over the death notice of a prominent citizen.

"Was he a relative of yours?" asked Baggerly, sympathetically.

Sobbingly the woman replied, "I was his mistress for five years."

And Baggerly blushed.

Byrne Roasted Matthews

Though I was the first to call attention in public print to the Matthews incubus at the Hopkins Institute of Art I have no desire to claim the credit of its discovery. Some weeks ago J. W. Byrne who is now Vice-President of the Institute proclaimed at a meeting of the directors the existence of the evil. And he referred to Matthews on that occasion in rather severe terms. He declared that it was somewhat remarkable that the Institute's hired man should be given so much sway. He referred to the fact that Matthews occupied rooms in the building for which he paid no rent, and he declared that though the artist was merely an employe of the Institute he seemed to have more authority than the directors. He warned the directors against permitting Matthews to continue the arbitrary methods which had proved so distasteful to such artists as Joullin, Stanton and Dickman. No heed was paid to the warning, however.

Therefore He's Objectionable

A member of the Pacific-Union Club has taken me to task for my comments of last week anent the blackballing of two applicants for membership in that organization. He suggests that perhaps the men that cast the blackballs had good reason for doing so, that they had probably heard something derogatory of the character of the men who were "pilled." I have no doubt that they did. They were probably informed that the young men lacked dignity and repose and that they are entirely too Democratic in their tastes and habits. I happen to know that this objection was urged against one of the young men in the Bohemian Club. He is of aristocratic lineage and is destined to inherit great wealth, but he does not appear to appreciate the fact. He has none of the airs of the plutocratic snob, nor does he affect the manners of the parvenu which are so often confounded with the hallmark of gentle breeding.

The Neutral Man

I still insist that indiscriminate blackballing is discreditable to any organization in which it is indulged. It is quite often the result of petty jealousies, generally of a business and occasionally of a social nature. To blackball a man in a club is to impose a stigma on him because his rejection implies his unworth, but in the majority of instances men have not been barred from membership in clubs or fraternal societies on account of any shortcomings or by reason of their unfitness to associate with those already in. The neutral man is the one that has no trouble in joining clubs or lodges. By the neutral man I mean the fellow who spends most of his time trying to avoid issues. When asked for his opinion he withholds it until he has had time to measure its possible effect on his individual interests. He is the most amiable fellow in the world. And the neutral man

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is the chap that likes to express his sentiments beneath the rose. The blackball is his favorite weapon. Club life has its pleasant features but it involves the unpleasant inconvenience of being forced into contact occasionally with people one should prefer not to meet. And you cannot avoid meeting such people even in our most exclusive clubs.

She was a Friend of the King

The news comes to me from London that Lady Naylor-Leyland, who as Miss Jennie Chamberlain was such a noted beauty, is contemplating marrying a man younger than herself, an officer in the Guards. Society over there is saying there must be more than a spice of romance in the affair, as by the will of her late husband the widow, in case of her re-marriage, will lose most of the fortune she now enjoys and be left in possession of only her jointure. Lady Naylor-Leyland is not unknown in San Francisco where with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain of Cleveland, Ohio, she passed the greater part of the year 1877. From here the family went to Europe where Miss Jennie's beauty attracted the notice of the Prince of Wales. One evening at a ball in London, His Royal Highness sent his Equerry to say to Miss Chamberlain that he wished to dance with her. "If the Prince wants to dance with me," said she, "let him come and ask me." This startling innovation upon Court ceremonial had the effect of fanning the flame of the Prince's admiration. Some said the young lady hunted him down, if such a remark could be applied in such a case. One thing however was certain, at whatever Continental watering place the Prince of Wales sojourned there also were to be found the Chamberlains—at least the mother and daughter. The father returned to Cleveland. Miss Jennie was at different times said to be engaged to the Duke of Montrose and other members of the English nobility, but in no case did her fortune seem large enough to the prospective grooms to justify the desired "arrangement." Finally, she became the bride of Sir—then Mister—Naylor-Leyland, the rich son of a wealthy shipowner, and to her influence with the Prince 'tis said her husband owed his social and worldly advancement in Great Britain.

Reminiscences of the Old South

Florence Davis, grandniece of the President of the Confederacy, is not the only one of that family to become a bread-winner. When the family fell upon hard times, Jefferson Davis' daughter Winnie was one of the first to show what she could do as a worker. She wrote articles for the *North American Review* and other magazines and managed to aid the family exchequer not a little by that means. In Jefferson Davis' immediate family were four children, two boys and two girls. Willie, the youngest, died of diphtheria, and Jeff. Jr. of yellow fever. When the President of the dismantled Confederacy resided in Memphis he had a position with an insurance company and his family of course moved with the smartest set of that city. But the company died, and after that the Davis' income was like those of so many Southerners after the war, a mere problem.

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Feud between the Davises and Pillows

Memphis was at that time the home of many prominent ex-Confederates—Isham G. Harris, General Browne, General Forrest, General Pillow and others. General Pillow was the only one of these who was not on friendly terms with the Davises. Owing to a disagreement that dated back to the Mexican war, General Pillow refused to permit his family to speak to the daughters of Jefferson Davis. Old Memphis people now living in San Francisco recall this social feud, and how charming were Maggie and Winnie Davis and their friends, the nieces of old Admiral Semmes. At a ball given by one of the Memphis patricians, Winnie Davis refused to dance in the same set with General Pillow's son. Miss Florence Davis, who is to make her dramatic debut in Opie Reid's "The Starbucks" in New York during the coming season, is said to resemble her cousin Winnie very much in disposition. She is a very pretty girl with much independence of spirit and lots of pluck.

Stanford to have a New Teacher

A distinguished divine, in the person of Rev. Dr. Heber Newton is to be added to the faculty of Stanford University. He resigned the rectorship of All Souls' church, New York, to accept the position of special teacher in the university. Dr. Newton has been for many years the most striking figure among the Episcopal clergy of New York. His religious views have frequently disturbed the repose of the Episcopal church. In 1884 Bishop Potter was urged to discipline him and a movement was started by the Rev. Dr. De Costa to have him tried for heresy. It was in consequence of the controversy that followed, that Dr. De Costa became a convert to the Roman Catholic church. Bishop Potter merely cautioned Dr. Newton against giving occasion for discord. Several years later several clergymen petitioned for an inquiry concerning Dr. Newton's

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teachings, but nothing came of it. Since then he has been left free from interference, though he has modified his teachings in no way except to make them the more open to the objections which had provoked the agitation for his trial for heresy. His religious views have no longer the charm of novelty. They have dealt principally with conclusions of the so-called "higher criticism" of the Bible.

Diverting his Brother's Business

It is not unusual for one man in business to avail himself of another man's enterprise. Some men thrive upon the theory that all is fair in trade. Such appears to be the theory of Frank Mayerle. His brother, George Mayerle, of the German Optical Institute, is one of the best known opticians in San Francisco, and by his skill and judicious advertising has established a business of great value. A short time ago his brother Frank opened a store adjoining that of the German Optical Institute at 1071½ Market and by featuring the name of Mayerle has managed to divert a portion of George Mayerle's trade. Of course the indignation of George Mayerle is great but he appears to have no redress. Notwithstanding the proud boast of the legal profession there are wrongs that have no remedy.

A Joke on Otis

Brigadier-General Harrison Gray Otis, editor and owner of the Los Angeles *Times*, is ramping and roaring in the *Times*' magnificent building. He and the *Times* have been made the butt of one of the broadest and most pointed hoaxes ever perpetrated in the West. Otis is conceited. As a fierce assailant of all labor unions, of the Catholic Church, and of every person and interest which opposes him or the *Times*, the hero of the Rubicon has established a reputation for innocuous but spiteful diatribes against all who are not his supplicants or friends. There has been a bitter fight between the *Times* and the *Herald*, and the *Times* has continuously picked flaws in the policy or conduct of the *Herald*. Now the *Herald* has put up a job on Otis, and sold him out effectually. One of the men on the staff sent the *Times* the following poem, which Otis took for a compliment on his stiff course in general affairs, and which was printed in the editorial columns of the *Times* in big type:

HARMLESS ASSAULTS.

To the Los Angeles Times

No barking curs disturb your pose serene,
Or turn you from the pathway you would take,
Malice and envy ruffle not your mien,
Nor useless diatribes your forces shake.
Let glittering sophistry its poison spread,
And let subservient tricksters basely slave;
The rock above the ocean's angry bed
Remains intact despite the warring wave.
So shall traducers war on you in vain
And fruitless efforts make your heights to reach;
Their losses shall be ever to your gain,
And strew, alas, the journalistic beach.

D. T. A. F.

The Editor Shocked

Otis was especially gratified by the poem, and took it for a fine appreciation of his ability and the *Times*' success. But now the *Herald*, the hated contemporary of the *Times*, publishes the poem from a different point of view, showing that Otis is set down as an ass in his own paper.

HARMLESS ASS(aults

TO THE LOS ANGELES TIMES

NO barking curs disturb your pose serene,
Or **T**urn you from the pathway you would take,
Mal**I**ce and envy ruffle not your mien,
Nor u**S**eless diatribes your forces shake.
L**e**t gl**I**ttering sophistry its poison spread,
And let **S**ubservient tricksters basely slave;
The rock **A**bove the ocean's angry bed
Remains i**N**tact despite the warring wave,
So shall tr**A**ducers war on you in vain,
And fruitles**S** efforts make your heights to reach;
Their losses **S**hall be ever to your gain,
And **s t r e w**, **ALA S**, the journalistic beach.— D.T.A.F.

The newspaper world of Southern California is laughing heartily over the success of the *Herald* man's scheme, and orders have been given by the Brigadier-General to destroy every copy of the paper on which hands can be laid.

The Stork Appears

The yellow journals are overlooking some splendid material for their Sunday Supps. The news comes to me from Washington that the stork has been seen hovering over the White House. Not a single yellow journal has mentioned the fact. Yet the circumstance of the bird's proximity to the White House is fraught with great interest, and should suggest to the fertile brain of the average yellow journalist a large variety of subjects on which to expatiate. When young Teddy had a bad cold some months ago, it was deemed a sufficient excuse for the publication of his football breeches. With the lanky bird in the shadow of the White House surely we are entitled to a view of the cradle which is to receive his burden and of the baby clothes that are being made, and to some information as to the date of the expected visitation. Of course, it is possible that the stork is merely making one of his occasional bluffs, but an interview with the bird as to whether his intentions are honorable is surely not beyond the range of saffron-hued

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journalistic enterprise. If the bird confirm the suspicions that have been aroused, then perhaps Mr. Hearst will start a guessing contest as to whether it is to be a girl or a Rough Rider. Later on we shall have interviews with the nurse and the doctor, and hourly bulletins as to the infant's temperature and the mother's appetite. The correspondents are no doubt preparing for a busy season.

He was only a Drummer

In these ultra busy days events only of great moment are permitted to halt the wheels of commerce. Our merchant princes and captains of industry are reluctant to check the flow of coin into their coffers, and when a death occurs in the family of one of them it must be of a very near relative to cause the closing of doors and the shutting down of business in respect to the memory of the deceased. But some of our merchant princes are not devoid of tenderness of feeling, nor are they insensible to the respect due faithful employes. The exceptions are rare, however, and therefore I wish to record an instance, that of the firm of Lilienthal & Co., proprietors of the Crown Distilleries. The other day that firm closed its doors in respect to the memory of a man who was only a drummer. But he was a noble-hearted fellow, was Jack Shaugnessy, and it is a great pleasure to call attention to the esteem in which he was held by his employers. An humble citizen he was, following an occupation which gives little opportunity for deeds that win distinction, but the praises of Jack Shaugnessy have been sung all over this coast. One of the dailies which published an obituary notice of the drummer told of how he started a fund for the relief of a miner's widow in Montana. It was one of a thousand instances of his sympathetic and kindly nature. His salary was ten thousand a year. He spent half of it in relieving distress and aiding friends, but he left no promissory notes as post-mortem evidence of a charitable nature. He took no notes.

A Bank Teller's Good Luck

The story of another instance of a big firm's recognition of the worth of an employe, and of its generous testimony thereto, came to my ears the other day. One of the high-salaried tellers of the London, Paris and American Bank was summoned into the private office of the manager recently, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his connection with that institution, and after being congratulated was handed a check for five hundred dollars. After expressing his gratitude he started for his desk, and the manager called him back and told him that he had received a cablegram that morning from the head of the institution in Paris. He read the cablegram which instructed the manager to present his compliments to the teller together with a check for one thousand dollars.

Mr. Chauncey M. St. John gave a dinner last Friday evening complimentary to General Oscar F. Long, prior to his departure for Washington, D. C. It was a very pleasant affair. Afterward the party went to the Tivoli, enjoying "The Serenade" and winding up with supper at the Zinkand. Those in the party were General Long, Major Devol, U. S. A., Colonel Brady, Mr. Older and Mr. St. John.

Topics for Society Writers

Mrs. Eleanor Martin having joined the ranks of Sunday Supplement writers, we may reasonably expect others of the smart set to break their necks, so to speak, to get themselves into print. Let me suggest a few topics that some of them could give pointers on:

Mrs. Captain Blair—"How to Get into Society."

Mrs. Henry T. Scott—"The Evolution of a Woman of Fashion."

Mrs. Joe Tobin—"The Art of Dressing Well."

Mrs. Salisbury—"Match-making, and How to Do It."

Mrs. Frank Carolan—"The Management of Husbands."

Mrs. Charles L. Bent—"General Shafter and the Philippines."

Almost any of the Young Matrons—"Slang in All Its Moods and Tenses."

Mary Kip to Return

Miss Mary Kip, who in leaving here last autumn wished to shake the dust of California from her feet, has decided, after an extended series of visits in the East, that there are worse places than the Golden State and will return here early next month. No doubt her many friends will gladly welcome her for she is a charming woman. Mrs. and Miss Kip will spend the summer at their favorite resort, San Rafael, and there also Miss Alice Hager will pass most of the coming season. Miss Ethyl Hager will remain in town for awhile and join her sister in San Rafael later on.

To Honor Mrs. Reid

The most brilliant function of the post-Lenten season will be the fete champetre which Mr. Henry P. Bowie intends giving next Friday at his beautiful home near San Mateo, in honor of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. Everything that wealth combined with refined taste can do will be done to insure the enjoyment of the guests. A special train will leave for San Mateo at one o'clock returning at five. A full orchestra will play under the spreading oaks and dancing for those who wish to trip

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CASTLE MALT, a pure and perfect rye

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the light fantastic will be among the pleasures of the afternoon. Mr. Bowie's house is full of rare curios and objets d'art gathered by him in extensive foreign travel. It is something of a coincidence that the first fete champetre in the vicinity of San Francisco was given by Mr. Bowie's late wife—then Mrs. George Howard—at her country home El Cerito, San Mateo. The date selected by Mrs. Howard was the fourth of July, 1865, and on that occasion a special train carried the guests from town there and back again. A band was in attendance and there was dancing in the new barn opened that day for the first time, while luncheon was served in a tent erected upon the lawn.

Phil Sheridan's Brother

The despatches tell us that Colonel M. V. Sheridan was promoted to Assistant Adjutant-General the other day by President Roosevelt. General Sheridan is the brother of General "Phil" Sheridan, but he has won distinction for other reasons. He served in the Volunteers in the Civil War, and at its close became Second Lieutenant in the Fifth Cavalry. He was promoted captain in the Seventh Cavalry within a few months, and entered the Adjutant-General's Department as Major in 1883. He served as aide-de-camp on his brother's staff from 1870 to the death of General Sheridan in 1888, but during the late sixties he was on the frontier with his regiment in Indian wars. He was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers during the Spanish war and will retire for age on May 24, 1904. The promotion of Colonel Sheridan and of Colonels Isaac D. De Russy and Andrew S. Burt were no doubt made in response to the popular feeling that worthy officers of long service should not be permitted to retire as merely Colonels, but should be made Generals even though they be retired immediately after their promotion.

Caught Consumption from His Patients

News comes to me from New York that Dr. Clinton H. Catherwood, the son of Mrs. Darling, wife of Major Darling of this city, has become afflicted with consumption, the direct result of years of practice among sufferers from lung diseases. He has been compelled to give up his home and his practice in New York, and he has gone to Colorado Springs. He was for a long time a staff physician at the Hudson street hospital and later on he was house surgeon there. In his private practice he had an unusual number of cases of consumption under his care, many of them being in tenement houses, where whole families were infected with the disease. He first began to feel ill two weeks ago, and he consulted a fellow physician, who laughingly said that if he didn't know Catherwood for a big, husky fellow without a taint of any disease in his blood, he would say that he had consumption. Dr. Catherwood immediately consulted specialists, who told him that he had tuberculosis and that it would have a fatal ending in a short time if he did not go away. Dr. Catherwood is a son of Colonel Catherwood, who fought in the Civil War with a Missouri regiment. His maternal grandfather was a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of this State. He is one of the Catherwood boys mentioned in Winston Churchill's novel, "The Crisis."

The Fair Case Scandal

The Justices of the Supreme Court will no doubt hail with delight the last word that shall be spoken in the Fair case. No other case tried in this State ever occasioned so much jesting at the expense of that dignified tribunal. And never before have defeated attorneys voiced their disapproval of the Court's decision in such insinuating terms. If those attorneys were mere fledglings at the bar, or if they were chronic kickers of the Philbrook type their caustic criticisms would receive no attention, but they are the leaders of the profession, and the most aggressive of them—Robert Y. Hayne—has but recently stood as the Court's champion. His sarcastic language in his petition for a rehearing is tame compared to the comments that have been made outside the court-room. The integrity of the Court has been attacked, and though the attorneys have made no direct accusations they have left no doubt as to their sentiments.

Jim Budd's View

So whatever were the intentions of James J. Fair regarding the disposition of his property, he at least succeeded in stirring up the nastiest legal scandal that ever involved the local bench and bar. The attorneys for the Fair heirs affect great indignation over what they are pleased to term the sore-head tactics of their opponents and they are particularly bitter against Mr. Hayne whom they denounce as a disgruntled poseur. Ex-Governor Budd, who is noted for his forceful and unique English expressed the sentiments of his confreres at the Palace Grill the other day, when he said, "Those fellows have been pulling at the Fair udder for a long time and they hate to let go and give anybody else a chance."

The Standard for Over Half a Century
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Mrs. Craven's Attorneys

But the wind-up of the case cannot be long delayed now. The Hayne petition for another rehearing will no doubt be denied, for there is no likelihood of another flop on the bench. It was Chief-Justice Beatty who was responsible for the last rehearing which caused all the trouble, he having signed the order granting it though he had stood by the trust. After the trust matter has been ended then, the supposition is, Mrs. Craven will be bought off. How her attorneys will figure in the matter I cannot predict, but I should think they would be eager to retire as gracefully as possible. The circumstance of their having espoused the Craven cause proved them to be men either of phenomenal credulity or of elastic consciences, and they should never pose again as authority in matters of professional ethics.

"Show me, please, the latest thing in artistic switches," said the American Lady in Paris, to the Dealer in Human Hair.

"Certainement, Madame. What color?"

"Oh, goodness, I don't know. It's for my husband's sister in New York. (After a pause) Well, I tell you. Just give me the latest modish shade. I guess it will do."

The Naked Truth

There was a little argument, the other evening at a downtown rotisserie, and the naked truth propounded there conveyed a veiled allusion. Four old and two young newspaper men were gathered about the table. The elders were self-made men; the youth were college graduates. One of the elders started the ball by making the old declaration about over-education. "Why, even California is over-educated!" he said. One of the young men took up the argument. "Over educated!" he exclaimed. "Why, California is still a schoolboy in knee pants." "So?" smiled the cynic of the crowd. "Every wind that blows up Market street flutters a pamphlet of college diplomas." "College diplomas do not signify education," the second speaker answered. "Half of the men who hold college diplomas could not pass high school examinations. Too many people are crying about over-education when what they really mean is 'under-education,' if I may coin a phrase. What you meant to say," he continued, turning to the man who had opened the debate, "is that California is suffering from too many college graduates. Now, Dr. Jordan says—" Here the man who had opened the debate rose to his feet and pulled at his hair. "Yes!" he roared, "'Dr. Jordan says—Dr. Jordan says'—damn it all, that's just what I *meant* to say! Dr. Jordan says something and within twenty-four hours you young cocks of the walk are up here crowing it on every dung-hill in San Francisco. A man can't attack an enemy or roast a trust but what it comes back at him with 'Dr. Jordan says' tagged to the preface!" The next day an editorial appeared in a paper roasting the State for over-education, and that week a weekly editorial appeared on under-education. So much for the naked truth.

The Veiled Allusion

I wonder if half the people of this city stop to think just how much 'Doctor this' and 'Professor that' have to do with our public and even our private affairs. If there is a hybrid species of animal discovered, the Biology Prof. is hunted down and made to talk; if a street car line is to be bought, the Economics man is poked out of his shell; when a farmer discovers an odd relic or rock it is packed up and addressed to the university. And as for our private affairs—a man can't even be divorced but the Psychological Professor must give his opinion or temperament, and the History man his statistics of marriage. And worse—or better—as these Doctors of Philosophy and Professors of Science obtain public grace and attention, they become prolific to an extent that would startle the lay mind should he get their variations all at once. For example, within the past year or so, I have known one professor to talk on the following subjects: Mountain Climbing in Switzerland; The Open Door Policy in China; The Efficacy of Woolens for Winter; The Laws of Alaska; The Harvest Fields of Holland; The Most Nourishing Foods for Infants; The Life of a Mother; The War in the Philippines; A Drunkard's Home; The Social Psychology of Mob Mind; The Fishes of Honolulu; Sheep-raising in Texas; Bull-Fighting in Mexico; Prize-Fighting in California; The Brain of a Man; The Life of a Microbe; Knee-Garters for Women; Snuff-Taking in England; and A Straight-Front Corset for Uncle Sam. Now for the veiled allusion. If, as that young collegiate said, a college diploma is not significant of education, to just what extent shall we place the blame on the fellow who holds that diploma?

Mrs. Rapp—I see the latest fashion is to build the piano into the wall.

Mr. Rapp—I hope the lady in the lower flat prefers a concrete wall.

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A Family Tree

Apropos of the remark made by a society girl the other day, referring to the engagement of Miss Margaret Salisbury, that it is better to be born lucky than rich, I was reminded of the luck of the Smith family, and as that topic suggests some interesting reminiscences I will take a backward glance into the past. Few of the society people of today remember the Smiths and their humble origin. Yet Mrs. Mary Smith was the progenitress of two of our smartest matrons whose husbands are noted for their ponderously aristocratic bearing. In the early sixties Mrs. Mary Smith, a widow, lived with her sister, Mrs. Caroline Bowman, in a cottage in Bush street, just above the present side entrance of the Russ House. There were no more popular girls than the daughters of the widow Smith. They were from Chile and they were pretty girls and dainty, and their clever fingers fashioned exquisite fancy work, which found an eager purchaser in F. Locan, the leading dealer in fancy goods in those days. The girls were popular among the beaux of the period, and they had a devoted friend in George C. Bode, the warehouse man who acted as their escort on all occasions.

How the Girls Mated

Each of the girls had a host of admirers. Nellie, the eldest, was finally won by James Freeborn, who was a rich man, and then the luck of the family began. Quica, the second daughter, by some thought the prettiest, was assuredly the most popular of the sisters and her friends were warm in their congratulations when her engagement to Louis Parrott was announced. It was however, broken off and she died soon after unmarried. Nonie, the third daughter, numbered her beaux by the score, the most favored being Captain Weedon of the Army, and much sympathy was felt for her when, after a lovers' quarrel one night, Weedon was found dead in his rooms in Bush street. He had taken an overdose of chloral and on his writing table lay an unfinished note addressed to Miss Nonie. Not long after she became the wife of the well-known broker, E. J. de Santa Marina, and they lived in Paris almost continuously until the husband's death in that city, when the widow returned to California and remained here till after the marriage of her niece Eugenie to the son of Captain A. F. Rodgers of New York, and she is now in that city.

The Fourth Daughter

It was reserved for the fourth daughter Georgie to make *the* match of the quartet when she married E. W. Hopkins, nephew of Mark and Moses Hopkins, each of whom left them large legacies, and their daughters are the present social lights, Mesdames Gus and Will Taylor and Fred McNear. The youngest of the Smith sisters, Sophie, married Fred W. Zeile. Luck surely proved better than riches in the life of the Smith family.

The Hulls are Here

Major John A. Hull, U. S. A., and his bride, who were married at Des Moines on the third of this month, arrived here last Wednesday and are at the Knickerbocker. Major Hull is the son of Congressman Hull, chairman of the House Military Committee.

Lord Temple cigars are smoked by all clubmen who will take nothing but the best.

Two Thorntons Gone

Society is regretting the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Will Thornton, a most popular young couple and members of the large Thornton clan. They will make Chicago their future residence, Mr. Thornton having gone into business in the windy city. Mrs. Thornton is a native daughter; her father, Major S. J. Hensley, was a noted pioneer, founder of the California Steam Navigation company and a man of great wealth. The family home at San Jose was distinguished for an unceasing flow of hospitality dispensed by Major Hensley and his brilliant wife, a lady whose intellectual gifts have always been recognized as of a high order. Members of Will Thornton's family were for years among San Francisco's most prominent residents. His grandfather and father were each judges on the Supreme bench and the ladies of the family have been noted socially. His brother is the well-known clubman, Crittenden Thornton; one of his sisters is the wife of Admiral Watson and another sister is Mrs. Abbott Kinney of Southern California.

Doane-Farrell

After all, there's not to be one left unmarried of Mrs. Marriner-Campbell's famous young ladies' quartet that comprised Florence Doane, Mary Mann, Julia Heyman and Ivy Gardner. To the names of Mesdames Haley, Emanuel and Glassell will be added that of Mrs. Charles H. Farrell on the fifth of June, when Miss Doane will become the bride of Mr. Farrell, one of the proprietors of the *Dramatic Review*. Miss Doane had long cherished her independence, but finally decided that it is a woman's prerogative to change her mind. She is a very beautiful young girl, a perfect blonde, with a voice of such sweetness and strength that H. C. Barnabee tried hard to get it for the Bostonians. But Miss Doane preferred to stay in San Francisco with her parents and satisfy herself with appearing in an occasional concert, and being leading soprano of a church choir. She will be a great heiress some day. Her father was a pioneer and was for years senior member of the firm of

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Or, more accurately, an increase of 252,432 bottles over the year 1900, *equal to* ***than 100 per cent of the combined increase of all the other Ch pagne houses.***—*Extract from Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular, January 10*

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Doane and Henshelwood, at Sutter and Kearny streets. The firm was the first to introduce the Jaeger underwear here and they only imported the finest kind of dry goods. When they became as rich as they cared to be, they decided to go out of business entirely rather than let their name be upheld by others.

Art in the Altogether

There was a lot of reminiscencing about Fred Yates at the Sketch Club's exhibition of his pictures last week. Fred Yates never made a great deal of money here, but he was always very popular. Long before Maren Froelich started in to paint ballet girls, Yates did a danseuse that created a tremendous sensation when shown in a Post street gallery. It was a life-size pose of a ballerina in scarlet skirts, the entire color scheme being red, and it was really a striking thing. Yates is the artist who aroused such a how-de-doo among the husbands, fathers and brothers who had feminine relatives learning to wield palette and brush under his guidance. That was long before "Trilby" had made us familiar with the term "altogether." Yates taught in the old Pine street studio and some of his pupils begged to take from the life. "We're sick of drawing from those old casts," the enthusiastic students pleaded, "let us have the real thing." Yates gave them a nude model, but afterwards he wished he had not. He never heard the last of it.

An Artistic Personality

Sandona is painting a portrait of Callaghan Byrne, and, embryonic as it is, the likeness is wonderfully accurate. I cannot point out an artist here who catches an expression as this young Italian does. Joe Strong had the gift, but I do not think either Wores or Peck has it in such a degree. Sandona is a very modest young fellow. His caput hasn't swelled a bit since his Hopkins' portraits brought him into such prominence. He has far more capacity for application than most youths of his age—he is only twenty—and works all the time. In his leisure he reads—poetry, mostly, Dante, Tasso, Plutarch. A society girl who has a penchant for seeking likenesses, said that Sandona is the picture of Romeo, the real Romeo. As the young artist came from Verona, the suggestion is not inapt.

Downfall of the Scotts

The greed of the Union Iron Works has been the cause of the blasting of the political hopes of the Scotts. The Chamberlain report to Congress was a fatal blow to Mr. Irving M. Scott. The State will never send to the Senate a man accused of having sandbagged the Government. Heretofore the Scotts have thought that they should be made admirals because the *Oregon* managed to get around the Horn without going to the bottom. They regarded that as the greatest achievement in American history. Senator Perkins must have been happy when the Chamberlain report was read. At the time of the launching of the *Ohio* in the presence of Mr. McKinley, the Scotts ignored Senator Perkins. They did not invite him to the boat that conveyed the President to the launching, or even to the grand stand. He was obliged to hire a tug.

Connoisseurs of perfect goods appreciate "Jesse Moore" Whiskey for its purity and delightful flavor. It is without a peer.

Sproule's Latest Bon Mot

According to the *Examiner* there are no wits left in the Bohemian Club. Though I believe the club to be top-heavy with dullards and bores, I do not agree with the sweeping assertion of that journal. I know at least half a dozen Bohemian Club wits who are capable of saving any jinks from a frost. William Sproule, the railroad man, is one of them. He is a noted epigrammatist and more than one bon mot of Sproule's has gone into literature. The other day he was invited to join "The Family," the new club of distinguished wits which is epected by some to extinguish the glory of the Bohemian Club. He begged to be excused saying, "I hope I am not yet in the family way."

Presents Galore

The Salisbury-Boardman engagement has made great opportunities for the social climber. All those who have ever been invited to Mrs. Salisbury's dances or who have any friends to hope to be are sending in beautiful engagement presents. By the time the wedding is over the Salisbury home will look like a combination of Hammersmith & Field's, Gump's and the White House. Mr. Salisbury, by the way, has been found. I once wrote of him as the lost Mr. Salisbury for he never attended any of his wife's functions. The reason, I understood, is that he has a profound contempt for society. Mrs. Salisbury is a devoted wife.

An Artist's Luck

The story comes my way of how a Californian colony in Paris made the fame of a poor artist. Gus Spreckels has a fad for pastels and one day while wandering in the Quartier Latin in the guise of a Cook tourist he stumbled into the squalid studio of a handsome fellow with whom he struck up a bargain. The artist agreed to paint the Spreckels' portrait for sixty dollars. That was the best bargain the millionaire ever made in Paris. The portrait was completed after a few sittings, and it was

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JESSE MOORE

A A

WHISKEY

BEST ON EARTH

so good that Mrs. Spreckels decided to pose for a full length portrait. Hers was the sensation of her friends, and then the Spreckels children sat. Meanwhile the artist discovered that he had a good thing and began raising his prices. Mrs. Fred Sharon sat for him next, and then came the children of Mrs. Will Tevis. Finally Mrs. Will Tevis decided to have her portrait painted, and by that time the prosperous artist became a high-priced chap. Mrs. Tevis was charged eight hundred dollars. "I suppose," she said, "he charges me double because I am twice as large as any of you." The artist became the envy of his fellows of the brush and now he is pointed out as the man who "trouvait son Amerique in Paris."

The Luscious Menu

It is said that San Francisco originated the "ladies' luncheons" which have become so popular a form of entertainment in other cities than our own. It is certainly a most convenient way to entertain. What constitutes a successful gastronomic function these days? Is it elegance of the "table furniture," or the excellence of the menu provided for the guests? To illustrate my meaning I give herewith a scrap overheard in a street car yesterday. Two of our prettiest buds were speaking:

"Say, girls, I was at a real elegant lunch party yesterday. Why, we ate off plates that cost thirty dollars apiece."

"Yes, but what did you get to eat?"

"Oh, we were too busy looking at the china to think of what was placed upon it, but come to think of it, it was the same old things, salted almonds and salads in every variety, but I tell you there was lots to drink."

The Will Reveals the Man

The will of Cecil Rhodes was a remarkable document, and will stimulate inquiry for years into the character, motives and purposes of one of the most potent, dramatic and interesting figures in the history of the British Empire. Cecil Rhodes was never in this country; his mind seemed to be taken up with the great empire he was building in the African wilderness, and no one supposed that he cared a tinker's imprecation about this American nation. Yet, his will provides that two Americans from each State and Territory shall be eligible to study at Oxford. Five scholarships for Germans to be nominated by Emperor William are also established. The motive of this plan is explained in a codicil—"A good understanding between England, Germany and the United States will secure the peace of the world and educational relations form the strongest tie." This paragraph indicates that Cecil Rhodes was a friend of peace. Yet he is generally regarded as the incarnation of force to further ambition. Most of the civilized world believes that he was the personal and compelling force in one of the bloodiest and most deplorable conflicts in history. The historian and the politician will quarrel forever over his policy and his methods.

As a Friend Knew Him

I once met a personal friend of Rhodes, who told me that he was not the sort of a fellow most people imagined, and the will of Rhodes surely presents that remarkable character in a new light. According to his friend, Rhodes was neither crafty nor sullen; he was straightforward, bluff and affable. He had many powerful political enemies in Europe, and when brought into contact with them he invariably treated them with marked courtesy. It seemed as though his big projects absorbed his attention and that he had no time for wreaking revenge. The memory of Rhodes will be execrated by many, but that he was a man of genius, of powerful personality and greatness of soul must always be admitted.

The American Girl through British Eyes

A London weekly which is generally regarded as the organ of the royal family expresses the fear that one result of the American invasion for the Coronation will be the "Americanization" of the English girl. While admitting that the American girl is for many things to be envied, the writer says: "It seems probable that the average Englishman will have to be educated up to the transformation of the cultured, well-bred English girl into the young woman who talks about poppa and momma, eats candy morning and night, talks much and unquietly, is untidy in the morning and defies Mrs. Grundy by taking her best boy alone to the theatre and up the river. The decay of the chaperon will give a decided impetus to the process of Americanization, but the modern English girl will do well to think twice before she exchanges the refinement, quiet grace and amiability which have so long been her national characteristics, for the independent, and hail-fellow-well-met manners of her American contemporaries."

Miss Livingstone's Mission

A clever and subtle young woman whose cards read "Adelaide C. Livingstone" has spent a month in San Francisco doing the Paris stunt, lorgnetting our prize beauties and offering as the apple of reward a golden chance of being immortalized between the covers of a book on "Types of Beautiful American Society Women." Without absolutely committing herself, Miss Adelaide C. Livingstone gave society to understand that

MEN'S TAILORING at KELLER'S

Our Spring Fabrics are now on display and are admitted to be the prettiest in the city. . . . .
The Fit and Workmanship which is executed stand without an equal in the city, because every detail, from the material to the completion of the suit, is in the hands of workmen who are artists in their business. . . . . .
We aim to give the best work in the city and we aim to do that work much lower than any other house. . . . . .

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she belonged to the New York family of that name which of course pedigreed her at once. Miss Livingstone did not go about her work like the ordinary tyro in the book canvassing trade. She managed to win the ear of a wealthy and influential matron who gave her notes of introduction to our local Venuses. Miss Livingstone is herself a woman of much beauty and more personal magnetism. She has the slender, posteresque figure of the hour and knows how to swathe it in stunning gowns. The society people whom she met declared that she had an "air" that always indicates blue blood. Her English had a Parisian tang—a combination of frisky r's, and Frenchy shoulders that spoke of long residence abroad. Miss Livingstone acknowledged that she had spent much time in the art galleries of Europe. Was she an artist? "No-o, no-o, no-o!" She had studied art to understand, not to create. She modestly confessed that criticisms that dripped from her pen were much sought after by foreign journals. "Voila! when an American Societe"—not a soulless mercenary publishing house, mark you, but a "Societe" whose object is to spread the Greek worship of beauty—conceived the idea of a book, they selected Miss Adelaide C. Livingstone and her cultured eyes to pick the fair ones worthy of such distinction.

Money No Object

Six of them Miss Livingstone was to choose from San Francisco. Money she declared would not buy even a back page in this volume of beauties. It was to be an exquisite edition de luxe printed for no sordid reasons. Miss Livingstone met most of the women in the smart set and there is no doubt that she managed to hypnotize the required six. There will be but five hundred copies of the book printed, so the Types of Beautiful American Society Women will not decorate marble top parlor tables. Miss Livingstone made so sure of her quarry before she touched on the financial subject that only the six subscribers of all those with whom she discussed the subject have any idea of the price demanded for the honor. However, one young woman, whom she must have thought safely baited, declares that from hints Miss Livingstone dropped to her, at least five hundred dollars was asked. No amount of coaxing would make Miss Livingstone divulge the names of the beauties whom she had "selected." She indignantly denied that any tax whatsoever was levied on them and declared that the "Societe" was shouldering the entire cost and would sell each "beauty" not more than two books, if they cared for them, but there would be nothing obligatory. I suppose the other volumes are to be distributed among the nobility of Europe with a view of facilitating match-making with American heiresses. Miss Livingstone has gone to Cincinnati which city is to have only two representatives. How interesting it would be to know the personnel of San Francisco's bevy of beauty and—*sotto voce*—how much it cost them.

A New Boss

With Tirey L. Ford at the head of the legal department of the street railroads syndicate another factor in the gubernatorial campaign must be reckoned with by the politicians who are calculating on continuing Henry T. Gage in office. Mr. Ford is not of the Gage forces. There has been friction between the Attorney-General's office and the Executive Department, and Ford's friends have talked of sending him into the convention against Gage. Of course, Mr. Ford will now devote some attention to the organization of a political bureau. The railroad officials may assert that they intend to keep the corporation out of politics, but Mr. Ford will not neglect their interests. A political bureau is an essential adjunct to a well regulated law department of a big corporation under our beneficent American form of government. If the street railroads company should decide to oppose Gage it would exercise considerable influence. No corporation is capable of concentrating greater power at the polls.

An Anecdote of Stebbins

The late Dr. Horatio Stebbins was a broad-gauged clergyman, and one of the most popular divines ever in this city. He was a man of kind heart and generous impulses. Some years ago William Cousins, the aged sexton of the First Unitarian church fell ill, and about that time Dr. Stebbins learned that there was a mortgage on the sexton's home and that it was about to be foreclosed. At the conclusion of the service one Sunday morning, Dr. Stebbins told his congregation the story of the old sexton's hard luck. Then he took up the contribution box and called upon the members of the congregation to contribute liberally. He paced the aisles himself, and succeeded in collecting enough money to settle the old man's indebtedness.

Techau Tavern...

The most artistic, best lighted and ventilated place of its kind in San Francisco. . . . . For luncheon, dinner or after theatre parties one may be sure of getting excellent service, choicest of oysters and all sort of refreshments. And while enjoying comfort and the artistic surroundings one is entertained by the strains of sweetest music, where Techau, the proprietor, is constantly in attendance to assure patrons satisfactory and prompt service as he always has done in former establishments conducted by him. . .

DEWAR'S
Scotch Whisky

Awarded the Royal Warrant
by King Edward VII

Largest Importations for 1901

Sherwood & Sherwood,
Agents
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Relics of a Campaign

If Horace Davis had been elected Mayor of this city when he sought that honor he would surely have given us an economical administration. Judging from the following sent me in a letter from far-off Tokio, Davis believes that the success of a business depends upon a hungry attention to details. "The other day over in the Shiba district of this city I noticed a shop with an awning made by sewing together a number of flour sacks. Each flour sack was inscribed with the following words: 'Vote for Horace Davis.' These sacks are, I suppose, relics of a political campaign in your city. I wonder whether Davis was elected and gave away the sacks, or was defeated and sold them cheap."

The McNears' Social Campaign

When the McNears folded up their tents in Oakland and came to this side, it was a subject of comment whether they would just stay until after Fred's marriage with Georgie Hopkins or whether they meant to work for a permanent niche in the San Francisco smart set. The news that they have taken the Eyre place near Menlo for the coming season means that they have really said "shake a deydey" to Oakland. To argue their success from the attentions that they have shared with Georgie Hopkins during her engagement, would be false reasoning. For now that Georgie and Fred are in Europe it is not likely that the McNears Sr. will be given much of a social boost by the Hopkins-Taylor contingent. The Eyre place which the McNears will occupy neighbors the Hopkins family home where Helen Taylor and her husband spend the summer, while the Will Taylors have their own place at Burlingame. So the McNears will be geographically within the sacred radius but there are still social battles for them to wage and win. The Taylor boys have rather enlarged ideas of their own status which the marriage into the Hopkins family did not tend to decrease. And it is believed that the notion prevails in the Taylor circle that Georgie's marriage to a McNear lacked the social lustre of mating with a Taylor. They no doubt felt that there would be danger of pricking their fingers in pulling thorns out of the McNear path. I have heard it suggested that if the McNears were better grounded in social tactics they would have waited until Fred and his bride returned before making their bid for Blingum's social favor.

A Wedding Predicted

The matchmakers have pounced on Therese Morgan and are persistently coupling her name with that of a popular clubman whose divorce is still green. Shortly after the decree was granted his ex-wife's engagement with a prominent young doctor was announced but their marriage has not yet taken place. Therese has an independent spirit and will undoubtedly marry the husband of her choice. There is no doubt that Mr. Morgan would have seriously objected to a son-in-law who was not a "sod" widower. Mr. Morgan kept a tight checkrein on his family and was not elated over the choice of his son Horace. Even before her father's death Therese accepted the devoirs of the clubman and since then they have been seen so frequently together that the gossips predict a wedding.

Miss Tobin's Fad

When Agnes Tobin left for Paris she said that she meant to add as many bizarre and curious old pieces of jewelry to her collection as her purse would permit and as the Tobin coffers are wide and deep she will bring back a goodly number to startle her friends with. For Miss Tobin does not lock these reliques away in cabinets but frequently adorns her person with them. A friend of the Tobins was once surprised by a visit from Agnes dressed with innumerable chains of rare workmanship; her breast studded with antique brooches and a bizarre belt with dangling folderols completing the amazing costume. It was her friend's day at home so several guests were also treated to this strange vision. Miss Tobin seemed oblivious of the sensation she was creating. "I love a tea gown," was her only apology, and then, catching a lady's startled eye fastened on her jewels she laughingly said, "You think I look like a cabinet of curios escaped from a museum but jewels that have a history are the only jewels I care to wear." She told them some of the stories of her curios and held their interest for hours. Miss Tobin has undoubtedly the finest collection of historical jewels in San Francisco and augmented by those she will bring back with her, the collection should rank with any in the country.

A Very "Large" Wedding

Considerable space was given in the dailies this week to the elaborate wedding of Miss Margaret Costello, a very charming young woman, and Mr. William J. O'Brien, a popular young man and a sweet singer of local fame. The social editor of a daily declared that "it was one of the largest weddings of the week," and no doubt it was. From the standpoint of pomp and ceremony it was was about as "large" a function as

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Visiting Cards, Wedding Invitations and Announcements . . . . .
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ever took place in a local church. It had all the glitter and splendor of a Blingum function. It will be the subject of enthusiastic discussion in Ashbury Heights' society for months to come. And Ashbury Heights' society knows a swell wedding when it sees it. It is a transplanted society, is that of Ashbury Heights, having with the dawn of affluence moved to the hill from south-of-the-slot. It is only a little more recent than that of Pacific Heights and perhaps a little less exclusive, but it loves pomp and circumstance and gossip and all the other concomitants of a well-regulated social push. Billy O'Brien, the groom, is popular in Ashbury Heights' social circles. His sweet tenor voice has been heard in many a plush parlor on the hill, and it was thought that he could have had his pick of half a dozen heiresses in that aristocratic centre. Indeed he was betrothed to one of them, but the engagement was broken off and there were rumors of his engagement to several others.

He Captured an Heiress

Miss Margaret Costello, having won so popular a young man, is deserving of felicitation. But the congratulations should not be all on one side, for in capturing a beautiful and cultured girl, Mr. O'Brien won for a wife a charming heiress. And he is a man of comparatively humble station. The dailies stated that he was "associated in business with his father," but now, I understand, he is to represent the interests of his mother-in-law in the dry goods house of O'Connor, Moffatt & Co. He has had no experience in that line, however, for his father's business is that of a saloon-keeper, and the popular William tended bar for him. Therefore am I of the opinion that the congratulations should not be all on one side. If the sweet singer had been a Blingum polo player, instead of an humble bartender, he could not have had a more elaborate wedding. The ceremony was preceded by a full nuptial mass. There was a special choir for the occasion and at the offertory William McDonald sang the "Ave Maria." There were bridesmaids galore and prominent Ashbury Heights' citizens acted as ushers, so it was indeed a very large wedding. The future home of the happy young couple is at 525 Ashbury street.

The Cop and the Kopje

Mr. Grant Carpenter, the newspaper man who fell in love with and married Sannie Krueger, the niece of Oom Paul, has returned from his South-African trip minus the object of his search, but with stories enough to make him most desired as a dinner companion. Mrs. Carpenter owned large droves of cattle in the Boer country, and it was the cattle for which Mr. Carpenter went in search. He found them, too, but in such a metamorphosed state he would have had to bring several regiments of the British army with him to get his cattle away. The live stock fortune had been quite literally eaten up by the English forces. On his arrival in the Boer country, Mr. Carpenter was immediately shadowed by an English secret-service agent. "I told him I was an American citizen," says Mr. Carpenter, "and he declared that Americans were nearest his heart. I told him that I was a theatrical man, and he swore undying adoration for me. I told him in despair that I was a spy, and putting his hand on my shoulder, he declared in whispered confidence that he also was one. It was all of no use. That fellow stayed with me and hunted cattle with me, and helped me place indemnity charges against his own government; slept outside my door, and opened the government mail-box when I had deposited my mail therein.

"America," concludes Mr. Carpenter, "is truly the land of the free. In America, if a man takes after you, you run for a cop; in Africa you run for a kopje."

A Distinguished Globe-Trotter

The dailies missed a good story last week when they let James Pinnock of Liverpool and London slip through their fingers. He calls himself a merchant and a globe-trotter by profession, but he is also acknowledged one of the greatest living authorities on matters pertaining to Western Africa. He spent over forty years of his life in that part of the dark continent and was responsible for opening to the world the region drained by the Rio Forcados, one of the principal tributaries of the great Niger river. In company with Sir Richard Burton he explored the Niger beyond the Socatee country and science and commerce benefited richly by the expedition. Mr. Pinnock left here on the last Honolulu steamer, after spending three weeks in San Francisco. He is on a tour of the world, having left London in October last, and since visiting the West Indies and Mexico. He came here from Honolulu. After leaving Honolulu he will go to Samoa and visit the old home of Robert Louis Stevenson, who was a dear friend. Thence, across the Pacific to Australia, and home by the way of the Straits Settlements. He is well on in years, but can not resist the fascination of traveling. This interesting old gentleman is very wealthy and is a large stockholder in American railroads and steamship companies. His brother-in-law, Sir Alfred L. Jones, is said to be the largest individual shipowner in the world.

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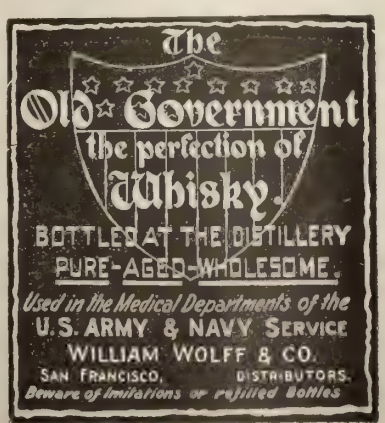

CLARA SHORTRIDGE FOLTZ
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW
Third Floor, Parrott Building, San Francisco Tel. Mint 1026

Four Leaf Clovers Needed

I am informed that Neville Castle, who married Mrs. Salisbury's niece, Mary Scott, is in Council City and that he has not been able to shake off the ill luck that appears to have marked him for its own of late years. The Scotts have had all kinds of bad luck. Laura and her sister, who went to Washington, D. C., some time ago, found it anything but easy to storm society at the Nation's capital, without a good income. Their brother, Lieutenant H. H. Scott, on his small salary could not of course help them out. Austin Scott, another of the family, after a series of misfortunes at Nome and all the way down the coast, finally reached Honolulu where his brother "Tod" is expected to look him up a job. Tod had a hard time himself until he secured a position with Williams, Dimond & Co. He has all the grit that characterizes his better known relative and did not consider it beneath his dignity to work his way to the islands as a "hasher" on the *Sierra*.

They Fostered Independence

Perhaps perfect harmony prevails in the California Club, and the ladies are now on the most amicable terms, but one of them remarked to me the other day that the leaders of the opposition were not discouraged in the least by the recent election. "We fought for incorporation," she said, "and we won. Moreover, we polled a large vote, and it is now understood that there will be two tickets in the field every year. We fostered a spirit of independence and it is bound to develop for the best interests of the club."

The ladies interested in the management of the California Eye and Ear Hospital intend giving a tea next Thursday at the Sorosis Club. The ladies are deserving of much credit for the good work they have done through this institution, which they have conducted most successfully.

Dodge's Oversight

My attention has been called to the fact that S. W. Rosenstock bequeathed one thousand dollars to the Children's Hospital, and that Henry L. Dodge, who was a trustee of the institution, didn't leave it a cent. Mr. Dodge believed no doubt that in serving as a trustee he had rendered sufficient service to the institution.

Matrons to have Full Sway

This summer Burlingame will enjoy the unique distinction of being a girl-less Eden. The sweet young things will be as rare there as good manners. All the marriageable girls have gone to the altar and even the younger set who are still too verdant and vealy to count will summer elsewhere. Charlotte Wilson goes to the islands with the Irwins. She and Elena Irwin have an adolescent passion for each other that has earned them the sobriquet of "Milly Christine." The other girls just out of the "pigtail" period but not yet buds, are East or in Europe where they are being sandpapered into shape for the smart set. Now that Mary Crocker, Mary Scott and Caro Crockett card themselves matrons, Blingum cannot hope for any summer romances, for Cupid will find nary a target for his arrows. With the Hopkins girls married and Miss Eyre in Europe, Menlo Park will be just about as barren of material for the matchmakers; and down Redwood way there are only the Josslyns left, for the Preston girls have been going like the proverbial hot cakes. It will be essentially a young-matron summer and therefore much gayer than the girly-girly season. Married women have privileges and prerogatives that make for unrestrained enjoyment. There is therefore a good crop of gossip in prospect for Madame Grundy. Several flirtations of the more serious variety are in embryo now and should come to a climax in the dolce far niente days of June.

Going to the Coronation

Mr. D. W. Kirkland, president of the Owl Drug Company and manager of their Los Angeles Branch, has been in San Francisco the past ten days, and he leaves shortly on his long contemplated trip around the world. Mr. R. E. Miller, secretary and manager of the company, will join him in New York in June, when both will sail for London on the "Kaiser der Wilhelm de Grosse." They will reach London in time for the Coronation of Edward VII. After that they will leave for the Continent, spending the month there. Mr. Miller will join his wife and niece, Miss Anna Cowperthwaite, who have been six months at Lucerne, and he will accompany them home.

A Lingerie Fad

The latest fad is to adopt one color for the lingerie and to affect no other. It should be a shade that harmonizes with your name if possible and the Roses and Lilies and Marguerites have all taken the cue. Olive Holbrook is said to have pioneered the fad and uses nothing but ribbons of olive green tint. If the name does not suggest a hue, one that suits the complexion may be adopted. The fad is said to have reached out to the men's wardrobes. Frank Carolan has always objected to being called "Pinkie" but it may furnish him a tint now.

Half Face Treated for Wrinkles

It's Bound to Become Popular

—o—

Why look old when You feel young?

—o—

Why not have your Wrinkles removed?

—o

You need not have Any Facial blemishes

—o—

We remove them all And do not use surgery or electricity.

Come and see our Living Models
Come and read the Physicians' Certificates

THE HARRIS INSTITUTE OF DERMATOLOGY

508 Sutter St. Bowhay Building

A New Club for Honolulu

Hawaii's capital is to have a new club, and it is to be composed of the young bloods of Honolulu. The Pacific Club is the swellest organization of its kind in Honolulu but it is controlled by the old bucks who, like the same species in our Pacific-Union, love to sit at the window and sigh for the days that have flown. Young men annoy them and are barred. So the younger element of the town with Prince Cupid and Prince David in the forefront has decided on organizing a new club and securing a home more handsome and inviting than that of the Pacific.

Effective Satire

A society matron, the wife of a well-known broker, dismissed a servant recently and in her place obtained an Irish lass, who said that she had "come over" three year ago. The dometic that had been discharged had left things in a very untidy state and especially the front stairs. Her mistress told her that she wished she would wash them off as soon as she could, and before the afternoon was old.

"If you please, ma'm, mayn't I wait until tonight, or do it tomorrow morning?" was the girl's unexpected answer.

"Are you sick?" asked the matron, very much surprised.

"Oh, no, but I don't want my friends to see me."

"Well, don't worry, my girl, about that," said her employer, reassuringly. "Your friends are all in their banks and offices at this time of the day."

This bit of satire had the desired effect. The steps were washed before night.

E. S. Willard, at the Columbia

Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, Pianiste, next week at Metropolitan Hall

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But it Will Take Place

It would most certainly appear that to use the words of the prayer book, the Oelrichs-Martin wedding day is a "moveable feast." The way the date for that auspicious event flies about is surprising. Various reasons have been assigned by those professing to know for this constant postponing of the happy day, but I have assured them, and I know whereof I speak, that the nuptials will hang fire till the old lady comes down with Mamma Oelrichs' required *dot*. In society circles generally it has grown to be a sort of Hamlet soliloquy, "To be or not to be," but like the release of the Stone party from the brigands, no doubt the splicing of this devoted young couple will some day be accomplished.

When the Nicolay-Hay-Lincoln biography was published, illustrated by reproductions of the physiognomies of every one obtainable who had ever "passed the time of day" with any of the Lincoln family, we thought we had reached the end and limit of absurdity. The *Bookman*, in exploiting the Balzac-De Hanska episode at length, illustrated of course, one of the pictures was that of "Balzac's tailor" with his head out of the window. It passes comprehension what possible bearing the man has on the subject, but it is one more picture at all events.

Miss Virginia Foltz, who sprained her ankle so seriously a short time ago that it necessitated an operation, has recovered from the consequent illness and is now visiting Mrs. Dr. Lull at Palo Alto.

Kathryn Kidder has revived "The Country Girl" and is starring in it. Her idea will be interesting to contrast with that of Florence Roberts which we so lately saw.

The First Court

A San Franciscan now in London writes to TOWN TALK of the first formal court of King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

The first evening Court of England's new King and Queen was more successful than any one had expected. Those who clung to the old tradition of daylight Drawing Rooms threw their prejudices to the winds and frankly confessed that the evening affair was far more brilliant in every respect. It was a nasty night, windy and rainy, but nobody seems to mind stormy nights however much they grumble when the days are dark and dreary. In Queen Victoria's time, the strings of carriages, with the women wearing low frocks and ugly necks, bared to the daylight's cruel glare, were not always a pretty sight. And the debutantes, after being stared at for hours by multitudes who did not hesitate at making audible remarks about their charms or lack of them, were often so nervous when they reached the royal presence that they could scarcely go through the ordeal without danger of a fainting spell at its conclusion.

The evening Court made everything easy. After a good dinner, with nerves lulled to rest, a drive through the dark streets landed the guests at the palace. If the weather had not been so shocking, there would likely have been a larger crowd of gaping populace hanging about the entrance; as it was only a handful of spectators appeared to stare and these were certainly courageous for it was raining guns and they were soon wet to the skin.

The arrangements for the Court differed slightly from those in vogue at the late Drawing Rooms. The ceremonial was about the same. The women passed each in turn but made but two courtesies, one to the King, the next to the Queen, who stood beside him. Edward VII wore his uniform of an English field-marshal, his breast brilliant with orders and decorations. The Queen looked beautiful in white satin covered with mousseline-de-soie appliqued in Brussels and rose-point lace, with embroidery of roses in silver paillettes and diamonds. The train, attached to the shoulder, formed a Venetian mantle, an overmantle of lace and embroidery matching the gown. All over the train, which was cut square and very long, were many tiny silver paillettes. The lining of cream satin and silver spangled mousseline was brought round the train's edge, forming a border in the shape of roses. The bodice was square, with small V in front filled in with white tulle and lace. The sleeves were short and of tulle with three diamond straps. Alexandra wore the Garter and other orders, a crown and parure of diamonds. Though she is by no means a large woman she looked every inch a Queen, charming and dignified.

Though mourning is now out of order, the Queen's two sisters-in-law wore half-mourning as is but proper. They wore exquisite jewels, however. The Princess of Wales was in white satin adorned with large diamond-shaped appliques of jeweled lace, beneath which showed glimpses of an underskirt of cream silk edged with cream rose-petals. The bodice was caught up at one side by a bunch of white poppies with diamond hearts. Her Royal Highness's train of silver tissue had an outer drapery of priceless lace which formerly belonged to the Duchess of Teck; the lining of white chiffon was bordered with chiffon roses with diamond hearts. Her parure was composed of diamonds, turquoises and pearls.

Princess Victor of Hohenlohe wore a rather fetching combination of black and mauve, the black velvet train lined with satin of a wisteria shade. The black satin bodice was embroidered in steel. The Duchess of Portland was in cream satin and silver tulle; the Duchess of Devonshire wore black lace embroidered in steel and jet. The Duchess de Moulas was in white and silver, a red ribbon crossing her bodice sparkling with orders. Baroness de Ramel wore gold embroidered mousseline de soie. Mrs. Choate, in whom we Americans are naturally interested, wore a pink satin gown trimmed with rare lace and black velvet nasturtiums sparkling with diamonds. Madame d'Acos, lady in waiting of the Empress Eugenie, was in black satin and gauze. Lady Landsdowne's stomacher of diamonds was magnificent. In fact, the jewels worn at this Court were more striking and in greater profusion than I have ever seen before in one gathering, even at the New York Horse Show or the grand opera.

If the Court as a whole did not differ largely from Queen Victoria's Drawing Rooms, there was one innovation that seemed to please old and young alike. This was the serving of refreshments. After the presentation to their Majesties, adjournment was taken to the Green drawing room or the Garter room, where refreshments of a light nature were served to the weary dowagers, matrons and buds. The ices were served in nougat baskets shaped like fruits and ornamented with sugared foliage. The salads were dressed with the famous Royal mayonnaise, the secret of which King Edward prizes so highly.

No longer will unmarried women be permitted to attend the Courts, after their first presentation. They may attend Court balls and concerts, but not *the* Courts. The spinsters have registered a protest against this dictum.

—*The Tourist*

Of the newest papers the Linen Bonds displayed by COOPER & CO are most effective.

Style and Fit in Home-Made Garments

"That suit was never made outside of New York," remarked a traveled woman, who was examining the models of ladies' tailored garments in the workrooms of the M. J. Keller Co., 1028-1030 Market street, the other day. The suit had Style written in every seam. It was exquisitely finished and of a modish cut. It was made in San Francisco by the Keller Co.'s workmen, who are artists in their line. The Keller Co. makes a specialty of its tailored suits and shirtwaists, for men and women, and the prices are very moderate considering the beautiful workmanship and finish.

Zola is tabu in Australia. Not only is the introduction of his books into the colony prohibited, but the editions in the hands of book sellers are seized as unfit for circulation. Zola has been coming into favor in England of late years, and large editions of his books in translation have been issued. Of course it was expected that a proportional quantity of the output would be disposed of in Australia, and provision was made accordingly, but this attitude of the colonists will make the overplus of the editions a dead loss to the publishers.

A firm in Amsterdam, Holland, is compiling an alphabetical list of the British officers and men with titles who have been killed in the war in South Africa. The title under which the list is to be published is the "Almanach de Botha."

With the Money Makers

The Simple Facts

The Cactus Oil Company wants to sell stock. C. A. Hutchinson, financial agent, says of the company: "Our first well is down nearly 800 feet and is in oil. We will have a flowing well in the next thirty days. Our second well is down over 300 feet and will also soon be a producer. We own in fee simple 1,928 acres in the Carrizo Creek district, San Diego county. Oil in paying quantities is found here at a depth of 800 to 900 feet, and the highest grade refining oil." The stock is for sale at 12 cents a share, and the public is reminded that, "The company is not selling stock to start work." This seems reasonably certain, and also that it is selling stock to make money. The fact is there is not a producing well in the whole of San Diego county, and that the company's land is desert, with a crop of cactus and nothing else.

The Concord Crude Oil Company is after investors. It has taken up the old Rodeo Company's property, formerly held by the Eastern Consolidated Oil Company. The Concord Company claims to own 117 acres. Its literature falsifies the facts and is written solely to bait a trap for investors who know nothing of the oil situation. The Concord Company is trying to sell bonds in the East, for the purpose of paying for the land at the rate of $1,000 an acre, and also for the purpose of building a refinery. The land sold for $520 an acre not long ago, and there has been no development to enhance the price since. Like the Eastern Consolidated Oil Company which induced a great many people to put money into its stock, the Concord Company offers no opportunity for speculators to make a profit.

Oil shares came in for some little attention during the week and business on the Exchange was fairly interesting. There was a flurry in Petroleum Center and several thousand shares changed hands. Prices were forced up rapidly from 7c. to 14c. but with the liberal offering of stock by holders endeavoring to realize a profit at the advance there was a recession to 10c., with buyers' wants more than liberally supplied. Sterling and Sovereign were fairly active stocks at steady prices and quite a few Home shares were disposed of at a trifle lower rate. The Standard Oil Company has purchased about 50,000 barrels of oil in the Los Angeles field which greatly relieved the pressure on the Southern market.

Sales on the Oil Exchange last week were $142,599 shares valued at $58,198, the leading sales being as follows: Bear Flag, 4,500 shares; Four, 1,900; Home, 1,675; Independence, 3,000; Junction, 6,300; Petroleum Center, 81,875; Superior, 1,800; Lion, 2,000; Oil City, 2,000; Sovereign, 5,750; Reed, 1,000; Occidental, 3,900; Sterling, 25,175.

Stocks and Bonds

Bonds continued to lead in point of demand on the Stock and Bond Exchange during the past week while trading in general shares has been rather light and mostly confined to a few of the leading industrials. The liberal and rather extraordinary activity in bonds is attributed to the seeking investment for most of the money obtained by the consummation of the Market-street Railway deal. Investors have been partial to Sacramento Electric Gas and Railway 5 per cent bonds and trading in these has been the feature of the various sessions during the week. Values have steadily increased from $96.50 to $102 and the general tendency is towards a further improvement. Many of the leading railroad bonds changed hands at good figures and prices have been well sustained. The settlement of rates and the prospects of a dividend have caused investors to turn to Spring Valley shares as a desirable security and prices hardened a trifle and ruled firm at $93.50. Alaska Packers' Association shares were in favor and the moderate lots offered ruled strong with $162 bid. Both California Wine Association and California Fruit Canners' shares were steady at $100 and $103.25 respectively and several fairly large blocks of stocks were sold. Improvements in many of the canneries of the latter institution are in progress and with prospects for a good demand for the output indications are quite favorable for an improvement in values for shares. Pacific Gas Improvement shares were a trifle firmer and some fair trading was recorded during the past few days. The 3,000 shares of the unissued stock of the company, which was offered to the stockholders by the directors through a circular letter at $36 a share, the subscriptions to be based upon one share for every ten held, have all been sold and paid for. Large stockholders were the principal buyers. This action increases the amount of issued stock from 32,000 shares to 35,000. The authorized capital is $5,000,000, in 50,000 shares. Sugar stocks have been dull and featureless and prices have shown no material fluctuations. Sales of Oceanic Steamship Company were small with values a trifle easier. There were no offers to sell the moderate lots of Market-street Railway shares still held, and buyers were bidding $100 strong. A dividend on the old stock for the quarter ending with March 31st was payable Thursday. The rate is sixty cents a share the same as heretofore.

As a mark of respect from his late fellow members, George F. Bowman, one of the charter members of the Stock and Bond Exchange, who recently sold his seat to Fred S. Knight, was presented with an elegant loving cup at the close of last Saturday's session. President Pollitz made the presentation speech in which he paid warm tribute to the retired broker.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Oakland Transit Company has been called for June 10th to take action on the proposition to create a bonded indebtedness of $6,000,000 to take up old issues and provide for improvements. It is reported that an additional bond issue will be made later by the ferry company.

The one hundredth consecutive dividend of the Alaska Packers' Association is payable today. Ninety-seven of these dividends were at 75c. a share and the last three at $1, making a total of $75.75 paid on a share since the declaring of dividends.

The stocks and bonds of the United Railways of San Francisco are reported in strong demand on the Wall street curb and indications are that with the listing of securities on the New York Exchange eastern capitalists will invest freely. The prices ruling on the street at present are as follows: $23.87½

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bid, $24 asked; for common stock, $62.12½ bid, $62.50 asked for preferred; $89.50 bid, $90 asked for 4 per cent bonds and for subscriptions $101.75 bid, $102 asked.

The articles of incorporation of the Company have been amended so as to provide for nine directors instead of five. The following are named: J. M. Duane, Arthur Holland, I. W. Hellman, Charles Holbrook, Joseph S. Tobin, Stephen Williamson, Antone Borel and Thomas Brown.

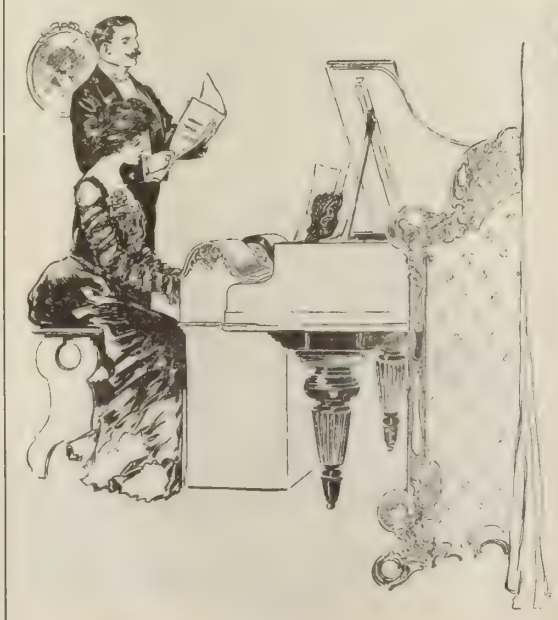
The Sacramento Electric Company

In connection with the increased demand for the 5 per cent bonds of the Sacramento Electric, Gas and Railway Company during the past two weeks there are several rumors current on the street. One of these is that a prominent investor in street railway securities has offered $40 per share for a controlling interest in the stock of the company. Whether this is true or not the rumor has not materially affected the selling price of the company's securities. During the past week there has been a slight advance in the price of these shares but it has not attained a prominence beyond what could be readily considered the ordinary business fluctuation from day to day. The outstanding capital stock of this company is $1.853.200 at par value. The corporation has, however, $265.000 first mortgage 6 per cent bonds as a funded debt of the Central Electric Railway Company and $2.250.000 5 per cent bonds of the Sacramento Electric, Gas and Railway Company which will mature in 1927. The trust deed provided for the retiring of any or all these bonds at $103 but on March 25th last the Board of Directors passed a resolution rescinding this clause. The properties of the company include the Folsom Water Power Company, with dam, canal and water rights on the American River; the Sacramento Electric Power and Light Company, with its plant at Folsom and its distributing service in Sacramento; the entire street railway service of Sacramento, comprising about 24½ miles of track, and 9.842½ shares out of a total issue of 10.000 shares of the Capital Gas Company, which, by the way, is the only gas plant in the city of Sacramento. For the twelve months ending January 31st, 1902, the gross earnings were $419,781.03 and the operating expenses were $195,266.38. To the latter, however, must be added certain fixed charges, aggregating $113.540.50. The net earning therefore,less $9,602.70 for the year were $101,371.45. At the close of the year 1901 the company hat a net surplus of $125.540.87 to its credit, so that after deducting $36,103.80 the total of dividends paid during the last fiscal year, there was still a net surplus of $190,808.52 on hand on February 1st, 1902.

The capital of the Union Trust Company was increased from $1.250.000 to $1.500.000 by an issue of 250 shares in addition to the 1.250 that were in existence. The new shares are to be issued with $800 paid up, the same as the balance, but as they are to be placed at $1.800 per share, the sale will add $250,000 to the company's large surplus. The demand for the new shares is brisk. —*The Financier*

English publishers are disappointed at the very limited sales made of the vast number of biographies, memoirs and other volumes concerning Queen Victoria, which were rushed through the presses in anticipation of an enormous demand. There is but a limited call for anything except the Harmsworth publication, which may be looked upon as official, inasmuch as it is written by the Duke of Argyle. It is too soon yet for any good work to have been put into shape, and, moreover, Queen Victoria was a wise woman. Judging by the advice she had given others, it is not unlikely that she made provision for deferring the history of her life and reign until its publication could have less effect on the living.

Business men and women whose lines are laid in the downtown district are glad to avail themselves of the convenient Puritan Dining Room at 413 Market street. The specialties of this restaurant, of which E. J. Clinton is the manager, are pure foods and ideal service.



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STAGE

The Cardinal

The sign of the cross is still one of the moving incidents at the Columbia theatre. It was a feature of "The Christian" last week when made by Episcopalian divines, and now we are having it done somewhat more solemnly by Mr. E. S. Willard in the red robes of a Cardinal. But the sign of the cross, even when combined with such other accessories as a few candles and a crucifix, is not sufficient to give atmosphere to a play. And that is what "The Cardinal" lacks. The play tells an interesting and somewhat melodramatic story, but Mr. Parker, the author, depends too much on dialogue. Yet "The Cardinal" is not lacking in interest. At times it is thrilling, even when the situations are forced. It was written around the confessional, that sacramental function having been introduced for the purpose of acquainting the Cardinal with the knowledge that subsequently enabled him to prove the innocence of his brother who was arrested for the murder of his fiancee's father. It is just a bit shocking, the incident of the murderer rushing red-handed, as it were, from the scene of the murder to the confessional and there getting absolution. His crime was a particularly revolting one, and was committed in a manner most cold-blooded, even for an up-to-date melodrama. His victim was the father of the girl whose hand he sought in marriage. In an interview lasting not more than two minutes he was refused and thereupon he plunged a stiletto into the old gentleman's body. The murderer acted as nonchalantly as though he killed a man every morning before breakfast, and yet he was a God-fearing man, for he immediately rushed off in search of absolution. Nor was he content with the ordinary absolution of a priest. He forced himself into the presence of the Cardinal, and in a few minutes he was absolved of his sin. Sensational novelists have told us of such things being done a few hundred years ago, but they are not convincing when done on the stage, especially when the churchman is not represented as a bad man. Giovanni de Medici, as portrayed by Mr. Willard, is a fine fellow and apparently a devout churchman, and it is hardly likely that he would have been so accommodating. The play is full of inconsistencies, but if you are in good humor you can swallow them and enthuse over Mr. Willard. He is one of the survivors of the old School of Thespians, and he has all the tricks of gesture and of posing that are so pleasing to the eye. He is surrounded by an adequate company. His leading lady, Miss Ellen O'Malley, is of pleasing manner.

"Madame Butterfly"

I have before spoken of the artistic acting of Juliet Crosby in "Madame Butterfly." If she never acted anything else in all her life, this one impersonation would stamp her an artist. Her characterization of the poor little Japanese wife in David Belasco's dramatization of John Luther Long's story, as observed in this week's revival of the play, is something to admire greatly. Miss Crosby is, first of all, intensely graphic. She gives a vivid picture of the wife in all her moods, ranging from joy to deepest despair. There is no suggestion of make-believe or mimicry. All is perfectly natural; pathetically—in the scene of the vigil—real. Miss Crosby's power of delineation is undoubtedly a natural gift, but this possession does not prevent her from being a finished actress.

"The Fortune Teller"

When Alice Neilsen presented "The Fortune Teller" at the Columbia it did not strike me as being much of an opera. It had a great part for Alice herself, and she practically ran the whole show, for like Charley's Aunt there never was a minute when she wasn't in it. But just as the Tivoli made a bright, snappy production of "The Ameer," which was nothing when Frank Daniels had it, the local people have managed to give "The Fortune Teller" a dash that was not in it originally. Anna Lichter in the dual role of Irma and Musette has of course none of Alice Neilsen's jolly little air that no one could possibly counterfeit successfully, but she is clever and fair to look upon nevertheless. Her fresh, pure and delightful voice is heard to fine advantage in the music of this role. Hartman, Webb and Cashman are eminently successful, both in make-up and action. Frances Graham as Vaninka has some good numbers, though the part is not such a strong one as was Dolores in "The Serenade." The only parts beside Miss Lichter's that give any chance for distinction are those of Ladislas and Sandor. Harold Gordon makes a fine Ladislas and sings all his music with admirable voice and expression. Arthur Cunningham has the part that was written for Cowles and his Sandor is one of the best things he has done at the Tivoli. Cunningham, however, can always be depended on to give a strong rendition of any role entrusted to him.

"Fiddle Dee Dee"

Fun is the main quality in the burlesque that is crowding Fischer's this week. Fun is a good thing. It drives away Dame Care. It sweetens life. Whether it is a new pun, a novel bit of horse-play or a joke that is unfamiliar, so that it strikes the risibles at the right time it is all right. And that is the way "Fiddle Dee Dee" seems to have struck San Francisco. The burlesque on the "Florodora" sextet is remarkably good, even coming after the many imitations of this song that we have seen, and which were in themselves burlesques. Maude Amber, the brunette Lillian Russell, is a picturesque and handsome Widow, and sings with plenty of dash. Lillian Coleman as usual sings and dances with capital spirit and good taste. Winfield Blake comes in for a few good songs and imposing entrances. But the comedians are the main thing after all. Comedians seem to be having it all their own way this season, from New York to Yokohama. Prime donne haven't a chance beside them. The "Fiddle Dee Dee" comedians are Kolb, Dill and Bernard who abound in unctuous comicalities. The chorus is of good size and robust voice and legs and the mounting alike in scenery and wardrobe is excellent.

Mr. Jones' Newest Play

Henry Arthur Jones' latest play, "The Princess's Nose," is not highly praised by the London critics. The story of the play tells how a Princess, finding that her husband is carrying on a liaison with Mrs. Malpas, who is a school-friend of hers, and that they have made arrangements to meet in Paris, determines to order Mrs. Malpas out of the house and to prevent the Prince from following her, as he intended to do. One act sets forth the means by which she endeavors to detain her husband and recapture his affections but, before he starts, the Princess is informed that an accident has happened to the brougham which was conveying Mrs. Malpas to the station, and that the result is a fractured nose. Now, the Princess's own nose had, at a previous period, been slightly irregular, it appears, and Mrs. Malpas, being her school-friend, had made capital of the fact. The Princess does not inform her husband of the accident, but allows him to proceed upon a journey which she knows will be futile, at the same time warning him that she may console herself during his absence. This threat is the more terrible because she has been pursued by the attentions of a Mr. Pyne. As may be imagined, the damage to Mrs. Malpas' nasal organ brings the Prince's affections back to his wife; Mr. Eglinton Pyne is sent off with a horse-whipping, and all ends as well as can be expected. The chief weakness of the play seems to be the lack of incident. Nothing actually occurs; everything is described in long conversations.

An American Girl Abroad

Since May Moore Duprez appeared in San Francisco at the Orpheum she has traveled nearly round the world and her circuit has been a series of triumphs. The little American girl's beauty, youth and talent have gained her friends everywhere. In Australia she was a prime favorite and now in the English

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine.
— *Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899*

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music halls they star the "Special Expensive Engagement of the Charming American Specialty Artiste and Dancer." One English paper says of her: "A prime favorite at the Metropolitan is Miss May Moore Duprez. The quaint impersonation of a German girl, added to her spirited and graceful dancing, are so well appreciated that the audience recall her half a dozen times before they will allow her to really depart." "A merry little American artiste who fairly 'fetched' the house," writes another, and another says: "Loose-limbed and lithe, there

May Moore Duprez, an American Girl who has made a hit in England

seemed scarcely a movement of which she was not capable." One of London's best known critics wrote: "The best turn of the evening was that of a young American artist, Miss May Moore Duprez. Her German Girl ditty is a capital character sketch, full of quaint quips and touches of the nature which makes the whole world smile. And she dances delightfully."

Attractions Next Week

Columbia: One of the most charming comedies ever written, by J. M. Barrie, "The Professor's Love Story," with a plot "like a whiff of Heaven's fresh air," will be the offering for Mr. Willard's second week. "Tom Pinch" and "David Garrick" will follow, and the Goodwins come after Willard.

Grand Opera House: The fifth and next to last of the MacDowell-Stone Sardou season. "Fedora," showing Sardou in the modern, will give us MacDowell as Loris Ipanoff and Miss Stone in her splendid portrayal of the Princess Fedora. Edward Harrigan will be the next star to come to this theatre.

Alcazar: That most amusing farce comedy, never before given at popular prices, "Why Smith Left Home," should pack the house to the doors. Who can forget the inimitable cook-lady, the "clever girl," the rebellious Smith and the Trust?

Orpheum: A genuine novelty is promised in the original Pony ballet, eight in number, and direct from the Empire, London. These girls are pretty as pictures and take their title from their diminutive stature. They come from the Tiller training schools for dancers of London and Manchester. Of Sam, Kittie and Clara Morton, Sam is a comedian and dancer of unusual unction, Kittie is the lightest heavyweight devotee of terpsichore before the public and little Clara is a dainty comedianne. Banks Winter, the tenor-author of "White Wings,'" and his little daughter Winona, will have a clever turn. The Petching brothers in their "Musical Flower Garden," Miss Christine Towle, operatic soprano in the latest hits, will be new. The Clippers, James Cullen and Marie Wainwright will remain.

Fischer's: "Fiddle-Dee-Dee" having scored the expected hit, and engagements for seats extending far ahead of time, it will be continued. Burlesque has hit the popular taste, as I predicted when the new theatre opened.

Tivoli: The local interpretation of "The Fortune Teller" is evidently on for a run. Its second week is announced beginning next Monday.

The *Central* will have a great melodrama next week, "The Dangers of a Great City." —*The Playgoer.*

AMUSEMENTS

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Beginning Monday Evening Next
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Last Times of "MADAME BUTTERFLY and "THE GREAT UNKNOWN"
Next Week George H. Broadhurst's uproariously funny American farce-comedy
"WHY SMITH LEFT HOME"
Regular Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Seats on sale six days in advance Prices—15c, 25c, 35c, 50c & 75c.

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER
Beginning Next Monday, Second Week
MR. E. S. WILLARD
Six nights. Matinee Saturday First time here of the comedy-drama,
"THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY"
By J. M. Barrie, author of "The Little Minister"
Prices—$2.00, $1.50, $1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c.
Week of April 21—Tom Pinch, David Garrick, etc

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O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee Apr. 13th
Sam, Kittie and Clara Morton. The Pony Ballet. Banks and Winona Winter. Petching Brothers. Christine Towle. James H. Cullen. The Clipper Quartette. The Biograph. And last week of Marie Wainwright and Company
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.

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Get your seats a week ahead. Presented in a most sumptuous manner
Night 25 and 50 cents Matinees 25 cents
Children at Matinees 10 cents

LETTERS

"The Battleground"

Since the "historical novel" has gained vogue it is with fear and trembling that one takes in hand anything dealing with Colonial or Revolutionary or Rebellion times. The topics have been used so often and so often ill-used that one is predisposed to expect another failure. It is therefore with feelings of fervid thankfulness that one discovers in Ellen Glasgow's new book, "The Battleground," something worth telling and well told. The Battleground is the Virginia of the war time, in and about Richmond, but the story is more that of domestic life than battle-fields. War and battles there are, but we are introduced, not to gorgeous uniforms and prancing steeds, flaunting banners and flashing blades. There is little of "the thunder of the captains and the shouting." We follow the footsteps of the private in the ranks on toilsome marches, with short rations and scant clothing, with hardship and hunger, wounds and defeat, coming home at the last to find his ancestral mansion a burned ruin and his fields and woods a battleground. Mrs. Glasgow has given us some delightful pictures of home life and the lavish hospitality of the antebellum aristocracy, kindly masters of contented slaves. It is well that such books should be written and that the pictures of the old-time gentry should be preserved for a doubting and scoffing generation. We may smile at the mincing gentility of Miss Lydia, who was shocked at the idea that any woman should use rouge. And the gentle Mrs. Ambler, who never thought in the whole of her life of wanting to do such a thing as take a walk by herself and who quoted the earlier time when "it was the custom for ladies to have delicate appetites in my day, you see; and I remember your grandma's amazement when Miss Pokey Mickleborough was asked at our table what piece of chicken she preferred, and she answered quite loudly,' Leg, if you please.' She was considered very indelicate by your grandma, who had never so much as tasted any part except the wing." And Mrs. Lightfoot, who clung to her shelf full of old novels, and could not be induced to read Dickens or Thackeray lest she should find herself associating with people whom she would not receive in her home. Yet, in the dark days of the Confederacy these women cheerfully gave up their luxuries and deprived themselves of necessaries for "our soldiers." They wore their linsey gowns and their homemade bonnets with as much grace as they had their satins and brocades, and presided over their sweet potato coffee with the same graciousness with which they dispensed their former magnificence. And of the men it can only be said that they were knightly and courteous gentlemen, worthy of their wives and daughters. The two girls, Virginia and Betty Ambler, are charming types of Southern belles, and all four of the children, as they are when they are introduced to us in the beginning of the book, are delightfully simple and natural. There is perhaps no child of the present generation who has any conception of the agonizing misery suffered by little eight-year old Betty on account of her red hair. One is irresistibly drawn to the tall soldier, nicknamed "Pinetop" from his unusual height, an illiterate mountaineer but staunch comrade with his simple wonder that soldiers from other states should fight so gallantly on Virginia soil. He was no slave owner, nor did he wish to be but he defended his state as he would his own door yard, from an instinctive feeling of loyalty and patriotism. There are masterly delineations of character throughout, both of the black slave and the white master, and the contrasting picture is given between the contented servant, fed, clothed and cared for and the free Negro, eking out a precarious existence in a land where there was nothing for him to do. "The Battleground" gives a different picture of the war from that contained in Mr. Cable's "Cavalier." That was the poetry, but this is the prose version. "The Voice of the People" was a vigorous piece of work and was appreciated by the reading public, which made it one of the most popular books of its day. "The Battleground" is a distinct advance upon the earlier work. In these days, when books are turned out so rapidly that no one can think of reading all even of the best, "The Battleground" should be marked to be read. The illustrations are in keeping with the rest. [Doubleday, Page & Co.]

The prize story in the *Century* competition for college graduates was printed in a recent number of that magazine. It almost goes without saying, in these days, that the action centres about a successful authoress, but the successful authoress is represented as bringing her masterpiece for inspection in a roll! It is not the first time this has been done, nor will it be the last, for even the veteran Howells has given us glimpses of his discouraged writer hopelessly wending his way from one editor to another with his roll of manuscript, though he does not hint that therein lay the cause for rejection. It is an old superstition amongst travelers that to roll up garments in packing trunk or bag is to "roll up trouble." Possibly superstition may have some effect upon the minds of would-be authors, but evidently injunction passes over their heads.

The Mercantile Library recently made a new departure with reference to that class of books which enjoy an inflated circulation for a few months, and then drop to the normal or below. An additional number of the volumes likely to be in great demand soon after their appearance will be supplied, and those impatient souls who cannot brook delay can have the privilege of satisfying their curiosity at a cost of ten cents a week. Mary Johnson's "Audrey" was the first book placed on the list. The idea would seem to be an excellent one—much better than that of not purchasing books until they are a year old, the alternative which is under discussion in the East. When there is a "waiting list" of from twenty-five to fifty, with requests registered, a considerable proportion of the number may be expected to be willing to pay a nominal sum for preferred places, and the additional volumes will thus be paid for by the people who make use of them without absorbing the revenue of the library.

Some years ago James Whitcomb Riley published a number of dialect verses of childhood, and thereby excited the wrath of

the educator, who will insist upon the doleful exercise of "speaking pieces." The Riley verses suited the kids, and instead of coming prepared with selections from Longfellow or Tennyson they repeated the "Raggedy Man" and others of the same strain. Now Mr. Riley has produced another collection, and there is wrath in store for him as soon as "speaking day" comes round.

Book Booming

An article which is gaining considerable currency through reprint sets forth in satiric fashion the importance of the office of "book-boomer," and the idea of the writer thereof is to cast a slur upon the value of the principal literary magazines, which are all owned by publishing houses, and which are supposed to make use of their pages for the sole purpose of unduly praising the books which they themselves bring out. While it is undoubtedly true that inferior books are overlauded, it is patent to any one who reads the literary magazines that it is not from them, but rather from the reviewers of the daily press that the bulk of the adulation emanates. Neither the *Critic*, the *Book-Man*, the *Book-Buyer*, nor any other of the book-lovers' periodicals, give undue prominence to the books published by its proprietors, nor does any one of them refuse to notice, or in any way decry or treat unfairly, the products of any other house. This complaint of professional booming has been made so often within the last few years that one would like to know from whence it originates. If it is the cry of the disgruntled author, why in the name of common sense has he so little business acumen as not to take his productions to a firm which operates a "boomer," and so reap the advantage which he thinks he is deprived of? If it is a lament of rival publishers, there is no law to prevent them from starting a "boomer" for themselves. All they need do is to make it interesting and reasonably fair in the treatment of authors. Nothing is gained by this monotonous lamentation, which has too much of the flavor of sour grapes.

—*The Bookworm*

The Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler Recitals

The interest taken in the coming recitals of Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler is of the most enthusiastic nature. Even Paderewski or Hofmann has not more sincere admirers here than Mrs. Zeisler. Ever since her last visit here, she has been asked again and again when she would come for other recitals, and now the time has arrived. Her first program next Tuesday night will be: Prelude and Fuge, No. 2, C minor, Bach; Sonate, Op. 111, Beethoven; Menuetto (third movement from Fantasie, op. 78), Schubert; Marche Militaire, Schubert-Tausig; Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 2, Etude, Op. 25, No. 9, Valse, Op. 64, No. 2, Polonaise, Op. 53, Chopin; Deux Arabesques, Op. 45, Leschetisky; Andante Finale from "Lucia," Donizetti; Gondoliera, Op. 41, Impatience (No. 1 from Spring, Op. 57), Moszkowski; Valse, "Man lebt nur einmal," Strauss-Tausig. It will be interesting to note the difference in Mrs. Zeisler's interpretation of the Schubert-Tausig "Marche Militaire," which was one of Josef Hofmann's most stupendous feats. Numbers from Scarlatti, Beethoven, Chopin, Rubinstein, Raff, Dvorak, Lewy, Zarembski, Tschaikowski and Strauss-Schuett will be on Wednesday afternoon's program. On Thursday night Bach, Beethoven, Schubert-Liszt, Schumann, Chopin, Rubinstein and Godard will be interpreted, and the Paganini-Liszt "Campanella" etude will be the closing number. A splendid program, beginning with Schumann's Papillons, Op. 2, and ending with Moszkowski's "Caprice espagnol," will be given next Saturday afternoon at the final recital at Metropolitan hall.

Mr. H. O. Fox of Chicago will give a series of Cecilian concerts next week at Byron Mauzy hall, opening on the twenty-sixth, matinee and evenings. Tickets can be had by calling at Byron Mauzy's, 308-310 Post street.

The program of the final concert at the Hopkins Institute Thursday evening was of especial interest and included numbers by Miss Elena Roeckel, contralto; Mr. Jack Harris, tenor; Miss Louise A. Levy, cornet; Miss Frances R. Wertheimer, pianist; Professor Joseph Roeckel, accompanist for Miss Roeckel; Mr. Emil Cruells, organist and accompanist.

A Shining Mark

The brilliant sign effulgent on the house tops at Ellis and Powell streets has been the sensation and talk of the town. By this time the feelings and peace of mind of those alarmed journalists and others who warned the public of the danger of that sign have been calmed. The enterprising merchant in whose mind was evolved the idea of that sign cautiously provided against accident and it is now the most attractive ad. on the Pacific Coast, showing that those who were criticised had good taste and good judgment and the good sense to comply with all of the legal and engineering requirements in placing in position an ad. which has withstood a gale blowing at the rate of eighty-five miles an hour. And there it still stands, enlightening the world. We hope that our esteemed contemporaries will smother their feelings and in the quiet recesses of their editorial sanctums find solace in the sweet consolation to be had in the charming blend of the *Pall Malls*. Food for thought!

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MUSIC

Greven Operatic Society

There was a very large audience present on Tuesday evening at the fifth operatic concert given by the advanced pupils of Joseph Greven. It was far beyond the average pupil recital in point of merit and the ambitious nature of the selections rendered. While some of the voices were too light for the more trying operatic works as a rule the numbers were well suited to the organs. While in such a long program it would be impossible to mention all the singers, some were of such remarkable excellence that they should receive special notice. Mabel Jackson Christes, who sang Elizabeth's prayer from "Tannhauser" has a voice of fine timbre, though her rendition was slightly marred by her evident nervousness. Florence E. Walbey, who sang the Shadow song from "Dinorah" is a rarely intelligent singer from whom one may look for great things in the future. The duet from "Le Nozze di Figaro" was charmingly sung and indeed was to my idea the gem of the program, only equaled by the duet from "Il Trovatore," the concluding number. Kitty McShane sang Maritana's ballad, "'Twas a Knight" in good voice and with pleasing expression. Mrs. Ed. Burns, who has distinguished herself at previous pupil recitals, made her usual splendid impression. She has genuine talent for operatic work, as was shown in the recitative and aria from "Ernani"—"Oh, come and fly with me," and in the duet with Mr. E. V. McGinty from the same opera. Mildred Kearney challenges comparison somewhat with Saidee Walsh, a former pupil of Mr. Greven built on somewhat the same lines. Miss Kearney betrays aptitude for grand opera and her voice is rich and expressive. She sang the avanera and Gypsy song from "Carmen" with considerable brilliancy. The closing number was contributed by Zita Fahey and John Beatty, scene from "Il Trovatore," each giving a solo with admirable effect, and then the duet already mentioned as one of the best things on the program. One of the numbers in the first part, a scene from "Der Freischutz," also deserves mention, particularly Agnes' beautiful aria, sung by Mrs. Lenore Greven. Mrs. Greven's voice shows the effect of most careful culture and practice and her diction is delightfully pure. Others taking part, and doing very creditable work, were Florence Donovan, Sadie Colby, Fred Huber, Alice Ashby Kane, Ray Goldstein and Erne Happ. Mr. Greven was at the piano and there was an instrumental quartet consisting of Messrs. Haug, Strelitz, Schaefer and Yanke.

The Heinrichs' Farewell

The Heinrichs, by special desire, announced two extra recitals on top of their three of last week. One was given on

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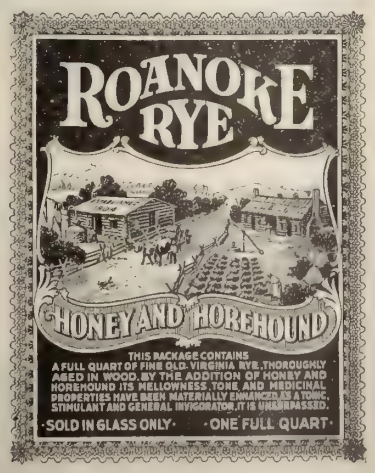

Wednesday night and the last, a matinee, will take place at Metropolitan hall today, at popular prices. Max Heinrich will sing Damrosch's "Danny Deever," also Jensen's "Margaret am Thore" and "Alt Heidelberg," with Chadwick's "Bedouin Love Song," "Allah" and "The Rase Leaves over the Pool," and Tosti's "The Land of the Leal." Miss Heinrich will sing a group of Schumann songs and songs by Lalo and Chaminade. The duets will be by Goring Thomas and Henschel

A Coming Concert

They are giving a series of alternate lectures and concerts out at the Park Congregational church. The first lecture was given Thursday evening of last week, Dr. Adams being the speaker, and succeeding lectures will be by Professor Lloyd and Rev. Dr. Rader. Next Thursday evening will be given the first concert of the series, under the direction of Mrs. Jessie Dean Moore, choir leader of the church. The program will in-

MRS. JESSIE DEAN MOORE
Choir Director at the Park Congregational Church

clude numbers by prominent artists, singers, organist, pianist and violinist, and among the participants will be Madame Ida Seminario, George W. Rosekrans, Leo Pomeroy, Dr. J. A. Brown and Miss Esther Macomber, dramatic reader. It is expected that there will be a very large attendance, as the program will be of a high order. Mrs. Moore, who has it in charge, has brought the choir of the Park Congregational church to a fine degree of excellence. She is herself the possessor of an admirable voice which has gained with every year of cultivation and experience. Mrs. Moore does not, however, believe in resting on past laurels. In June she will go East to visit her old home in Binghampton, New York, and during her three months of absence she will take a course of study in a New York city conservatory. During her next vacation she will extend her travels abroad, with the intention of studying under a European master.

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"A woman who once grovels at a man's feet has lost thenceforth her power over him."—Gwendolen Overton in "Heritage of Unrest."

"The first lesson in politics is to lie and love it; the second lesson is to lie and live it."—*Eugenie,* in Ellen Glasgow's "The Voice of the People."

From Basil King's "Let Not Man Put Asunder":

Petrina: Socially speaking, there is no risk without something *risque.* * * * Living with the clever is like living with the rich. In trying to keep their pace one goes beyond one's means."

Mrs. Faneuil: "The conventional is only what the united good taste of mankind has found to be the most becoming."

Lady de Bohun: "A sign is not a certainty. Men are like the weather. They often promise sunshine, and then shift round and give you showers."

"Love can go and leave no trace; and once gone it is as impossible to recover as a perfume scattered by the wind. * * * Love is a fire which, when once quenched, can never be rekindled. Another fire may burn on the same hearth, but the old will be in ashes."

From "Foma Gordyeeff," by Maxim Gorky: "Some men thrash about in life, like the owl. They hunt and search for their proper place, and struggle and struggle—and the only result is that the feathers fly off them, and they accomplish nothing. They struggle until they are exhausted and ill, and their plumage is all gone, and they flap their wings and dive into any place that they happen to find, if only to rest from their labors." (*Ignat.*)

"Marry when you have simmered down. * * * when you have eaten your fill of sweets then you will crave for plain rye bread—that's the time to marry." (*Pelagaya.*)

"If a fool offers you honey—spit it out; if a wise man offers you poison—drink." (*Mayakin.*)

"When a man has become accustomed to living merrily, and cannot rejoice, he is in a bad way. He wishes to live gaily, he wishes to laugh—and it is not he who laughs, but life which laughs at him." (*Sofya Pavlovna.*)

"Hard labor is cheaper than light labor. One man puts the whole of himself into his work for a ruble, and another earns a thousand with his finger alone." (*Foma.*)

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—*The Gleaner.*

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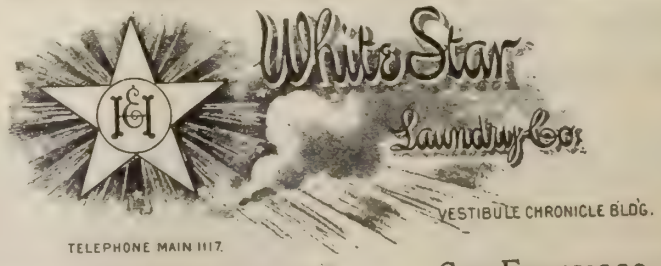

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Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Annie Kelly deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, Andrew J. Gill at the offices of Lent and Humphrey, Rooms 167-168-169 Crocker Building, corner of Post and Market streets, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

ANDREW J. GILL

Administrator of the Estate of Annie Kelly, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco, March 29, 1902

LENT and HUMPHREY, Attorneys for Administrator

Estate of Jacob F. Bros, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the uudersigned, John Farnham, Administrator of the estate of Jacob F. Bros, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at Room 79, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

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TOWN TALK

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, April 19, 1902

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OUR OPINION

Comparative Heroics

If survivors of Balaklava continue to bob up and boast of the fierceness of that engagement, some lover of historical research may look into the matter and discover that the Charge of the Light Brigade was a myth. So many thousands of survivors of Balaklava have come to light in recent years as to warrant the suggestion that perhaps there has been much exaggeration regarding the carnage of that memorable battle of which Britishers love so much to boast. One of the innumerable tribe of survivors was quoted the other day as saying that he was in some hot engagements in the Civil War and that "none of them came within measurable distance of Balaklava." Nettled by the implication, General St. Clair A. Mulholland sat down and wrote about the casualities at Gettysburg. He pointed out that the greatest losses in European battles were at Mars La Tour in the Franco-Prussian war, where the Third Westphalian had casualities of 49.4 per cent in killed and wounded; at Metz, where the Garde-Schutzen lost 46.1 per cent and at Balaklava, where the British loss was 36.7 per cent. In the Union army during the Civil war there were sixty-three regiments that lost more than fifty per cent in single engagements, and one hundred and twenty whose loss exceeded thirty-six per cent. At Gettysburg no less than twenty-three Union regiments had casualties of more than fifty per cent. The loss of the 1st Minnesota was eighty-five per cent. The 151st Pennsylvania, consisting of school-teachers and their boys had such heavy losses that the Confederate General Heath said afterward: "The dead of the 151st marked the line of battle with the accuracy of a dress parade." There were instances of bravery in the Civil war of which one seldom hears, but compared with which the tales of heroism from foreign histories pale into insignificance. How seldom is recalled the anxious inquiry of Hancock on the second day of Gettysburg: "What regiment is this?" The Confederates had found a gap in the Union line and were advancing in heavy columns to occupy Cemetery Ridge. "The 1st Minnesota," shouted Col. Colville. "Charge that line!" was Hancock's order. With leveled bayonets the Minnesotans sprang to the attack and closed with the enemy's columns, which were repulsed after a desperate struggle of ten minutes. But the 1st Minnesota lost Colville and every other officer but two and eighty-two per cent of the rank and file. "There is no more gallant deed in history," said Hancock, mourning the fate of so many brave men, "but I would have ordered them in if I had been sure that every man would be killed." Our school histories contain comparatively little about the deeds of heroism of the Civil War, and though the school children are familiar with "The Charge of the Light Brigade," they have but a vague notion of the valor of the men who saved the Union. Balaklavas were so common in that titanic struggle that, with the exception of "Sheridan's Ride," there are no separate heroisms perpetuated in popular song.

The End of the War

Peace negotiations have been started between the British and the Boers, and one of the most disgraceful wars in history appears to be drawing to a close. The British are no doubt as anxious as are the victims of their greed for peace. It was evidence of a desperate state of affairs when Lord Wolseley was dispatched to South Africa. The *Times* and the *Mail* assured the people that he was going out merely for an airing, but they asserted it so often and so loudly that every one began to believe there was a purpose in his voyage. In diplomatic circles it was understood that he was going on a special mission to look over the land and report to the Government what he thought of Lord Kitchener's blockhouse system. But the people of England have lost confidence in Wolseley as they have lost it in Kitchener. He was familiar with conditions in South Africa, but he staked his reputation three years ago that forty thousand British soldiers were sufficient to deal with the Boer forces and to bring the war to a rapid and successful termination. The fact was that he never understood what a splendid soldier the Boer marksman was. He is a good specimen of the academic soldier. There have already been accounted for among the Boer killed and prisoners as many as were to be found in both the republics at the beginning of the war, and there were twenty thousand yet in arms when peace negotiations were opened. The fact is that they were being steadily recruited from Cape Colony, and it would require twice forty thousand British soldiers to bring them into submission if they insisted on fighting to the bitter end. Today in South Africa there are lines of block-houses extending from De Aar to Johannesburg, and thence to

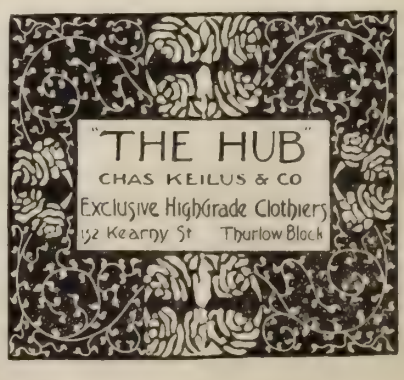
the Natal frontier; and from the rate of progress Kitchener was making the chain of block-houses would in time extend from the Cape to Cairo, constituting the highways of England's imperial civilization. Where the men were to come from to man all those block-houses it was hard to say, but Mr. Chamberlain was kept busy telegraphing for more to Australia and New Zealand. Surely, he was glad when negotiations for peace were started. But when peace is restored England will have another Ireland on her hands.

The Palmistry Fake

It was P. T. Barnum who said the public loves to be fooled, and there have been hundreds before and since the immortal showman who have acted on that theory. There has never been a period of the world's history when some fake or fad has not held the popular attention, and when fools have not begged to be parted from their money. Speculations and lotteries are the things at one time, and astrology and hypnotism at another. A new form of religion or a fake science is sure to have believers and disciples by the thousand and as long as people are willing to surrender their common sense and voluntarily part with their property, it is difficult to see either how or why the law should come to their protection. The latest fad is palmistry, and it seems to be spreading equally as fast in Europe as in America. Palmists are almost as numerous as clairvoyants, and if reports are to be credited, about as disreputable. There have been so many scandals and so much questionable dealing on the part of these "scientists," that in some sections of the country there is a call for some investigation and regulation of the business. If people want to be taken in and done for, it is useless to argue with them about the absurdity of the idea that the arrangement of the creases in their skins can affect their lives. No doubt the predictions are sometimes fulfilled, for those who are credulous enough to patronize these quacks are so susceptible to suggestion that they frequently proceed to bring about the conditions foretold. An example of it was that of the foolish girl who recently committed suicide because a palmist predicted her death within a short period. One would imagine that it would occur to the seekers that if the predictors had the power to see into the future, they would make use of their knowledge in their own behalf instead of stewing their wits to provide themselves with a living. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that they do not or cannot make use of their extraordinary powers to enrich themselves, there are hundreds of salaried positions which would be created for them if there were the shadow of a foundation to their pretensions. Every Accident, Fire or Life Insurance agency in the world, for example, would be supplied with an official palmist, and the saving which would be effected them would be enormous. The clumsy tables of "expectations of life" could be discarded and calculations based on certainties. Fraternal societies would employ a palmist and demand palmists' certificates instead of those of physicians, and instead of undertaking hazardous and painful operations in the hope of saving the lives of patients, the palm specialist could be consulted as to their utility. There are so many of these openings, all on the supposition that palmistry is anything but a humbug, that the possibility of filling one of them is sufficient to prove the fallacy of the whole fake. A large salary regularly paid in comparison to the thin and interrupted stream of halves and quarters trickling into their purses would be as Niagara to a squirt gun. It is not only the foolish and ignorant who are taken in by this kind of nonsense. There is a fair sprinkling of the intelligent and educated, and when women like Ella Wheeler Wilcox will expatiate for a column on the advisability of palmistry and phrenology, it is little to be wondered at when people of less experience and opportunity are misled.

Too Much Mental Pap

A young lady attending the State University lost her reason, it is affirmed, by too close application to her books, and once again the daily papers have set up a howl about over-study, one of them going to the extreme of calling upon the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to interfere and stay the destruction of the innocents. A young lady of college age can hardly be classed as a child, and the S. P. C. C. is as much in need of restraint as anything else. There is never any danger that that body will pass over a chance of gaining notoriety and advertisement, and the sum total of its achievements thus far is the all but annihilation of discipline and government in home and school. But there is no crying necessity for all this ruction over the danger of children studying too much. Once in a while, in a rarely exceptional case, an ambitious or over-stimulated child may apply its brains too sedulously, but the average youngster of either sex is in no danger whatever. The real danger lies not in over application, but in lack of attention and concentration. Every new freak and fad that is incorporated in the course of study, and that is but another way of saying every new fad that is invented or discovered, is one more distraction. Children are not kept at any one thing long enough to become interested in it or to see what it leads to. Some of the parents who bitterly lament the amount of "home study" that is demanded of children would do well to ponder over that passage of "Sentimental Tommy," wherein the master makes complaint of that youthful worthy's imperfect lessons. On being told that he sits long over his books each evening, that observer of youth replies that "he may be long over them but he is not at them." Fifteen minutes of concentration is worth more than fifteen hours of lackadaisical dawdling. There is no good reason why a child who has learned to study should not learn a lesson by a single reading, just as he grasps an entertaining story. The *Saturday Review*



(London) had a scathing article some time ago on the subject of "The Literature of Snippets," the snippets in question being that class of periodicals of which *Tid Bits* is the best example. Some of the remarks accurately describe a modern educational course. "No joint of information is put upon the table, but there is supplied a bewildering profusion of scientific tabloids, and dish upon dish of literary mince. All information is in this way cut down to the Procrustean bed of brevity, and what the nature of it is is of no consequence provided it is only succinct and short. Their object, frankly confessed, is to concentrate the attention of idle-minded readers for the shortest practicable space of time. We have made various experiments as to the amount of time which these journals have decided should be given to each of their snippets. In other words, their business being to accurately gauge the duration of their readers' capacity for concentration, we have taken for granted that they have now discovered it and have come to the conclusion that the space in which the attention of a reader can be held is not safely to be extended beyond eighty seconds. Cheaply illustrated and still more cheaply edited, with scissors and paste, instead of independent thought, they are aiding in the mental deterioration of hundreds and thousands of young minds. They weaken the power of the brain in assimilating information, they reduce to a minimum its capacity for retaining and connecting ideas. The only hope we have is that when a whole generation has been fed upon nothing but pap and mince meat there will come a revolt against the purveyors of this miserable diet." Lack of concentration, and of the capacity to become absorbed in any subject, leads to failure whether it be of tomorrow's lessons, or some business enterprise. The worst conceivable cruelty to children is to turn them loose on the world without the capacity to take care of themselves and make use of their faculties, and without the discipline, mental or physical, which fits them for work. That an occasional misguided or intemperate student makes undue use of books is no more an argument for releasing the whole mass of pupils from the necessity for study than it would be to argue against the existence of fire and water because they burn and drown the unwary. It is well, before taking these stories of demented students on their face value, to find out whether there are other causes than the midnight oil which lead to derangement, for it is usually enough that the afflicted one shall have been a student for it to be taken for granted that books are to blame. When six nights in the week are given to dissipation and amusement, it is hardly just to blame the seventh, given over to study, or perhaps only a pretence of it, for the collapse. There are few teachers who have not had pupils taken out of school because they were "breaking down under the strain," but most of them can testify that the strain did not come from mental application and the delicate invalid was a long remove from the head of the class. At all events, because an occasional man or woman becomes insane while attending college is no excuse for calling on the S. P. C. C. to protect infants from the mental torture of learning the alphabet. Lop off about nine-tenths of the foolish freaks and fads that fritter away time, and teach children to concentrate their attention and use their brains intelligently when they are at their books, and they will learn twice as much in half the time.

The Saunterer

Concerning the Stork

Editor TOWN TALK: Please pardon one of your most faithful readers for suggesting that a family journal should not keep tab on the stork, I like TOWN TALK. I think it is the breeziest and brightest paper in the country. I like it for the courageous manner in which it exposes sham and affectation in high places and it may interest you to know that certain clergymen among my acquaintances regard it as a powerful influence for good in the community, but I think it is rather indelicate to feature the stork as a bird of importance in the social world. It strikes me that you plunge too deep into private affairs when you announce that somebody is expecting a visit from the stork. Moreover such announcements are embarrassing to the people whom they concern. I know a very charming matron who broke an important social engagement one day because that morning she had read in your paper that she was expecting the stork. The statement was true but she remained home because she feared that everybody would be rubbering. By cutting out the stork I believe you will improve the tone of your paper.

CONSTANT READER.

It always pleases me to receive suggestions in reference to the policy that should be pursued in the management of a family journal, but my views are irreconcilably at variance with those of Constant Reader. I have heard objections to the stork before, but I should as lief omit all reference to the marriage of Peter Martin and Lily Oelrichs if it ever be consummated, or the decoration of Mrs. Henry Scott by Edward VII with the emblem of the Order of the Garter if that lady should achieve such distinction, as banish the stork from these columns. Is it not evidence of rank and fatuous prudery to pretend to be shocked at the announcement that some good woman is about to present her husband with an heir? Are not women proud to become mothers? Do they not publish the notices of births in the dailies? Is there any department of news more eagerly scanned by the women of a community? When an heir is expected by a royal family in Europe or by one of the nobility the news is published in the court journals and wired all over the continent. No Queen ever objected to having it announced that the stork was en route to the palace with an heir to the throne. Instead of becoming embarrassed by the report that she is approaching maternity, a good and true wife

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THE WORLD OVER

should feel complimented, for the publication of such a report implies that she is of some consequence. And strange to say it is only in the wild and woolly West that items of news concerning the stork superinduce a blush. The breezy Western sense of modesty is of an exceptionally fine quality. But it is most easily appealed to in those that are possessed of a prurient mind. Charles A. Dana once said that he was prepared to print in the *Sun* the news of anything that happened in consonance with God's laws. The *Sun* was a clean family journal under his management. I shall continue to herald the coming of the stork, believing that no allusion to him is indelicate so long as he refrains from trespassing.

The Kanaka on the Roof

A fair San Franciscan who sipped the bliss of her treaclemoon in Hawaii some weeks ago, and who is now making some stir by entertaining in her charming home here, amused a group of fashionables a day or two ago by her stories of her adventures in the Paradise of the Pacific. With her husband, she rambled over the group of islands and visited some of the out-of-the-way places. On the island of Maui, at the principal town of Hilo, they put up at the only hotel, and were treated hospitably by the manager, who by the way is a Mr. Dankey who once lived in Fresno. Overcome by the heat of the afternoon, the bride sought her room and her call was answered in person by Dankey. She wanted a cool bath and was delighted to know that she might have one of salt water, and with an invigorating shower. The tub proved rather primitive and the door of the bathroom persisted in coming ajar. She scampered from the water several times and finally fastened the rebellious door with a huge pin. She read this sign above the tub: "When you want the shower, pull the rope." Mrs. Honeymoon tugged in vain. The avalanche of which she had such entrancing visions was not forthcoming. Finally she yanked the rope furiously and exclaimed, "Confound the old thing, anyway." A voice above, in soft, sibilant kanaka-English replied, "You move more other side, you get plenty water." She looked toward the ceiling, and through an opening in the roof, saw a tall, dignified native man, holding a half-barrel of salt water, ready to launch it on her head. He was the regular adjuvant of the shower bath. The bride shrieked and tried to do as did the Lady Godiva ere she summoned strength to leap for her dressing gown. She vows she never told her husband because she says, "I didn't know him well enough then."

Wallace and the Millionaires

Allan Wallace, a scion of the Vanderbilts and a cousin of the Duchess of Marlborough, has become a citizen of California and a resident of Monterey. He likes this State so much that he has become one of its greatest boomers. Mr. Wallace is a member of all the exclusive clubs of New York, but he is so democratic that he is an enigma to the Snobocracy of this city. They cannot understand how a rich man with plutocratic ancestors can have tastes that are not of the most fastidious variety. Up at the Pacific-Union Club he is not popular because he shocks the multi-millionaires who expect to be salaamed to every time a young man passes their way. That club abounds in Beau Brummels, Chesterfields and Dr. Johnsons of the Henry Scott type who are accustomed to seeing people faint on presentation, but Allan Wallace never turns a hair for he has met the multi-millionaire in his infinite variety. The Pacific-Union millionaire impressed him only with his bad grammar and worse manners.

They were Sentimental

From Rome comes the news that the Artsimovitch's are as happy as the proverbial turtle doves; also, that Mrs. Artsimovitch has become almost a fanatical communicant of the Greek church. She became interested in that church in this city shortly after she and her present husband became epris. I am told that both Artsimovitch and his wife are quite sentimental and that before they started for Europe they visited Mill and Ross Valleys for a farewell look at the spots which they knew so well in the days of their courtship. Count Artsimovitch expects promotion in the near future. His father is an influential politician in Russia. Webster Jones has never quite recovered his buoyancy of spirits since the loss of the fair lady who is now the wife of the Russian diplomat.

An Exceptional Woman

Mrs. Lloyd Tevis is reported to be very much improved, but it is doubtful whether she will ever go out again. Of all the rich women in San Francisco I know of none more beloved than Mrs. Tevis. Into her ears have been poured the tales of woe of half the dissatisfied and the sufferers of society, and she has ever been a solacing sympathizer. Moreover she has always been a woman of charitable views for she has never been quick to condemn, preferring always to extenuate and to suggest plausible excuses for those that have erred. I sincerely hope that the end of so good a woman is not near.

Buckets and Loved Spots

In the public schools children are required to illustrate verse that has been read to them. In this way is the young idea stimulated to a love of both literature and art. Some children display very amusing interpretations of the theme. The story was told me the other day that a little boy, after hearing "The Old Oaken Bucket" read handed his teacher a sheet of paper on which he had drawn three circles and a bunch of dots.

"What is this?" asked the teacher, pointing to the first circle.

"That's the old oaken bucket," was the reply.

"And what's this?" she asked, pointing to the second circle.

"That's the iron-bound bucket," replied the infant artist.

"And this?"

"That's the moss-covered bucket that hung in the well."

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Then the teacher asked what the dots represented.

"Oh, them are the loved spots that my infancy knew," said the little fellow.

The Demon in Pasadena

Beautiful Pasadena, the city of millionaires and of churches, is in the hands of the Demon, says the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Though for fifteen years Pasadena has outlawed the liquor traffic in her midst, now the most insidious devil of all the bottle imps has gotten an entree into the most exclusive circles of the city, say the good ladies of the alphabetical order of the booze fighters. In the new city directory of Pasadena, a hundred and twelve advertisements of malt, spirituous and vinous liquors are sandwiched in among the addresses. Very few had noticed the advertisements until the W. C. T. U. held a meeting and drawing up resolutions, published them. The resolutions cover a half-column in the newspapers of the Southland. The indignant ladies have resolved that each one of those one hundred and twelve advertisements is a covert blow at the civic, social, and moral welfare of the city, and that if allowed to stay there unrebuked, would stand as a seeming just ground for slurs and ridicule on Pasadena's claims as a temperance town. They have requested every person owning a copy of the directory to blacken over every one of those one hundred and twelve liquor advertisements in his own copy of the book. Committees were appointed and an outlay for small blacking brushes and ink pots authorized. The town has been districted and the dear ladies are going about asking to be allowed to wipe out the diabolical legends. The saloonkeepers of Los Angeles and the wholesalers who paid for the advertisements are tickled to death and the Demon is roaring in his sleeve at the free puffing he is getting.

Living in Blissful Indifference

The European correspondents who are ever on the alert for sensational gossip about the crowned heads and the innumerable nobility have been overlooking the domestic affairs of the Prince and Princess of Monaco, though there are no more interesting personages on the continent. I was accorded the other day the privilege of publishing some excerpts from the letters of a local matron of the smart set who has been touring Europe, and in which the affairs of the House of Monaco are discussed. "The Prince and Princess," she writes, "are resigning themselves to the inevitable, and are giving up hopes of living in anything like accord. Perhaps it would interest Mr. and Mrs. —— to know that in living in blissful indifference to each other's doings they are emulating the example of the Prince and Princess of Monaco. The Prince is a handsome fellow, but a little too old and too scientific for his wife. She was—perhaps you don't remember—Alice Heine, the daughter of a wealthy New Orleans banker. I met her in San Francisco years ago at the Donahoes. She told a friend of mine recently that she and the Prince have agreed upon one thing only since their marriage and that is to live apart. The fact is that each is passionately devoted to a hobby which has no interest for the other.

Their Respective Fads

"The Prince delights in posing as an expert among men of science, and he gives all his time and a deal of money in pursuit of his fad. A large part of his revenues is devoted to the maintenance of his steam yacht which is fitted up in the most extravagant manner for ocean exploration. He has sailed in her all over the globe, dredging, mapping and measuring, and he feels that he is well repaid for months of observation and labor if he drags a crustacean from the bottom of the sea no record of which is to be found in marine literature. Now it happens that the Princess has an antipathy for the sea, and she hates the slimy sea-beasts even more. Her hobby is music and she dotes on musicians. The long-haired artists with the soulful eyes are the men that interest her, and she rounds them up in her salon. Her husband hates them with a vigor that rivals her detestation of the creatures of the deep. So you can readily understand that there have been some very wordy wars between His Highness and Madame la Princesse in that gorgeous palace of theirs, which as far as beauty of environment goes, surpasses anything that I have yet encountered in all my travels..

Their Picturesque Palace

"And Monaco! You should see it. The site beats Sutro's and the Cliff. The palace stands on the brink of a rocky promontory that juts into the waves of the Mediterranean below the mountains which rise, ridge upon ridge, away far into Savoy. The rock is about two hundred feet high, and is surmounted by loopholed walls, which I have been told were used for defensive purposes in mediaeval times. Ages ago it was a Roman stronghold, and later it was held by pirates. The guides say—but what do you care about the guides? I know you will be more interested in the Prince and Princess. The Prince

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has had a past. When he was but the hereditary Prince he married Lady Mary, only daughter of the Duke of Hamilton. They had one son, the present heir. After ten years they were divorced and she married the Hungarian Count Festetics, some relation, I believe, to the gent who married Miss Haggin. When the Prince reached his fortieth year he married Alice Heine who has had previous matrimonial experience, too. Her first husband was the Duc de Richelieu. I don't know whether she was a divorcee or a sod widow when she met the Prince but she was no longer young. The Prince, by the way, has published the result of his sea exploration in a work called 'Oceanography' which has reached its eighteenth volume. He has a museum that rivals his palace, built where the sea can lap into his tank filled with all sorts of live objects. Here his Highness loves to loiter and here Madame La Princesse has been known to come only once. That one visit gave her such a fit of shuddering hysterics that no one has ever dared to suggest that she should repeat the experiment."

A Lawyer's Plea

From a prominent member of the Bar Association comes a request that I urge the lawyers of San Francisco to take a greater interest in their professional club with the object in view of fostering the purposes of that institution. He kindly explains that the purposes are "to elevate the profession and to establish a more cordial relationship among practitioners," and he calls my attention to the fact that the Bar Association has now under advisement a praiseworthy plan to provide counsel for paupers who have just claims to prosecute. He regrets, incidentally, that attorneys do not frequent their club and that they appear to take very little interest in the Association.

A Mere Suggestion

The objects of the Bar Association are indeed praiseworthy, and I should like to stimulate an interest in any institution that would be likely to elevate the profession in this city. It is badly in need of elevation, but I do not think it would do any good to induce lawyers to dine together in their club. What the Bar Association of San Francisco is most in need of is a conscience and a wholesome mental diet. I should suggest the reading of papers at regular weekly meetings. There are many topics that might be discussed to advantage to the profession. For instance, when an attorney of the standing at the bar of James G. Maguire is retained in a case such as the Fair case to represent such a woman as the Widow Craven after the shallowness of her claim has been exposed, and with no prospect in view except that of forcing a settlement, would it not be interesting to hear some learned member of the profession discuss the question of ethics involved if such a question be involved? I am not thoroughly familiar with the ethics of the profession but I am strongly of the opinion that if all that is done by attorneys in good standing is in accordance with professional ethics, then the first duty of the Bar Association is to get a new code.

Reinstatement Too Easy

I have always been of the opinion that the extremes to which a lawyer may go in this State without being disbarred are too great, and that it is altogether too easy to get reinstated after having been disbarred. If an attorney has been convicted of embezzling a client's money and sent to jail, it may be all right to reinstate him after he sheds his stripes providing that he has manifested a disposition to reform. But I should prefer to put him on probation. A man cannot obtain a license to practice law unles somebody certifies to his good moral character. Why then should a convicted crook be rehabilitated with the authority to act as an officer of the court which he once abused? The Supreme Court of our State has established a precedent in the matter and the Bar Association seems to like it. Perhaps if the leading members of the Bar Association could inspire greater confidence in themselves they would find it easier to arouse the interest of the reputable members of the profession.

Mr. and Mrs. Brooks Jones, who have been staying at the home of the late Winfield S. Jones, returned to Bakersfield on Thursday.

Now for the Hamilton Cult

Mrs. Atherton dedicated her latest novel which deals with the life of Alexander Hamilton to Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, and the doctor has very kindly involved himself in a divorce suit and a remarriage at Sioux Falls. But I am of the opinion that Mrs. Atherton's novel "The Conqueror" will sell on its merits, for that brilliant woman has obtained the recognition which she deserves. Dr. Hamilton, by the way, is a direct descendant of Alexander Hamilton, and he is a noted physician. I believe the novel which has been dedicated to him is destined to revive interest in one of the most unique aristocrats that ever lived, and I look for the Hamilton cult to soon make its appearance. This is a propitious time for research into the life of Hamilton. We are now interested in men of culture, and we are putting them to the front. Roosevelt is in the White House, Low is Mayor of New York, Schmitz the musician is wielding the baton in San Francisco, Prince Poniatowski is taking an interest in politics, and Mrs. Astor has boomed the college gent.

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A Tribute to Genius

Mrs. Atherton has given us a romantic story of Alexander Hamilton's life and she has placed that distinguished gentleman on a pedestal for the admiration of all true lovers of the polite. She has endeavored to show that the flame of ardent patriotism may burn in the breast of the true gentleman. If she is to be believed we owe the present majesty of the United States more to the culture and fervor of Hamilton than to the simplicity of Jefferson. He may not have written the Constitution but he fought the fight that won it for us. She presents him to us as a genius, a marvel of creative force, a great financier and a brilliant diplomatist. And in doing so she sticks to the historic verities. Mrs. Atherton started in to write a novel, but the novelistic instinct overpowered her and she gave us a romance that bristles with facts of absorbing interest and with all the glamour of fiction. The book is a splendid tribute to the genius of Hamilton. Now for the Hamilton cult.

Vain Gossip

On the very highest authority I am informed that there is not the slightest foundation for the gossip about the prospective announcement of an engagement between Therese Morgan and a popular clubman. When there is such an attractive young woman on the eligible list the gossips cannot refrain from speculating as to the probable lucky man. However Miss Morgan is not worrying herself much on that score.

Former San Franciscan Married

From New York a correspondent writes me of the marriage of Ida May Miller and Albert Augustus Mozer. While the bridegroom is not known here, the bride is very well remembered. In her schoolgirl days she was the bosom friend of Emma Butler, now Mrs. Breedon. Ida Miller was an uncommonly pretty girl of the Van Dyke blonde type, brown eyes and fair hair. After the death of one of her parents she went East to live. During one of the family's visits to San Francisco, Ida married her second cousin. It was a love match but was not approved by the bride's father, and it finally ended in a divorce. The young wife retained the care of the only child, a little boy. Her father died lately and left her two hundred thousand dollars, therefore she brought a rich dower to her present husband who is also, writes my correspondent, wealthy in his own right.

The Barn First

Alice Hoffman is a sort of an Arcadian queen in San Rafael, and the residents of that burg take a great interest in her, for she is a most original young woman. She is now erecting on a lot near the hotel a large barn. She appears to feel that the welfare of her horses should be considered before that of the family. So much of the lot is to be occupied by the barn that the family residence must necessarily be small. The Southard Hoffmans, by the way, are going out once more.

Not a Ravishing Beauty

Mrs. Hugh Tevis has come up to town and San Francisco is having a good look at her. She is at the Richelieu. As she wrought havoc with the hearts of two men of prominence every one expected to see a combination of Lillian Russell and Maxine Elliott, but after surveying the young widow society exclaimed, "Is that all?" She is not of the regulation type of beauty so society must content itself with old favorites.

How Tulle Should be Worn

A bit of tulle is the latest hallmark of the smartly gowned woman in New York, writes an occasional correspondent from the metropolis. "Not such a tiny bit," she adds, "as the women of San Francisco wear round the neck wound into a small rosette at the back, but a full yard and a half of the soft material spread out into a large bow which serves to frame the face. The large bow is sometimes worn in front and occasionally at the side but preference is given to the back."

How a Broker Lost His Seat

George Knight's son, who bought a seat on the Stock and Bond Exchange for twenty thousand dollars some days ago, had the pleasure of assisting in the discomfiture of a fellow broker with a funny bone. Business was dull, and this broker thinking to create a diversion, mounted a chair and cried: "I'll sell my seat for four dollars."

"Taken!" yelled Knight.

"I mean the seat of my trousers," replied the humorist.

"I'll take that, too," said Knight.

Before the broker could say a word he was seized and held by a dozen while Knight carefully carved out the seat of his pants. He was handed four dollars and told to go in peace. He went with his overcoat.

Mrs. Martin Called

Every one wondered what Mrs. Eleanor Martin would do with the Robinson Reillys when that very much talked of couple came to town. The whilom mother-in-law of Mrs. Reilly was, in the opinion of some people, displeased with the charming Genevieve, but Mrs. Martin didn't permit speculation as to what she would do to become so vexatious as the problem involving the date of Peter's marriage. She promptly called on the Robinson Reillys.

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Mrs. Potter and the King

When King Edward passes away, and it is to be hoped that he will not do so until after the Coronation, his epitaph should be, "He Was Loyal to His Sweethearts." The King has had many sweethearts in his day, and from all accounts that day is not yet closed. It was many years ago that he won the admiration of all Lotharios by perjuring himself like a gentleman, and since then he has never failed to show his gratitude to those women who have from time to time earned it. No woman was ever permitted to lose social prestige through a flirtation with Albert Edward. More than one woman obtained social position by winning his royal esteem through amorous dalliance. Even for the unspeakable Langtry he demanded social recognition and she was vouchsafed it. And now comes the story from London that Cora Potter, the American actress, owes her social influence in London to the gallant King. A short time ago she was forced out of the cast of a new play in Beerbohm Tree's theatre, whereupon the King withdrew his patronage from the playhouse. He attended every performance in London except that at Tree's theatre, and of course his absence from the royal box occasioned comment of a damaging character. Now Tree is yearning for a knighthood, and his hopes grew with the approach of the Coronation with its customary distribution of titular baubles. He soon learned that he had incurred the King's displeasure and thereupon he restored Mrs. Potter to the cast.

Is James D. Phelan Engaged?

The story has gained currency in the East that there is some probability of ex-Mayor Phelan's returning to San Francisco with a bride, or at least as the fiance of a very charming young woman. During his recent stay in Washington he spent a good deal of time at the home of the McKennas, and about the time of his departure for New York en route to London I was informed in a private letter from the capital that the young bachelor millionaire had won the heart and hand of the charming young woman who was betrothed some years ago to Peter Martin. I attributed the story to mere idle gossip, but it is being repeated and in what appears to be an authoritative manner. It would be interesting to learn that ex-Mayor Phelan had lost his heart in Washington, for, residing there now, is a woman who was passionately fond of him years ago, and who, I believe, has never quite given up the hope of having her affections reciprocated. I refer to Mrs. McLean Martin, daughter of Mrs. Colton.

The Macfarlanes of Hawaii

Since the marriage of Polly Dunn into the Macfarlane family of Honolulu, a great deal of balderdash has been written by editors of social columns about the great wealth of the Hawaiian family and of its social importance. The fact is that the Macfarlanes are in fairly good circumstances, but there is no Croesus in the family. The foundation of what little wealth they have was laid in the saloon business and they are still engaged in it in connection with their hotel enterprises. I believe that the senior Macfarlanes started Honolulu's first saloon, and Grandma Macfarlane, Eliza as her friends called her, assisted in its management. The story is still told of her refusal once upon a time to sell a drink to one of the Kamehamehas because he had too much aboard. The maternal grandmother of Harry Macfarlane, Jr., was the late Mrs. Wideman, a very worthy woman, in whose behalf a claim to royal blood was made in an open letter to a Honolulu paper at the time of Polly Dunn's wedding. The claim was quickly disproved by some prominent natives. There is intense pride of blood among the nobles of Hawaii, and family records are strictly preserved to this day. Mrs. Wideman, before her marriage, was one of the entertainers at the Court of Kalakaua the Gay, and it was perhaps through that circumstance that the mistake was made.

No Curs Will Be There

A few years ago a mere handful of the smart set took an interest in pedigreed dogs. The George Lents, the Webster Jones', Jack de Ruyters and one or two others were all the representatives of the swim at the annual bench show of the Kennel Club. But now all that is changed. Society goes in for dog culture with an enthusiasm given to nothing else but golf. American and English fox-hounds, French bulls and mastiffs are the favorites, but collies and fox-terriers still manage to keep in mild favor. There is more interest being taken in the big Charity Dog Show that opens next Wednesday than anything that happened since the Mardi Gras. Eastern amateur dog fanciers have sent out the cream of their kennels and the local canine breeders intend to run their cousins on the other side of the Rockies a close second. Our swim may not be so blue-blooded as that of New York, but the Californian canines to be shown at this bench exhibit have pedigrees many leagues long.

Among those who will spend the season at the Hotel Mateo are Mr. and Mrs. E. Mandel, William M. Rose and family of Florida, the Francis Towles of St. Paul, the J. K. Armsbys, E. F. Houghtons, Miss Rose and George Hooper, W. D. Holt of St. Louis.

Lord Temple cigars are smoked by all clubmen who will take nothing but the best.

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The Opposition to Mathews

A god once sprang from a machine and now a new art school is about to grow from a refusal to make paint puddings. I have told something of the distaste of honest art students for the methods of Arthur Mathews, the puny dictator of the Hopkins Art Institute, and of the rebellion of the clever folk against the lash of the boss who is blind to his own idiosyncrasies but who seeks to make all play his monotone. Now comes the result. Never have the Hopkins classes been so small or brought forth such mediocre work. Genius could not flourish under the savage superciliousness of Mathews, and so the brilliant students have dropped away from the tutelage of the house on the hill, and gone to studying alone or in groups in their own studios or elsewhere. Encouraged by the printed criticisms of Mathews, and by the stand of the older insurgents who refused to exhibit at the Hopkins and who will shortly have their own show, the younger artists who are still at the feet of the masters have announced their intention of opening a school of their own, and of learning to paint the thing as they see it and not as Mathews sees it.

His Penchant for Puddings

But of the paint puddings? The chief crime charged to Mathews is his arbitrary rule as to the mere trifles of paint and palette. One must, after squeezing the paint into one's palette from the tubes, take one's knife and make little puddings of the soft pigment before using one's brushes. Otherwise, says Mathews, one cannot paint well. He refuses to correct the work of those who will not roll the puddings, although he is paid by the Hopkins management to teach all comers. A middle-aged woman who is a hard student tells me that Mathews has passed her by for weeks at a time, with never a word of correction and encouragement. She had no knack or liking for the boluses favored by the boss and so earned his disfavor. Now the dozens who have revolted against the pudding discipline have gotten together, and will have a school of their own. I understand that the directors of the Hopkins are very weary of Mathews' misrule and that steps will be taken to end it in the near future. Mathews' friends say that he is misjudged; that his worst fault is a desire to ape the great maitres of the Paris ateliers and to assume the despotism of genius. Perhaps this is so, but the rebellion has now grown past reasoning and the downfall of Mathews is in sight.

The Insurgents

The California Society of Artists—the insurgents who have broken away from the Hopkins Art Institute—have all the treasures for their coming exhibition in hand. Today is the last for sending pictures to the jury, and already there is abundant promise of a successful and praiseworthy collection of canvases. On the evening of the twenty-sixth of this month the first peep will be afforded the exhibiting artists and their friends. A reception will be held that night with music and a general gathering of the clever people who have flung the gage of defiance to the potgang of the big house on the hill. These insurgents are of the younger generation but they are not callow nor unskilled in the ways of showing their work to the public. Wisely enough, they have begun at a pace which insures no false steps but which may and will be quickened as appreciation grows. They have fixed on the studio of Charles P. Neilson at 207 Sutter street as the place for the first exhibition, and here the pictures will be hung during the next ten days. The studio is large enough for all purposes, has a fine top light ,and is accessible to every one as it is but one door from Kearny street and up but one flight. Neilson has generously moved his painting traps and surrendered his atelier to the hanging committee and jury. All the expenses of the exhibition will be borne by the members of the new society, and will be entirely free. This is a radical departure from the custom at the Hopkins, where an admission fee of twenty-five cents is charged.

They were discussing the shortcomings of Mr. Gaytop the married flirt, and Von Pompous remarked that no true gentleman ever humiliated his wife.

"But many that think they are gentlemen spend most of their leisure time at the club," said Mrs. Von Pompous.

"Do you mean to insinuate that I—"

"I merely wish to submit that it is somewhat humiliating for a man to proclaim by his conduct that his club is more attractive than his wife," said Mrs. Von Pompous, and Mr. Von Pompous buried himself in the morning paper.

The Hotel Mateo is rapidly becoming the centre of attraction for automobilists on account of its excellent accommodations for the machines. H. T. McKnight took a large party down to the hotel in automobiles last Sunday. Sterling Postley, with his new White racer, was there recently, and F. T. Miner made the run from town to San Mateo in two hours. T. Bradley Quinn, the English bicycle enthusiast, late of Calcutta, is a mine of information for the chaffeurs.

Mrs. J. M. Robledo has arrived from Guatamala. She came hither to visit her mother, Mrs. Gashwiler with whom she will remain for several months. Mr. Robledo will join his wife in a short while and they will go back to Guatamala in the summer.

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Uncle George's Eighty-fifth Birthday

"When other mortals stoop to folly,
And find, too late, they're somewhat bleached;
It soothes next morning's melancholy
To know that you are still unreached."

This greeting, from L. J. B. Lincoln, was but one of many received last Saturday from Lambs and Players and Bohemians, to be read at the dinner given by the Bohemian Club in honor of Uncle George Bromley's eighty-fifth birthday. It was the largest dinner given at the club in many a day and brought out a strong representation of members. Those who could not be there sent messages by letter or wire. Raphael Weill cabled from Paris. Frederick Warde wired from Butte, Montana; Daniel C. Gilman from Baltimore; William D. Bunker from Washington, D. C.; Frank L. Thresher from Minneapolis; Maclyn Arbuckle from Chicago; Ignacio Martinetti from Philadelphia; Archie Gunter from New York; George H. Broadhurst and Bob Mien from nearer home. Frederic Remington and E. B. Kemble sent characteristic sketches, as did Oliver Herford, V. Benson and others of the Lambs Club. James Barrie sent a charming bit of verse.

Among Players and Lambs sending good wishes in prose or verse were Willie Collier, Henry E. Dixey, De Wolf Hopper, Frank Worthing, John Kellerd, Mark Smith, Frederick Truesdell, Arthur Byron, Samuel Edwards, Frank Unger, F. Vivante, Fritz Williams, George Backus, George A. Spink, Nate Salsburg, Edwin Hoff, Digby Bell—the "Boy" of the Lambs—C. T. Dazey, John Malone, Francis Wilson, George W. Leslie, Herbert Carr, Harry Corson Clarke, Julian Potter, Joseph R. Grismer, Wilton Lackaye, Eugene Presbrey, Harry Woodruff, Joseph and E. M. Holland, Horatio Harper, Barton Hill, Edward E. Kidder, Robert Edeson, Stewart Brice, Glen MacDonough and Samuel Reed. Reginald De Koven sent a bar of "Maid Marian" over his signature and Arthur Weld also sent a bar of music. Clay Greene sent a short toast and a longer poem. Robert Reid and Jennings S. Cox in New York and Dr. H. J. Stewart in Back Bay, Boston, were among absent Bohemians sending messages. Ed. H. Hamilton, of the local Family, sent a toast in prose. Captain Caxton, U. S. A., wrote on Westmoreland Club paper from Richmond, Virginia, and Lieutenant Cloman from Madison Barracks, N. Y.

Mrs. Fremont Older left for the East last Tuesday. She expects to be away about a month. Mrs. Older is a clever writer and has done some good work in the short story line, but lately she has devoted herself to the more ambitious task of writing a novel, which has been highly commended by professional readers in New York. I believe the purpose of her trip is to discuss the work with the members of a large publishing house.

It's an Ill Wind, Etc.

Jimmy Otis, the husband of one of Society's beauties, is seventy-five hundred dollars a year richer by the death of Winfield Jones. Otis and Jones were trustees for life of a big estate, and the total sum allowed for their services was fifteen thousand a year which they divided. Mr. Otis will now enjoy the whole amount.

Gage was Prudent

Governor Henry T. Gage cautiously absented himself from the convention of Republican clubs at San Jose. And I think he should be commended for his prudence. If he had gone to San Jose he would have given his enemies a splendid opportunity to attempt some coup for the purpose of embarrassing him. And that is surely what they would have done. Those disgruntled politicians who have been unsuccessful job chasers under this Administration are eager for an opportunity to smash Gage publicly, and with the *Chronicle* and *Call* ready to give publicity to everything of a damaging character, the enemies of the Governor must have been sorely disappointed over his failure to show up. If he had attended the convention a fight would have been started against him, and though it would, perhaps, be unsuccessfully waged, the advisability of entering a dark horse in the gubernatorial race would become more apparent. With so much rancor and bitterness in the party it behooves Gage to give the opposition as little food as possible to feed on.

His Unwise Letter

There was a surprising lack of tact in the Governor's letter declining the invitation to attend the convention. If he had declined on the ground that, occupying as he does a high State office and being a candidate for renomination, he feared that his presence might be misunderstood and lead to the injection of extraneous matters into the deliberations of the delegates who had assembled for the good of the whole party, his sense of delicacy would have been approved. His expression of disapproval of the exercise of the personal influence of candidates in such a convention was unnecessary and ungallant. It was an affectation unworthy of the Executive. He knows that there is nothing sacred about a political convention. He knows that the Republican clubs were organized in the interest of job chasing politicians and not through exalted patriotic motives. Indeed, he would have been there had he not been afraid of a stampede or some other untoward occurrence. Therefore it was ungracious of him to snarl at his opponents, especially as he was doing indirectly through his job holders what he protested against in his letter. He was represented at the convention by a lot of cheap pot-house politicians of the Aleck Truman stripe who are drawing fat salaries from the State treasury, and who were there to guard his interests and inflate his boom.

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Why Gage was Endorsed

But the Governor was endorsed as I predicted last week that he would be. The convention could not afford to turn down the Administration without jarring the whole Republican party, and the endorsement was only what should have been expected. It was rather amusing however, to endorse the Executive and the Legislature in the same resolution. In order to save the State from financial disaster, it may be remembered, Governor Gage was obliged to veto bills passed by the Republican legislature appropriating over three millions of dollars for unnecessary purposes. The Republican convention, having heartily endorsed a band of tax-eaters who tried to loot the State treasury could not refuse to endorse the Governor without rendering the inference plausible that he had incurred the enmity of his party by safeguarding the people's property.

Cupid's Climax

The expected happened when on Wednesday of last week Mrs. Antonia Bandmann was very quietly married to Captain Louis P. Brant at the residence of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles Bandmann, in Vallejo street, her little grandson "giving the bride away." There was quite a small tempest raised some time ago because the suggestion was made among Mrs. Bandmann's friends that she would soon become the bride of this gallant Son of Mars, and the soft impeachment was strenuously denied by both. The bride's first husband, who was the senior partner of the house of Bandmann, Neilson & Co., was at one time quite wealthy, but he died a poor man. They had two children, a son, Charles J. Bandmann, and a daughter, whose death soon after her marriage to Percy Rothwell almost broke her father's heart.

One of the Old Smart Set

Mrs. Bandmann that was, Mrs. Brant that is, is still a very handsome woman. All early day San Franciscans remember what a pretty girl she was when, as Miss Tonie Pollard, she took a leading part in the festivities of the old Oriental hotel of which her father was the landlord. She and Lillie Hitchcock were inseparable friends, and with Eugene Dewey joint promoters of all that was gay and lively in their quarter of the town during the latter part of the Fifty decade. When the rumor was started before, it was said that Mrs. Brant's present husband was her junior by several years, but disparity of age, in favor of the husband, is no longer unusual. Exceptional charms entitle a woman to the advantages of youth in her husband. And many of those possessed of the charms of maturity give away weight in that respect for age. Take, for instance, the widow of Henry Barroilhet, the French banker, who selected a young doctor of Redwood upon whom to bestow her very mature charms and handsome fortune. She was in New York purchasing an elaborate trousseau when the bridegroom elect passed away.

True Story of the Match

The *Examiner's* "Chaperon" started a broad grin Sunday by giving considerable space to the story of the marriage of Millionaire William H. Deming of this city to Azalene Earle in New York. The affair was written up as though it were a "high sassiety" function and the readers of the *Examiner* were told that the bride had been introduced in society in Gotham where she had been pursuing her musical studies. It was also hinted that in a short time she would return to San Francisco, and become one of the hostesses of our smart set. But just to set matters right, as it were, the *Examiner* explained two days later that Mrs. Deming was formerly a hello girl in this city, and that Deming met her when she was employed by the Telephone company. Quite right, but why not let the poor girl enjoy the booming of the Chaperon? Mr. Deming has millions and if he wants to break into the smart set with his bride he should be permitted to do so. I'm sorry the cat is out of the bag but now that it is the story should be complete. Miss Earle was a very attractive girl. After leaving the telephone company she became a stenographer and typist. She became acquainted with Mr. Deming through a flirtation and he fell desperately in love with her. She worried him a great deal for he was constantly afraid that he would lose her, and for a time there appeared to be some likelihood of her transferring her affections to an automobile agent. When she went East, Deming's friends thought that his infatuation was at an end, but he suddenly jumped to New York and pulled the marriage off in a hurry. The bride's mother keeps a boarding-house in this city, but her daughter, having married a millionaire she intends to retire from business. Mrs. Deming is pretty and has accomplishments that should make her quite attractive in—well, in Blingum, for example.

A Violation of Church Law

The Cardinal in the play of that name which was produced at the Columbia last week declares that it is one of the miracles of the Church that the secrets of the Confessional have never been violated. He remarks that there have been bad priests who deserted the church but that none of them ever revealed anything confided to them in the Confessional. The purpose of this little

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speech was no doubt to avert the disapproval of Catholics, for notwithstanding the boast of the Cardinal he violates Catholic doctrine by using information obtained in the Confessional for the purpose of establishing the guilt of a murderer. The Church law imposes upon the Confessor the obligation to cast absolutely out of his mind all thought of every bit of information imparted in the Confessional. By way of illustration it may be stated that if it were revealed to a priest in the Confessional that the person confessing contemplated murdering him at the first opportunity and that subsequently he received a call from that person to visit him in a ministerial capacity, he should respond notwithstanding the danger his visit involved. This is an extreme case but it has been cited by Church authority to illustrate the requirement as to the state of a priest's mind. Mr. Willard in "The Cardinal," which purports to be a Catholic play, questions the murderer in the presence of a witness with a view of having him repeat what he said in the Confessional.

Crawford and the Confessional

Marion Crawford, by the bye, worked the "confessional" into one of his stories, but he made no such error as that of "The Cardinal." In his "Corleone," one of the Saracinesca series, one of the characters chases his brother into the sanctuary and murders him before the chancel. A few moments later, a young visiting priest who has been practicing on the organ comes down from the loft and themurderer flings himself on his knees before him and forces him to receive his confession. Later on the murderer accuses the priest of having committed the crime and the seal of the confessional prevents the priest from revealing the truth.

Mr. Smartset—Would you like a little ping-pong after dinner tonight?

Jones (from Petaluma)—If it's just the same to you I should prefer benedictine.

Manchester Will be There

There is one American heiress that can't be kept away from the Coronation. She will be on hand to lend eclat to the big show and shed the brilliancy of her jewels in Westminster. I refer to Miss Zimmerman that was, but now the proud Duchess of Manchester. On Monday of this week the English court decided that, in spite of proven "rash speculation and extravagance in living," it would annul the bankruptcy of his Grace, the Rt. Hon. Wm. Angus Drogo, ninth Duke of Manchester, Viscount Mandeville and Baron Montague of Kimbolton castle, St. Neots Hunts, Brampton House, Huntingdon and Tanderagee Castle, County Armagh. Unless you are up in the nomenclature of British titles you would scarcely recognize this young man of many titles and houses who found that there was little in them all when not accompanied by the long green. He is none other than His Grace of Manchester, who spent some little time in this city not long ago, and who captured the daughter of Papa Zimmerman of Cincinnati.

An Absurd Rule

It now appears that Miss Zimmerman came along just in time, for now the hereditary legislator of the proud house of Montague will not have to hide his strawberry-leaved coronet under a bushel while the Coronation show is in progress. It is the absurd rule of the House of Lords that when a peer is being chased by Jake Rauers through the vulgar law courts, and dunned from one castle to another by cruel creditors, he cannot enter the chamber and occupy his seat. Of course it is absurd to elevate Mammon above rank, and deprive an accidental legislator of the realm of the proud privilege of assisting in the Coronation of his King. Why should a bank account take precedence above the claims of long descent, and the lack of it put a peer to the necessity of wedding a vulgar American heiress? If it were not for the kind hearts of some of our American millionaires some of the coronets of England would be in a bad way just now.

The smile of a woman with pre .y teeth is not always eloquent of mere happiness.

Dr. Catherwood Improving

Mrs. Clara Darling joined her son, Dr. Clinton Catherwood at Colorado Springs a week ago, and found him greatly improved. He had tuberculosis in its incipient stage. Hard work in the laboratory and in practice combined to render him susceptible to the germs of the disease, but Mrs. Darling has written to a friend in this city that her son has gained eight pounds since his arrival at the Springs less than a month ago. She believes that he will be thoroughly cured in a year. She will start in a few days for her summer home in New London, Connecticut, where she will join her husband, Major Darling. Mrs. Catherwood, the wife of Dr. Catherwood, is with her husband in Colorado. She was Miss Maude Fiske, daughter of Joseph Webb Fiske, one of the largest iron manufacturers in the East.

The Craze for Exclusiveness

I believe it is Mrs. Henry Scott who is pioneering the idea of having the buds come out in spring instead of during the winter season. The plan sounds revolutionary out here where it has never been tried, but it was given a preliminary canter at Newport last year and voted a success. Its main advantage, from the viewpoint of the projectors, is that it plugs up many holes

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Buying a Suit

is, or ought to be, a business proposition the same as buying a house to live in. It pays to get a suit that is not only made of good material, but that fits the figure properly, that shows good tailoring, correct style and that has wearable qualities.

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through which aspirants for social honors manage to creep. If the girls come out in the spring then debuts must, of course, be held at the country houses, which would centralize things between Burlingame and Redwood. Garden parties and stable balls would be the mediums of introduction instead of the usual teas. "Under the winter schedule," say the advocates of the idea, "many of the nouveaux riches can give a big tea and it is hard to ignore their cards as one could for a dinner. These debutantes are launched with all the elat of the initiated and before we realize it they are really 'in it.' But if we have our girls come out at our country homes in the spring only people we really cared to know could expect to come." Students of logic would probably say that this is sievelike reasoning that won't hold water. It smacks of a real estate boom, for what would prevent people with debutante daughters from pitching their tents in Blingum in the spring. Mrs. Scott thinks that the plan should be tried next spring.

Jones—That's a very elaborate gown Mrs. Decollete has on.
Brown—Yes, but I thought she was above such trifles.
Jones—Well, there appears to be a great deal of her above that one.

Saved by Miss Convere's Stockings

A novel and unheralded feature was introduced into Marie Wainwright's Orpheum sketch one night last week in the shape of a pair of Marion Convere's stockings. Not their usual shape, however, for they were adorning the angular shanks of a seventeenth century soldier of Britain. Art and a copious distribution of cotton-batting strove to produce the symmetrical contour of nature, but failed signally, and the graceful curves that might have been were not. Grant Wagner, assisting as a soldier, discovered as the sketch was about to be staged that his costume lacked a pair of stockings. The situation was made known to Miss Wainwright and stage-manager Morrisey and great was their pertubation. Unlike Kipling's soldiers, who captured a town clad only in their cartridge belts, a complete uniform is essential to the Cromwellian soldier on the stage. Mr. Morrisey suggested that he appear as a Gordon Highlander and had the property room searched for a kilt, but this ingenious makeshift met with strenuous objection from Miss Wainwright. Meanwhile the warrior was badly needed at the front. Presently came an inspiration. A messenger was hastily despatched to the Alcazar for hosiery of any sort, and Miss Convere, with self-sacrificing generosity, produced an attractive pair of her own, and back to the Orpheum scudded the messenger of hope, arriving just in time to avert a nervous breakdown on the part of Miss Wainwright, and to assist the much-harassed guardsman to fittingly array his nether limbs for active service.

They Learned to "Parley Vous"

Two well known San Franciscans are the sensation of the hour in Paris. When Mrs. Henshaw and Miss Grimes left here for Europe they did not plan a will o' the wisp flitting over the continent, but intended to live long enough in each country to absorb the "atmosphere." But eating spaghetti in Italy doesn't put one on reading terms with D'Annunzio, so the ladies decided that in la belle France they would enter a boarding school for young children and learn to parlez vous with the toddlers. They went to a private school where they were put in the receiving class. Mrs. Henshaw writes that the oldest child in the school was twelve and that the diet was such as was not likely to impair infantile digestion. But the ladies found mush and milk wholesome after the spiced "messes" of strange countries. They spent six months in the school, and the American colony in Paris doesn't know whether to laugh at them or follow their example.

Mrs. Stetson Ill

Mrs. J. B. Stetson submitted to a capital operation during the week. The family is very much alarmed over her condition, but none save Mr. Stetson is with her. Harry Stetson divides his time between the Oxnards and the Winslows. He has been the loyal cavalier of Miss Georgina Jones, daughter of Senator Jones who is sojourning in this city. However society does not take him seriously for he is somewhat of a social butterfly.

Gifts from the Floods

The most valuable engagement presents received so far by Margaret Salisbury were sent by Miss Jennie Flood and Mrs. James Flood. Miss Flood sent a beautiful silver set of three pieces—coffee pot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher, all richly carved. The gift of Mrs. Flood was a stunning silver loving cup.

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Precocious Jennie Crocker

An Eastern society scribe has catalogued Jennie Crocker as a next winter's debutante, which is, of course, absurd. Jennie Crocker is tall for her age, but she is still in the very early teens. Her playmates here were little Flossie Hopkins and Marian Zeile. These little cousins are still in knee 'kirties and more interested in roller skates than in cotillions. However, when Jennie Crocker was last out here to act as a flower girl at Mary Scott's wedding, she announced her intention of getting married just the minute she was half-past eighteen. "I'll come out when I'm eighteen," she said, to a friend of Mrs. Easton, "and it will take me six months to make up my mind which one of the men I meet I want to marry." It was suggested that it might take the gallant longer than that to gather up his courage to the proposing point. "Oh, I'll help him out," answered the precocious Miss Jennie, "Grandma says you have to sprinkle salt on their tails these days if you want to catch a husband." Which same has passed into a proverb down Blingum way.

It is worth while being inaccurate occasionally just to have attention called thereto by envious contemporaries who have ceased to be rivals, and who thereby expose their justifiable spleen. My contemporaries may be assured of my failure to observe their inaccuracies, for to search for them would involve the task of being dreadfully bored.

The Selby Family

Last Monday the wife of Admiral Kempf passed away. She was the daughter of the late Thomas H. Selby and one of a family which has always stood first in the commercial and social life of San Francisco. In the old days the Selbys were noted for their handsome entertainments. They owned the only house in town which possessed a genuine ball room, and in it were to be seen nearly all the distinguished people who visited San Francisco. Among their guests on one occasion was Prince Iwakura and members of the Japanese Embassy. To be sure the house was somewhat difficult of access, standing as it did upon a bluff high above the grade of Harrison street near Second. And the steps leading thereto were many and steep. But once inside the house the warm welcome extended and the brilliant scene compensated for the fatigue of the ascent, and an invitation to the Selbys was never refused.

The Admiral's Wedding

The marriage of Miss Cornelia Selby to Captain Louis Kempf, U. S. N., took place at the country home of the family at Fair Oaks in July, 1873, and was a gala affair. Mrs. Kempf's eldest sister is the wife of A. J. Ralston, and the youngest, Jennie, who was the beauty of the family, married Faxon Atherton, whose sister, formerly Mrs. Fred Macondray, is now the wife of Percy Selby. The eldest son of Admiral and Mrs. Kempf is an officer in the Navy, and another son is still at College. They had but one daughter, Miss Cornelia Kempf.

Draped His Desk with Flowers

Those who for thirty years have passed to and fro on Montgomery and Pine streets are familiar with the sign, "Holland Smith, Notary," at the head of the stone steps leading down into Mr. Smith's and George Goodman's offices in the Nevada Bank building. One morning last week the desk in the front office was draped with violets and lilacs, and a card bearing the announcement, "Holland Smith died April 8th," lay there. Mr. Smith was one of the best known figures down town, and in his time he held many public offices. At the death of Postmaster Perkins in 1862, Mr. Smith was appointed to succeed him and filled the unexpired term of more than two years. He was appointed notary by the Governor of California in 1865, and from that date until his reappointment in November of last year, he was regularly re-appointed every four years. Judge W. W. Morrow, a lifelong friend of the notary, delivered the eulogy at his funeral.

Mr. Smith was a lover of flowers and of music. One of his delights was the care of his home garden. During the musical season, he and his wife were constant attendants at the grand opera. The Commercial Club, of which he was honorary president, and which meets at Jules' restaurant the last Saturday in every month, met on Saturday the fifth, and gathering all the decorations of spring blossom and violets from the table placed them in the vacant chair, and afterward sent them out to the absent member. The members of this club are Joseph C. Campbell, Colonel F. E. Beck, William H. Metson, Marshall Hale, D. G. Scofield, Fred Koster, Clarence Walter, Samuel Ackerman and R. B. Hale. Mr. Smith leaves a widow, his aged mother Mrs. Nathaniel Holland, and two sisters, Mrs. Helen Carter and Mrs. Charles Pennell.

The Theory Sensational

The gossips are beginning to chatter over the mystery that has veiled the case of the two sisters who were critically ill and who are now convalescing. There are those who have suggested that the young women be-

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came discouraged on account of the crosses they had to bear and sought to put an end to it all. It is indeed a sad case and one that should be immune from gossip however plausible the various theories might appear. There should be nothing extraordinary about two refined and cultured women who had to put their unused shoulders to the wheel, collapsing. But Mrs. Grundy insists that Death was met more than half way. And there has been criticism of the relative who took them into his house, and after a few months made their stay impossible by introducing under the same roof his bon ami. It was, no doubt, this incident that gave color to the suicide theory.

Must Draw the Line Somewhere

Society is girding itself this summer to draw more taut the lines that divide the smart set from the "Has Beens" and "Never Wases," who are breaking through the fences. Half a dozen of the ultra exclusives have declared that unless the lists are expurgated they will not attend next season's cotillions. Mr. Greenway shaved off his lists last year by pretending to have lost the old list, and it was conspicuous that Mrs. Salisbury was there and the girls upon whom she has set the seal of her disapproval were not invited. But with all the trimming the list is still too democratic to appeal to some of the exclusionists, so there will probably be more pruning and an aftermath of heart ache. La Jeunesse is also programmed to put the brakes on and invitations will be sent by slow freight with due deliberation. It is creditable to the leaders of the swim that they have not been influenced by religious prejudices. Several members of the younger Jewish set have been admitted and are in good standing. Among them are Edgar Peixotto, the Rosenstock affiliation and the Sussmans. Miss Sussman is regarded as one of the greatest beauties in society. The Poniatowskis lent a friendly hand to the Sussmans, for Sussman pere angeled a Poniatowski business venture or two, and the Prince reciprocated with a social boost. However, the *gratin du gratin* are objecting not to the Jews but to their own people, who are believed to be a trifle too new. "We must draw the line somewhere" is their slogan.

A Comstock Social Incident

All of which reminds me of the attack of exclusiveness that struck Virginia City in the days of the Bonanza kings. The line was to be drawn at a big charity ball which was to be managed by the wife of one of the kings. She had a factotum in the person of a real Kentucky colonel, and he took up for her the cry of, "We must draw the line somewhere." And it was drawn at the poor and the ungodly, much to the indignation of the people of democratic spirit. Things began to hum, and it looked for awhile as though the Colonel would be treated to a little fancy shooting. But Jim Burns discouraged the bloodthirsty. He said it would be a shame to kill a man with such an educated thirst as that possessed by the Colonel. Burns had a good sense of humor, and he planned the revenge of the social outcasts. He took the Colonel in tow the day of the ball and that night when the lady patronesses arrived they found the Colonel stretched out at the entrance to the ball-room, in a drunken stupor. He was shaded by a canvas sign bearing the legend, "We must draw the line somewhere."

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Samar Widows

A Manila correspondent writes me that they have a new name there for the Army women whose husbands are fighting at Leyte and Samar. They call them "the Samar widows." The "widows" are not killing themselves with grief in their husbands' absence, but, as my correspondent expresses it, "are having a pleasant wait, you bet. There's lots of fun to be obtained in Manila if you know how and where to find it. And it isn't all Army—there are others. The bickering and jealousies among the Army people," says my correspondent, "have grown to such proportions that it is absolutely ridiculous. No woman's reputation is safe with her calling acquaintances. She barely gets out of the door, after enjoying a sherbet at some other Army woman's house, when she is torn to chiffons by those left behind. The Regulars are as bad as the Volunteers, and the situation is one that seems impossible of remedy. General Jim Smith makes his headquarters in Tacloban. When he first went there he ordered all of the Army women off of Samar and Leyte, leaving only civilians on those islands."

Scarcity of Dancing Women

While in our swim it is a lack of dancing men that is deplored, on the islands near Manila, where there are only a few white women residents, it is a paucity of feminine terpsichorean experts that gives cause for weeping. One of the high officials gave a ball some time ago and all of the eligible senoritas were invited. But the American officers outside of Manila do not take kindly to the dusky-hued belles, and would not ask them to dance. They stood around the walls trying not to look bored, but their acting was not successful. The few "white" girls present had all the partners they wanted.

In Good Society

Johnny Lawson, the polo player, carries a copy of Rosebery's "Life of Napoleon" around under his arm and explains that while he has it with him he is sure that he is in good society. As Mr. Lawson spends most of his time at Burlingame I fear that there is a sinister meaning in his explanation.

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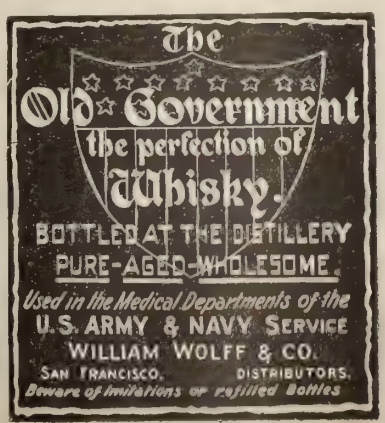

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MARVELOUS

Poets Sing to Bromley

[All wit has not fled from Bohemia. The commercial element dominates, but it has not crowded out all the genius that has made San Francisco's leading club famous. Last Saturday the annual dinner in honor of "Uncle" George Bromley was given at the club, and some very clever papers were read. "Uncle" George, be it known, is the incarnation of the true Bohemian spirit. When he dies his features may be perpetuated in bronze and his head substituted for the owl as the club's emblem. But it is feared that "Uncle" George may take it into that head to live forever. He reached his eighty-fifth year last Monday, and he is the most marvelous man of his years in the world. He has the bouyancy of spirits of a youth of twenty, and he is incessantly bubbling over with bonhomie. He can fan the flame of conviviality for more hours on a stretch than the youngest of 'em, and he has not yet discovered that he is in the possession of a liver.—Ed.]

There were several original poems read at the Bromley dinner. This was contributed for the occasion by Louis A. Robertson:

Time's record shows, when closely conned,
  Fair women and brave men
Who loved and laughed long years beyond
  The Psalmist's three-score-ten.
With added age they seemed to thrive
  And did their youth renew;
The God who keeps the saint alive
  Preserves the sinner, too.

We bar the patriarchs who trod
  The earth before the flood;
And Mammon's slavish sons who plod
  Through life with stagnant blood;
Sainted or sordid never feel
  The pulse with rapture rife,
When Hebe's rich, red lips reveal
  The lore that lengthens life.

That secret murmured in the breeze
  That kissed the crested tide
When Cytherea trod the seas,
  And it has never died.
To Dionysius it was told
  And in his flagon flushed
When from the purple grapes of old
  Its meaning first was crushed.

It taught the Teian and he laughed
  At Chronos' dismal chime;
It rippled from the cup he quaffed
  In many a glowing rhyme;
Venus and Bacchus at each shrine
  He worshiped oft and long,
Saw Beauty blushing in the wine
  And crowned her with a song.

It makes the heart beat wild and warm
  In many a snowy breast;
Ninon de l'Enclos and Delorme
  Were courted and caressed
When nigh a hundred years had passed;
  In revel and romance
They held in homage till the last
  The royal rakes of France.

Why ponder over pagan creed,
  Or Epicurus' cult,
Or in Time's rusty roster read,
  Or Pleasure's page consult,
When in the living flesh we see,
  Lusty and all alive,
One who has climbed the years till he
  Sits throned on Eighty-five.

Bohemia's bards his triumphs sing,
  Her sons and sages raise
Their voices till the rafters ring
  And echo back his praise;
They love the Genius of their joys,
  The Master of their mirth—
Mirth that no malice e'er alloys,
  And Wit with Wisdom's worth;

Their King of Revels who can drive
  Their grief and gloom away;
Their Priest of Pleasure who can shrive
  Their thirsting souls next day;
Hesper may herald in the feast,
  The glasses clink and foam
Till Eos flushes in the East
  And all have wandered home.

Then fresh as one whose night has passed
  In slumber till the dawn,
He lingers on until the last
  Bold bacchanal has gone;
He proves that Pleasure's cup may bring
  A blessing, not a blight;
For him it holds no adder's sting,
  But Life's elixir bright.

And so he laughs at Time, who lays
  On him the lightest load,
And when in Pleasure's path he strays
  He finds few thorns to goad;
His is the best philosophy,
  The wisdom that outwears
All other creeds, and we shall see
  Him live a hundred years.

Now let the jest and laughter lull,
  The glasses cease to clink,
The Owl who sits on Sorrow's skull
  Gives you this toast to drink:
We've seen him turn night into day,
  December into June,
May the Lord love him long, we pray,
  Nor call for him too soon."

Peter Robertson of the *Chronicle* sent the following effusion from his own pen:

In days all dim and distant now,
Some five and twenty years agone,
When first I took Bohemian vow,
Of "One for all and all for one,"
I mind me of the merry crew
The clinking glass, the joyous rout,
The laugh that ever broke anew
And Uncle George's voice trolled out,
  Easy, my man, easy!

We loved him then; the grizzled head
The genial face, the kindling eye,
The smile that radiance seemed to shed
Like sunlight from a summer sky;
And whatsoe'er the feud or fight,
The tinge of bitterness died out,
The argument of wrong or right,
All ended when his voice trolled out,
  Easy, my man, easy!

The years have come, the years have gone,
Bohemia, grown to rich estate,
No longer fears persistent dun,
Nor dreads the Sheriff at the gate.
But still we know the merry crew,
The clinking glass, the joyous rout,
The laugh that ever breaks anew,
And Uncle George's voice trolls out,
  Easy, my man, easy!

The kindly hand-grasp just as warm;
The brotherhood; the gentle thought;
The fellow-feeling's simple charm,
Only in wider circle taught.
And young hearts, like the old, now beat
For Uncle George. A louder shout
Than erst on Sacramento street
Gives chorus when his voice trolls out,
Easy, my man, easy!

Ah! not alone to us the truth,
The lesson of his life, may reach
Through all the world, for age as youth,
A gentle soul may something teach.
In him Bohemia's spirit dwells,
Through all the years we've heard it call;
And in this simple strain there dwells
The true philosophy of all—
Easy, my man, easy!

The fight for fortune, craze for power,
The pain of struggle and of strife
For station that may last an hour;
Brief triumph of the strenuous life;
The rich man, worn with nameless fears,
The poor man broken in the rout,
But wearing five and four-score years,
Our Uncle George's voice trolls out,
Easy, my man, easy!

Four-score and five? I could not tell.
The kindling eye, the crown of snow,
The genial face I knew as well,
Ay! five and twenty years ago.
May the years lightly on him rest!
May every hour its pleasure bring!
The world loves him who loves it best,
His song to Father Time we sing,
Easy, my man, easy!

From New York came the following verses contributed by Clay M. Greene, an old member of the Bohemian Club:

The Northwest wind rattles blind and sash, and taps on my window pane,
And a voice on the breeze thro' the swaying trees disturbs me again and again.
My fingers refuse to my pen guide on to things that the piper pays,
So I cast it aside like a prayer denied, and list what the wild wind says.
It reminds me again that Bohemia's chief hath a missive dispatched to me,
To bid to a feast from the nether East, good friends that are kin with ye.
For we all are kin in that merry world where fellowship holds full sway
And where man loves man on the only plan that can live in the soul alway.
There are loves and loves, there are ties and ties, in a line that hath got no end;
But there lives no bond that's as true and fond as the love a friend bears friend.
And a voice calls out thro' the Northwest wind tonight, from that far-off sea,
And I hear it say: "'Tis the natal day of a friend dear as life to ye,
O ye wand'rers afar from Bohemia's shrine where a Bromley we feast tonight;
So speed us a word that ye all be heard in the din of our heart's delight."
Let labor who will in the endless grind for the dross that shall give us bread;
I shall wield my pen that the best of men may be sure that my love's not dead.
For I love him as well as he e'er was loved; I shall love him until he die;
And my pen shall say from this far away as the Northwest wind doth sigh:
Take all of my heart if it be to you the kind of a heart you'd own,
For there lives no wraith in its boundless faith, and it beats for its loves alone.
I know that the heart which hath too much pride in the things that are born of trust
Is a feeble thing in the endless swing of the hordes swayed by money's lust;
I know that the voice that would sing the songs of a limitless Friendship's power,
Hath a lack of pluck for the run of luck that comes where the fortunes tower,
But I care no whit for the taunts of men who would fetter their hearts with gold,
While I bask in the truth and the endless youth of a heart that can ne'er turn cold.
And most of that heart with its youth and truth, dear George, are for you tonight:—
May this natal day be the sign alway of a love that is ever bright;
May the hearts of the friends that with you today, and the spirits of dear ones lost,
Unite in a feast that from West to East shall be rich as a nation's cost.
Be these eighty and five of your honored years but the heralds of more to be,
And I ask but this: on this night of bliss waste but one little thought on me.
And if it feel half of the garnered store I hold in my heart for you,
Then we both are blest in the peace and rest that can come of two friendships true.

Ed Townsend of Chimmie Fadden fame, who formerly belonged to the local newspaper push sent these lines from the Lambs' Club:

But eighty five?
(Why, man alive
How sweet alive you are!)
Your distant friends
And "distance lends"—
(A moment at the bar.)
I sought to say
(You know the way
One's thoughts are turned aside)
But on this day
(Yes, Frank: the same.)
We drink to (blame
Me not. The boys insist,
I can't resist)
We drink to (How!
Long life to him!)
We drink (I halt,
'Tis not my fault
We must repeat)
We drink to sweet
Uncle George.

OUTSIDE

The City

THE MAN OF BUSINESS is now looking for rest and recreation to the green fields of the country. Yet the busy man cannot go too far. He has to be in touch with the great city. The most beautiful and easiest reached winter and summer resort is open for the season Special attention to the table. New management

The Fog

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With the Money Makers

The Oil Boom Frauds

Now that the oil boom is over, the rottenness of a good deal of it is coming to the surface. Some of the biggest promoters have failed, and others have retired. The courts are filled with litigation resulting from fradulent sales of stock, and from the frantic endeavors of dupes to recover some of the money they paid for shares in oil companies which have petered out. A good sample of the way in which many of the California oil companies have been managed is found in a tale of woe in ten typewritten pages of complaint made by a stockholder in the Puente Crude Oil Company. The Puente Company was incorporated three years ago with a capital stock of $3,000,000. The next year it bought property for $55,000, and sold $65,000 worth of stock. It put down a well eight feet, and then quit for lack of funds, and a $5,000 debt. This $5,000 was paid J. B. Bushnell, secretary of the Puente Oil Company, for additional oil land in Kings county. The generous directors also threw in a hundred thousand shares of the company's treasury stock. Last year Secretary Bushnell and Vice-President Beveridge issued an order for the company to sell 1,500,000 shares of the capital stock at a cent a share. This netted the company $9,800, but now although no work has been done, there is only $1,500 in the treasury. John T. Kiernan bought a few chunks of the stock at 10 to 15 cents a share, but when the market was flooded with the shares at a cent, Kiernan found his shares worth even less than that. These revelations are all of the kind of those made in suits brought against many other companies. The fact is that today a man who invests in oil stock is a fool. Good, producing oil companies are not selling shares, and those that are not producing are too big a risk for the average investor. California has lost much more than it has gained by the oil boom, for a reputation for dishonesty and false representations has been made in the East, and in Europe, as well as here, which will take long to live down.

Demand for Investment Bonds

As I predicted weeks ago, the flooding of the local money market with cash through the purchase of the Market Street Railway by Eastern capitalists, has resulted in a strong demand for investment bonds. San Franciscans and Californians in general, who seek a good and safe income through investments in Pacific Coast securities, have kept the local brokers busy for a fortnight past and have made these dealers some neat commissions. The Sierra Railway Company's bonds have attracted many since the disbursement of funds by the United Railways Company, and the bonds have appreciated rapidly. Ten days ago there were sales of $2,000 worth at 113, and the next day $4,000 more at the same rate. When it is remembered that these sales were the first during 1902, and that during 1901 only $2,000 worth were sold, and these at 110, the sudden craving for Sierra is better weighed. There were some sales at 115 on April eleventh, when $10,000 worth of bonds were let go at that figure. Of course this was just the day before the semi-annual coupon cutting of $3, but on April thirteenth $4,000 worth sold between 112 and 113. At this writing the bonds are being held at from 114 to 115, and may go higher. I do not think these bonds a superior security. The total issue is $642,000, and they bear six per cent. interest, maturing in 1837. The Sierra road runs from Oakdale to Carters in Tuolumne county, a distance of fifty-eight miles, with a nineteen mile branch from Jamestown to Angels. Certainly one would be venturesome to pay over 115 for these bonds, although the six per cent. is very alluring in these times of ready money and low interest.

The Stock and Bond Exchange

On the Stock and Bond Exchange during the week it was said that the good earnings of the Sierra company's road and its excellent prospects brought the bonds of the company into a favorable light. Sacramento Electric, Gas and Railway 5 per cents were still in favor and the bonds ruled steady at the closing figures of last week. Southern Pacific and other Coast railway bonds were taken freely at maintained prices. The favorable reports at the annual meeting of the Contra Costa Water Company had a stimulating effect upon values for the company's securities and numerous blocks of stocks changed hands at a slight improvement in values. Spring Valley Water Company's shares were rather overlooked and as there were more offers to sell than there were buyers a marked recession in values resulted. Shares of the gas companies were quiet but values ruled quite steady. Sugar stocks continued dull and neglected and Hutchison Plantation shares were offered at lower prices. The Onomea Sugar Company has declared a dividend at the rate of 20c. a share, amounting to $10,000 payable on May 5th, and it is reported that a dividend will be paid monthly thereafter. The last previous dividend of this company was paid in April, 1901, and was at 25c. a share. Rumor has it that several of the other Sugar companies will follow the lead of the Onomea Plantation and resume their monthly dividends; if this be true business in sugar shares will doubtless show a marked increase. Alaska Packers' Association shares were in favor at sustained prices, as were the securities of both the California Fruit Canners' Association and the California Wine Association.

Bonds amounting to $6,000,000 consisting of 6,000 bonds of a par value of $1,000 each, bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, and due in forty years from the date of issue, are shortly to be issued by the North Shore Railroad Company. The funds secured by the issue will be used to make the extensive improvements contemplated by the directors of the company.

At the annual meeting of the Contra Costa Water Company the old Board of Directors was re-elected: A. Hayward, C. C. Bemis, E. J. McCutcheon, A. H. Winn, A. W. Rose, Thomas Pheby and W. J. Dingee. The showing for the year amounts to about $488,000 above operating expenses and the total gross receipts were $773,975.

The following dividends were payable during the week: Bank of California, quarterly, $4 per share; California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, quarterly, $1.50; Contra Costa Water Company, monthly, 42c.; Port Costa Water Company, monthly, 30c.; Presidio and Ferries Railroad Company, monthly, 30c. (raised from 20c); Oakland, Gas Light and Heat Company, monthly, 25c.; Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph Company, quarterly, $1.50; California Fruit Canners' Association, monthly, 60c.

There has been some active trading in Oil shares on the Exchange during the week, Petroleum Center, Sterling and Sovereign being the preferred stocks. Sterling was particularly active and sold at higher prices, many sellers demanding time in turning

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over the stock. Several thousand Sovereign shares sold at good prices while values for Petroleum Center recovered some from last week's sharp depreciation owing to the more liberal request for stock. Offerings were large but there were sufficient buyers to prevent any weakness.

Business in fuel oil is steadily improving and conditions are becoming gradually more favorable to producers. The Pacific Oil Transportation Company has been incorporated to freight California fuel oil across the seas. A contract has been secured by the company to carry 4,500,000 barrels to the Hawaiian Islands. This order calls for an expenditure of at least $1,000,000 and is only a beginning of what promises to be a most important element in the ocean carrying trade of San Francisco.

The Powell street cable six per cent. bonds have been rather inactive for a long time, but during the week an offer was made on the Exchange to sell $100,000 worth at 120. Later, $100,000 worth of Market street cable fives were offered at 130. Although offers of such magnitude rather nonplussed the members of the Exchange, they show the way in which the wind is blowing here. San Francisco is fast getting to be the centre of investment activities west of Chicago, and members of the Exchange look for a lively business during the next year.

—*The Financier*

STAGE

Apropos Burlesque

Fischer's Theatre has "caught on." It doesn't take the theatre-goers of this city long to discover that there is a good show in town. The opening of the new theatre was unpropitious but when the management put on "Fiddle Dee Dee," the news that there was a crackerjack show on the boards spread like wildfire, and now the talent is playing to crowded houses. There is room for a good burlesque theatre of the Weber & Field's order in San Francisco, and the pity is that Fischer's is not larger. The fame and popularity of Emerson's minstrels years ago were due largely to the burlesque afterpieces. Clever burlesque is always amusing, and it is not necessary to send to New York for the skits and the themes. There are abundant themes for burlesque writers in San Francisco, and the writers are here, too. But it isn't a bad idea to educate the people in that form of entertainment by borrowing from Weber & Field's for awhile. The essential concomitants of a successful burlesque show are a good chorus, a good orchestra and a talented stage manager. Fischer's appears to be well supplied with talent. Kolb and Dill, the German comedians, are imitations of Weber and Field and they have been playing the Weber & Field productions in the East for years. They are equal in every sense to the originals. Barney Bernard, the Hebrew comedian, is the best ever seen in this city. He compares favorably with Dave Warfield. Maud Amber, the prima donna, is well suited to the show, though she is not a rival of Lillian Russell. She is more on the Marie Dressler order. Her voice is lacking in cultivation but it is a good strong organ. She would be more attractive if her gowns showed fewer signs of wear and tear. The most charming woman in the company is Lillian Coleman, a San Francisco girl by the way, and a granddaughter of the late Senator Patrick Reddy. She was with "The Burgomaster" company for two years. It is unfortunate that she has not more to do in the piece. Her two songs are a great hit, especially "The Girl that Leads the Band." She would get several encores for this every night if the stage manager would kindly prohibit the comedians from rushing on and taking her applause. Surely they have the centre of the stage long enough. The other night the audience forced them off, and when Barney Bernard reached the wings he sulked and remarked to one of the chorus that it was the first time he had ever been "crowded off." Poor fellow! He is like all actors, wrapped in their selfish conceit, eager to be the whole show, and reluctant to share applause even with one of the gentle sex. It is unfortunate that the stage breeds bad manners, but lucky for the profession that the people on the other side of the footlights cannot see their idols as their associates see them.

They Reek of the Road

The California theatre continues to give prestige to shows that reek of the road. A one-night stand show can afford to play a week or two to empty benches at the California, for then when it strikes the cow-paths the rustics are told that the company held the boards at a swell San Francisco playhouse for two whole weeks. But as you can't fool the people all the time the rustics will eventually fight shy of California theatre productions. I regret to see the California going the way of all the old Bush street playhouses. It is a cosy theatre but a little too far on the line. Yet its prestige might have been maintained by judicious management. It is easy to kill a house by accepting the temptation of a large percentage from a cheap company. Manager Lilinghouse having been identified with so many theatrical failures should have learned something from experience. And I am surprised that the lessors of the theatre do not protest as they did on the occasion when an attempt was made to produce an obscene French farce there. At that time it was said that they reserved in the lease the right to bar a bad show.

Simplicity that Scores

That simple maiden in "The Professor's Love Story" is an interesting combination of charming naivete and worldly wisdom. In creating her Mr. Barrie must have had in view one of those up-to-date typists, or the ingenuous girlie of the song that wore her golden hair a-hanging down her back. Lucy White, the professor's secretary, is not as artless or as guileless as she looks. No sensible wife would permit her husband to employ such a simple maiden, for she would be quite sure that he would be eating lunch with her the second day. But the professor was

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unmarried, and his sister of the barbed-wire-fence variety was away. So Lucy toyed uninterruptedly with her absent-minded boss. He didn't take her out to lunch because he wasn't that sort of a professor. He was content to make goo goo eyes at her until he couldn't stand her witchery any longer, and felt that he had to have a more intimate acquaintanceship. So he proposed marriage, but not until she had worked herself into his arms in a fictitious faint, and set his soul on fire. That kind of a simple maiden doesn't fall in love with an old man with a bank account, but for dramatic purposes Lucy White will suffice. It is a very sweet and charming story and Mr. Willard is more acceptable in the role of the Professor than in that of the Cardinal. He is a master of the comedian's tricks. Miss O'Malley plays the simple maiden with the naturalness of a typist bent on earning a sealskin sack.

No play that has been produced in years has attracted more favorable comment than "El Gran Galeoto," or "The Power of Slander," lately produced by Howard Kyle under the successful management of E. L. Sackett. The play is on somewhat Ibsenesque lines, simple and undecorated but full of power. Mr. Sackett feels worthily pleased at the success of his season's star and play.

The Goodwins in their last season's success, "When We Were Twenty-one," will follow Willard at the Columbia. One wonders if Goodwin ever saw Willard as "David Garrick," a part the former once essayed but without gaining favor of the critics. Willard, on the contrary, originally put "Garrick" on as a stopgap in his repertory but it is now considered one of his greatest roles.

Little Baby Keife, who will have a benefit tomorrow night, is one of the child dancers who promises to become better known when years and experience shall have matured her talents. She is a pretty little thing, charmingly original, and as simply childlike and modest as if she had never been within a league of the footlights.

Edward Harrigan, who comes to the Grand on the twenty-eighth, played a long engagement at the California a good many years ago. He is a comedian absolutely unique, and his comedies are very truthful pictures of certain phases of American life. He will open in "Old Lavender."

Lillian Elliott has made a hit as the cook lady in "Why Smith Left Home" at the Alcazar. This is the more remarkable since there were many who predicted failure for any one taking this role after Jennie Yeamans, its originator. But Miss Elliott has a remarkable talent for character work.

No brand of whisky is more popular than Argonaut "O. K." It is recommended by physicians and epicures. E. Martin & Co., 54-56 First street, are proprietors of Argonaut "O. K." whiskies, rye and bourbon.

RESOLVED

that a *Jackson's Napa Soda Lemonade* is the most refreshing and satisfying drink on earth!

One of the features of the Bakersfield carnival and street fair to be given from May third to May tenth will be a Supervisors and Municipal day on which all of the county officers and members of the boards of trustees will be invited to be present.

Director Steindorff comes in for a lot of praise for his fine baton work in "The Fortune Teller." "The Singing Girl" is underlined for next, but its coming is evidently afar off judging from the present opera's drawing power.

At the Show Next Week

COLUMBIA—E. S. Willard in "David Garrick" and "Tom Pinch"; both highly spoken of by Eastern critics.

ALCAZAR—"The Two Escutcheons," a clever American satire by Sydney Rosenfeld that had a long run in the East.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Last week of Melbourne MacDowell and Florence Stone, whose engagement has been a record-breaker. Repertory—"Cleopatra," "Theodora," "Fedora"; special Thursday matinee of "Gismonda," and "La Tosca."

TIVOLI—Third week of the extraordinary success, "The Fortune Teller," which the town comes in crowds to hear.

FISCHER'S—Third week of "Fiddle Dee Dee"; packed houses every night.

ORPHEUM—Milton and Dollie Nobles in the former's latest sketch, "A Lesson in Harmony"; the Wilton brothers, triple horizontal bar experts, and the brothers Knight, singers, dancers and talkers; first appearance here of Susie Fisher, girl baritone; holdovers, the Petching brothers, the pretty English Pony ballet, the Winters and Mortons, with the biograph.

CENTRAL—"A Child of Fortune," sterling melodrama.

A POPULAR SALESMAN WITH M. J. KELLER CO.

Not every man can combine two occupations and be equally as proficient in each. Yet occasionally one meets a man who possesses this rare ability and slights neither of his professions, doing his duty to both. Such a one is Professor Puckett, whose dancing academy is one of the best and most select in San Francisco. The academy, which for the past eight years has been patronized by the most prominent families in the Mission, is conducted in Mission Opera Hall, Mission street between Seventeenth and Eighteenth. The classes meet every Tuesday and Friday evening, select socials occurring on the first Friday in each month. At these socials new figures of the cotillion and novelties are introduced. Every Tuesday and Friday evening Professor Puckett may be found at his academy by those desiring his instructions, or he may be addressed at his residence, 3555 Seventeenth street. At other times, during commercial hours, the Professor may be found at the M. J. Keller Co., manager gentlemen's tailoring department.

The service at the Puritan Dining Room, 413 Market street, leaves nothing to be desired for neatness and quickness. This restaurant easily stands among the best in the city for pure foods and ideal service.

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Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. It has been used successfully for the last twenty years and thousands will testify to its curative quality. It is a specific for Poison Oak. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

Milton and Dollie Nobles, who are in the Orpheum's bill next week, have any number of friends in San Francisco. Milton made fame and fortune from his great melodrama "The Phoenix" and nobody will ever forget that he was the originator of "The villain still pursued her."

Priceless Portraits

I wonder what ever became of all the treasures that Fanny Davenport kept in her house in Forty-fifth street, New York city? For one thing she had a priceless lot of photographs and portraits. The walls of her living-room were papered in maroon velvet, and on these were hung the faces of well-known footlight favorites. She had a photograph of Rachel, fragile and passionate in feature and pose. Then there were Mrs. O'Neil, very Irish in feature; Mrs. Abington, the original Lady Teazle; Madamoiselle Mars, the beautiful Parisian; a crayon head of Parepa Rosa; Peg Woffington, big-nosed but chic; Siddons, Garrick, Gustave Dore, Wilkie Collins, Dejazet, Forrest as King Lear. One big photograph of Clara Morris was taken in San Francisco.

Reminiscence of Fanny and Dickens

I was talking the other day with a man who had known Fanny Davenport when she was a girl and he told me many interesting things about Melbourne MacDowell's late wife. When Fanny was a child she conceived a great admiration for Dickens' books, and especially was Little Nell a favorite. Full of enthusiasm, she wrote to the author, thanking him for the great pleasure his creations had given her. When Fanny was ten years old her father, E. L. Davenport, gave her a set of Dickens' works as then published, and it was then she wrote to the author. She said, "I'll have a play made from all your books and never play any parts but the beautiful characters you have created." And when Charles Dickens came to America, one of the first letters he wrote was: "If the Miss Davenport receiving this is the Fanny Davenport who wrote a long letter some years ago to Mr. Dickens, will she give him the opportunity of thanking her for the child's gift he has never forgotten." Fanny Davenport considered this letter as much one of her choicest treasures as the diamonds which, after her death, her husband is said to have given to Blanche Walsh.

When Clara Usurped Fanny's Place

It was in the play of "Man and Wife," by Wilkie Collins, that Clara Morris obtained a chance to show what she could do. Fanny Davenport had been cast for the leading role but one day at rehearsal she threw down her play-book and refused to go on, saying the part was beneath her. Augustin Daly was wild, for the play had been announced and he knew no amount of reasoning would avail with his star when she had made up her mind. Then timidly spoke up one of the walking ladies, a pale, meagre-framed little woman with an atrocious accent. "Let me try the part," she suggested. Daly could see nothing but a jest in the words of the plain little woman, but finally consented to let her try the part at one rehearsal. Her success was followed by her allotment to the role and ultimate triumph before the public, when Clara Morris became even greater than the great Fanny Davenport.

—*The Player*

AMUSEMENTS

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Matinees Today and Tomorrow
"FEDORA."
Beginning Monday Evening Next
Farewell Week of
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Monday and Tuesday Evenings . . . "The Empress Theodora"
Wednesday Evening . . . . . "Fedora"
Thursday Matinee and Thursday Evening . . . "Gismonda"
Friday and Saturday Evenings and Saturday Matinee . "Cleopatra"
Sunday Matinee and Sunday Evening . . . . . "La Tosca"

Popular Prices: 10, 15, 25, 50, 75c. Good Orchestra Seat all Matinees 25c

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Last Times of "WHY SMITH LEFT HOME"
Monday, April 21st
The most brilliant of American Satires
"THE TWO ESCUTCHEONS"

Regular Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Seats on sale six days in advance Prices- 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c & 75c.
In Preparation . . "When the Heart was Young"

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER

Beginning Next Monday, Third and Last Week
MR. E. S. WILLARD
Monday and Friday Nights and Saturday Matinee
"David Garrick" by T. W. Robertson
Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday Nights
"Tom Pinch" by Charles Dickens
Saturday Night, . . "The Professor's Love Story"

Prices $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c.
April 28—N. C. Goodwin and Maxine Elliott in
"When We were Twenty One"

Orpheum

O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee Apr. 20th

Milton and Dollie Nobles. Wilton Brothers Knight Brothers.
Susie Fisher. Pony Ballet. Banks and Winona Winter.
Petching Brothers. The Biograph. And last week of
Sam, Kittie and Clara Morton.

Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
Reserved Seats, 25c: Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c

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"FIDDLE DEE DEE"

A veritable sensation. The whole city is still shaking with laughter
Kolb, Dill, Bernard, Amber, Blake, Coleman, Keller, and the Great
Chorus score from first to last "Hits, Hits and Hits."
Get your seats a week ahead. Presented in a most sumptuous manner

Night 25 and 50 cents Matinees 25 cents
Children at Matinees 10 cents

The Understudy

Showing how a very sentimental society girl was cured of her penchant for a matinee idol.

A pretty young Society Girl with more Money and Time than she knew what to Do with conceived a Tender Passion for the Leading Man at a Theatre. She spent a Large Slice of her Income on Tickets for the Matinees at which he Appeared, and on Flowers ordered sent to his Dressing Room. She wasted Reams of monogrammed Note Paper and Boxes of scented Envelopes in Passionate Cries from the Heart directed at her Ideal Lover, and wept Oceans of Tears because none of them brought forth any Response.

Finally she fell into a Melancholy State from brooding on the Hopelessness of her Passion, and even a Proposal of Marriage from a Millionaire's Son failed to banish the Blues. Her state became so Terribly Sad that, when even the gift of a Smart Trap higher than those of any of her Chums and a French Bull Terrier with a Pedigree twenty leagues long did not even awaken a Smile on her pale lips, her Mother became Alarmed and called in the Family Physician. After explaining the Reason of her daughter's Illness, the poor mother sighed deeply and said:

"What shall I do?"

"Is the man Married?" asked the Physician, "Is there any hope of his being Bought for your Daughter?"

"Alas, no!" returned the Mother, "I have already worked the case along that Line. He is not only Married, but devotedly attached to his Wife—and five children."

The old doctor pondered for a few seconds, then he slapped his Thighs with Joy. An Idea had occurred to him.

"Wait until Tomorrow," he said, "and I think we'll Fix it all right. By the way, does your Daughter know anything about Acting?"

"Oh, yes," answered the Mother, wondering however what that had to do with the Case; "she is very Clever at it. She belonged to a Charity Company of Amateurs, and only a short time ago made a Great Hit as Camille in a production for the benefit of the Society for the Promulgation of Marriage and Music among the Hullabooloos."

As the Physician went away the Mother, with a Big Beaming Smile on her lips, went to the bookcase and rooted out the Fat Scrap Book that contained her Daughter's array of Press Notices when she was a Clever Society Amateur and before she had conceived the Hopeless Passion for the Leading Man.

A week later, the actors and actresses at rehearsal at the Petite Theatre were much surprised to see a New Woman in the Leading Feminine Role of the play in which appeared the Handsome Leading Man.

"I wonder who she is?" they asked, "and why, when they were getting a New Leading Lady, didn't they get one who knew how to Act?"

"Oh, it's an Understudy," returned a more sophisticated actor, "probably a Dresser elevated for one night only."

As for the Understudy, she was in a Seventh Heaven of Delight, for this was to her the Chance of a Lifetime.

She was the Beautiful Heroine of the Play. He, her Hero of Dreams and Real Life, was the Hero of the Drama. There was one act in which he had to kiss her—Passionately—and Clutch her to his Breast. She had gone over it all with the Leading Lady that morning and she was Happier than any Queen. "Don't spoil any of his Scenes by being Awkward," she had been cautioned. It was a Useless Precaution. What! she spoil any of His scenes? She would Crawl through her own part on her Hands and Knees rather.

She came to Rehearsal with her Heart beating with Rapture. She left the Theatre disillusioned and with only a Clay-Footed Idol pictured in her Mind.

That Unshaven, Unshorn Creature, with carelessly tied necktie, shirt wrinkled and spotted, was that the Handsome Leading Man?

"He's got an Awful Bad One on today," whispered one of the Walking Ladies, and "Drunker than a Lord," said the Prompter.

"Why, he's quite Old," murmured the Understudy.

"Yes, he must be about fifty or thereabouts," returned the Prompter, "but He makes up well."

"And he appears to lack Refinement," said the Understudy.

"Most actors do," said the Prompter.

"Are there not many Gentlemen on the stage?" asked the Understudy.

"No," said the Prompter. "When a man Spends most of his Time crowding people off the Centre and trying to steal the Fat from the Leading Lady and Flirting with Himself in the Mirror and letting other men Buy drinks for him to testify to their Admiration it is Hard for him to keep his Gentlemanly Instincts alive and in Good Working Order."

The Understudy quit her Job on the Spot and became a Society Girl once more. The next day the Leading Lady received a cheque in Three Figures and a cluster of American Beauties.

Moral—The Glare of the Calcium is deceptive, so to know a Matinee Idol as he Is you must see him in the Light of Day, or when He is being Sued for Divorce by a Disillusioned Wife.

—*The Call Boy.*

Julia Arthur, who is now Mrs. Cheney, and who arrived in this city the other day, made her first hit in San Francisco with the Palmer company at the Baldwin. That was one of the strongest companies that ever visited this city, but it was a frost. At that time Alice Rix was roasting the Baldwin in the *Examiner*. The company included Wilton Lackaye, Madeline Bouton and May Brookyn. It was during that engagement that May Brookyn committed suicide in this city. When Julia Arthur retired from the stage to marry a wealthy railroad man, she presented all her costumes and scenery for "As You Like It" to Henrietta Crosman. Alan Dale subsequently remarked that Miss Crosman made better use of them than Miss Arthur ever did.

LETTERS

A Book of Humor

"Around the Pan" is a piece of most excellent fooling. "Uncle Hank," a backwoods New England farmer makes a visit to the Pan American Exposition, clad in his countrified garments, and accompanied by his umbrella and old-fashioned carpet bag, and becomes as interesting an exhibit as there is to be found on the grounds. He is bent on seeing the whole show, and getting a dime's worth for every nickel he parts with, and the reader who accompanies him is sure of full value for his money, and plenty of fun, besides a little information picked up by the way. "Uncle Hank Slocum" is a loquacious individual, not backward about asking or imparting information or taking a hand in anything that is going on. His shrewd comments and jocular and epigrammatic speeches place him in the same rank as David Harum, and when the laug.. is on him he enjoys it as much as anyone else. It is not necessary to the appreciation of the book that one should have attended the exposition at Buffalo, for ever since the Chicago Fair the same features have been repeated in the main at all the big shows, and any one will answer for all. The fun, which consists largely in chaffing and joshing the people in charge of the various exhibits, is all spontaneous, clean, healthy and wholesome. It is rarely that anything of this kind is so absolutely free from any trace of vulgarity, and the illustrations, of which there are one or more to the page, are as good as the rest of it. If the book made pretensions to anything more than fun, one might question why, when Uncle Hank resurrects the old "memory's aid" to recalling the colors of the rainbow, he should give it as "vibyor instead of "Vibgyor," omitting so prominent a color as green, with the rainbow in full view to prompt him; and one might also inquire what advantage is gained in a dialect by changing the spelling of words whose sounds cannot be affected, as for example, beginning Custer with a "K," or changing conceit to conseet. But little matters of this kind will not interfere with the enjoyment to be had out of the trials and triumphs of this typical Yankee. The book ought to have an immense sale among all classes, and especially those who enjoy comic papers. The frontispiece is an excellent portrait of the late President McKinley, surmounted by the name and two stars, all executed in one continuous line.

Donnybrook Tactics

Apparently the twentieth century style of literary criticism is to be after the manner of the famous Donnybrook Fair—"When you see a head, take a whack at it." Francis Graham, in *Westminster Review*, has been having a turn at another of the gods, and characterizes Mathew Arnold as "not a man of the world, no psychologist, and unable to reason from cause to effect." One may not like to stand by and see his favorite author belabored, especially when the author is in no position to answer back, but it is a healthier sign of the times than that which has so long prevailed, of indiscriminate praise and wholesale flattery. The new criticism is not to be confounded with the "old blackguard slating" which prevailed in the early and middle years of the last century, and was more often an expression of personal spite than calm consideration of literary qualities, and indeed, was often based on matters entirely apart from literature. In these times we have learned that it is possible to admire a man, and yet not adore his books, or we may admire the books and de-

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spise the man. The tendency to write "Little Lord Fauntleroy" eulogies of authors who have been popular with their friends and the reading public was so overdone that it is only natural for some one to investigate and proclaim the statue a man, with faults and failings. There is nothing to cause excitement in this new development and no necessity for calling out the fire brigade. In the long run, no author's character, nor even his reputation will suffer. It is the inflated balloon that tempts the use of the pin. Those over-zealous friends who feel a call to fly to print in defense of their idols would do well to ponder the aphorism of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "Where everybody is somebody, nobody is anybody."

Pencil Marks in Books

Some one says: "There is a subtle sympathy produced by marked passages. Put faint pencil marks, then lend the volume, and you will know your fate." Marked passages are all right in their proper places, and that is in volumes privately owned, and marked by the owner; but there is no greater specimen of gratuitous impertinence than that displayed by marking books belonging to others, whether they be private or public property. It is quite evident that the average borrower from the public libraries is not aware that the regulations against defacements and mutilations refer as much to underlinings as they do to tearing text and removing pictures. The only possible use that can be made of marked passages is to give pleasure or satisfaction to the owner of the volume, who places some guide against his favorite sentences and paragraphs in order that he may recognize them quickly when he has need to refresh his memory, or desires to renew his pleasure by a reperusal. What possible satisfaction can be derived from underscoring in a borrowed book which in all probability will never be seen again, or what later reader is supposed to be attracted and edified by the vandal scribblings is beyond the comprehension of any but the idiot who will do the trick. It is a question whether even a sympathetic friend could be much edified by a marked copy, unless it were done by request, for discriminating readers prefer to make their own discoveries. Some people seem to be imbued with the idea that they are under an obligation to blaze the trail for all followers, and they go through books, pencil in hand, intent on making a mark on every page lest some one be lost for lack of a landmark. When two or three of these pioneers have forced their way ahead of one through a book, and the parallel lines in the margins, the underscores and the brackets are as thick as commas, there are but two things to do: return the book and try to find an unmutilated copy, or give up in despair. The fate of the book marker ought to be capital punishment.

—*The Bookworm*

MUSIC

Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler

Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler has a more striking personality than either Padarewski or Hofmann. Her face is white and thin, her hands like the talons of a bird. Her back is bent from constant stooping at the piano. The muscles and cords in her arm stand out, each one separately, in bold relief. Such a strange, uncanny looking hand and arm it is—and what wonderful genius lies within it and the mind that moves it. Memories of Mrs. Zeisler's last visit here, when there were many ready to declare her the greatest living pianist, should have insured her a crowded house at her opening recital this week. Instead there was a small audience. That it was cultured and attentive, appreciative and on occasions wildly enthusiastic, did not make up for its meagreness in numbers. But later recitals brought better audiences, as they usually do when the star *is* a star. Mrs. Zeisler decidedly is. She played on Tuesday night through a program of thirteen numbers, beginning with a scholarly rendition of Bach's prelude and fugue No. 2, C minor. The Beethoven sonate, op. 111, full of immense difficulties, was exquisitely played. A dainty interpretation of the third movement of a Schubert minuet was followed by the colossal "Marche Militaire," Tansig's solo arrangement of the Schubert piano duet, which is remembered as one of Hofmann's masterpieces. Mrs. Zeisler's rendering of this was magnificent. It is remarkable, the strength that lies in those slender hands that in repose appear so delicate. The audience simply thundered its applause at the close of this number, Mrs. Zeisler replying with an encore, Schubert-Liszt's "Hark, Hark the Lark." Four Chopin

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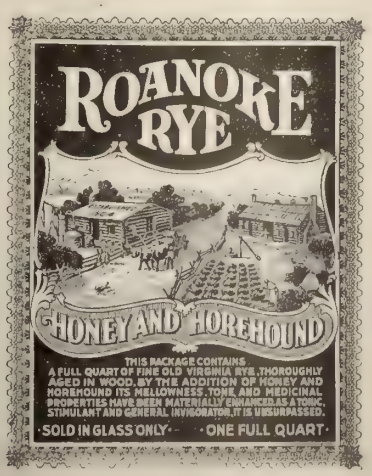

numbers were charming in interpretation and execution, particularly the Polonaise which I have never heard so well rendered. The two Leschetisky compositions, dedicated by the master to Mrs. Zeisler, were also very charming. But probably the most interesting number on the program was the Leschetisky transcription for left hand of the sextet from "Lucia." One could scarcely believe the work was done only with the left hand. It was marvelous. Two characteristic Moszkowski compositions and the great Strauss valse, "Man lebt nur Einmal," originally written for orchestra and transcribed for piano by Tausig, completed one of the finest piano programs ever given before a San Francisco audience. On Wednesday and Thursday occurred the second and third recitals, and this afternoon there will be given one at the same hall—Metropolitan—when the program will include the Mendelssohn-Liszt "Wedding March and Dance of the Elves" from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, a Brahms rhapsody, four Chopin numbers, and works by Moszkowski, Grieg, Schumann, Schuett, Saint-Saens and MacDowell.

The Neapolitan Concert

The rare concerts of the Neapolitan Mandolin and Guitar Club are always most enjoyable occasions, and invitations to them are eagerly sought. Therefore it goes without saying that a very large audience greeted the club at its concert on Thursday night of last week, when a program of nine numbers was most interestingly rendered. The ensemble playing of the young women composing the club reflected much credit on the painstaking care of their instructors, the Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood, while the duets for mandolin and guitar by the latter proved their ability to so ably instruct in these popular instruments. The club was assisted by Mrs. Mary Carpaneto Mead, Mr. Harry H. Barnhart and Sig. S. Martinez. Mr. Barnhart's spirited rendition of the Toreador song from "Carmen" completely captured his audience, and Mrs. Mead's sweet and flexible soprano gave much pleasure and was well received. Sig. Martinez gave the "Prayer and Dance" by Grieg in his well known masterful and graceful style. The members of the Neapolitan Club taking part were: Mandolins, Mrs. A. Bower, Misses Claudine Cotton, Alice Merril Gardner, Dagmar A. Johnson, Edna Montgomery, California G. Meade, Helen Powell, Hael Pitcher, Marion F. Wright and Etta Yale; guitars, Mrs. Gertrude L. Gear, Mrs. J. F. McGauley, Misses Catherine M. Johnson, Mary Jessup, Grace E. Morey, Annie Montgomery, Arline G. Meade and Maud Simons.

Not Largely Attended

The concert given under the auspices of St. Barnabas Guild for Nurses was not so well patronized as that charity deserved. As is usual where the program is unnecessarily long to begin with, the concert did not begin until nearly nine o'clock, and was further lengthened out by that obliquity of perception on the part of some in the audience who didn't know when they had had enough and insisted on encoring such numbers as could least bear repetition. Without doubt "No encores" printed at the bottom of a program would be received with even greater gratitude than the announcement of "No flowers" at a funeral, and the overworked concert industry might receive an impetus that it stands much in need of today. The program was contributed by amateurs and semi-professionals, the honors of the evening being easily won by Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt in her brilliant and intelligent work at the piano. Mrs. Paul Friednofer's pleasing, unforced soprano was well received, her German song being especially well done. Mrs. M. E. Blanchard's numbers were given with taste and expression. Harry Samuels gave a violin solo and other numbers were given by A. Rykert, tenor, and Dr. Hoffman, flutist.

A recital was given on Wednesday afternoon in San Rafael by the pupils of Esther A. Mundell, who lately returned from a long season of study in New York. The program consisted of songs and piano numbers, the composers represented being Moszkowski, Mascagni, Hahn, Webb, Grieg, Bachmann, Arditi, Holst, Godard, Bartlett, Bizet and Flotow. Those taking part were Misses Foster, Miler, Waterman, Dodge, Alexander, Dollar, Frances and Virginia Newhall, Margaret and Esther Mundell, Roy Max Smith and Philip Faymonville.

Julia Heinrich will go on the Orpheum circuit for a short engagement, prior to going abroad to continue her vocal studies.

Mrs. Hunsaker of Philadelphia sang the offertory at St. John's Presbyterian church last Sunday. —*The Music Critic*

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Other People's Wit

From Eben Phillpotts' "Sons of the Morning":

Gaffer Ash: "Marriages be like bwoys playin' leapirog, wheer each lad have got to rucksey down, wan to t'other at proper times and seasons."

"'Tis awnly a small mind caan't take a favour wi'out worritin' how to return it."

Myles Stapledon: "All life's much like a ropewalk where we toil—walking backwards—with our faces turned away from Fate."

Mark Endicott: "Passions are bred out nowadays. I don't believe the next generation will be shook to the heart with the same gusts and storms as the last. We think smaller thoughts and feel smaller sentiments; we're too careful of our skins to trust the giant passions; our hearts don't pump the same great flood of hot blood."

* * * * * * *

From "I, Thou and the Other One," by Amelia E. Barr:

Cecil North: They who *care* and *dare* can do anything."

"There is a perverse disposition in human nature to keep with special care things that incriminate."

Mrs. Atheling: "No woman likes to think she has been fooled and deceived, and given her heart for worse than nothing. Nine hundred and ninety women out of a thousand would rather blame Fate or father or fortune, or some other man or woman, than their own lover."

Mrs. Atheling: "Troubles must come to all, but troubles need not be wicked; and *it is wicked to be a destroyer of happiness.* I think God himself may find it hard to forgive those who selfishly destroy the happiness of others, just because they are not satisfied, or have not the one thing they specially want. When you are going to be cross and unhappy, say to yourself, 'I will not.'"

* * * * * * *

From "The Master Christian," Corelli:

Prince Sofrani: "If there is any difference at all, the love should be greater on the man's side than on the woman's!"

Angela: "If man, knowing that a life of self-indulgence destroys his intellectual capacity, still persists in that career, and woman, studying patiently to perfect herself, refuses to follow his example of vice, may it not happen that the intellectual forces may range themselves on the side of right rather than wrong, and invest woman with a certain supremacy in the end?"

"It is strange how seldom a man can enter into the true comprehension of a woman's grief, though he may often be the cause of the trouble. A woman, if endowed with beauty and charm, ought

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never, in a man's opinion, to *look* sad, whatever she may feel. It is her business to smile and shine like a sunbeam on a spring morning for his delectation always."

Fra Ambrosio: "Those who say they will never sin have generally sinned."

Princesse D'Agramonte: "In the frequent destruction of an innocent woman's reputation, it is a rejected suitor who generally starts the first rumour and hands the lie over to debased women, knowing that *they* may be trusted to keep it up."

Princesse D'Agramonte: "There is nothing that frets and irks some male creatures so much as to see a woman attain by her own brain and hand a great position in the world."

* * * * * * *

From "Diana," Warner:

Joe, apropos of a blackberry picking picnic: "'My notion of pleasure's sun'-thin' soft and easy like; ain't your'n? I expect to take scratches—bless you!—but I don't call 'em fun. That's all I object to.'"

"Things have to be faced, not run away from, in life; and trials take their time and cannot be lopped into easier length."

—*The Gleaner.*

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Estate of Annie Kelly, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Annie Kelly deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, Andrew J. Gill at the offices of Lent and Humphrey, Rooms 167-168-169 Crocker Building, corner of Post and Market streets, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

ANDREW J. GILL
Administrator of the Estate of Annie Kelly, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco, March 29, 1902

LENT and HUMPHREY, Attorneys for Administrator

Estate of Jacob F. Bros, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the uudersigned, John Farnham, Administrator of the estate of Jacob F. Bros, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at Room 79, Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,
Administrator of the Estate of Jacob F. Bros, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco, March 22, 1902

FRANK McGOWAN, Attorney for Administrator.
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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, April 26, 1902

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OUR OPINION

Vining's Fake System

It appears that General Manager E. P. Vining of the United Street Railroad Companies has been obtaining money under false pretenses for some years. He has been posing as a brilliant and expert disciplinarian, and it was the supposition of his employers that there was not the remotest probability of the men under his control ever banding themselves together for the purpose of asserting their rights. It was the policy of Mr. Vining to employ only such men as were willing to be herded like sheep, to take what was vouchsafed them and never to venture a demand of any sort. He prided himself on being a great judge of human nature, and he personally interviewed every applicant for a job so that he could be quite sure that no man of independence of character should ever obtain the uniform of a conductor or gripman. Moreover he operated a spy system by which he hoped to obtain prompt information concerning the inoculation of any of his men with the virus of trades-unionism. The directors of the railroads company had such confidence in Mr. Vining and in his ability to operate their roads without danger of a strike that they paid him a very large salary, and it now appears that they were duped. The men did organize and they did demand better wages and they did strike, and they tied up the whole system on short notice without the slightest difficulty. Mr. Vining's system has gone a-glimmering. It was no better than the system of the race-track habitue who thinks, poor fool, that he is going to break the book makers. The fact is, as we have pointed out many times, that Mr. Vining is a false alarm. A wiser man would not have wasted his time seeking to accomplish the impossible. It has been demonstrated time and time again that you cannot prevent men from organizing for their mutual benefit. The strike is on and we should hope for an early settlement. There does not appear to be anything unreasonable in the demands of the strikers. They have not asked for exorbitant wages. If an attempt be made to operate the cars with scab-labor there will surely be violence. There always is in such cases. Moreover, the longer a settlement is delayed the more apparent it will become to the people of the city that riding in street cars is unnecessary. We have such a poor system that people subject themselves to great inconvenience, and lose a lot of wholesome exercise by riding instead of walking to and from their homes. It is not advisable for the company to foster pedestrianism by prolonging a strike which compels people to learn that very little time is saved by taking a street car.

Why Not a Band?

It has been reported that Andrew Carnegie is so disgusted with the unseemly squabbles which have arisen over his library donations that he regrets ever having undertaken to die poor. So far as this city is concerned, he could hardly regret it more than do the sensible minimum of its inhabitants, who resent the attitude of mendicancy forced upon them no less than they do the rest of the miserable business. A public library is little more than a clearing house for novels, at best, and it is not even a question what good comes from the wholesale devouring of fiction. Mr. Carnegie did not have in mind the supplying of unlimited copies of the latest "boomer," when this scheme was formulated. He was thinking of his own boyhood and early youth, when books were so expensive that they were veritable luxuries for the wealthy, and when a poor youth, working long hours for meagre compensation, had no warmed and lighted reading room open to him in the evening. Times have changed greatly since then, and what with better educational facilities, cheap editions of standard books and the enormous growth of magazine literature, there is no reason why any one so disposed cannot collect a finer library in the point of contents if not in appearance, than gladdened the eyes of the learned men of the middle years of the last century. By far the larger portions of the library patrons are not youths and maidens bent on improving their minds and adding to the sum total of either their own information or human knowledge in general. They want amusement, pure and simple—amusement from the latest additions to current fiction. There is no more and no better reason for furnishing this at the public expense than there is for supplying theatre or picnic tickets, bicycles or automobiles. It is true that people might be worse employed than in reading novels, but it is not true that they gain more mentally in this way than from other relaxations. It is right enough for

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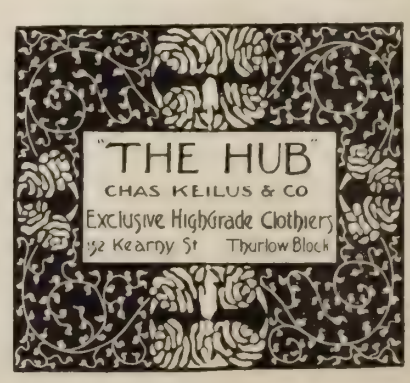
communities to furnish harmless amusement at public expense. It is not right or seemly that they should beg others who are under no obligations to do so for them. One of the purposes of a library is to promote culture, but we already have a good free library and also two semi-public libraries that do not receive adequate support. But literature alone does not produce culture. What San Francisco should have is a good municipal band, one that would stimulate a love of music among the masses. We have a beautiful band-stand in the park but no musicians to play in it and we are begging the street railroad companies to supply the talent. San Francisco should have open air concerts every day, and they should not be confined to Golden Gate Park. There are poor people that cannot afford to pay car fare to take all their children to the park, and there are thousands of them that would enjoy good music in the public squares. And perhaps if a fine band were to entertain in a down-town public square, the parsimonious railroad officials would deem it to their advantage to hire musicians to supply a counter-attraction in Golden Gate Park. The musical culture of the musical centres of Europe is due to the abundance of free music which the people are vouchsafed. We need a little more of that sort of culture here. And now that we have a musical Mayor it should be a propitious time to agitate the question of the advisability of organizing a municipal band.

The Mormon Peril

The "Mormon peril" is once more worrying the good dames of the jarring Protestant sects. Some years ago they undertook to wipe out Mormonism by securing legislation prohibiting polygamy, but it now appears that the right to enjoy more than one wife is not the only feature of Mormonism that wins converts from other sects. It is rather late in the day for a Mormon scare but one has been started by official representatives of the Baptist, the Congregational, the Methodist and the Presbyterian churches, and in the active feminine imagination the great peril threatens the civilization of this country. A delegation from an Interdenominational Council of Women has appealed to Congress to avert disaster by amending the Constitution and the home missionary societies are now trying to arouse public interest in a movement for the suppression of Mormon influence. They are circulating literature with a view of creating alarm, and they represent that Mormonism is increasing at an unprecedented rate, and that it will soon secure by colonization political control of Idaho, Wyoming, Montana and Nevada. The Mormons, they say, are twice as numerous as they were in 1882 when the Edmunds law, which it was hoped would wipe them out, was enacted. But there is nothing strange about that. The history of religious fanaticism demonstrated that persecution and measures to repress serve to stimulate rather than retard the growth of a sect, be it ever so absurd. Mormonism cannot be wiped out by legislation. And there is no reason to fear that it will destroy Christian civilization. The Mormons are a peaceable and industrious people, and their morality compares favorably with that of most civilized communities. There is a peril that should be more greatly feared than that of Mormonism. It is that of bigotry and religious intolerance which is responsible for the activity of the so-called evangelists of the missionary societies. They are constantly rushing to Washington with their troubles, demanding legislation to accomplish something which their theology has failed to achieve. They are pestilential meddlers and are a greater menace to the welfare of the country than the Mormons, the Christian Scientists and the expounders of the "New Thought" combined.

The Missionary Nuisance

Now that Miss Stone has been released and returned to her own country, we see on all hands announcements that this or that magazine or paper has secured exclusive rights to the publication of her story, that she is to lecture here or there and that fabulous sums have been offered her for the record of her experiences. One may be pardoned the passing curiosity to know whether Miss Stone contemplates devoting the proceeds to the missionary cause, or whether she has considered the idea of returning any portion of the sum subscribed for her release. What these missionary enterprises need is a good, sharp business man at their head, who will insist on results for value received and who will not be satisfied with vague and general reports concerning "the good work." As a result of the comparison of statistics, it has been made clear that the conversion of a single heathen, and only nominal conversion at that, costs more than the support of a whole Christian family at home. There is a constant and continual drain of funds, and an endless procession of missionaries, and there are large numbers of converts—on paper, but nowhere else. Nothing exact or definite is expected of the workers, and in the nature of things they cannot be looked to to produce a given number of proselytes each year, as if they were running a factory, but there is more than a shrewd suspicion that the average missionary enjoys a lazy life with his income secure and his household of native servants at beck and call. As a matter of business it would pay the missionary boards to appoint agents to visit the various stations and inspect the work, to see how many converts there are in actual attendance, and discover if possible how many of these are only bent on securing rations or clothes or a working knowledge of English. Missionaries whose privates business absorbs more attention than that of their employers, or conflicts with it in other ways, should be dropped from the pay roll. Stations that have failed to show a reasonable advancement after fair trial should be discontinued and the agent in charge either transferred or dismissed. There is something so alluring about "foreign parts" that there is always a call to do something in our neighbor's back yard. It is a great pity that the Sulus and the Morros are not Christianized and the Filipinos Protestantized, and the Chinese Americanized, but meanwhile the people at home do not go to church, and Voodooism and illiteracy are prevalent in the South. One reverend gentleman expressed his sorrow and surprise last week



that so many of the natives of the lesser Philippine islands are not yet half-civilized, after four years of American occupancy. He might have given his attention to the Apache Indians, who are not Andover professors at the end of four centuries. The most successful, if indeed the only markedly successful missions of which we have record were those of the Franciscans here in our own State. The missionaries brought with them nothing but their knowledge of religion, handicrafts and books. They were practically severed from the base of supplies, and obliged to live with the natives and to raise their own supplies. There could hardly have been found less promising material than the Californian Indians, but the results speak for themselves. There is little left now to tell the tale, but the ruins of the buildings and gardens and the traditions of the tribes are eloquent. There is no record that any of them hired out to a lecture bureau or masqueraded in Indian garb for the delectation of a Sunday night audience.

The Hill Boom

The probability is that David B. Hill will be the Democratic candidate for President in 1904. His candidacy will depend on the gubernatorial campaign in New York this fall. The Democracy of New York hopes to run Hill for Governor again and if he be elected he will go into training for the Presidency. David B. Hill is one of the shrewdest politicians in the country, but he incurred the disfavor of the Bryanites by his failure to enthuse over the Silver champion. Nevertheless the Democrats of New York believe he is the right man to essay the task of uniting the party, and they have started his boom in a spirited manner. He was the orator of the evening the other night at a banquet in New York, at which General Joe Wheeler was the guest of honor, and he took occasion to throw out a few suggestions for a platform. He was introduced as the man whose proudest title, is "I am a Democrat" and he was received with cheers. Hill's idea of a platform is very simple. He thinks that Thomas Jefferson is all there should be to it and he set forth ten points of Jeffersonianism in substance as follows: Jefferson believed in State rights, he was opposed to the centralization of power, he believed in the principle of home rule, he believed that public taxation should be imposed exclusively for public purposes, he was opposed to immense standing armies because they involve military rule, he favored the general principle of bimetallism, he was conspicuous in his opposition to dangerous combinations of capital, he was in favor of popular rights and favored the election of United States Senators by the people. Hill argued that there should be no factional fights since the Democracy was united on essentials. He declared that the Administration of Roosevelt was all at sea and that its policy in the Philippines was a disgrace to civilization. Mr. Hill is a splendid campaigner, but his record is not of a character that should command admiration. He has been too closely allied with machine politics. He has always received the ardent support of practical politicians.

The Saunterer

She's the Warden's Guest

It strikes me as rather odd that for lack of an Executive mansion the wife of the Governor of California should make the residence of a penitentiary's warden her home. San Quentin is one of the most delightful spots in Californit. There is no more beautiful site for a residence in the State, but it is at present occupied by the penitentiary and is scarcely suitable as the abiding place of the Governor's wife. Of course, it is only temporarily her abiding place, for Los Angeles is the home of Governor Gage, but Los Angeles is a long distance from Sacramento, and Mrs. Gage likes to be near her husband. If there were an Executive mansion at Sacramento she would no doubt occupy it, though I believe she detests the town and finds it hard to assimilate with northern people. She is frequently a guest at the Palace hotel, but most of her time is spent at the penitentiary in the home of the warden.

Treasuring Campaign Material

To those who are aware of the fact that a strong bond of friendship exists between the Aguirres and the Gages it is not surprising that the Governor's wife should elect to live in San Quentin when her husband is attending to his official duties. It would be hard for her to find a more charming suburban retreat, but her presence there occasions a deal of comment and the circumstance is looked upon as available material for campaign purposes by the Governor's political enemies. They have not yet sprung it but they've got it up their sleeve as it were. The coming campaign is to be an exceedingly bitter one, and nothing will be overlooked that can be used for the purpose of disparaging Gage. It is perhaps their intention to charge him with supporting his family at the expense of the State, but that sort of campaigning is seldom effective and is frequently of the boomerang order. Nobody cares whether Mrs. Gage is enjoying the hospitality of her friend Mrs. Aguirre, the sister-in-law of the penitentiary warden, and surely nobody begrudges the wife of our Governor a pleasant time in a State institution with State officials as attendants. It only should be regretted that she has not a more suitable home in which to receive her friends. Governor Gage likes San Quentin and takes little jaunts over there on the State tug and occasionally receives his friends there but of course it is all very odd that the Governor of the State should occasionally seek seclusion in the penitentiary. To be sure the news that Mrs. Gage is a guest of the warden is not given wide publicity. She probably wouldn't like to have the social editors announce that she

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THE WORLD OVER

is "at home" in the shadow of the jute mill, but she enjoys the balmy climate of Marin. Let us hope that California will soon have an Executive mansion.

The Meanest Man

Some years ago an Eastern railroad man met C. P. Huntington in this city and informed him that a certain individual who was the chief of one of the departments of the Southern Pacific company was the meanest man in the world. A few years later the same Eastern railroad man visited this city again. He called on Huntington shortly after his arrival and said: "Do you remember when I was out here some years ago I told you that you had on your staff the meanest man in the world?"

Huntington said he remembered.

"Well," said the Easterner, "I was wrong. I've been in Omaha since and I met a man there who can give your fellow cards and spades and beat him out. He's in the railroad business too and his name is Vining." Huntington lost no time in hiring Vining to take charge of his street railroad system in San Francisco. Such is the story of how Mr. E. P. Vining, the man responsible for the railroad strike in this city, was discovered by the late C. P. Huntington.

How Nickels were Stolen

Within a very short time after Vining made his appearance in this city almost everybody was willing to approve of the verdict of the Eastern railroad man. From the very beginning of his employment he devoted himself to the devising of plans for subjecting the patrons of the roads to annoyance and inconvenience. One of the first rules laid down by him was that no person should be given a transfer unless a demand for it was made upon payment of the fare. This rule enabled the company to steal many nickels, but it provoked so many fights in street cars that Vining was compelled to rescind it. Being a resourceful individual however, he was not slow in devising other means to irritate the patrons of the roads. He has always proceeded on the "public-be-damned" theory and evidently with the warm approval of his employers. In many ways he showed himself to be an incompetent, but his system of economy was so stringent, and commanded the admiration of the railroad directors to such an extent that they were blinded to his shortcomings. They did not think that any harm could be done in making the railroads unpopular for Vining pointed out that the people had to patronize the system or walk. He made that argument to me on one occasion. Perhaps it has dawned upon him since the strike that unpopularity is not a blessing.

His Religious Side

But Mr. Vining does not devote all his time to the task of making it disagreeable for the public. He concedes his spare moments to God and literature. He firmly believes that religion should play an important part in the management of a railroad. Therefore he teaches Sunday-school, and spends a lot of his time trying to induce his conductors and gripmen to attend. Many of them attend church service for no other purpose than to win his favor, for it is a well known fact that those who do not go to church are on his blacklist. The men are of the opinion that Vining believes that the church-goers are easily controlled, and that they don't spend their time discussing unionism. He has attempted to dictate to them as to what they should do when off duty, and that is why they have demanded among other things that they be granted the privileges of American citizens when not on duty. Vining's faith in religion as a means to an end in the railroad business must have been shaken somewhat since his disciples proved him a bad prophet by going out on a strike.

The strikers were very fortunate in having Mayor Schmitz in office. Governor Gage won considerable political prestige by winding up the last strike, and now Schmitz believes that it is his turn to achieve a little glory. There was ample opportunity for him to do so. As Mayor of the city he should inquire into the business of the railroad company and ascertain whether the profits of the business warranted the raising of wages or lowering of fares. The railroad officials are not anxious to have the question of the right of the Supervisors to regulate fares tested in court. They fought shy of it when the rate for children was proposed some time ago. They consented to make the reduction not through generosity, but to avoid going into court. The Mayor could also consider the advisability of starting quo warranto proceedings to forfeit the franchises of the syndicate in the event of their failure to operate their roads. The franchises are held upon condition that street railroads be operated. Quo warranto proceedings could not be started without the consent of the Attorney-General, but at present the Attorney-General of the State is the hired attorney of the syndicate. Mr. Ford would find if the strike continued that it was embarrassing to hold both jobs.

Lask-Greenlee

The marriage of Hermione Marguerite Lask and Frederick Sackett Greenlee will be solemnized next Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's parents in California street. Miss Lask is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Lask and her uncle, George E. Lask, is the well-known theatrical manager, now in New York. She is a piquantly pretty girl with vocal talent above the average. At one time she had a very persistent worshiper in the younger son of Rev. J. A. B. Wilson, in whose church choir Miss Lask's sweet voice has many times been heard in solo. Mr. Greenlee, the bridegroom-to-be, is engaged in the brokerage and commission business in this city.

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A Fatal Change of Atmosphere

They were discussing the decadence of the Art Association under the Mathews regime the other day, at the Bohemian Club, and one old-timer suggested that it was in a measure due to the change of atmosphere effected when the association moved from its old quarters contiguous to the old Bohemian Club rooms in Pine street over the California market to the present sumptuous palace on Nob Hill. Those were the days of Virgil Williams whose classes used the Italian fish laddies and fruit men for models, and secured ideas for still life studies in the stalls belowstairs. And those were the days when the Bohemian Club men and the artists were hand in glove. The Art Association was then at its enthusiastic best. One night at a dinner in a French restaurant given in honor of Randolph Rogers, the great sculptor, his friend, Virgil Williams replied to the toast, "Painting." He was then putting all his energy into the upbuilding of the School of Design, and he predicted that "with the beneficent forethought of our wealthy and cultured citizens, the institution would grow and expand, perhaps rival the art centres of the old world, while from its centre there would perhaps arise noble and enduring monuments to the aesthetic sense of the American people." How little of his prophecy has come true!

A Painting by Williams

During Virgil Williams' tenure of office as director of the School of Design there was a much livelier interest taken in Art by Society than is the case today. If the society girl of that period could not paint a picture, or at least make a bluff at daubing a canvas, she was regarded as quite without the pale. One bud who hadn't an atom of talent, and knew it as well as the next one, entered the class at the Pine street school. She made a wager with a chum that she would secure a painting by Virgil Williams that would cost her only the price of her lessons. She therefore started a fruit or flower piece or some such peculiarly feminine study but religiously refrained from doing a stroke of work upon it. Every time Mr. William came around, he did a little touching up to the society girl's painting until it was finished. But when the last dash of paint adorned the canvas, the master told his pupil in kind tones, so as not to wound her feelings, that he was afraid if she could not do better she was wasting her time. The bud, a matron now of many years' standing, still cherishes her easily gained picture by Virgil Williams. But she never dabbled in art again after that admonition.

"I'm glad Maude's married."
"Yet you refrained from congratulation, she tells me."
"Yes, I pitied the bridegroom."

An Historic Barn

A correspondent reminds me that Alice Hoffman, in building her barn before her house, had a precedent in the Shawhan barn. In the early seventies the Shawhans built their barn, expecting later to associate the handsome structure with a handsomer house. But stocks slumped and they had to bury ideas of future greatness and be satisfied with a more modest possession. "Shawhan's Folly" was a sensation in its day and some of the spectacular preachers made it the subject of sermons. Charles F. Hanlon, it will be remembered, was the Shawhans' attorney in their various lawsuits. He married one of the daughters, but they were divorced some time before her death.

Another Slang Poet

Mr. Edward Salisbury Field of Los Angeles is a great admirer of the genius of Wallace Irwin which gave to us that quaint volume of "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum." To express his admiration of the skill which juggled slang into melodious cadences he wrote the following which I am pleased to publish at his request:

I like a Guy, I don't care who he is,
Who thinks there's something left in Poetry—
Who doesn't think the World is Up a Tree
Since the Immortal Bard went out of biz.
The Critics guzzle Gin that's mostly Fizz;
And when, for once, they have a chance to see
The Muse appareled as she ought to be,
They say: "O Rats! the Poet Crop is frizz."

To take a bunch of words, and make them walk
In sonnet-time is easy—I don't think.
They start all right; but Hully Gee! they balk
When Little Willie gets to slinging ink!
And my advice to Lobsters, with a hunch
That it's a cinch is this: go start a bunch.

Traffic Precludes Honor

A press despatch from Paris the other day announced the death of Mr. Aurelien Scholl, the well-known critic and man of letters. Scholl was, I believe, the highest authority on dueling in Paris. As the editor of *L'Echo de Paris* he wrote what he pleased about men, and when they objected a duel was arranged, and he would proceed to kill or wound his man. He came into prominence as one of the two members of the court of appeal which decided that J. Coleman Drayton had no right to challenge Hallett Alsop Borrowe to a duel. The Duc de Morny was the other member. Drayton wanted to fight Borrowe because of the latter's attentions to Mrs. Drayton, who was Miss Augusta Astor, daughter of Mrs. William Astor. In the course of negotiations for the duel, as I was subsequently told by one of Borrowe's seconds, it came out that Drayton had been jealous of Borrowe for five years and had done nothing about it except to complain to Mrs. Astor, who agreed to give her son-in-law five thousand a year for his

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support. Borrowe's seconds decided that Drayton had not only waited too long, but had deprived himself of the right to appeal to the code of honor by accepting money from his mother-in-law. This ruling was submitted to Scholl and de Morny who sustained it. Scholl wrote his opinion to the effect that where there is a question of money there can be no question of honor. There is no longer any honor when there has been traffic, when honor has been conditionally sold. As to the taunts and insults of a man balked in his hope of gain they are null. Mrs. Drayton is now living in London with her second husband and thanks to the influence of her mother she is again in the swim.

Flourished in the Second Empire

With Aurelien Scholl disappears another one of the interesting figures of the naughty, gay Paris of the second Empire. And he was one of the most reckless blades and dashing lovers of that rollicking period. He belonged to the old crew of journalists that made the old *Figaro,* the brilliant *Figaro,* the power it was. Sharp, witty, a conscienceless swashbuckler, and a picturesque boulevardier, he never became serious or sedate under the Republic, but doted on memories of the old regime. He was the comrade of Offenbach, the chum of Alexander Dumas and a patron of the Buffes Parisiens. There was brilliancy in Paris then, and a man had to have brains to become marked for wit. Scholl had his full share of that gay life. His favor and friendship were courted by the ravishing divinities of the stage for they feared the rapier thrusts of his sarcasm. It was Scholl that first exploited the story of Sarah Bernhardt's coffin, a story by the way, that has been frequently told incorrectly by newspaper writers.

A Bit of Yellow Journalism

One familiar with the facts repeated them to me a short time ago, and they may be of interest now for the divine Sarah is tottering to the close of her career. She is growing fat, I read in a French newspaper the other day, and of course that is the beginning of the end, for what is Bernhardt without her sinuous, svelte and supple form? She is past the aid of the masseuse and the superfluous tissue is crowding her waist line and swelling those delightful hips of yore so that they have lost their ravishing contour. It was in 1876 that Bernhardt, then "a mere scabbard of white silk" as Rostand called her, decided upon preparing for death. She was playing "La Fille de Roland" at the Comedie Francaise and every evening she was prostrate with fatigue. She became haunted with the fear of death, and she had herself measured for a coffin, a delicately beveled and burnished toy of pearwood ornamented with her initials in silver and her motto, *"Quandmeme."* In those days Scholl was her *bon ami* and to him she exhibited the coffin. He wrote the story and elaborated it with a yarn about the souvenirs which Sarah had placed beneath the satin lining. He faked a love-letter and affixed the signature of a rival journalist. The incident nearly led to a duel.

Alice's Latest Conquest

The announcement in the press despatches that Alice Neilsen and Lawrence Irving are engaged to be married was not unexpected. I am surprised that the fair Alice's press agent was so slow in making use of the devotion of the actor's son for the fair prima donna. When Miss Neilsen landed in London and opened in "The Fortune Teller," the Rialto gossips immediately began to comment on young Irving's palpable passion. He used to attend every performance and sit gazing with his soul in his melancholy eyes at the soprano. At that time everybody said that he had an awful crush on the fair Californienne. Then when Alice was "taken up" by a noble lady, the patoness of musicians and artists, the rumor about Lawrence Irving fell into desuetude, and the greater news of Alice Neilsen's ambition to become a grand opera prima donna took its place. London forgot the frost that the Perley productions had gathered and watched with interest Miss Neilsen's departure for Paris where she was to study with a grand maitre. Then she returned to London, appeared in concert, made a small success but was *not* engaged for the Coronation concerts at Covent Garden Now bobs up again Lawrence Irving, and the "news" of the prima donna's matrimonial engagement. When Ethel Barrymore and young Irving were engaged, a good many years ago, the affair was broken off almost before it was well on. Irving is a morose sort of a fellow, morbid in temperament, and was not at all a suitable match for the beautiful, brilliant daughter of Maurice and Georgie Drew Barrymore. Little Alice, though she must be considerably older than her reputed fiance, is of the disposition that would banish his blues forever. Alice has had the experience that should render her a constant mine of good cheer to a melancholy Jacques like Lawrence Irving.

When Gertrude Hid from Ella

Gertrude Atherton is destined to achieve more fame out of her latest work, "The Conqueror," than was derived from all her previous efforts. The book may not sell as well as some of her earlier works but it will certainly occasion more comment, especially among thinking men. The gifted authoress is now receiving considerable attention, and many stories are being written about her. I happen to recall that she once had a controversy with Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Though she was well able to handle Ella in an argument, she was reluctant to meet the Poetess of

When you ask for Jesse Moore Whiskey be sure you get it. Don't let anyone tell you they have something just as good.

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Passion face to face. Mrs. Atherton has the mind of a man but the timidity of a woman. I was told the other day the story of her meeting with Mrs. Wilcox. It occurred in the private office of Editor Stoddard shortly after the controversy in the course of which Mrs. Atherton had referred to the passionate rhymester as "mouse-colored.' Mrs. Atherton screened herself behind a man in the office She remained concealed in a dimly lighted corner until Ella departed, and then she breathed more freely.

Cornelia and Allen

The story has drifted to New York that Mrs. Hugh Tevis is already thinking of breaking out of widowhood and that her next marriage may be to a young New York millionaire. The young man referred to is none other than Allan Wallace of whom I wrote last week. The circumstance of his sojourning in Monterey suggested the story. But if Wallace has matrimonial intentions he has managed to conceal them from his most intimate friends. He is spending his time at the bungalow of his friend Bruguiere and in the company of some of the old residents of Monterey. He declares that he finds their company much more congenial than that of the society youths of San Francisco. Though Mrs. Tevis has betrayed none of the familiar evidences of an impending matrimonial venture, she has demonstrated that it does not take her long to make up her mind about the bestowal of affections. So it would not be safe to assert that there is no likelihood of an engagement between the alluring widow and the rich young New Yorker. I can only declare that up to date there has been "nothing doing."

The Billy Irwins

Apropos of the recent visit of Mrs. E. Moore Robinson to her sister, Mrs. W. G. Irwin, a story is told in an Eastern paper about the tact of their mother, Mrs. Ivers. The story is related that Billy Irwin fell in love with Ailene Ivers but that the latter was too young and didn't like him, and that her mother then showed her generalship by introducing him to her other daughter. Irwin, it is stated, was rich to the tune of millions, and Mrs. Ivers was anxious to get him into the family. The fact is that Irwin was a poor man at the time of his marriage. He acquired his wealth subsequent to that happy event. When he married Mrs. Holladay he was a clerk in the employ of the Spreckels family. He started his fortune with a lucky investment of ten thousand dollars which his employers gave him for a Christmas present. He loves to tell how he made his money and of the days when he was a poor man. Mrs. Irwin, by the bye, is one of the few women in the local smart set who is fitted for leadership. She is handsome and cultured, and the quality of her unaffected graciousness is superb.

Julia Lost but Crest Retained

James Neill and his crest are back in town. Neill flaunts his crest on the dead walls, but it hasn't the drawing capacity of Julia Dean, and that clever actress is to leave his company at the end of next week. What will the Neill company be without Julia Dean? Mr. Neill has not advertised the fact that the clever actress is about to leave him. Indeed the fact has been kept very quiet. Julia Dean is the artist of the Neill company. Long ago I predicted for her a brilliant future, and I was surprised that she was content to stay with a second class road company on the California and Montana circuit so long. There are splendid engagements for her in the East, and when she comes to San Francisco again she will be with a company short on crests but long on talent. Speaking of crests, I am constrained to inquire whether it is the proper thing for a gentleman with one of them to use it for advertising purposes. Never having had one, and never having made any research with a view of ascertaining whether I was entitled to one, I am not qualified to discuss the conventions so far as they relate to coats-of-arms. But whenever I see Neill's crest on the dead-walls I cannot avoid the thought that it is in the nature of vulgar parade.

Mrs. Paul Neumann of Honolulu has taken to chaperoning young ladies on European trips. She is expected here soon. She was preparing to go abroad with the young Campbells just before the marriage into the family of Sam Parker and Prince David. The marriage upset her plans.

The Ping-Pong Craze

Ping-Pong has addled the brains of the town. It is played from morning till night. The tennis players are finding that they are carrying off all the honors. The Henry Crockers are devoted to it and have a ping-pong room in their home. Mrs. Sam Buckbee and Miss Florence Ives are among the experts of the smart set. Margaret Salisbury and Ethel Cooper spend a good deal of time at it. That the game is not to be scorned is evident from the fact that it is played by the athletes of the Olympic Club.

The Corinthian Yacht Club has issued invitations for its opening day at the club-house in Tiburon, on May third. In the afternoon there will be dancing, but "towards sundown," as the invitation reads, "the appearance of Captain Tracy will give assurance to the assembling shellbacks that Terpsichore is a dead one, and that it is high tide in the chowder kettle." The features of the evening's jinks will be two lively sketches, "Old Times in Norway" and "St. Douglas at the Wicket."

Her Majesty of Blingum

Since her return from the East, Mrs. Henry Scott has become loquacious on the subject of the McKinleys and the Cabinet. She can talk you deaf, dumb and blind on those topics. She is now referred to at Blingum as "Her Majesty."

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The Husband of "Betsy B."

The late Joseph Austin, ex-Park Commissioner, and Bohemian, distinguished himself mainly by his first marriage. He enjoyed the distinction for many years of being "the husband of 'Betsy B.'" and it was usual to refer to him as such. "Betsy B." was the nom de plume of Mary Theresa Hart who wrote dramatic criticisms for the *Argonaut*, and who was one of the brilliant writers who helped make the fame of that paper which for a time enjoyed a world-wide reputation. Her criticisms were noted for their wit, their truthfulness and their charming literary style. The Austins lived at the Palace hotel and Mrs. Austin's informal at homes were the nearest to a Salon that a San Francisco hostess has ever been able to attain. Her husband, genial and hospitable Joe, used to bring his Bohemian Club friends home with him to sup after the play, and around the generous board would be gathered men and women who were later destined to shine in California's constellation of wits, artists and musicians. One time Mrs. Austin had invited some congenial spirits to a picnic, but it rained on the day the affair was to be pulled off. Not to disappoint her friends, she converted her rooms at the hotel into an ideal picnic spot, with green carpet, boughs and moss. There they enjoyed themselves as if they had really been out of doors. Peter Robertson of the *Chronicle* is one of the few survivors of that happy gathering. Mr. Austin's second choice of a wife was Mamie Sesnon, who though not inclined to literature was of a congenial temperament. She is a sister of Rev. Father Sesnon.

Followed by a Deep Silence

It was at a post-theatre cafe the other night that a distinguished society leader and matchmaker met a young matron who is expecting a visit shortly from the stork.

"Why, Fannie, how charming you are looking," exclaimed the society leader. "Why, you are really looking childlike."

Thereupon was precipitated a deep silence.

We are Too Natural

Society did not turn out at the opening night of the Dog Show in such legions as I expected at an affair given in sweet charity's name. The few smart people that were there were not smartly dressed, and were not therefore distinguishable from the Common Herd. And the latter, instead of rubbering to see Who was there, looked at the dogs. I fear San Francisco is hopelessly provincial. Fancy looking at Dogs when one may look at People. In New York nobody looks at the blooded canines at the bench shows. At least they don't look at them when everybody else is looking. The smart people go to see themselves, chat, flirt and criticise one another's clothes. If they have a desire to see the dogs, they indulge it surreptitiously or in the afternoons. Our swells, on the contrary, really enjoy examining the occupants of the benches. They like to pretend to a knowledge of dog breeding, if they have it not. The show this year is well worth looking at, by the way. It is the best exhibition of bench products that has ever been given here. Last year fox-hounds and French bulls had the right of way. This year it seems to be collies, greyhounds and cocker spaniels. Mr. John Davidson of Monroe, Mich., judged on Wednesday. It was a very good idea, that of having expert judges pass upon the merits of the different breeds, instead of having one judge for all as at preceding shows.

Some of the Dogs

Vera Montez, Mrs. J. P. Norman's great mastiff, has an array of medals equal to a field marshal's decorations, and she captured more honors this year. Close beside her was George W. Freeman's beautiful cream-colored San Mateo Queen, which also wrested a ribbon from the judges. Mrs. H. M. Bosworth, wife of the organist, has a handsome Great Dane in the novice class, King Edward. Since the Bosworths moved from their old California street home to Castro Heights they have become more interested in dog breeding than in music. Mrs. W. B. Hooper's deer-hounds Marco and Lassie H., are fine animals. Mrs. Hooper is one of the most enthusiastic sportswomen in society, and could give an Englishman points on horses and dogs.

Sport Looking Up

The San Rafael and San Mateo Hunt Club show rival lists of foxhounds. Will Tevis' pointers are as well bred as the bull terriers that his kennels sent to a former show. There has never been a year when such a showing of pointers has been made. California is improving in sporting culture. The English setters also cover a good-sized bench. Mrs. W. C. Ralston has her cocker spaniel. Hampton Promise, in the show, and Mrs. Joe Tobin's aristocratic Colonel attracts considerable attention from connoisseurs in cockers. I cannot mention all the blooded dogs on view that are worthy of it, but cannot omit naming among the collies Miss Ella Graves' Verona Braw Laddie Mrs. Phoebe Hearst's Champion Old Hall Admiral and A. B. Spreckels' Danum Wonder.

Not Up to the Average

This year's exhibition of the Sketch Club is by no means a fair showing of what the members can do. For the most part the work is without distinction, and reflects no credit upon the exhibitors, who have done so much better work in the past. There is far too much of what

the artists call "Christmas cards." Lillie V. O'Ryan's miniatures are of course interesting even though we all saw them at the Hopkins. Some of the blacks and whites are admirable, and Olga Ackerman's portraits are always good. There is a "Corner in Boston Museum" by Kate C. Thomson that is particularly well treated. Alice Best has several studies that are decidedly the most original works shown. Mrs. Best has evident talent as an illustrator, and her figures are full of life. Maren Froelich has a bright little Chinese girl. But in a club which contains so many clever artists, this spring exhibition falls far below previous standards.

Some Who might have Hung

Why did not some of the absent members send contributions to the hanging? There is Carrie Callahan, who is in Paris; surely she must have had something on hand worth sending. Then there is Blanche Letcher who is very busy in New York. Any one of her fine blacks and whites would have given eminence to the exhibition of the club of which she was one of the original members. Isabel Morrison Niles is another resident of New York who appears to have forgotten the club. Joullin has said that she had more genuine art in her little finger than most of her fellow students had in their whole bodies. Mrs. Niles is getting on finely in New York, I hear. It is unfortunate that she did not send at least one sample of her work to adorn the Sketch's walls. Some of the local members, too failed to contribute. Perhaps they are growing apathetic.

When Perkins Met Oscar

Senator Perkins was a sailor in his youth and he tells this story of meeting King Oscar of Sweden: He was lying in Stockholm in a ship that had taken cotton there from New Orleans and one Sunday he and a boy shipmate named Harry Branscombe went ashore. Their curiosity led them to crawl under a hedge into the royal gardens. They had not had time to brush the dust from their clothes when they were arrested by a party of gendarmes. Only one of their captors, a distinguished looking man, could speak English and he asked them what they meant by trespassing.

"We wanted to see the king," said Perkins.

"But don't you know that you could be put in prison for trespassing?" asked the man.

"Oh," said the boy, "we don't want to hurt the king; we only want to see him."

"Well," said the stranger, "I am King Oscar."

A soldier was then detailed to show the two youngsters the palace and grounds. Thirty years afterwards the Senator was cruising on the Southern California coast and one day he discovered that Harry Branscombe was among the sailors. He sent the man to San Francisco and gave him a berth in one of his ships, just for old time's sake.

Funston Bridled

It is refreshing to learn that President Roosevelt has decided to bridle the tongue of General Funston. That spectacular young officer has been too diligently engaged in rocking his chin-cradle. With the exception of General Miles there is not a man in the army who seeks newspaper notoriety more industriously than Funston. He is undoubtedly a gallant fighter as well as a glory seeker, and he has done some creditable deeds, but he should keep off the rostrum. General Funston should know that an officer of the army has no right to indulge in criticism of members of the United States Senate.

Love-Smitten Seminary Maidens

A wealthy Californian matron whose daughters are being educated in Berlin to please their Teutonic father tells a good story in a letter to a friend in this city. It is a story that proves that William Second to None is not without a sense of humor. It appears that the girls in the school which the Californian maidens attend are very ardent admirers of Wilhelm von Hohenzollern, not solely because they are good and loyal subjects of His Imperial Highness but on account of his handsome face and graceful figure. His photos adorn their rooms, and they occasionally write sonnets to their Emperor. A short time ago they sent him a bouquet of choice flowers, and a piece of pink note-paper adorned with fat Cupids sleeping among roses on which, in carefully scanned hexameters the virgins sang of their love for King and country, of the consuming flames which day and night tortured their hearts, etc.

The Emperor's Answer

The flowers and poetry having been sent to the Palace, the whole school waited in breathless suspense for an answer. The answer came in the person of a pastry cook bearing two quarts of delicious vanilla ice-cream and a note on white paper and minus the Cupids and the roses. In this note William II expressed his thanks for the lovely flowers, and for the devotion the young ladies professed. He incidentally expressed the hope that the ice-cream would extinguish the torturing fire that consumed their insides which he feared was extremely painful and no doubt interfered with their studies.

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He was Obeyed

Mason street between Clay and Sacramento is a heavy grade down which children delight to ride on coasters, or roller-skate sleds. Pedestrians have a horror of the hill because it is so slippery. A prominent citizen was horrified the other day to see a group of boys coasting down the hill on improvised sleds to the imminent danger of pedestrians, and he instructed the policeman on the beat to arrest any child caught in the dangerous sport. A day or two later he received a message to the effect that his son was in jail. He rushed to the station to bail the boy out and learned, much to his indignation, that the young fellow had been caught in the act of coasting down Mason street hill.

The Perry Birthday

John Perry Jr. was the honored guest at a reception last Friday at the Pleasanton. It was the eighty-seventh birthday of this typical fine old American gentleman, and his friends gathered in large numbers to extend their good wishes. "May he live to see many more birthdays—a round century," was one of the toasts offered over the fragrant punch-bowl. Those who were bidden to this birthday fast felt it was a privilege to be present. With the color of youth on his cheek, the sparkle of wit and good humor in his bright blue eyes that many a man twenty years his junior might envy, Mr. Perry received his friends with that courtesy of the old school for which he is noted. The guests were largely of the Unitarian set, as Mr. Perry is and always has been a devoted member of the First Unitarian church of this city, and was one of the late Dr. Horatio Stebbins' most beloved friends. Mr. Perry was assisted in receiving his guests by his charming niece, Miss Laura Kimber. Among those present were Rev. and Mrs. Bradford Leavitt, Mr. and Mrs. A. McK. Sutton, Mrs. Oulton, Mrs. James Goewey, Mrs. Lucy Otis, Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, Mr. and Mrs. Bates, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Cutter, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Osmond, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mills.

When She was at Blingum

The New York critics are peeling off the rind of Margaret Dale's cleverness and discovering layers of true genius underneath. The way she handles her part in "The Importance of Being Earnest" has won her large slices of praise that usually go to Margaret Anglin, the leading lady. A New York critic has discovered that Miss Dale fits into a society play with the genuine drawing-room air. So the San Francisco smart set decided when she was out here. Her face is an affidavit and her clothes the notary's seal that prove she was not born for cotton-back upholstery. Burlingame opened its arms to Miss Dale and she was a frequent guest down there. Miss Dale confessed to one of the polo players that she doted on horseback riding and the next day he brought around a high stepper for her to enjoy a morning canter. Miss Dale's riding habit was the correct thing even to the snaffle on her scarf and the way she mounted her horse was a lesson to the bystanders. But evidently she was only used to park or academy riding for she couldn't control the high-spirited animal and would have been thrown in front of the club house had not her gallant rescued her. It is said that he proposed to her then and there and the Blingum matchmakers had a dose of compunctions when they thought another eligible had wandered from the fold. They blamed each other for turning a pretty girl like Miss Dale loose in their preserves and suddenly discovered that Miss Dale was only a subordinate in the company after all and it was doubtful whether her ancestors wore silk hats. But when it was certain that Miss Dale had refused the impetuous youth they managed to regard her with less jaundiced eyes. However I understand he has still a standing order with a New York florist to properly scent Miss Dale's dressing-room and his joy at her recent success has not been hidden under a bushel. So the matchmaking mammas are not yet out of the bog.

A Hoodoo in the Party

Walter Wiley and Frank O'Kane, disciples of Sir Isaak Walton, went fishing last Sunday, and concluded before the close of the day that at least one of them was a hoodoo of the most Jonahesque order. They brought a bottle of whisky to keep the dampness out, and their first item of ill luck was the accidental breaking of the bottle. Their boat was somewhat cranky, and the second item was an involuntary dive by O'Kane. He investigated the mysteries of the vasty deep for fully a minute. Later on he had trouble with a fish-hook that had worked into posterior parts. Then he was seized with chills and Wiley undertook to row him ashore. After rowing ten minutes without apparent progress they discovered they were at anchor. When they reached the bath-house O'Kane proceeded to dry his clothes and burned them to a crisp on the stove.

Merely a Separation

Some people are ever on the qui vive for a pretext to speculate on the status of a man's domestic affairs. Assessor Washington Dodge and his wife having separated some of their acquaintances are already wondering when "proceedings" will be started. They seem to forget that it has become quite fashionable for married people to drift apart even when have not the slightest intention of suing for a divorce. Some fashionable people like the McCreerys and the Mackays put an ocean and a continent between themselves without arousing suspicion of domestic differences. The Dodges have merely drifted a few blocks apart, and yet their friends have made the circumstance

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a pretext for sensational gossip. They appear to be quite sure that a serious breach has occurred. Dr. Dodge is not in good health. His political and professional duties have proved too strenuous and he has deemed it advisable to live at the Olympic Club where he can enjoy the salt water baths and the services of the masseur.

The Romance of Two Lives

Mrs. Dodge is a vivacious little woman, handsome and interesting and fond of social gayety. There is a romance in the lives of the Dodges. Mrs. Dodge was the doctor's first love but he was not her first husband. Their original courtship took place in a country town where the doctor was teaching school. He saved enough money to pay his way through college, and when he went away to pursue his medical studies it was with the expectation of returning to claim the hand of his sweetheart. But there is nothing so monotonous as waiting for a husband in a country village. Before Dr. Dodge became a full-fledged medico the object of his affections became a bride. It was an unfortunate match that she made, however, and it was not long before she separated from her husband. Meanwhile Dr. Dodge prospered in his profession. He became one of the leading physicians of the city. His practice grew and so did his income, but the thought of taking unto himself a wife never occurred to him. He had not forgotten his early love.

Courtship and Divorce

Yet the physician had lost track of the pretty girl he had wooed in the far-off country town. He knew she was married, and never expected to see her again. One day while riding along in his carriage in the northern part of the city he happened to look up, and the face of a woman arrested his gaze. She was seated in a window engaged in housework. Dr. Dodge recognized the face. It was that of his erstwhile sweetheart. He stopped his carriage alighted, went upstairs and was not long in renewing the old acquaintanceship. He soon learned that though there had been a marriage, it had proved an unfortunate one. He also learned that though there had been a separation, no divorce had been obtained. The future Mrs. Dodge was living with her mother, and was far from being in affluent circumstances. The old courtship was renewed the mismated woman applied for and secured a divorce and then became the happy wife of Dr. Dodge. How unfortunate it would be to end such a pretty romance in the divorce court!

"Those physical culture articles in the Sunday supplements telling how to reduce flesh can't hold a candle to the system my wife and daughters use."

"What's that?"

"Country board in the summer."

The Hetherington Tragedy

The news that Mrs. Bessie Hewes-Hetherington, recently divorced from her husband, Commander James H. Hetherington was married to J. W. McCannoughey of Seattle caused much surprise in naval circles at Mare Island. It had been whispered over the teacups for some time that a divorce was on the tapis, and when Mrs Hetherington left Mare Island for her girlhood home in Delaware and stayed away a year it needed nothing more to cement the various rumors. The divorce was granted to Mrs. Hetherington last summer on the grounds of desertion, and Mrs. Grundy has been on the settee of impatience ever since. While Mrs. Hetherington was out here it was noticeable that one of the most eligible bachelors in the matrimonial mart was very devoted, but the idea that Mrs. Hetherington would really marry again was not taken very seriously. After the divorce the gossips naturally hinted at wedding bells but it has taken many months to tune them.

The Killing of Robinson

The news of this second matrimonial venture has stirred up the ashes of the past. At the officers' mess and over the tea-tables of society they are discussing the tragedy of the Hetheringtons. Ten years ago Lieutenant Hetherington killed George Gower Robinson in the main street of Yokohama. When the bullet pierced his heart Robinson moaned, "It serves me right, I deserve to die." That night at tiffin the foreign colony said out loud what it had been surmising for months. When Bessie Hewes Hetherington came to Yokohama with her girl baby to await the coming of her husband's ship, the *Marion,* she was welcomed as a winsome addition to the naval colony of the Asiatic station. The story of the Hetherington romance had preceded them to the land of the chrysanthemum. Every one knew how Lieutenant Hetherington had met Bessie Hewes at Cape May Point, New Jersey, and straightway fallen in love with the beautiful young girl who was still a student at Vassar. Three years later she was graduated from college and almost immediately after their marriage took place.

He Forgave Her

The girl-wife was two months in Japan awaiting the arrival of her husband's ship. The gallants of the colony did their best to amuse her and no one exerted himself more than George Gower Robinson. When Lieutenant Hetherington arrived he found her transformed from a demonstrative wife into a cold, distant woman. He did not suspect Robinson as the cause of his unhappiness until

Connoisseurs of perfect goods appreciate "Jesse Moore" Whiskey for its purity and delightful flavor. It is without a peer.

the discovery of some love letters. Then Hetherington met Robinson in the street and shot him through the heart. The case was tried in the United States consular court and Lieutenant Hetherington was acquitted. Robinson had made a will leaving the bulk of his wealth to Mrs. Hetherington but she refused to accept it. To the unbounded surprise of every one Lieutenant Hetherington refused to apply for a divorce and together they left Yokohama. So ten years after the tragedy they apparently lived as husband and wife. Commander Hetherington's duties have kept him at Mare Island much of the time and until Mrs. Hetherington left for Delaware to establish a residence there it was thought that they would finish their lives together. Lieutenant Hetherington did not contest the charge of desertion and the divorce was quietly granted without uncovering the old blot on the family scutcheon.

Notwithstanding the rain last Sunday, J. Dalzell Brown took a party of five to San Mateo, in three automobiles. After luncheon in the grill room of the hotel they made a quick return to town.

Oelrichs' Royal Feast

That seven thousand dollar banquet given by Herman Oelrichs at the Pacific-Union Club the other night was the most sumptuous stag function ever pulled off in this city. But it wasn't the gastronomic features that cost so much money. It was the decorative display that came high, and it was of a most elaborate character. Mr. Oelrichs is a royal host, and now that the Fair estate is in process of distribution one may expect some more glittering and gorgeous epicurean revels such as the old philosopher of Gargettus might have enthused over. Mr. Oelrichs is an epicure and believes that the crown of happiness is to be attained by yielding up one's soul to a voluptuous unconcern with one's legs stretched beneath a groaning table. And as this is the sort of Omar Khayyam spirit that stimulates trade I am in favor of encouraging Mr. Oelrichs.

Henry Crocker's Mot

The banquet will be discussed for many days in club circles for it was unique in more senses than one. It was a feast of plutocrats as well as a plutocratic feast, but Mr. Oelrichs, shrewd fellow that he is, rounded up a few club wits to relieve the dignity of the millionaires. The flow of reason therefore had some sparkle, but strange to say one of the cleverest things said at the feast fell from the lips of Henry Crocker. The inspiration came from a jumping frog, for be it known there were live frogs at the banquet. The tables were arranged so that they formed the brink of a miniature lake which was nearly the width of the club dining room. In the centre of the lake was a Japanese pagoda, and across the water were tiny bridges. In the lake were water lilies, and swimming in it were gold-fish and frogs. One of the frogs jumped into Henry Crocker's plate, and a waiter rushed to him to remove the intruder. Crocker stopped him, saying:

"Leave that frog there; when I see him turn pink I'll know it's time to quit drinking."

Oelrichs Joshes Preston

Mr. Oelrichs was in his happiest vein throughout the dinner, and his humor was as effervescent as his wines and almost as stimulating. But I understand that he unintentionally wounded the feelings of one of his guests. The sensitive individual was the pompous and somewhat ponderous Colonel E. F. Preston. Mr. Oelrichs referred to the Colonel as an ex-Governor of California. The fact is that Preston seriously hopes to annex himself to the gubernatorial chair, and that he cannot appreciate a josh on the subject. He left the banquet-board early and I am told he was in a huff. Mr. Oelrichs referred to Horace Platt as the President of a railroad, and contended that he therefore classed with Mr. Harriman. "The only difference," said Oelrichs, "is that Mr. Platt's road isn't running today." The host dealt out some airy persiflage at the expense of his friend Harriman. He reminded the railroad man of the days, long ago, when they were both employed in Wall street. "I worked at a desk in my father's office," he said, "and you were a curbstone broker next door." John W. Mackay was invited to talk about the Pacific cable, and all the millionaires prepared to listen attentively but the Bonanza King disappointed. His speech dealt only with commonplaces. He had evidently banished business from his mind. "This is an awful nice dinner Hermann," he said, "I enjoyed it very much. I wish to congratulate you on your artistic decorations. I have spent a most enjoyable evening." And then the man o millions sat down.

Preston's Pet Delusion

Apropos of Preston's indignation over the Oelrichs joke, I am assured that the attorney never was more confident in his life of getting the nomination for Governor. Preston is one of the luckiest men that ever practiced law in this State, for he is one of the richest, though far from being the most brilliant. Indeed he does not rank with the leaders of the bar. But it has been his good fortune to have been retained by some of our wealthiest citizens, and his fees have always been large. He is reputed today to be worth two millions. It is almost incredible that a man who has had sense enough to accumulate that amount of money should permit himself to be deluded into the notion that he will win the nomination for Governor when he hasn't a ghost of a chance. It is when confronted by persons of such gullibility that I am constrained to believe it is better to be born lucky than wise.

Buying a Suit

is, or ought to be, a business proposition the same as buying a house to live in. It pays to get a suit that is not only made of good material, but that fits the figure properly, that shows good tailoring, correct style and that has wearable qualities.

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The Pretty Merry Girls

Edith Merry, who was married to Henry Frederick Meiggs in Brooklyn a week or so ago, is one of a string of pretty sisters. They were the inseparable friends of Anne Field when they lived here, Edith and Anne being particular chums. Captain William Merry's eldest daughter Lena married Rev. Mr. Mason, then the curate of Grace Episcopal church. She broke her engagement with Jerome Watson to marry the young clergyman. The Merry girls attended St. Luke's and were always in at every social function of the swim. They were rather devoted church workers, too, and were missed when they left San Francisco.

Clever Club Women

"How dear of the Century Club to give a reception in honor of Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler."

"Yes—only the guest of honor wasn't there."

"Was she ill?"

"No, she was playing at one of her recitals. The club hadn't noticed the date."

Cook-Noble

At high noon on Wednesday, at the home of the bride's mother in Sutter street, the marriage was celebrated of Miss Inez A. Cook and Dr. Paul Bliss Noble. It was a quiet but very pretty wedding, only relatives and intimate friends being present. The bride is a charming young girl and an heiress, too. Her father, Pardon A. Cook, died not long ago. He left an estate that when divided will give to each of his daughters an income that will insure the wolf's being kept for all time many leagues from the door. Inez is the youngest daughter. One of her sisters is married but the rich dot of the eldest is yet unclaimed. Dr. Noble is a recent graduate from the Cooper Medical College, and is a brother of Miss Maude Noble and Mrs. Edward Abramson. The young couple are visiting the Yosemite. They will make an extended honeymoon trip and upon their return in August will occupy the new residence now being erected for them at the corner of Sutter and Scott streets.

Burial of "Baby Bob"

A few weeks ago New York society expended its tears over a dead monkey. And now comes the story of the funeral of "dear little Baby Bob," a pampered canine who managed to endure his mistress for eighteen years before he was laid in his white satin-lined casket, covered with flowers, and conveyed to his resting place in the Hopedale cemetery, followed by the weeping throng. It is a notorious fact that these women who go to such extremes over their pet animals are neither kind nor considerate to their children. They will show small concern about the baby's illness unless it interferes with some social function, and then it is annoyance, not concern that agitates them. Puggy is not infrequently bathed and combed by his mistress' fair hands, and at all events, under her immediate supervision, but the baby is turned over to his nurse. Puggy rides on the seat of the carriage and is taken for his airing in the park, but who ever saw the baby out with mamma? Puggy goes along when my lady has Parisian shopping to attend to, but baby is much better off with his nurse. Baby does not know mamma by sight, nor would she recognize her offspring, but the "dear little Baby Bob" is another story. His cute ways, his appetites and his prejudices are more familiar than the catechism and church service. From time immemorial children have buried their pets, and animals that have earned the love or gratitude of their owners have been saved from the dung heap but this freak of giving over the drawing-room to the display of dead dogs, laying them out in coffins, with flowers and other decorations of woe and providing cemetery lots, vaults and tombstones is a comparatively recent innovation. It may be only another manifestation of new womanhood, or only the freak of the idle-minded plutocrats but it looks suspiciously like a reversion to second childhood, or the dawn of a new decadence.

He had Business There

The strike has brought out the usual number of amusing incidents, but none more laughable than an occurrence on a California street car. On Tuesday the crowds were large and men and women hung on any old way, so that they could secure a ride. A policeman was there to preserve the peace. All at once a man made a spring for the back of the dummy and attempted to clamber over the rail. He was leaning over, when the policeman spied him. "You can't get on here," he cried, and held the man off by that portion of his clothes in easiest reach. The man persisted in his intention, and the policeman in his counter-effort. The man was good-natured, and laughed at the rough treatment he was receiving. At last he said: "Say, when you get tired let me know. I'm a brakeman and my orders are to fix the brakes on this car."

The Maurice Caseys with their little daughter are at the Hotel Mateo. Others at the hotel are Mrs. A. C. Morrison of New York, P. J. Towle and family of St. Paul, the H. W. Neubauers and Charles T. Randolph.

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Passing of Another Belle of Long Ago

Last week I noted the passing away of Mrs. Cornelia Selby Kempf, one of San Francisco's early day belles. This week another, but a more prominent member of the social world of that day has joined the great majority, in the person of Mrs. Lucy Gwin Coleman. Her mother, Mrs. Gwin, wife of one of California's earliest Senators, was a born politician and ably assisted her husband in his political aspirations. In the early fifties their home was in Jackson street just above Stockton, and here they resided while Dr. Gwin was seeking the election to the Senate. Mrs Gwin always had a house full of attractive women who were a great attraction to the politicians and statesmen.

She Wanted the Vote

A little anecdote will illustrate Mrs. Gwin's methods. At a ball attended by members of the Legislature one of the young ladies of her party was asked for a waltz by a man scarcely in condition for such exercise. She appealed to Mrs. Gwin as to what she should do, and that lady replied, "Oh, yes! give him a turn by all means," adding sotto voce, "he has a vote, you know."

When Gwin was Elected

Dr. Gwin had a hard and bitter contest with Mr Broderick for his seat in the Senate. The night the balloting took place in Sacramento Mrs. Gwin held open house at her home in Jackson street and all their friends who were not with the doctor in Sacramento were with his family in town. A game of cards was being played to help pass away the time while awaiting the verdict from the Capital city. At last a telegram was handed in which read, "The doctor elected on the third ballot." Great excitement ensued and congratulations were exchanged Mrs. Gwin was almost hysterical in her delight. Miss Lucy Gwin flung her cards high in air exclaiming, "Hurrah for Washington!" At the commencement of the Civil war the family went abroad, and it was during their residence in Paris that Miss Lucy Gwin became the wife of Evan J. Coleman. She and her husband accompanied the rest of the family when they returned here in 1868. The Gwins always entertained handsomely and for years their latter day home in Harrison street (where the Irving Scotts now reside) was the scene of unceasing hospitality. Mrs Coleman leaves one sister, Miss Carrie Gwin, and a brother of William M. Gwin, whose beautiful daughter, Mary Bell Gwin, married Richard Follis.

The Page Family

Much interest has been aroused by the engagement announcement made last week of Miss Meta Page to Horace Hellman. Miss Meta has always been considered the most popular of all the large Page family. She is a charming young lady and Horace Hellman, who is himself a nice fellow, is to be congratulated upon winning her for his wife. One of the dailies made a mistake in giving the bride-elect a family connection with the Athertons and Rathbones, they being simply old Chile friends of the family. The Page connection is large enough in all conscience without the Menlo Park contingent. The bride elect's father, Dr. Thomas Page, sought his fortune when a young man, in the South American Republic of Chile and found it in the person of a native daughter whose dot enabled him to purchase what is now known as the Page ranch in California, which divided up so well some years ago that it made his descendants well-to-do.

Relatives Galore

Of the seven sons and three daughters of the immediate family five of the former reside here: Charles the lawyer, Wilfred who oversees the ranch in the country, Arthur who married a daughter of the late William C. Ralston, George whose wife is a daughter of the pioneer physician, Dr. William Hammond, and William the society beau. Two daughters reside here. One married Mr. John Maillard of San Rafael—whose brother it was that suffered the loss of his wife, a niece of Mrs. George C. Boardman, through her infatuation for a farm hand on their place. For his sake she left her husband and her children. The remaining daughter is the chosen bride of Horace Hellman. By her marriage Miss Page will increase her already large connection in California by those of the Hellmans, Hoges and Delmases. Mr. Hellman's brother "Tony" is the noted Mardi Gras jester. He and lawyer Delmas married two of Judge Hoge's daughters.

Frigid but not a Frost

The Bowie fete at San Mateo last Saturday proved a thing of beauty but that was not surprising to those who know Mr. Bowie's good taste and his ability to spend money in gratifying it. Neither was it surprising that the entertainment he offered his friends was of a strongly Japanese flavor. Japanese decorations were in evidence *partout*, Geisha girls danced and posed, and fireworks from the Mikado's realm were set off in quantities and varieties to the great delight of the younger portion of the guests. If there could have been a "but" it would have been the weather, for although the sun shone brilliantly, the air had a decidedly nipping quality and some of the girls told me they feared red noses, while they felt sure Allan Bowie would have a cold in his head because he took

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his hat off so often. Had the day been soft and warm the pretty wraps might have been entirely discarded and the lovely white and dainty costumes exhibited.

Some That Weren't There

Mr. Bowie's sister, Mrs. Bowie-Detrick, who assisted him in receiving the guests, looked stunning in yellow, that tint being particularly becoming to her brunette coloring. Mrs. Hobart was exquisite in a pink gown trimmed with white lace. Mrs. Will Crocker always looks distingue and her grey frock was a charming creation. Mrs. Reid, the guest of honor, was gowned in a Parisian creation of spangled black lace over white. Mrs. Tim Hopkins in a costume of blue and white was the sole representative of the clan Hopkins present, the Hopkins-Taylor contingent not having been bidden to the feast. The absence of Mrs. Salisbury from the invited guests was commented upon freely as proving conclusively how successful a function could be which she had not "arranged." It was much regretted that the families of Parrotts, Selbys and Willie Howards were among the missing owing to the recent deaths of Madame de Guigne, Mrs. Kempf and Mr. William Howard.

The Host and His Fortune

Mr. Henry Bowie is one of the lucky ones in life to whom good things fall. He is the second son of the late Dr. A. J. Bowie from whom he inherited a courtly manner and cultured tastes. He married in 1879, Mrs Agnes Poett Howard, the widow of George H. Howard. Mrs. Howard was the widow of William D. M. Howard, the pioneer, when she married his brother George, so it was their dual fortunes that she brought to her third choice Mr. Bowie. Although he has never re-married, gossip of late years has been busy mating him to a fair Japanese maiden of high degree.

An Enterprising Clergyman

That picturesque divine, Rev. J. A. B. Wilson, he of the strong right arm, can never be truthfully accused of neglecting his business. There is not a more active clergyman on the coast. Some time ago I pointed out that he was always on deck when there was a matrimonial knot to be tied, and that he adjusted the knot with such neatness and dispatch that he was building up a very lucrative business in that line. Dr. Wilson is an enterprising clergyman. He believes that advertising is the life of trade, and that it is an important element in soul-saving. I have been presented with Dr. Wilson's card and it is somewhat unique. On one side he advertises the fact that he is Chaplain of the "Actor's Church Alliance"—whatever that is—that he is pastor of the Howard Street Methodist Episcopal church, 643 Howard between Second and Third; that he "receives" in his study between one and two; that his residence is at 643 Howard, adjoining the church, and that his telephone is Black 961. On the other side he advertises the Strangers' Sabbath Home where you may have "a comfortable seat, a courteous greeting and a cordial reception." And he sets forth the hours of church services and the "directions for finding the church." Moreover he announces at the bottom of the card that he is "always available to the profession for pastoral services." He refers no doubt to the theatrical profession, for his card was presented to me by a theatrical press agent.

The Annual Hegira

Now is the time of year when all our belles, our swells and the swagger set generally are debating the most pleasant as well as the most profitable place for their pastures new. Many will hie them to San Mateo and thus, as it were, hang on to the skirts of Blingum. Others will try to rub up against an element of the smart set at the Baron's famous resort in San Rafael. And there they will meet Mrs. Hort, a woman of keen observation, and a verit able mine of information on social topics. She has become a feature of the Hotel Rafael, which is once more to figure in the Baron's famous libel suit, a new trial having been granted.

Ballet Dancing in Society

Hildegarde McKenna is the originator of one of the most sensational fads that has ever made Washington sit up and take notice. To span the deadly dull weeks that intervene before the summer hegira, she has formed a class of girls who for three weeks will devote their time to ballet dancing. It is not to be supposed that they are cultivating the nimble art for the edification of their masculine friends. On the contrary they practice behind closed doors, at Boundary Castle, the home of Mrs. John B. Henderson, and their only object is to become more graceful. The Countess Cassini, the Leiter girls and half a dozen others are as enthusiastic about it as Hildegarde McKenna. The girls love the dansant and twirl their toes the better part of the day. The master of the ballet has been engaged for three weeks at the end of which time the girls expect to out-gazelle the Graces. Their families did not take kindly to the idea at first but Mrs. Henderson championed the idea and offered her house for the dancing lessons. The San Francisco smart set once stood on the dizzy edge of a ballet class. The idea was suggested by a young woman from Boston. She had letters to Mrs. Kip

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and both Mary and Clementine Kip were won over to the cause. They interested several other society girls and the class met just once. The young lady from Boston gave them a lecture on the sin of awkwardness and then explained that a light course in ballet dancing was a sure stepping-stone to grace. "Dancing calisthenics," as she called it, was confessed to be another name for ballet dancing manufactured to placate conventional mammas. The young ladies were told to have their measures taken for ballet slippers before the next lesson. Mrs. Kip was horrified when she realized that she had founded a class to Kiralfyesque the smart set. The San Francisco ballet class adjourned sine die and it remained for Hildegarde McKenna to pioneer it in Washington.

In Far Away Hawaii

Miss May Buckly of Berkeley was the guest of honor at a reception on April third at Ainahau, near Honolulu, where Princess Kaiulani resided until she passed away some years ago. The reception was given by Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Rothwell. The magnificent old residence with its surrounding acres of cocoanut groves was gay with laughter and mirth. The two drawing rooms, divided only by fluted pillars and a grilled archway, were used for dancing. At the foot of each arch were potted palms, while in one corner, high upon the table were stalks of white striped bamboo, cherry hibiscus, ferns and feathery palms. The hallways and verandas were similarly treated. Behind a curtain of palms and ferns a quintet of Hawaiians played and sang native melodies, to which the guests danced. The dance began at nine o'clock and the first number was led by Prince and Princess Kawananakoa.

"If a woman can't draw a man to speak sweet words when she is in his arms," reasons "Mamma" in "The Professor's Love Story"—"well, that woman is not a widow."

Our Special Ambassador

An occasional correspondent writes me that Mr. Whitelaw Reid evidently intends to represent this country in proper style at the Coronation for he has engaged a house in Park Lane for six months with servants and trimmings complete for which he has contracted to pay twenty thousand dollars. "This may strike you as extravagant," says my correspondent, "but it is not. America has the reputation here of being curiously stingy to its foreign representatives, and Americans in Europe are often ashamed of the manner in which their country is repsented abroad, for if the Ambassador or Minister has not large private means, and must fall back on his official residence he makes a very poor social show even in comparison with the showing of Spain's representatives. Fortunately, Mr. Reid has abundant means and is willing to spend his own money for the honor of representing his country. And by the way the sum which he is to pay for his official residence is precisely the sum which Sir Edward Thornton, the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, paid for an equally short tenure of a mansion in Moscow at the Coronation of Alexander III."

Edward and His Queen Separate

The same correspondent has sent the following *morceau* of gossip about the King and Queen:

Their majesties are enjoying themselves after the manner of married folks in the American swim—by separating and living apart. The King is on his yacht somewhere off the coast of Ireland and the Queen has gone to the home of her childhood in Copenhagen. And it is whispered—very quietly, of course—that Edward has some very congenial company aboard. Gossip of that sort is seldom heard outside the clubs, for the loyal Britisher feels that the royal family should be immune from scandal. However the Queen's visit to Copenhagen at this time, just as preparations are being made for the Coronation, is regarded as significant, notwithstanding the fact that Edward accompanied his consort to Charing Cross and there took what appeared to be an affectionate leave of her. By the way, the Coronation festivities will commence on May thirtieth, the date set for the celebration of the King's birthday. Edward was born in the month of November, a time of year which is not propitious for royal pageants and military display. Consequently Edward, who is an up-to-date impresario, has officially announced that his birthday will be celebrated in the merrie month of May. The Coronation services will take place at Spithead, June twenty-eighth. The Abbey program for the Coronation will commence at eleven o'clock and the spectators will have to be in their seats two hours earlier. Their Majesties will ride to the Abbey from Buckingham palace in a chariot being built for the occasion.

A Cashier Bound for the Orient

Quite a sensational story is being told in down town commercial circles anent the disappearance of a young man who was employed for many years by a large firm engaged in the manufacture and sale of bags. The story is that he is a defaulter for thirty thousand dollars, and that though his former employers know that he is en route to the Orient they have no intention of reporting the matter to the police. When questioned concerning his disappearance they state that he was discharged because of his incompetency, but another story is told to the effect that his arrest might provoke an unsavory scandal. Before his departure, I am told, the cashier acknowledged to a friend that he took the money, and added that he had no fear of being arrested. He vaguely hinted that it would be to the interest of certain people to square his case. A few days ago his wife obtained a decree of divorce.

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With the Money Makers

A Boom in Gas Stock

Those who hold shares in the Oakland Gas, Light & Heat Company are jubilant over the offer of the California Gas and Electric Company to buy all shares offered at $70 a share. This is $13 above the price quoted on the Exchange the middle of this week and is about $20 above the rate which prevailed prior to the opening of negotiations of purchase. There are 30,000 shares of stock in the Oakland Gas, Light & Heat Company. These are held by two hundred and seventy-five different people, and the directors have not more htan one-twentieth of the stock. The syndicate making the offer of $70 a share, stipulates that at least 51 per cent of the stock shall be in deposit by September first. The California Gas and Electric Company which makes the offer is the big syndicate headed by John Martin, which now controls the Bay Counties Power Company, the former San Francisco and North Pacific Coast Railroad, and lighting plants in San Rafael, Santa Rosa, Napa, Woodland, Chico, Colusa, Fresno, Nevada City and Grass Valley. The syndicate will pay cash for the shares it buys, and undoubtedly these shares will soar within the next few weeks. Their selling will make a neat profit for those fortunate investors who bought as low as $50 or $55.

The Hardware Trust

Stock will be offered for sale shortly in the International Hardware and Metal Company, a consolidation of more than fifty large hardware jobbers all over the United States. The company will be incorporated under the laws of New Jersey, with a capital stock of $120,000,000. The common stock will be $80,000,000, and the preferred $40,000,000. The preferred will be a 6 per cent. cumulative stock. This $40,000,000 represents the actual, conservative, estimated value of the concerns making up the trust. St. Louis will be the general headquarters, and New York the financial headquarters. Much money is expected to be saved by closer and larger buying, by the elimination of individual catalogues, etc. I cannot say anything as to the value of the stock as yet, for a stock is never recognized in financial circles as an "investment" until the company has been existence for a number of years, and has demonstrated its earning capacity over a series of good and bad years. Because of this fact many securities are not recognized as investments. This does not mean that the securities will not prove valuable; it simply means that the companies have not been in existence long enough to have demonstrated their average earning power over a number of years, and that therefore no fair estimate can be made of the value of the stock. Of course these securities are not handled here on the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange, and have not a particular interest for Pacific Coast investors. The hardware trust however will have a local interest, as two well-known San Francisco firms will be in it—Dunham, Carrigan and Hayden, and Pacific Hardware and Steel Company, while Harper and Reynolds Company and Union Hardware and Metal Company of Los Angeles will also be merged in the combine. Doubtless a block of the stock will be handled here through some leading banking firm. While the trust certainly has strength to start with, I cannot advise the small or moderate speculator to buy into it.

The Anaconda Mining Company's dividend for the quarter is only 50 cents a share. This makes the second cut of 75 cents a share in six months. The previous dividend was on the basis of $1.25 a share, the usual extra division of 75 cents a share being omitted at that time.

Rumble Still at It

Five or six weeks ago I exposed the swindling schemes of G. W. Rumble of the Sunset Mining Company, whose office is in the Chronicle Building. Rumble is still going on defrauding investors of their money. In the last few days he disgorged $12,000 rather than stand a suit for that amount brought by one of his victims; but is still advertising extensively that the Sunset Mining Company will pay two per cent. a month to all stockholders, and he is still selling stock, as fast as he and his agents can. Rumble is one of the coterie of mining swindlers who have made for California in the East and in Europe a very bad name, and who have fattened on the simplicity of those who covet more than the usual interest on their capital. There is a bank in this town which seems to be particularly allied with these dishonest schemers, and in which many of them keep their ill-gotten gains. The head of this bank poses as an enthusiastic Christian, but I suspect that his Christianity is mere graft.

The Stock and Bond Exchange

Sales on the Stock and Bond Exchange during the week were moderate in volume and investors were not inclined to do much business. Bonds continued to lead in point of demand but the aggregate exchanges fell far below the reported transactions for several weeks. Prices, however, showed a certain steadiness and offerings generally were limited. The 6 per cent. bonds of the Sierra Railway Company were still held in a favorable light and ruled firm at about $115 bid. Sacramento Electric, Gas and Railway 5 per cents continued one of the most popular bonds and there were but few offers to sell at $102.50 bid. Several small transactions in Southern Pacific bonds were recorded at steady prices. In general shares, trading was rather disappointing in volume. With the publication of the unofficial statement of the Oceanic Steamship Company the shares fell rapidly, selling as low as $29.50 but subsequently recovering to $30.50. Without any particular reason values for Spring Valley Water Company's securities receded a shade but with the payment of the dividend quickly recovered and ruled steady at $92.50 bid with sellers de-

FINANCIAL

....THE....

German Savings and Loan Society

526 CALIFORNIA STREET, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus .... $ 2, 16,381.43
Capital actually paid up in Cash 1,000,000.00
Deposits Dec. 31, 1901 .... 30.766.038 17

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532 California Street, Corner Webb

Deposits, Jan. 1, 1902, - - - - - $30,026,452 00
Paid Up Capital, - - - - - - - 1,000,000 00
Reserve Fund, - - - - - - - - 230,908 00
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ESTABLISHED IN 1889

Assets - - - - - - $ 2,100,000.00
Subscribed Capital - - - - 13,000,000.00
Monthly Income - - - - - 120,000.00
Homes built since organization - - - 1,100

To help its members to build homes, also to make loans on improved property, the members giving first liens on their real estate as security.

To help its Stockholders to earn from 10 to 12 per cent interest on their stock and allow them to open deposit accounts bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum on Ordinary deposits and 6 per cent per annum on term deposits.

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WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager

manding $93. No particular interest was manifested in sugar securities and there were no marked fluctuations in values. The announcement that the Onomea Plantation would pay a dividend of 20 per cent. on May 5th had little effect on the demand for that stock and prices showed but a slight improvement. Gas shares were a trifle more active than for some time past and values were slightly firmer. The car strike had no effect upon values for the few lots of Market-street stock still held outside the Eastern syndicate and prospective buyers continued strong in their $100 bid. Eastern holders of the securities of the new combine show no alarm over the strike and Monday's prices on the Wall-street curb showed a slight gain. The shares of the American Bank and Trust Company were listed on the Stock and Bond Exchange late last week with $100 bid but with the announcement of the organization of the Board of Directors of the concern, the securities were quoted strong and the bid was raised to $105. The new Board of Directors is as follows: P. E. Bowles, president, James J. Fagan, cashier, W. H. Chickering, Louis F. Monteagle, George P. McNear, Francis Cutting and George A. Batchelor.

The unofficial statement of the Oceanic Steamship Company from March 18th to April 15th, 1902, shows total earnings of $198.425.68, to which should be added $20,870.84, mail earnings steamship *Sonoma*, voyage 6, which was credited in last month's account, leaving a net loss on vessels of $6,943.04. Expenses and sundry disbursements amounted to $116,425, of which $80,408.69 was charged to betterments, $76,429.17 being an account of work on the *Mariposa*. There was due John D. Spreckels & Bros. Company from the steamship company, on April 15th, $964,124.04, deducting $114,193.20 for various amounts due, coal on hand, etc., leaves net overdraft of $849,930.84.

In accordance with its proposition to the shareholders of the Oakland Gas Light and Heat Company, for an option on their holdings, the California Gas & Electric Company has placed a bond of $100,000 to secure the former concern. A consideration in the proposition is that a majority of the stock is to be placed in escrow with the First National Bank of this city before September 1st. If this is done, the California Gas and Electric Company, to have until March 1st, 1904, to purchase the stock at $70 per share.

Dividends payable during the week were, Spring Valley Water Company, monthly, 42c. per share, amounting to $58,800; California Fruit Canners' Association, regular monthly, 60c. per share, amounting to $17,109.60; Pacific Coast Borax Company, $1 per share; Union Oil Company, $1.35 per share, amounting to $67,500. The Peerless Oil Company will pay a dividend of 5c. per share on the first.

At the recent half-yearly general meeting of the shareholders of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha held in Tokyo a dividend of 12 per cent. per annum, amounting to $475,000, was declared and $196,-720 was carried forward to the next account. The steamers of the company ply between this port, Japan and China and the line is becoming quite popular.

Oil stocks have shown some little activity of late and business on the Exchange during the week was of quite liberal proportions. Slight advances were noted in values for several stocks and prices were generally well sustained. Sterling and Sovereign continued the leading stocks, the former touching $1.75 but receding some with the freer offerings to sell, holders taking advantage of the advance and endeavoring to realize a profit. Petroleum Center came in for some little attention at steady prices. —*The Financier*

A new act has been substituted for the remembered supper club scene in "When We Were Twenty-One." The more prudish playgoers did such a lot of carping against that particular scene that Maxine Elliott persuaded her husband to ask the author to write a different kind of an act to fill its place. Unlike most authors, Esmond did not object to making the change. He did not stand on his dignity but wrote the act which practically makes a new play of the old one.

Louis Morrison, who has been acting in "Faust" in Denver, has gone to a sanitarium for treatment. He has been very ill.

Musical entertainment is the most refined and satisfying

The **Pianola** must have a direct interest for you. It is an ideal entertainer in the home and gives you the full value of your piano. It may be purchased by partial payments.

Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler and the PIANOLA

The Aeolian Company,
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San Francisco Representatives:

Ever since the Pianola arrived I have wanted to express to you the great pleasure it has given me and my family, but I really did not have a leisure moment.

I consider the Pianola a remarkable achievement, one calculated to exert a powerful educational influence. By means of this wonderful invention those who love good music, but have not had the advantage of musical training, can reproduce the most difficult compositions with much the same sensation as though they were themselves manipulating the keyboard.

Many pianos that in the past were merely mute pieces of furniture have now been endowed with a voice.

The Pianola may and ought to do away with that army of incompetent and ungifted players, who might be better occupied otherwise.

The technical perfection of the Pianola performances are, of course, the envy of even the most brilliant virtuoso. The opportunities offered for taking pedal, increasing and decreasing the tempo, and producing dynamic effects, such as accenting, crescendo and diminuendo, seem almost incredible in a mechanical instrument.

Altogether, I feel that the world is under a great debt of gratitude to the inventor of the Pianola.

Most sincerely yours,

FANNIE BLOOMFIELD ZEISLER.

KOHLER & CHASE KNABE AGENCY
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1013 Broadway, Oakland

A Nancy of the Rialto

"'Inside heat for outside heat,
Good for both the head and feet.
Give me love and give me wine,
Give me both or I'm not thine—
Tra la!'"

The tall, thin woman with a body as sinuous as that of the arch tempter of our first parents ended her song with a twist of her muscles that was reminiscent of the Egyptian corner of the Midway Plaisance.

"Hooray, Paula," cried Dixon, "did you compose that on the spur of the audacious moment?"

"Me—compose?" returned Paula coming down from the table with light steps and a spring that would have done credit to a gymnast, "why don't you know all my brains were addled long ago? Blow on the head, you know, in the honeymoon."

She laughed a hard little laugh with no mirth in it.

"No, indeed, Dixie, me darlin', that is not my effort. Kitty read it in a book lately. You know Kitty will read, and that little bit she picked out for me. Gay, isn't it?"

She hummed again, through puffs at the cigarette Dixon handed her, "'Give me love or give me wine, tra la!'"

"Where's Kitty, anyway?" asked Lenox, looking up from his glass, "why isn't she here to help us celebrate the success of her mother in the greatest play ever written?"

"Thanks," said Dixon, rising and bowing. He was the author of "Mademoiselle Ma Soeur," the comedy in which Paula Devos had scored a success on its premier, by creating the leading role.

"And her step-papa, don't forget him," added Paula, a sneer deforming her charming mouth, "what would 'Ma Soeur' have been without Pierre Devos?"

"Oh, dash Pierre!" cried Lenox, "I thought you said you never wished his name spoken in your presence."

"How can we help it—tonight? Did he not contribute to his beautiful, talented wife's success?"

"Speak of angels," murmured Dixon, as a big dark man entered the room.

"Ha! feasting yet?" cried the newcomer, "glad I could get here for the end of it at least."

He filled himself a glass from the bottle at his wife's place. Then he looked around inquiringly.

"Where's Kitty?" he asked.

"At home," answered Paula hastily.

"At home? Good God! what right has she to be at home? Send for her at once. What! she to be absent at the moment of our triumph? Why did she not stay at the theatre until we were at liberty?"

Not understanding Paula's warning glance, Lenox said, "Kitty was not at the theatre."

"Not there?" Devos' voice rose in an angry roar. "Paula, why wasn't she at the theatre?"

"Because I told her to stay at home," returned Paula, irritation obtaining the better of her judgment, "I do not care to have Kitty see plays like 'Madame Ma Soeur.'"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Devos, "what do you think of that, Dixon? Mrs. Devos won't let her precious little daughter see your play."

Dixon looked startled for an instant, then he recovered himself.

"I guess Paula's right," he said gravely, "you see Kitty's just from her convent and—and—well, Mrs. Devos has her own ideas about those things. Some day perhaps I will write a play Kitty *can* see, with her mother's sanction."

"Oh, Lord! I say Paula's a d——d fool, and if her daughter can live at our house and eat at the same table with us she's not too good to see us act and come to our apres soupers."

He pressed the button for a waiter.

"Go, Francois, to the 'phone and call up Miss Kitty Esten. Tell her to call a cab and come here directly."

Paula's expostulation was of no avail. The waiter went and returned with the information that Miss Esten would be with them in fifteen minutes.

Paula looked around at her companions. There were ten or twelve of them, the women flushed from wine and excitement, the men approaching a state of reckless and rakish familiarity. She hastily smoothed her own dark hair and dabbed some powder on her reddened cheeks. A line from the song she had sung so lately passed through her mind. "Inside heat for outside heat"—oh, how disgusting that her little daughter should see her thus, and Devos, and Dixon and the others. She had been so careful of Kitty. What if the girl should ever come to—this? Her gaze swept the scene, and a fierce, unreasoning hate of it all stung her almost to madness. Then she looked at Devos. There was an ugly light in the eyes he turned upon her. She saw resistance to his will was impossible.

* * * * * * * * *

Blood trickled from a nasty cut in Paula's forehead. It was not the first time Devos had struck her. If it had been, with her greater independence of spirit that had come with years, she would have left him. But she had forgiven too many times for this blow to inspire her to start out alone. If she could save Kitty she would count this but a scratch. She rose from the floor, steadying herself against the table whose sharp edge had caused her wound, and approached her husband.

"Pierre, you will not—please grant me this thing."

"Grant nothing," wrathfully returned Devos, "my stepdaughter shall earn her salt at least."

"But she does not need to—I surely earn enough. I have a right to spend my own salary as I will."

"Well, I say Kitty shall be your understudy. You have failed twice this week—fainted, and God knows what you'll do next. Kitty shall learn your lines. She's the dead image of you in face and figure. She's clever—"

"She shall *not*."

Paula came close to him and spoke rapidly.

"Fainted? Yes, and why did I faint? Oh, you brute! But I shall save my daughter. She's not to be in your power. Never,

never shall she go upon the stage, to lead a life like mine."

"She shall. And if you put your will against mine, I'll tell Kitty all."

The last words were emphasized in a manner peculiar to Devos, a manner which was highly taking in the roles that were his forte.

"What do you mean?"

But her eyes were downcast. A low laugh was his only answer as he turned on his heel.

"Where is Miss Kitty?' asked Devos' dresser as he entered Paula's dressing room at the beginning of the last act of "Mademoiselle Ma Soeur.'

"Not here," returned Paula, calling her maid to bring the waist of her gown.

"Well, why should you be inquiring for Kitty?"

"Mr. Devos told me to do so. He wishes her to observe your acting tonight and every night, and he says in a week he'll have Miss Kitty taking your place so that you can take a vacation.'

Paula laughed gently.

"How kind of my dear M. Devos, the most thoughtful husband in the world.'

The other did not note the irony in her tones.

As two of the actors in the play met in the wings while the soubrette and the leading juvenile were going through their little love scene one of them said:

"What's the matter with Devos? Looks wild tonight."

"Drunk, perhaps,' was the reply.

But Devos had not been drinking, though he was drunk—with rage. His prey had escaped him. The girl whose mind he would have debauched as he had done that of his wife was far from his influence. Paula had just told him the truth. She had sent her daughter to her elder brotner's care. Better deprive herself of her child's companionship than to subject the eighteen-year-old girl to the future her step-father had mapped out for her.

Devos' anger knew no bounds. After the play he went into his wife's dressing room. He was there a long time and when he emerged he was still alone. As he crossed the darkened stage on his way to the exit, after changing to his every day attire, he met Dixon.

"Good evening," said the playwright, "has Paula gone yet? I'm having a little supper tonight."

"Damn you, muttered the actor, "what do I know about it?"

Dixon stared at him, not comprehending his ill humor, and then passed on to Paula's dressing-room. It was all dark there and he would have turned away only that a faint sound arrested his attention.

"Pierre!" a weak voice cried, "Pierre!"

Dixon pushed open the door and lighted the gas. A figure was huddled up in one corner of the room and blood bespattered the garments lying about the floor.

"Why, Paula," cried Dixon, "this is horrible. It is that brute, I know; don't you say a word. Where's your maid?"

"He sent her away just before the last curtain," gasped Paula, "oh, Dixon, I guess he's killed me this time."

"No, he hasn't," said Dixon, proceeding to wash the blood from her face. He helped her to rise, and took her street gown from one of the hooks.

"You must leave him now," he added, "God knows you've stood enough from him."

"Kitty's safe, anyway," said Paula, her lips trembling, "I wouldn't have her know this for the world."

"She must know. She must take you away."

"Oh, no—no," said Paula, sinking down again at his feet, "I can't go."

Dixon filled a glass for her at a decanter on the dresser, and held it to her lips.

"'Give me love and give me wine,'" she quoted.

It made Dixon's heart sick to hear the gay words from those pale lips

"But you don't love him," he exclaimed, "the worst brute that ever came into the world."

She put a white hand over his lips.

"Perhaps not," she said, "but I'm used to him, you see"; then, with an assumption of gayety, "I can't say why, my dear—but he's my Bill."

And Dixon went away, pondering on the things in heaven and earth that were beyond his ken. —*The Melodramatist.*

A new volume entitled "Later Poems" has just been issued by Lane, the London publisher, for Mrs. Alice Meynell.

Cash for REAL ESTATE no matter where it is. Send description and cash price and get my wonderfully successful plan. **W. M. OSTRANDER,** North American Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

OUTSIDE

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STAGE

Anna Lichter Going

Anna Lichter will leave the Tivoli at the close of the run of "The Fortune Teller." The prima donna is dissatisfied, I believe, because greater prominence is not given in the Tivoli's casts to Mr. Schuster who happens to be her husband. Such charming devotion is worthy of a better cause. Mr. Schuster never will be missed, and it is unfortunate that he is not content to have his clever wife earns laurels and a good salary. The Tivoli engagement is not one to be thrown up without regret, and in abandoning the Tivoli Anna Lichter shows herself capable of great self-sacrifice. Annie Meyers will play the prima donna role in "The Singing Girl" which is to follow "The Fortune Teller." She is probably better suited than Anna Lichter to the leading roles in Alice Neilsen's operas, for there is a soubrette flavor to them. "The Fortune Teller" appears to be on for an indefinite run, for it is being heard with the same enthusiasm that was aroused by "The Serenade." When Alice Neilsen presented it, the complaint was heard that it was too apparent that it had been written to exploit her talents, and that as a consequence there was too much star. But the Tivoli's production provokes no such comment. The ensemble work is sufficiently prominent, and though Anna Lichter is the central figure she does not enjoy all the honors. Arthur Cunningham sings the baritone role in a spirited manner and his resonant organ is heard to good advantage in the songs that won applause for Cowles.

Miss Wakeman's Voix D'or

Miss Keith Wakeman of Oakland and ex-leading lady of the Frawley company is in London and has been getting herself well advertised there. Her press agent tells the credulous of London that she has what the French would term *la voix d'or*, and that one of the first to take note of this extraordinary gift of utterance was Edwin Booth. One night, so the story goes, when the veteran tragedian was about to make his entrance as Shylock, he happened to be chatting with a friend in the wings, and he heard Miss Wakeman, the "new girl" who had been suddenly engaged to play Nerissa, and her deep rich tones reached the sensitive ear of the great actor. "That is a glorious voice," said Booth, "I will make her my leading lady next season." Unfortunately, however, Booth died before the end of that season and Miss Wakeman had to peg away unaided. After many years, the press agent might have added, Miss Wakeman's voix d or tickled the ear of the great Frawley and for him she played Sapho at seventy-five, fifty and a quarter.

Miss Roberts' Tour

Though Florence Roberts has been playing "Zaza" successfully all along the line from Oregon to Fresno, she has had more than the average difficulties to contend with. When she was acting in Oakland her only sister died, but rather than disappoint her managers she continued her tour, though her heart was not in her work. Then Marie Howe fell ill, but fortunately Georgie Woodthorpe was there to take her place. Lucius Henderson, the leading man, has not been well. He has had a bilious fever most of the time and when in Fresno his pulse registered 102. But he has managed to act his parts all right. The Sacramento *Bee* warned the people there not to attend the "Zaza" performance, as it was unfit for refined audiences. But then Mrs. Leslie Carter had to contend with that sort of thing. The Fresno people, who are a church-going set as a rule, had their doubts about seeing "Zaza" but they went nevertheless; also to see "Sapho" and "Camille" which Miss Roberts produced there. Chester Rowell, who does the dramatic criticism for the *Republican*, wrote that he considered "Zaza" not a pleasant play but a tremendously moral one. He said that Miss Roberts "brought out with striking force the element of human sympathy" in the play. The star's costumes made a hit with the women in the raisin city.

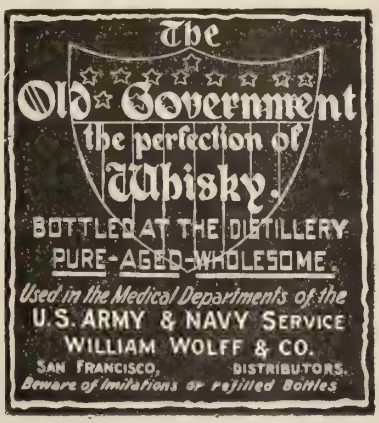
It is a splendid tribute to the excellence of the Pianola that Madame Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler contributes to the many testimonials gained by this remarkable instrument. Mrs. Zeisler says: "Many pianos that in the past were merely mute pieces of furniture have now been endowed with a voice. The technical perfection of the Pianola performances are the envy of even the most brilliant virtuoso. I feel that the world is under a great debt of gratitude to its inventor."

Willard's Garrick

Every grand opera prima donna is said to cherish a desire to sing "Carmen." And nearly every actor, on a similar line of reasoning, feels a longing to show what he can do with "David Garrick." I have seen a good many Garricks. The first was an amateur, Dick Hotaling, who was a mere youngster when he essayed it. But he did it well. The Eastern critics did not like Nat Goodwin's idea of the actor hero, but I saw Goodwin in the role in Chicago and considered his conception very truthful. Lawrence Hanley was an ideal Garrick, his personality fitting the part like a glove. The character calls for all shades of expression, grave, gay, lively and severe in quick changes. Garrick was an historical character. He really lived and acted, and he was one of the most wonderful figures in stage annals. To make that character live again is what actors have striven for in more than one revival of the play bearing the great actor's name. Mr. Willard's conception is different from that of any other I have seen. In looks he is unlike the impression conceived from portraits of the real David, but he has a remarkably intelligent grasp of the character. It is hard to imagine the real Garrick giving the famous drunken scene with more faithful expression.

The weak points in the American character are brightly set forth in "The Two Escutcheons" at the Alcazar. It is George Osbourne who has the part of the Chicago pork-packer with the Gibsonesque daughter for whom he wishes to buy a Baron. His impersonation is very lifelike. Marion Convere has the role of the sprightly Milwaukee widow. She looks pretty and gives evidence of being in a congenial role.

Earle Browne, formerly with Henry Miller's company, joins the Belasco-Thall combination next week.



Notice to Creditors

Estate of Ellen Ada Ridley Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Frank R. Neville, the executor of the last will of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Frank R. Neville at Room 620 Parrott Building, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

FRANK R. NEVILLE,
Executor of the last will of said Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, April 26th, 1902.

LEONARD STONE, Attorney for Executor.
Room 620, Parrott Bldg., S. F

Estate of Elsie Correll Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, Administrator of the Estate of Elsie Correll deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 79 Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,
Administrator of the Estate of Elsie Correll, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, April 26th, 1902.

FRANK McGOWAN, Attorney for Administrator,
Rooms 75-79 and 80 Chronicle Building.

My sympathies went out to the female baritone when she made her appearance at the Orpheum Sunday night. Orpheum Sunday night audiences have met female baritones before and they don't take kindly to them. They can conjure up visions of the fierce and freaky Emma Carus, any time, but they don't care to do so. The female baritone is always suggestive of the female impersonator. You cannot help thinking that one is as unfortunate as the other. A man's voice, be it ever so sweet, is never captivating when you hear it emanating from a woman's body. The pony ballet is still the piece de resistance at the Orpheum. Those agile young women that compose it are remarkable for their industry and their grace. Milton and Dollie Nobles are among the newcomers. They present an entertaining sketch. Milton does nearly all the work but you are not sorry for that. The triple, horizontal bar act of the Wilton brothers is novel and amusing. Manager John Morissey left for New York Sunday night to enjoy a brief vacation. He has not been in New York in eight years.

When Nat Saw Neill

James Neill and his crest are at the California this week. The play is "Captain Letterblair." The performance reminds one of that of E. H. Sothern. It is so different. Mr. Neill is a good mimic. In "The Gilded Fool" he reminds you of Nat Goodwin. In "The Parisian Romance" he revives recollections of Mansfield. An imitation of Sol Smith Russell is also in his repertoire, so it is evident that he is versatile. In this connection I am reminded of a story. Nat Goodwin is said to have witnessed, once upon a time, a performance of "The Gilded Fool" by Neill.

"He is giving a good imitation of you,' said a friend. "What do you think of it?"

"One of us is rotten,' said Goodwin.

Boys vs. Girls on the Stage

They've a little boy actor in the Belasco-Thall stock who is one of the best of his kind. His name is Norman Phillips and he is as good as Jimmie Horne was before Jimmie grew too old to play little boy parts. He goes at his work with a vim, and seems to forget that Norman Phillips is in existence at all. All his energies are devoted to making Willie Melville a success. Why is it, by the way, that boys are so much more natural than girls on the stage? When Wallie Eddinger alternated with Elsie Leslie in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" the difference in their demeanor was generally commented on, and generally in favor of the boy. In our local stock companies there has not been much opportunity to contrast juvenile sexes, because girls usually take the boy parts. But boys are the best interpreters of their own sex.

Maggie Moore Married

A few weeks ago I wrote a paragraph about the hard luck of Maggie Moore, the old-time favorite, who came back from Australia after a long absence, and found a frost at the California which has a copyright on frosts. Now comes to me, from the East, the news of Maggie Moore's marriage to an actor named Roberts in Leslie Carter's company. She met Roberts in Australia about the time of her divorce from J. C. Williamson. Actresses are never too old to marry.

At the Show Next Week

COLUMBIA—The Goodwins in "When We Were Twenty-One," the big success of their last season here.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Edward Harrigan in his charming comedy, "Old Lavender."

ALCAZAR—"The Lash of the Whip," a French farce that has made London, Paris and New York laugh. May fifth, the new comedy by Mrs. Coleman and Mr. Bryant.

TIVOLI—"The Fortune Teller," fourth week of one of the best successes the house has known.

FISCHER'S—Fourth week of "Fiddle Dee Dee" and no signs of any abatement in its popularity.

ORPHEUM—Florenz troupe, acrobats of both sexes from Berlin; five Nosses, clever musical artists; Louise Dresser, the Lillian Russell of the vaudeville stage; Jake Norworth, singing monologuist; Milton and Dollie Nobles in a new eccentric farce; holdovers, Pony ballet, Wiltons, Knights, May fourth, Julia Heinrich, the contralto.

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum
O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee Apr. 27th
The Florenz Troupe. The Five Nosses. Louise Dresser. Jack Norworth. Milton and Dollie Nobles. Wilton Brothers. Knight Brothers. The Biograph and last week of THE PONY BALLET.
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
Reserved Seats, 25c: Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats. 50 c

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May 5th—"When the Heart was Young"

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Reserved Seats at Night 25 and 50 cents Matinees, 25 cents anywhere
Children at Matinees 10 cents

Willie's Wit Requires Lots of Room

Willie Collier having been engaged by Weber & Field for next season, the question arises: How will a Weber & Field's farce manage to contain other stars when the only Willie is in the cast? The only co-stars Willie Collier ever managed to play even with were Charlie Reed and Fay Templeton. Since he started out as a single constellation even his own wife, agile-footed Ray Allen, had to take a round far below his on the ladder. The *Sun* said of his latest vehicle, "The Diplomat," that it is only Willie Collier traveling under an assumed name. On its first night, Martha Morton, who wrote "The Diplomat," was not present. The reason leaked out afterward. It appears Miss Morton wrote to Collier asking that the author's box be reserved for her at her play's premier. "I am very sorry," was the answer the comedian returned, "but there isn't any author." Most of the jokes in "The Diplomat" were inserted by the star.

"Did De Koven write Carmen?" begins one of these.

"Not yet," is the reply.

Daisy Darling, the ex-Casino Florodora girl who is the heroine, presents her card with "O. S." after her name.

"What's that for?" asks a character.

"Original Sextette," says Willie, "I know eight hundred of them."

Daniel H. Harkins, the veteran actor, who was a member of the McKee Rankin company at the old California theatre, broke down last week in the opening performance of "The Last Appeal" at Wallack's theatre. He is suffering from that form of nervous protration called aphasia. He was letter perfect in his lines at the last rehearsal, but in the second act of the opening performance, he mumbled something, made a gesture and looked appealingly in the prompter's direction. Everybody knew that something serious was the matter for "Old Dan Harkins" had never acted that way before. The prompter prompted but Harkins' memory had gone. At the close of the act a physician was called and Harkins was removed to his home.

When Ernest Howell left business life to become an actor, a good many prophesied that his ambition for a stage career would soon die. He played small parts for Belasco and Thall, and it seemed as if he would never grow beyond these. But he kept on gaining experience until now he is considered one of the best men in the stock. He plays a bootblack in "A Child of Fortune" that is a very good bit of character work. Howell was a newspaper man before he went into Andrew McCreery's office as a real estate clerk.

Louise Dresser, who will be on the Orpheum's bill next week, is a sister of Paul Dresser, the "Wabash" man. Her turn is a burlesque picture song, in which the illustrations—which do not fit the words—are thrown upon a screen upside down. The Nosses, also on the Orpheum bill, have a novel stage setting for their turn. It is Venetian, and the troupe arrives in a gondola.

It was in this city that Edward Harrigan received his first salary as an actor and he has always been a favorite here. In New York, at one time, he played exclusively at his own theatre, presenting his own works. It was in a Harrigan farce that Ada Lewis, the original tough girl, first made her mark.

Julia Dean, the artist of the Neill company, has a very poor part in "Captain Letterblair." She is soon going East where her talent will be appreciated. *The Playgoer.*

JESSE MOORE

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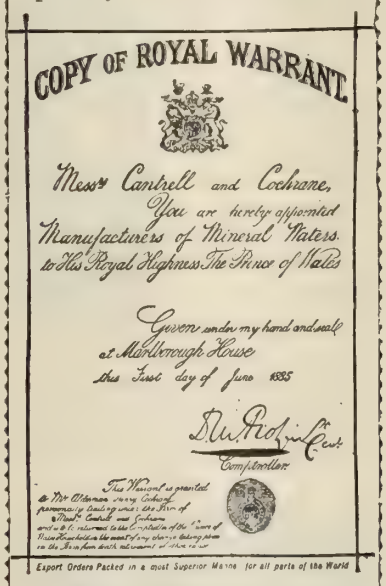

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LETTERS

Biographies and Letters

The biography of Sir Walter Besant, now nearing publication, is said to omit personal details and family matters and deal fully with literary affairs only. It is safe to predict that in this case the book will have a limited sale. It is idle curiosity and the hope of hitting on scandals which is the chief inducement to the prying into private lives. In the matter of biography or autobigraphy there has not been anything more interesting in a number of years, than the two volumes of "Gail Hamilton's Life in Letters." Gail Hamilton, or Mary Abigail Dodge, was sister-in-law to James G. Blaine. She was right in the midst of the political and literary life of the country, and she must have known at first hand about all that was going on. The letters are most interesting, but they have been so carefully and conscientiously edited by H. Augusta Dodge that there is absolutely nothing left for the seeker after sensations. The result is that the copy belonging to the Mercantile Library of this city has been taken out just seven times during the year and three-quarters that it has been on the shelves. For one period of thirteen months it lay undisturbed, and for the rest of the time once a month is the average number of times it has been called for. How many of those who have done even that much have read the book there is no means of discovering. And yet I'll venture the opinion that there are more graces of style and common sense, not to say information here than in all the output of epistolary literature that flooded the English-speaking world a little while ago. The difference is that in the one case there either was, or was supposed to be a cnance of prying into private secrets and getting behind closed doors and barred windows. In the other there is absolutely nothing but the opinions of a very bright and observant woman. There are no malicious comments or spicy stories, and the result is that though Gail Hamilton was a shining light of literature in her day, her biography is without interest to the masses who devoured the Browning letters and that much discussed collection of pseudo Love Letters of an Englishwoman. If Sir Walter Besant's executors have cut out the personals they have cut down the interest, and sales of the biography will be proportionately small.

It is said that the royal family of England is surprised and chagrined at the number of autograph letters of Queen Victoria which have appeared on the market since her death. It is supposed that this can be accounted for only by the documents having passed into the hands of servants, but the supposition itself calls for some explanation, inasmuch as that many of the letters are those written to foreign monarchs. The breach of etiquette which would lead thrifty royalty to turn an honest penny by their sale could hardly be greater than that which would permit them to fall into the hands of subordinates or menials. Nothing has been said of the prices current for the royal penmanship but when rapacious publishers pirated the "Journal in the Highlands" and sold it in paper covers for ten cents, it is not impossible of belief that Royal letters are not beyond the possibilities of a fairly modest purse.

Juvenile Literature

Some one has graciously come to the defence of the blood-and-thunder story on the ground that people, youth especially, who read nothing else can be interested in these romances, and once they have formed the habit of reading they can be taught to substitute something more desirable. It is a plausible theory, but an untenable one. As well expect the grown man, accustomed to a meat diet, strong drink and a quid of tobacco to go back to patent baby diet. An occasional highly spiced romance, provided it is within the bounds of decency, will not necessarily corrupt even a youthful reader, but the habitual devourer of nickel detective yarns and annals of crime is beyond hope. The reader, man, woman or child, who deliberately chooses the dime-novel style of literature, knowing that there is a choice, could not be led, coaxed or driven to anything else, and the habit of reading, in such, is in itself a vice. It indicates mental idleness rather than mental activity. The habit of reading is an excellent thing when rightly pursued, with some system or some end in view, even if the end be only that of present enjoyment, but the habit of listlessly taking up a book and idly dreaming over its pages is a vice. Because teachers or preachers enjoy reading, they have somehow impressed it on the rest of the world that every one should prefer reading to any other amusement in hours of relaxation, and not to do so is something extremely reprehensible.

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Any book is better than no book, and the natural result is that those to whom reading is not more than meat and drink fall into a habit of poring over yellow-backs in order to keep themselves awake. There is a large number of the inhabitants of the earth, perhaps fully fifty per cent, who get greater enjoyment out of doing things, or listening than they do out of looking. But a child who wants to whittle, to hammer, saw, or build block houses is commanded to "be still and get a book." In a vast number of households no other provision is made for children than a card at the public library as soon as they are old enough, and no supervision whatever is made of the books the little folks handle. They go to the shelves and help themselves, aided only by the advice of some comrade as benighted as they are. They read through the juveniles which have received the endorsement of their little friends, and there is no one to show them the next step upward. It is not astonishing that they buy trash, but it ought to astonish the parents who think they are doing well by their boys to know that dealers in cheap circulating library fiction of the lurid brand say their regular customers average five exchanges in a week. It is doubtful if any boy who has gorged himself on this trash for a year or two in the formative years could be induced to take an interest in anything else, and it is probably this same vitiation of taste which leads little lads in knickerbockers to stand on the points of their tip toes while they spell out the details of some crime from the files of daily papers on the reading desk in the libraries and move from one sheet to another in order to absorb all the details. Boys take to blood-and-thunder novels, and girls to love stories, not so much from natural depravity as because they do not know there is anything else at first, and later on, because it is easier to follow a habit once formed than to create a new taste. In these days of cheap books and cheap reprints of old books there is no excuse for any family being without its own library, no matter how humble the beginning must be. The price squandered each year for "Three-Fingered Jack" and such trash, with absolutely not a leaf to show for the expenditure, would fit any boy out with a goodly show of standard, classic stories. The old-fashioned custom of reading aloud a few chapters in the evening and of discussing the books read would create an interest in good literature such as all the school courses and all the "dime novel and trust to luck" plans have failed to accomplish. Meanwhile, there is no reason whatever why every one should read in every moment not specifically devoted to other occupation.

Not Old Bachelors

One of the local reviews of Josephine Dodge Daskam's stories of children, published under the title of "The Madness of Philip," takes occasion to remark that the three books dealing with children, "Timothy's Quest," "The Madness of Philip," and the "Emmy-Lou" stories, have been written not by the mothers who might be supposed to know, but by two spinsters and a "mere man." Now "Timothy's Quest" is the work of Kate Douglas Smith-Wiggin-Riggs. She has been twice married. Miss Daskam is still a spinster, but how could any one read even one of the delightful chronicles of "Emmy-Lou" and imagine that the author is a "mere man"? The masculine cognomen counts for nothing. No one who had not been a little girl and could not remember that same little girlhood could be capable of looking at things from the standpoint of little Emmy Lou. These tales are not yet collected in book form but when they are their audience is waiting. Mrs. Martin could want no higher testimony of their success than the discussions that went on amongst the readers of *McClure's* when Emmy's unpleasant experience with Miss Lizzie in the fourth reader class made it a question of taking her out of school, and her admirers feared that this boded the conclusion of the series. —*The Bookworm*

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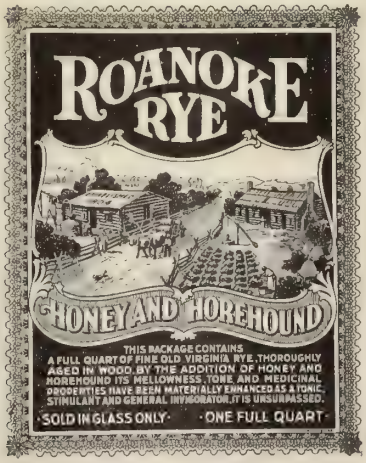

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MUSIC

Delightful Programs

The concert given at the Park Congregational church on Thursday evening of last week was spoken of afterwards by the large audience present as one of the most delightful affairs ever given in that auditorium. There were some changes in the program which consisted of eight numbers. Mrs. Jessie Dean Moore, under whose direction the concert was given, was unable to render her solo owing to a cold, and instead of the quartet as a finale the prison scene from "Il Trovatore" was given. Mr. Leo B. Pomeroy's organ number, Smart's March in G, and Mrs. Charlotte Gruenhagen-Gwynn's violin solo were very warmly received. Dr. A. J. Brown, baritone, Madame Yda de Seminario, soprano, and Algernon Aspland, tenor, all gave numbers that were highly appreciated. Miss Esther Macomber's recitations were especially charming; her imitation of a crying child was perfect. Mrs. W. J. Batchelder was the efficient accompanist of the evening.

The San Francisco Musical Club's meeting last Thursday brought forth an exceptionally fine program. Miss Eleanor Connell read an interesting paper on Bayreuth, giving her impressions of the little Bavarian town and the Wagner operas she saw there. As illustrations the prelude to "Tristan and Isolde" was given as a duet by the Misses Manning and Clement, the "Rhine-daughters' " trio by the Misses Heath, Craig and Feldheim, and the famous "Walkure Cry" by Miss Heath. Mrs. Cecilia Decker Cox gave two groups of exquisite French, German and English songs, and the D minor trio by Mendelssohn for piano and strings was played by Mrs. Cushing, Miss Heine and Mrs. Holden. Miss Inez Strauch accompanied Mrs. Cox very sympathetically and Miss Tharp deserved her share of applause for her work with the other vocalists. The program was in charge of Mrs. Williams.

It is not likely we shall hear again the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music as it was given by Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler last Saturday afternoon. The familiar wedding march seemed a new work beneath those magic fingers. Mrs. Zeisler's audience last Saturday was much larger than at any of her previous recitals, but I should like to have seen the hall packed as it was on the occasion of Nordica's last matinee.

A Clever Little Girl

Baby Zena Keife made a speech at her benefit entertainment on Sunday night. At least she made a beginning: "Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for your kindness," etc., and then, as she said herself, she "got rattled." The speech didn't go on for the tiny speaker couldn't think what came next. She burst into a ripple of laughter and the audience joined in the chorus. Baby Keife is one of the brightest children that I have ever seen on the stage, either as singer, actor or dancer. She is only five years old and in private life is just a dear little girl with no thoughts except for her dolls and games. The Baby Keife who sings and dances is quite an impersonal affair to the Baby Keife who is her mamma's own girl. She is a pretty, brown-eyed little thing, plump and the picture of health. The natural grace of childhood has been added to by education, and Baby dances like a sylph. At her benefit she gave several proofs of her proficiency in the arts vocal and terpsichorean—"Hi Le Ha Lo,'" a whistling solo, cake walk and other things. Her sabot dance was perfect in its clever Dutch way. "La Femme de Chambre," an imitation of Miss Kate Cutler's Suzette at Terry's theatre, London, W. C., was equal to Anna Held. The petite performer was costumed as a French maid, with coquettish cap and apron, and every gesture was prettily piquant. —*The Music Critic*

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OTHER PEOPLE'S WIT.

From "The Greater Glory" by Marten Maartens:

"Surely no woman was ever wholly bad. Surely not even the best of men was ever entirely worthy of a good woman."

Father Bulbius: "Our most meritorious acts are not those which impress us most vividly with the certitude of their meritoriousness."

Freule van Weylert: "You cannot endeavor to act right and please relations who want you to act wrong.

The Baron: "There is nothing unbearable. Hell must be bearable, or Satan would die. We must not count on incapacity for suffering."

The Countess: "A good stove is like a husband—*ca rechauffe*. But the sun is like a lover—*ca brule*."

Une Dowager: "Society scandals are society suicides, and should be punished by society as such. * * * Live as badly or as madly as you will, but build your park-walls high."

* * * * * *

From "Arrows of the Almighty," by Owen Johnson:

"Before a man is capable of a great love he must have felt the burning need of it in his life; the longing and the hunger for the companionship it alone can give."

* * * * * *

From "Joshua," by Ebers:

"We are most ready to be angry with those to whom we have been unjust."

Nun: "I do not like to inquire about our fate beyond the grave, which Moses himself does not know; but whoever has lived so that his or her memory is tenderly cherished in the souls of loved ones, has, I think, done the utmost possible to secure a future existence."

* * * * * *

From "Diary of a Superfluous Man," by Turgenev:

"While a man is living he is not conscious of his own life; it becomes audible to him, like a sound, after the lapse of time."

"A facetious gentleman said that I was the forfeit my mother had paid at the game of life."

Alexy: "Of anything in the world one may speak with fire, with enthusiasm, with ecstasy, but with appetite one talks only of oneself."

"If women knew how much better, nobler, and wiser they are than men—yes, wiser—they would grow conceited and be spoiled. But happily they don't know it."

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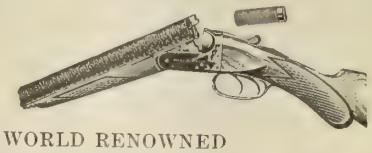

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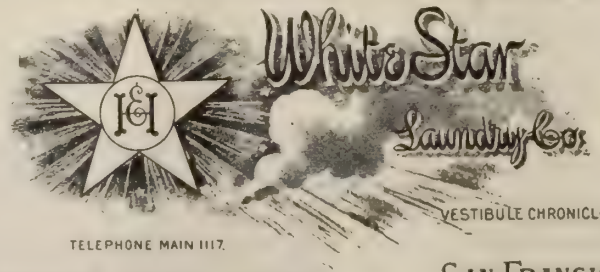

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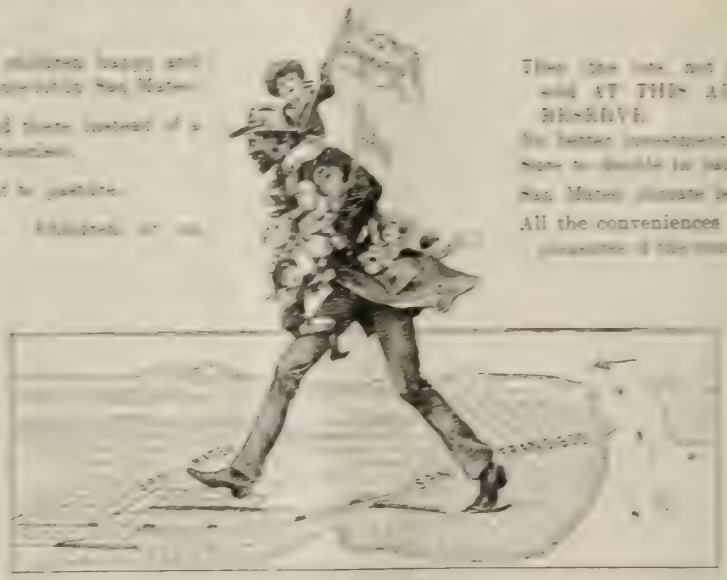

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, May 3, 1902

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OUR OPINION

Score One for Schmitz

Mayor Schmitz has made his first big hit. The opportunity came and he grasped it. By refusing to permit policemen to be detailed for street car duty during the strike he averted trouble and hastened the end of the tie-up. He is entitled to the congratulations of his friends and the thanks of the community. It has always been customary to call out the police as soon as a strike occurred, and the inevitable consequence has been prolonged bickering and bloodshed. If Mayor Schmitz had heeded the demand of the railroad officials special police would have been engaged, and they would have provoked trouble. They always do. By refusing to order the police to co-operate with the railroad magnates the Mayor deprived the strikers of a pretext for violence, and if they had resorted to it under the circumstances they would have turned public sentiment against their cause and defeat would soon follow. The attitude of Mayor Schmitz was just what should have been expected, but he cannot be convicted of unjust discrimination. His conduct throughout the strike was manly and dignified. He appeared to regard the interests of the community as paramount and to be sensible of the rights of all parties concerned. Score one for Mayor Schmitz.

Hearst for President

Perhaps the end which Mr. William Randolph Hearst is striving to attain is the Presidency of the United States. That such is his ambition appears quite likely after perusing an article in the current number of the *Cosmopolitan* on the subject of the young Napoleon of journalism. The magazine began, in the May issue, the presentation of brief sketches of our Captains of Industry, and Mr. Hearst is classed with them. He has on more than one occasion referred somewhat sneeringly to our Captains of Industry and it is therefore just a bit startling to find him in the same category with John Pierpont Morgan and the other plutocrats. But the pen sketch of Mr. Hearst was written by Arthur Brisbane, an editorial writer employed in the *Journal* office and the author of those freak editorials which appear simultaneously in the *Journal,* the *American* and the *Examiner,* and which have a peculiarly academic tone. Mr. Brisbane is recognized in the Hearst newspaper offices as the Hearst mouthpiece, and undoubtedly his *Cosmopolitan* sketch was submitted to his employer before it was sent in for publication. Therefore it may be accepted as authoritative, and in view of the fact that Mr. Hearst is today a man of exceptional power and importance it should be read with great interest. And one cannot read the article without deriving the notion that the aim of the author was not merely to exalt Mr. Hearst as a journalist. This is one of the significant paragraphs:

"The writer believes that the actual intention of W. R. Hearst, through his newspapers, is to fight persistently the cause of genuine democracy—not merely the Democracy of a political party, but the real democracy upon which the government is founded."

This is another suggestive paragraph:

"He has established his newspapers and he is working hard, not to get a few more millions which he does not need, but to get what money can't or ought not to buy, *a share in the government of the country.*"

Mr. Brisbane also takes occasion to announce the Hearst platform in this language:

"The public schools should be so good, the public wealth should make them so far superior to any private schools, that no father could afford to send his child to any save a public school. He believes in public ownership of public franchises. He believes in the election of Senators by the people, and in the control of all other public matters by the people. He is a Democrat in politics as was his father. He favored expansion from the first, declaring that if our system of government was not good it ought to be changed, and if it is good it cannot be spread too far over the earth."

Incidentally Mr. Brisbane tells us that Hearst's idea is to establish newspapers in all the great cities of the United States, that he will undoubtedly begin the publication of a fourth paper during the coming year; that he drinks nothing but water and milk, does not smoke and has absolutely no interests outside of his newspapers, except a mild interest in the collection of paintings and other works of art. What's the matter with Hearst for President?

To Discourage Bad Writers

Librarians are agitating the question of the advisability of excluding novels from the shelves until they have been published at least a year, arguing that a large part of the output of the press has no value whatever and the money spent in the purchase of the worthless lot is thrown away. There is no question about the common sense of the argument. Mr. Carnegie recommended to the librarian of his native town, which was the first to profit by his benevolence, that no novels less than five years old should

be purchased, on the theory that a work of fiction which was worthless after that period was equally worthless in the first place. So far as the general public is concerned libraries are simply collections of novels, and so far as the majority of the patrons are interested, they might as well contain only "the latest." Statistics show that there are issued daily something like eighty-five new novels, not to mention reprints of old ones, and it is manifest that if even a tenth of these were to be included in libraries there would be no room for anything else. When a book is enjoying a boom there are waiting lists of twenty-five or thirty applicants, even when renewals are not granted and half a dozen or more copies are supplied. At the end of six months it frequently happens that the books are not called for at all. Any one who is in the least curious on this subject will find food for reflection by taking the books in hand and examining the librarian's stamp. Sometimes the books had no merit whatever, and sometimes they owed their vogue to some interest of a temporary character, but in either case, once dropped from prominence they were utterly forgotten. Though it is theoretically set forth that one of the functions of a public library is to educate public taste, the fact is the public has a decided antipathy to being educated. A library maintained by private subscription, which failed to supply the subscribers with what they called for would soon be obliged to close its doors for lack of the means of subsistence, and one maintained by public taxation would be in the midst of a whirlwind the instant tax-payers failed to receive what they considered they were taxed for. The result of any attempt to cut down the bulk of fiction would be the establishment of circulating libraries in connection with stationery shops, where for a nominal sum per week, all the novels one could read would be supplied. For that matter, there are a number of such places in this city now, where new books in substantial cloth covers are given out, and one may read one or a dozen in a week. There is really no means of telling a good book from a poor one, unless by paraphrasing the advice about distinguishing mushrooms from toadstools. One may reasonably expect a good book from a good author but the rule is not infallible, even if one gives no heed to the difference of opinion as to what constitutes a good author. There is something to be allowed in the matter of age, temperament, nationality, pursuit and environment. Boys take as naturally to adventures as ducks do to water, and the man who has not altogether outgrown his boyhood will still prefer a modification of his first love. The hair-splitting niceties of Henry James have no attractions for him, though they may represent the highest ideal to his cultured sister. Some people never advance beyond a certain stage of mental development. If they read at all they want their "Duchess" or Carey. It is waste of time and energy to try to interest them in anything but the simple, elemental situations of a pair or more of lovers who live through three hundred pages of variegated courtship and marry each other in the last chapter.

Hysterics and Law

A short while ago an aged man was assaulted in his own home, beaten to the verge of death and robbed of his small savings. It developed that the scheme was hatched by his vicious daughter and her criminal associates. When the case came up for trial the woman made a theatrical display of affection for the parent she had dishonored and all but murdered, and when the old man repulsed her the papers, one and all, exploited the incident in sensational headlines and pictures. Of course the object was served. It was intended to make an impression on a soft-hearted judge and to work up public sympathy, and whether or not it succeeded in influencing the poor old father, it would not have been altogether wasted. This time the father was unmoved and the judge unimpressed, but the trick is one which rarely fails to have some effect, especially if there is a jury, and it is usually worked for all it is worth, in one form or another. Instead of regarding a trial as a scientific investigation in which the only object is to arrive at the truth, it is made a sensational appeal to the emotions. A smart lawyer will see that his client and his witnesses make the proper impression and the device of having them dress the character is as prevalent now as when Dickens wrote "Great Expectations." The tableau of the interesting family group has won many a case and the widow who weeps picturesquely is more potent than her attorney's eloquence. The apparently artless sayings and doings of little children are never overlooked in a case where sentiment may be supposed to count. To such an extent has extraneous influence been worked in New York that steps have been taken to exclude it in a measure by banishing children from the court-room. But to try a case on its merits is impossible while lawyers are to be found who are willing to put clients and witnesses through rehearsal before going into court with a view of suppressing evidence and distorting truth. And there are many of that class in the profession. If juries were composed of hard-headed men of sense who could sift evidence and weigh facts apart from extraneous embellishment there would be less danger from hysterical outbursts and theatrical displays but it is almost impossible to guard against the tricks of astute lawyers who are not reluctant to manufacture an alibi or to suggest the benefits that might accrue from a bad memory. It is sometimes possible to expose a fictitious defense, but it is hard to prevent a lawyer from selecting a jury for its gullibility. A trial is a battle of wits in which each counsel does his best to befog judge and jury. The most preposterous theories are brought forward and the most absurd hypotheses sustained.

Misdirected Sentimentalism

Convict Joe King, recently released from the penitentiary, has been going about the country under the auspices of certain benevolent philanthropists, and dilating from the vantage-points of pulpit and rostrum, on the hardships meted out to the honest thief who tries his hand at occupations requiring less skill. Incidentally, convict Joe King has done some good work at his old trade and proved that his hand has not lost its cunning during his period of

temporary retirement. Convict Joe King has been captured and stands a good chance of being given further opportunities for meditating on the misfortunes of the "honest tradesman." No one but the gentleman himself and his impresario is in the least surprised at the outcome of the affair. No one but the professional philanthropist ever expects any other result. The man who has been a thief from choice and who has spent half his life in prisons for his crimes will not be reformed over night. There is some hope for the one who yields to impulse and opportunity but it is safe to treat a second offense as a sign of incorrigibility. This King made a strong point of the abuse suffered by convicts in the penitentiaries, but it does not appear to have been sufficient to inspire him with any dread of going back. He appears to think that in addition to board, clothing, medicine, recreation and other luxuries and necessities, the thugs and thieves should be treated to free theatrical performances, horse races, base ball games, or whatever else they see fit to demand, and that honest people who keep within the pale of the law should humbly crave the pardon of these gentry that they have nothing better worth stealing. Of course impresario Montgomery does not for a moment believe that his favorite is guilty. Anyway, he falls back on the time-worn argument that the discharged convict has a hard time getting any one to put him into a position of trust; business men and house-holders are so wickedly hard-hearted and unjust that they will refuse to trust to the honesty of the ex-thief or ex-embezzler. They persist in their short-sighted methods of employing only such men as have not been proved untrustworthy, and what, then, is the poor thief to do? He must have a living and it serves the public right if he collects by force what ought to be brought to him as a voluntary tribute. The truth about our whole prison system is that it is made too comfortably easy for the average convict. Legislators and professional philanthropists visit these institutions and measure the life by their own. They conclude that because the coarse fare and prison clothing would humiliate them, therefore the convicts are humiliated. They think that because they would hang their heads in shame amongst their friends, therefore the prisoners will be bowed to the earth. They compare the cells with their luxurious homes, and in like manner, they go through the whole gamut of "tortures." Josiah Flynt, who is authority on all questions of penology and tramp life, gives it as his deliberate opinion formed from experience and observation that one cause of crime is the ease and comfort enjoyed in the prisons. They need not be made institutions of torture, but they should assuredly not be so comfortable that except for the inconvenience of having a previous record cited, a man has no particular objection to a second, third, or even fourth and fifth term. Convicts, as a rule, do not go home to luxurious mansions. Those of them who belong to the aristocracy are usually pardoned out and restored to citizenship. The ordinary run of them go back to their lodgings and tenements where their term of confinement has not affected their social standing. They meet their friends and associates as before, hear the news of the outside world and give in exchange such pointers as may be useful to any of the rest of the gang who may happen to get pinched. They are better clothed, fed and housed, as a rule, while incarcerated, than while free. Last winter some investigation into the complaints of convicts in a rural section of New York brought out the information that the pampered malcontents were living on food that the farmers in the neighborhood could not afford to put on their own tables. All this sickly sentimentalism wasted over the hardships of the scamps would be put to better use if it were exerted for the rescue of merely mischievous and uncared-for children who drift into crime through idleness. Prison Gate societies and Helping Hands are well enough in their way, if they were not so greedy of notoriety. They like nothing better than to have some loud-mouthed egotist going about the country under their banner, pitching into everything as it is, and giving them a glorious advertisement. It never seems to occur to them that there is anything unseemly in the setting up of a thief to preach honesty to honest men. Hence the jeers of the ungodly when the idol is tumbled from its pedestal.

The Saunterer

That Unsavory Libel Suit

Judge Angelotti has occasioned a deal of anxiety in smart society by granting Baron Von Schroeder's motion for a new trial in the notorious and unsavory libel suit, the scent of which still clings to the Hotel Rafael. It was sincerely hoped that that nasty litigation involving the Baron's reputation would never be revived, but the German nobleman is a persistent chap and I have no doubt that his motion for a new trial had merit, for Judge Angelotti is both a wise and a just judge and his decisions have ever commanded the respect of the bar. I do not believe he was influenced by public sentiment, but it is a fact that public sentiment was with the Baron in San Rafael, though a jury of Marin county citizens decided against him. Yet San Rafael is not a community of easy virtue. The good people over there argue however, that Von Schroeder is neither gayer nor naughtier than other men, and therefore he should not have been condemned. They concede that he is somewhat of a flirt, and that he is addicted to the habit of bestowing an eye on beauty as though inspired by the hope that it would become a joy to him forever, but those are mere peccadilloes that contravene no ordinance of Marin county.

A Compromise Predicted

But it was the Baron's hot-headedness that led to his discomfiture. He should never have invited deep scrutiny into his voluptuous diversions. I remember urging him to be less eager for a vindication, and pointed out to him that gallantry should dictate the protection of the women who were destined to be drawn into the affair, but he proceeded on the assumption that his 'scutcheon was paramount to the reputation of all the women in the land. Therefore I have never sympathized with him though I

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have always believed that some of the witnesses against him had steeped themselves in Balzac before going into court. And now there is a prospect of those unwholesome yarns being reiterated. To add to the horror of the thing somebody has started the story that on the second trial the names of the women involved will be mentioned in open court. Hence the alarm in smart social circles. On the other hand friends of the Baron are assuring people that there is to be a compromise. They say that the *Call* has agreed to publish some sort of retraction and that the case will then be dismissed. Let us hope that such will be the wind-up.

New York Honors a Californian

Louis Durant Mead, son of the L. R. Meads of Byron Springs, has been appointed to the regular staff of house physicians at Roosevelt hospital in New York City. This is the greatest honor that could possibly be bestowed upon a medico just out of college. Young Mead is a recent graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York. As his duties do not begin until January of the coming year, Louis is going to spend the summer with his parents in California. The Meads are rebuilding their hotel which was destroyed by fire last year. There was a strike among the carpenters, which somewhat delayed matters, but everything is going smoothly now.

Gossip from Washington

From Washington there comes to me a denial of the report that James D. Phelan betrayed signs of a matrimonial inclination while sojourning in that city. He was a guest of the McKennas but as he is an old friend of the family that was quite natural. They are now discussing in Washington an innovation in official social customs instituted by Mrs. Hay the wife of the Secretary of State. She has laid down the rule that the wives of Cabinet officers, Senators and Supreme Court Justices shall pay the first calls on the wives of foreign Ambassadors. This rule is in recognition of the official status of ambassadors who are ranking next to the President in all public functions by virtue of the fact that they are the personal representatives of their sovereigns. A hint has been given also to the wives of foreign representatives below the rank of Ambassador that they must make the initial calls on the wives of Senators. Official circles in Washington have been greatly agitated over the question of who should call first. It has been a troublesome question since the days of Madison when a Cabinet meeting was called to discuss it. Ambassadors in Washington are comparatively new. The first to this country was appointed in 1893. Heretofore the wives of Supreme Court Justices and Senators have refrained from making the initial call and have trusted to chance meetings to put them on terms of acquaintanceship.

An Embarassing Question

Another social question that is agitating official circles in Washington, writes my correspondent, is whether the wives of United States Senators should call upon Countess Cassini, the niece and only lady in the household of the Russian Ambassador. The latter tried to fix the status of that charming young woman, about whom there has been a deal of unpleasant gossip, by adopting her as his daughter, but the wives of officials have not yet given her the stamp of their approval. The Ambassador contends that she should be given recognition but the wives of Senators have decided that as the Countess is not his wife she cannot rank as such. The position of the Countess is therefore somewhat embarrassing.

An American Man of Letters

Not half enough was said in praise of Frank R. Stockton, who passed away last week. Of all the American humorists none was so absolutely original as Stockton. He had as lively a fancy as that of Lewis Carroll who wrote "Alice in Wonderland." Stockton's fairy tales, mostly published in *St. Nicholas* when that magazine was in its palmy days, were distinguished for their quaint style, the remarkable plots and the amusing divagations of the characters. "How the Aristocrats Sailed Away" was one of these. Stockton's first reputation as a humorous novelist was gained through "Rudder Grange," the odd little story of the couple that lived in a canal boat, with their boarder and Pomona, the hired girl. Later, he wrote works that were finer in a literary way, but "Rudder Grange" has never lost its popularity. It is only a few years ago that all the reading United States, and our cousins across the water, were laughing over the adventures of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine and the board money in the pickle jar. "The Late Mrs. Null" and "The House of Martha" have plots that though simple are strikingly unique. The charm of Stockton was the general atmosphere of amiability that pervaded all his works. All his characters were genial creatures. His criminals were good-tempered fellows and his ghosts were sympathetic and friendly. His whimsical imagination in which ingenious perversions of the laws of nature were evolved never led him into malice or bitterness. His were the qualities that elevate the mind and banish the blues.

Can Write M. D. After Her Name

Among the graduates from the Cooper Medical College, who were awarded diplomas on Tuesday night, was Miss Millicent Cosgrave. She passed very high and looks forward now to making good use of her learning. Miss Cosgrave is a thorough Latin scholar and brilliant in mathematics. Incidentally, though this will by no means intrude upon her more solid attainments, she is a fine musician. She was a member of the Abbey Cheney Amateurs, the little musical society founded by Mrs. Cheney's pupils and named after their teacher. Mrs. Thomas Magee, senior, belonged to that club, as did Margaret Cameron Smith, Oakland's clever young playwright. The soci-

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ety died after the departure of Mrs. Cheney for Chicago, but the members still feel the influence of its cultured gatherings.

Brains Run in the Family

Dr. Millicent Cosgrave's sister Patricia is also a brilliant woman. She has studied all sorts of abstruse subjects, is versed in modern languages, and particularly shines in conversation. She is the friend and companion of Kathryn Dillon with whom she is at present touring the Orient. Another brainy member of this brainy family is J. O'Hara Cosgrave, familiarly known as "Jack." Jack Cosgrave started the San Francisco *Wave* when in his early twenties; though now he is only in the early thirties he has made *Everybody's* magazine of New York one of the best periodicals in the United States. He has the faculty of knowing what the public wants in literature, and of satisfying its honest mental cravings In New York he is regarded as the typical twentieth century magazine editor. The Cosgraves, by the way, are not Californians by birth. They were born in New Zealand.

A Young Philanthropic Club

The Alden Club which has been organized for philanthropic work held its first annual meeting last week at the residence of the President, Miss Mabel Adams Ayer, at 1622 Clay street. An interesting report was made by Miss May Morton, chairman of the visiting committee, and the members listened to an informal address by Mrs. John F. Merrill. A pleasant feature of the meeting was the presentation of a gorgeous bouquet of pink roses to Miss Ayer. Considerable time was spent in discussing plans for the entertainment of Mrs. Westover Alden, founder and President of the International Sunshine Society in honor of whom the Alden Club was named. The Alden Club has accomplished much good during the year. Its officers are: President, Miss Mabel Adams Ayer; Vice-President, Miss Jennie McFarland; Recording Secretary Miss Jean Pedlar; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Abbie Edwards; Business Secretary, Miss Grace Garoutte; Treasurer, Miss Elizabeth Edwards.

A Prize Collie and Other Things

While at the Bench Show last week my attention was attracted by the beautiful collies entered by Andrew Welch. The following day my attention was directed to an automobile which I was told was the fastest in town and was the property of Mr. Andrew Welch. Two days later my admiration was aroused in Golden Gate Park by the handsomest team of high-steppers I ever saw, and they were being driven by Mr. Andrew Welch. Here, thought I, is a young man who appears to know how to enjoy life, and who is given to wholesome recreation without making much noise about his achievements. Mr. Welch is one of the most modest of our rich young men, and that is perhaps why the dailies have failed to exploit him as one of the eligibles of society. His collie Gypsy Queen, which he imported, captured four prizes at the Bench Show, and he exhibited there two white collies which are the rarest of their species. Evidently when Mr. Welch was in Europe recently he found some things worth having.

A Novel of the Sand-Lot Era

Two weeks ago I announced that Mrs. Fremont Older had gone East to interview a publishing house in reference to the publication of a novel. Within twenty-four hours after reaching New York city she learned of the acceptance of the novel by Funk & Wagnall, one of the highest class publishing houses. The book will make its appearance early next winter. This first effort of Mrs. Older in the field of novel writing is likely to attract considerable attention for it deals with a subject that is of absorbing interest at this time. The title of the story is "The Socialist and the Prince." The socialist of the story had for his prototype none other than the famous labor agitator, Denis Kearney, and woven into the romance are many incidents of the sand-lot era. One of the scenes is founded on the threatened mobbing of Stanford's residence on Nob Hill. Mrs. Older was aided in her research by Kearney himself who is today a bloated bondholder. He supplied her with some valuable material and explained to her the methods by which he swayed the multitude in those stormy days of the Kearney riots. He even repeated to her many of the speeches that were delivered from the sand-lot rostrum. Mrs. Older's manuscript was first read by Edwin Markham, who pronounced it a powerful story. His opinion was confirmed by the publishing house readers.

Bereft of Two Sons

Once more the friends of the John F. Boyds of San Rafael have had occasion to sympathize with them in a sad bereavement. Less than a year ago one of the sons of Mr. Boyd died somewhat suddenly and early this week

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the parents learned of the death of another boy who was attending school in Santa Barbara. Both boys were in their teens and were bright, spirited lads. Mr. John F. Boyd is the owner of the Oak Stock Farm and is one of the most widely respected men in the State. Mrs. Boyd was the charming and cultured Louise Arner, a niece of Seth and Daniel Cook.

How Howes Settled a Wager

It is hard for some men to realize that they are unpopular, and as a rule those who crave it most and prize it highly have it not. It is not every man that is so confident of his popularity that he is willing to play eavesdropper on his fellow citizens for the purpose of gleaning their frank opinion of him, but that is what Alexander Murgotten of San Jose did recently, and he obtained the desired information. Mr. Murgotten is a good "joiner" and he belongs to so many fraternal societies that he concluded that he had a host of friends. But one night recently one of his acquaintances tried to convince him that he was not popular. They discussed the matter in a saloon, and the candid individual offered to bet Murgotten that of the first twenty men that entered not one could be induced to say a kind word for him. I don't know whether the friend had put up a practical joke but at any rate Murgotten made the wager and then hid behind a screen. Each man that entered thereafter was questioned and the first ten or twelve threatened to dispossess the man behind the screen of his twenty. They happened to be fearful knockers and their opinions were unanimously adverse to Murgotten. Presently one Sam Howes entered.

"Say, Sam, what's your opinion of Alock Murgotten?" he was asked.

"Oh," was the reply, "he's a poor d—— fool, but he's harmless."

"Come on out, Sam, you win," said the man who had made the wager, and he paid the bet.

In Hanlon's Hat

When the clerk of a court says a good thing it is worth recording. The other day, Bob Fitzgerald, clerk of Judge Hebbard's court missed his brand new derby. In its place was a faded and soiled and battered hat, that had undoubtedly been worn by John Hanlon, the briefless barrister who had been in court that day. It had been worn by him so long that it looked like him. If you knew John Hanlon, and you saw that hat surmounting a telegraph pole, you would immediately exclaim, "There's Hanlon's hat!" When Fitzgerald discovered that it had been substituted for his head-gear he was frantic, and he stormed indignantly.

"Why don't you go after Hanlon?" queried Judge Hebbard.

"Where could I find him?" asked Fitzgerald, as though he felt that Hanlon was an incessant wanderer.

"Where is his office?" asked Hebbard by way of suggestion.

"In my hat," was the clerk's reply.

Was Probably a Millionaire

The press despatches tell us of the filing of the will of the Rev. Thomas De Witt Talmage, and about some costly presents received from foreign potentates, but no information is vouchsafed as to the size of the estate left by that renowned Barnum of the pulpit. Talmage was a cautious man, and perhaps he objected to having posterity know anything about his financial affairs. The probability is that he took the precaution to provide for the distribution of his estate without the ordinary probate court procedure. I am of the opinion that Talmage died a millionaire, and I have no doubt that he was just a bit reluctant to have it known that a worker in the vineyard of the Lord amassed such a handsome fortune. He was undoubtedly the richest clergyman in the world. No other divine ever had the knack of turning an honest penny so highly developed. Soul-saving was his business and he probably did a lot of good in the world, but he was always out for the long green and he pocketed it with a relish. His salary was twelve thousand a year. He syndicated his sermons for ten thousand a year and a religious paper paid him five thousand more to permit his name to be printed at the top of its editorial column. But those were small items. Talmage lectured, and he courted the favor of rich men and he plunged in Wall street on tips from the plutocrats.

His First Theatrical Stunt

Talmage was a natural financier. The profession of the clergyman was exploited by him solely on account of the facilities which it offered for money-making. Theology bothered him very little. Sect and dogma were incidents, and the higher criticism wasn't worth while. He began as a Dutch Reformist and turned Presbyterian because he objected to the responsibilities of the vestryman and the presbyter, and saw in Presbyterianism greater opportunities for his enterprises. To him all theatrical clergymen that depend on theatrical stunts to draw houses owe the credit for having pointed the way. It was over thirty years ago that he first tried the effect of theatrical antics in his first Brooklyn church. He threw something that looked like a fit on the church platform, and after prolonged writhing he stepped calmly to the edge of the stage and in sepulchral tones exclaimed:

"Young man, you are rushing to destruction."

It made such a hit that Talmage improved on the stunt, and by varying it somewhat and introducing accessories he succeeded in making himself the strongest drawing card among all the scriptural vaudeville artists of the pulpit. Talmage was a good man in his way and preached good lessons but he was a faker, and he didn't always try to conceal the fact. Being his own press agent he spent a

lot of time with newspaper men and they had many opportunities of seeing him in his true light. He knew how to supply them with "good copy" and to do so he resorted to various tricks that aroused the envy of theatrical stars. One of his most notable achievements was the administering of compulsory baptism to a tramp in the river Jordan. He was once tried by a jury of Presbyters on a charge of "falsehood and deceit" and only five of them voted against him.

It is said that England contemplates putting a tax on wedding presents. At the rate that the public debt is piling up, it must be a decided temptation to the government to tax anything that there is a possibility of securing a revenue from, but wedding presents have been a tax on the givers for such a length of time that it seems only fair to turn the tables.

Bradlee Strong Not Financially Broke

The despatches from the East mentioning the arrival of Putnam Bradlee Strong and May Yohe in New York say nothing about any expected additions to their menage. They mention a Japanese maiden, and that is all. But some time before Bradlee Strong and La Yohe left Yokohama, in a letter from Japan I had the news that the stork was hovering over their domicile. It was then rumored that after the expected arrival, May would return to the stage. Strong is probably right in saying that he is not broke, and has plenty of money to invest in Wall street. He made over two hundred thousand dollars in Northern Pacific just before he eloped from New York with the sloe-eyed contralto. He disposed of his house in New York at that time and that gave rise to the rumor that he was hard pressed for money. It was also said then that his mother protested at the sale, but Strong told a friend in Honolulu that, on the contrary, the property was sold at Mrs. Strong Sr.'s request. She owns several country-places and no longer cares to retain her large town house. Strong said that he was never at odds with his mother at any time, that she never gave him any money and that he had a good income from his father's estate. In Yokohama the Strongs, as they were known, paid spot cash—and gold at that—for all they bought. They maintained a sumptuous establishment with a retinue of servants. All along the line from Honolulu to Gibralter the tale was the same—plenty of gold and cash payments.

When May Met Annie

Apropos of the return of Lord Hope's ex-wife to her native country I am reminded of the story of her meeting with an old friend at the Tivoli when she visited this city about three years ago. She came hither with Lord Hope, and one night she visited the Tivoli with Edna Wallace Hopper who was sojourning here at the time. Between acts they went behind the scenes to meet Ferris Hartman. and while there Edna Wallace introduced Lady Hope to Annie Meyers.

"Permit me to present you to Lady Hope," said Mrs. Hopper, and Lady Hope bowed with an air of great condescension.

"Hello, May," said the Tivoli soubrette.

"Have we met before?" asked Lady Hope in a haughty tone.

"I should say we did," said Annie Meyers. "It was many years ago in the McCaull opera company. You were in the chorus and I was the soubrette."

Lady Hope confessed that she remembered, but the recollection did not appear to fill her with joy.

"The good die young," said the farmer's boy as he wrung the neck of a spring chicken.

Political Plans Disturbed

It is becoming quite evident that if the astute politicians that are handling Governor Gage's political machine do not chain the wheels of the Schmitz band wagon it will soon lead a very big procession. The wise men of the Gage council have been cooing into the Schmitz ear in the most persuasive sort of way. They patted him on the shoulder affectionately, and tried to convince him that it was to his interests to enter into a combination with them. They assured him that they would be with him for Mayor again, and of course they expected him to join forces with Gage. But Schmitz has plans of his own. He believes that the labor unions are more confident of his loyalty than of Gage's. They have just had strong proof of that loyalty, and they are very enthusiastic over his successful handling of the street railroad strike. Schmitz knows that he can depend on the unions and therefore he has decided to try for the gubernatorial nomination.

A Complicated Situation

The *Post* which is the most ardent supporter of Gage has been boosting Schmitz upon the theory that he could be kept out of the gubernatorial race. The *Post* has also been very earnest in the espousal of the labor union cause but with both Gage and Schmitz in the race that journal will find the situation somewhat complicated. Schmit has become so closely identified with the laboring element that disapproval of his policy would be construed to mean opposition to unionism. Gage's claim to union suffrage is based solely on his attitude during the big strike of some months ago. He helped settle the strike but he did no more than any conscientious man would have done under the circumstances. His sympathy with the laboring element is not so clearly understood as is that of Mayor Schmitz. Hereafter Schmitz need not expect any booming from the Gage forces.

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A Maryland Marriage

Those who met Mrs. William Bernard Duke and her daughter, Miss Jennie Abell, during their late visit in San Francisco will be interested to learn of the latter's recent marriage. The bridegroom is Mr. Francis Theodore Homer, and the wedding was celebrated at the beautiful country home of the Dukes, "The Ridge," at Sherwood, a few miles from Baltimore. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Duke by her former husband, who was one of the proprietors of the Baltimore *Sun*. She is a very charming young woman and made many friends during her stay in San Francisco. She has traveled all over the world, and been to Europe several times, but that was her first visit to California.

He is Qualified

According to the press despatches Earl Russell has introduced a Divorce bill in the House of Lords. Earl Russell has had such a long series of marital troubles that he should be well qualified to draw a divorce bill. He is the gentleman who was married in Reno, Nev., about two years ago to Mollie Somerville Cooke. Upon his return to England he was arrested for bigamy. He was tried by the House of Lords, convicted and sentenced to three months in jail which he served. The first Countess Russell then secured a divorce and a few months later Earl Russell remarried Mollie Somerville. It was in 1890 that Earl Russell's first marriage took place. His wife was the daughter of Sir Claude Scott. A year after the marriage she sued him for a divorce and made sensational charges against her husband. She lost the case and had to pay the costs amounting to twenty-five thousand dollars. The case caused a great scandal. The mother of the Countess was convicted of libeling the Earl and the Countess was convicted of libeling H. A. Roberts, a master of Bath College who was mentioned in the charges she made against her husband. The Countess is now on the stage.

"Your wife is a rose of sweetness," said the bachelor guest.
"I wish she was anything else," returned his host, "for she makes me feel the thorns."

Driscoll and Cupid

The matchmakers annually list Celia Tobin and Tom Driscoll among the matrimonially inclined, but now they are beginning to realize that they have missed their guess. Celia Tobin has always frankly declared that there was "nothing in it." Tom Driscoll and Ed. Tobin have been inseparables since their kite and marble days and the Tobin girls have always regarded Tom as a brother. But there was no doubt that at one time his feelings for Miss Celia strayed from the brotherly boundary lines into dangerous ground. However Miss Tobin did not meet him half way, and though the gossips insisted otherwise, no engagement has ever existed between them. But now Mrs. Grundy has cast a new horoscope for Tommy and by all the signs and symbols he has found his affinity in a schoolteacher who is noted more for her beauty and wit than for any pedagogic talents. She is not a society girl nor has her family ever owned a stall in Vanity Fair but she has been "rushed" by several sprigs of the smart set despite the fact that her days are spent training the young mind. Society girls long ago tagged her as dangerous, but when several eligibles had taken turns at her altar and no wedding bells pealed, they pronounced her a harmless flirt. About two years ago there was a scare over one of the Tobin boys who was reported engaged to the fascinating young school teacher. As the young lady is not a Catholic nor in the Tobin set, his family were very much stirred up over the rumor. However Tobin was induced to cool his ardor and now, according to Mrs. Grundy, Tommy Driscoll appears to be serious, and a wedding is believed to be calendared for no distant day. The Driscolls still have the Voorhies house but their lease soon expires and then Mr. Driscoll is billed to start a nest of his own. Whether or not this affair evolutes to the altar there is no doubt that at present Tom Driscoll is very devoted to the stunning school teacher.

Reuben a Guest of Miss Hager

The feminine wing of the smart set has gone over, goggles and oilskin, to the automobile. Every week sees another chauffeur in the embryo, learning to guide the dizzy-wizzy machine and mastering the mechanism of its little insides. The latest aspirant is Ethyl Hager whose new automobile created a sensation at the junction of Kearny and Market streets the other afternoon. It was one of those footsore days when the cars were on a vacation. Miss Hager's mobe has been dubbed the "yellow devil" thanks somewhat to the splash of yellow on the black background, and partly due to the high rate of speed with which she whirls along. Miss Ethyl had passed the park examination with neatness and dexterity but there was still Market street in the thick of the traffic to conquer. She chose an hour when the streets are jammed and made the run to Lotta's Fountain without an accident. There she stopped for a moment and was surprised to hear a voice ask, "How much a ride?" Miss Hager was puzzled for a second and then noticed that all around her were vehicles flaunting signs of ten-cent fares to various quarters of the city. It was a white-haired old gentleman with

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a bright-eyed little old lady leaning on his arm, evidently pa and ma up from the ranch for a spring dose of the city. They were so keen for a ride in one of those "durned newfangled machines" that Miss Hager did not like to disappoint them. "I won't charge you anything," said the chaffeur, "if you're not going too far." So carpet bag and reticule, the elated pair climbed in and went with the wind up Market street. They were properly impressed with the horseless carriage and peppered Miss Hager with exclamations and interrogations. The old lady thought it "real smart" of the owner to hire a young lady to run the machine for that must draw lots of customers; and the old gentleman feared lest the "boss" would discover that she had given them a free ride and "dock" her wages. Miss Hager let them play ping pong with her identity and the old couple will probably never know that their chaffeur was one of the most exclusive members of the smart set.

Glass Veils Instead of Goggles

Apropos of automobiling, Lurline Spreckels has sent the glad news from Paris that at last something has been invented to replace the hideous deforming goggles that the chaffeur has been obliged to wear to protect the eyes from the sting of the wind. A Frenchman has put on the market veils made of spun glass that do the work of the erstwhile goggles and yet at a little distance look like ordinary heavy-net mesh veils. Glass veils are still an unknown quantity here, but several of the ardent chaffeurs have sent to Paris for them, for the average girl in goggles looks like Johnny Bostonbeans.

"I see that Jones is edging his way into society. A few years ago he ridiculed people with the social craze."

"That was when he didn't have a ghost of a chance to break in."

A Guest of Honor

The program at the Women's Press Association on Monday was not of half so much interest to those present as the presence of Gertrude Atherton, who was the guest of honor. It is a long time since the club had hold of such a nonne. It will be something to talk of long after Mrs. Atherton has returned to England. I see the papers say that Mrs. Atherton was interested in the formation of this association of women writers when she was a resident of San Francisco at the beginning of her literary career. While this may be true, it must have been a very faint interest that was shown. If ever there existed a press club that found less support from press people, it has yet to be found. When Emilie Tracy Y. Swett Parkhurst founded the Women's Press Association of the Pacific Coast, she had hard work to drum up sufficient members to make the thing go. The dilettante rushed in with outstretched hands begging for permission to pay dues and he called authors and journalists, but the majority of working writers held aloof. Mrs. Parkhurst's idea was to have the association a genuine press club, but she died before she could press her plans to completion.

Why Press Clubs Among Women are Impossible

In time most of the active workers in journalism and letters resigned from the club. It was not the sort of organization they had expected, not like a man's Press club. Their defections were filled by the dabblers in poetry and prose, and society women looking out for new paths of culture. The club is now a strong factor among the women's clubs, but it has nothing especial to distinguish it as a press association. It ranks with the California, Sorosis and Philomath and Laurel Hall On its membership roll may be found almost the same names as are on the books of those clubs. It is not likely that there exists among women writers, hard-working every day newspaper hacks or brilliant writers of novels, the esprit de corps that could make a real press club possible. That bon esprit seems to be known only among men.

If one first acquires a reputation for veracity one can tell stupendous lies without fear of discovery.

Glascock's Mot

Attorney Glascock perpetrated a bon mot the other night at a jinks given by his college fraternity. This fraternity was big pumpkins in the days when Glascock was at the university but the years have somewhat tarnished its lustre. It has fallen into the habit of drawing its members from the fast set. But there are many prominent men who in the past have worn the frat pin and Glascock is one of them. When he arose to make his little speech at the jinks a man called for a comb by way of jocular reference to the attorney's baldness.

"With so many rakes in sight, I don't think I need a comb," said Glasscock.

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A Californian Song Writer

Anne Buckler Lake has turned composer and from New York I have received three charming songs, the product of her muse. One of them, "The Hills of Skye," is a little classic in its way. "The Wild Bird's Song" is another, and one of Browning's sonnets has been set to charming music. It is a long time since Anne Buckler Lake—she was Mrs. Toland then—left San Francisco. I had not known she had become a composer, though her work in letters is remembered as ranking high. The late Fred Somers of *Current Literature* considered Anne Toland one of the women writers of our time whose work could favorably compare with that of men. Her songs are characteristic of her genius—strong though tempered with woman's delicacy. Mr. Somers, by the way, gave the San Francisco woman much encouragement when she first went to New York. She became prominent there in magazine literary circles and she is still recognized as a brilliant writer.

Of the Southern Set

Mrs. Lake's father was that fine old physician, Dr. Buckler. Anne and Jennie Buckler were the intimates of all the young girls in the Southern set whose homes lined South Park and Rincon Hill. They were dashing and clever and Anne was even then distinguished for her great independence of character. Young Charles Toland, who was her father's medical colleague, fell in love with her and they were married. Later they were divorced and still later Trella Foltz married Dr. Toland.

Angelotti's Compact

There is a deal of manipulation going on these days over the high-backed seats on the Supreme Bench. There are more aspirants for the jobs in the Republican party than ever before. And as a consequence, Judge Angelotti, I have learned from a reliable source, has agreed to keep out of the fight. If ability and integrity were the only qualifications essential, Judge Angelotti would get the nomination by acclamation, but owing to the varied and complicated combinations that are made in Republican State conventions, a peculiar pull is necessary. Judge Angelotti did not pull out of the fight however, until it was suggested that he could have a Supreme Court Commissionership. He agreed to take it in lieu of the nomination for a justiceship. And now, I suppose, District Attorney McIsaac of San Rafael will prepare to succeed Angelotti. McIsaac became District Attorney immediately after leaving law college. There is nothing too high for him to aspire to, and he has a cinch on the Marin county vote.

A Chance for the Rich

A few months ago I told of Rev. Father Crowley's Agricultural College project, and suggested that it should receive the aid and encouragement of our wealthy citizens who occasionally give evidence of a desire to do something philanthropic, but whose munificence is often misdirected. Father Crowley is that broad-minded priest and practical guide of the small boy who has won for the Youth's Directory the confidence of the whole State by his splendid management of the institution which is now regarded as the most worthy charity in the country. Father Crowley has lately bonded a large tract of land in Napa county upon which he purposes establishing his Agricultural School, and he needs eighty thousand dollars to secure the deeds to the land. Here is an opportunity for some of our rich men to aid in the enterprise which is not only charitable in its object but which will surely be of great benefit to the State. There is need in California of farmers who will be at once practical and scientific, and the cry everywhere is to divert the drift toward cities. The College of Agriculture at Berkeley is nothing more than a chemical laboratory. It graduated last year only one student, and that one graduate was a woman. The fact that the Napa project is in the hands of Father Crowley should be sufficient assurance of practical and successful management, but it has also received the endorsement of Archbishop Riordan.

The Wedding of the Week

For the want of a horseshoe nail a battle was once lost. For the lack of a necessary pin Wednesday's wedding at Trinity church was on the verge of being delayed. As the bride entered the sanctuary her tulle veil slipped from the orange blossom wreath in front. It was an unpleasant moment. But Clara Huntington inherits supreme self-possession from her father. "A pin," she whispered. None was forthcoming from her attendants but a lady in one of the back pews relieved the bride from her dilemma by supplying the necessary pin. The veil was adjusted and the wedding went on without a halt.

Old Friends were Invited

It was a beautiful wedding. The effect of the festoons of tall St. Joseph's lilies in the aisles was out of the common and very artistic. The church was packed, nearly everybody in the Blue Book having received cards. A good many of the guests were old friends of the family who had known them in Sacramento. The Huntingtons were just like everybody else then, neither moneyed nor swell, but they have not in their prosperity turned their backs on the old set. Mrs. Huntington as Mary Prentice was a very popular girl in her set. She is more loyal in her feelings than Clara, who married a Prince, and who is now the haughty Princess Hatzfeldt. The Princess alienated the people of her own blood. It pained her when she was re-

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minded that she was the daughter of a Sacramento grocer. Once she was asked as to the health of her sister, Mrs. Huntington, and in a frigid tone she replied, "I have no sister."

The name of Henry Bothin has appeared quite often of late in items dealing with real estate transactions, and as a consequence the envious are heard to remark something about how nice it is to have a multi-millionaire for a father-in-law. But the fact is that Mr. Bothin has been quite successful in business. His wife, Jennie, is her father's favorite daughter.

His Majesty the Stork

The stork is once more threatening to get busy. He has been seen winging his flight out Pacific avenue of late, and he betrayed signs of an inclination to flutter over the home of the Rudolph Spreckels'. He has been there so often, and received so hospitably that he finds it hard to pass without a call. He has also been taking easy jaunts Blingumward of late which probably explains the absence of Mrs. Will Taylor from social functions.

They were Merely Holding Hands

The green-eyed monster has been somewhat active since the Bowie fete. He was stimulated by an incident which has been the subject of much jocular comment. Somebody took a snap-shot of a little scene that was not intended for exhibition purposes. Those that figured in it were the husband of a jealous woman and the eldest daughter of a gray-haired matron whose powers of fascination have been compared to those of Mrs. McAllister. The man and woman were caught in the act of holding hands, a harmless diversion, but it has nevertheless caused a lot of talk. If it were not for the fact that the man is known as an incorrigible flirt it would probably have passed without comment.

Californians at the Throne

California has been well represented at the English Court this week, according to telegraphic reports. No less than three of her native daughters were among those presented to King Edward. They were Mrs. Richardson Clover who, as pretty brown-eyed Dora Miller, daughter of the late Senator J. F. Miller, is so well remembered here, Mrs. Charlemagne Tower, daughter of the late attorney G. Frank Smith, and Miss Helen de Young, daughter of Mr. M. H. de Young of the *Chronicle*. Apropos of Mrs Tower a funny little story has been told of how her father G. Frank Smith began to part his name in the middle. At one time he associated with the late Frank Pixley, and he was then known as George Frank Smith, but Pixley had a habit of reminding his partner that he was going ahead too fast, by shouting "Gee, Frank Smith." The name clung to and was finally adopted by him.

Strategic Mrs. De Young

That Mrs. M. H. de Young is a clever woman none can deny who has the pleasure of her acquaintance, and in nothing has she shown more cleverness and tact than in the management of the debut of her daughter, Miss Helen. Although, strictly speaking, not yet "out," the young lady, fresh from her school life abroad, appeared here at several functions in the early part of last winter's gayeties, and then was whisked back to Europe by her parents to see more of the continental world. As Mrs. de Young expressed herself, "I gave society a taste of my daughter, and to whet their appetite for more I shall take her away." Now having been presented at the English court she has received the *cachet* of Royalty which will entitle her to the entree to society anywhere. So we may expect the fair Helen fresh from triumphs in Paris and London, to capture San Francisco next season.

A Clothing Dummy's Debut

The *coup de canon* at the Town and Gown Club's production of Mrs. Sexton's clever society sketch "The Knickerbocker Dames" was made by a wooden man. He was a stern, blue-eyed, gray-haired and gray-moustached gentleman hired for the occasion from a San Francisco ready-made clothing emporium. He had often stared from the windows of that concern at crowds of smartly attired people, but at the Town and Gown he was introduced for the first time to the elite of Berkeley. When the president of the Knickerbocker Dames requested the custodian to "remove this man" it was the hit of the piece. The cast of the play was what in stage parlance they call a "picked" one embracing all the flower of the club: Mrs. Wilkinson, Miss Carlin, Miss Loring, Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Rickard, Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. Torrey, Mrs. Robertson and Miss Day. The accessories were nine aristocratically awful old pig-tailed Dutch heads, done in charcoal by Ray Carter, a senior at the U. C. who made the best of *Blue and Gold's* cartoons this year.

One of the best stunts was that of Ruth Loring as Mrs. John Jacob Astor. She can act as well as play the piano. She wore a diamond ring on every finger, which she admired during the others' "old long-winded grandaddy's stories." Though all the gowns were elegantly in keeping with the Dames' social standing, Mrs. Victor Robertson's carried off the palm for beauty—pink chiffon over pale green silk, with pink chiffon hat to match.

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The Industrious Reaper

News has been received here of the death in Santiago, Chile, of Mrs. Isabelle Edwards who was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Faxon D. Atherton. The grim reaper has been busy of late among our oldest residents, members of the Parrotts, Selbys, Gwins and Atherton families having joined the great majority during the past month. Though not quite such old residents as the others above mentioned, the Athertons can come under that heading for they arrived here from Chile in 1858. The late F. D. Atherton going to Chile before the mast, won the heart and hand of a native Chilena with a competence which he invested so judiciously he was enabled in later years to rank among California's capitalists.

They Made It Fashionable

The Parrotts and Macondrays at San Mateo, the Gordons and Athertons at Menlo Park were the pioneer settlers of that nowadays fashionable region. The Athertons made their place at Fair Oaks—which they called Valparaiso Park—their permanent home until the death of old Mrs. Atherton several years ago, and here the younger members of the family grew up, and at the old homestead all the daughters were married. They were Alejandra—who is the wife of Major J. L. Rathbone, Helena, who first married Fred Macondray and after his death, Percy Selby, Isabelle, the late Mrs. Edwards, and Florence who is now Mrs. Perry Eyre. The Athertons have always been what might be termed lackadaisical in social affairs. Materfamilias never mastered the English language, but her two eldest daughters were accomplished and were great belles in the swim of their day.

A Secret Atherton Marriage

The Atherton family have at different times furnished fruitful themes for gossip. George, who was the husband of Gertrude Atherton, the authoress, being no exception. Faxon, who married the lovely daughter of ex-Mayor Selby, had previously secretly married by the contract system the daughter of an humble neighbor. The discovery of this "contract" was a bombshell socially, as it was not made until several years after his marriage with Miss Selby. It became known upon the legal adoption by husband and wife of a child born by the first union. This is not the only instance of a previous "marriage" turning up later to annoy members of our swim who had incurred other splicing.

Another Case

Take for instance that of Miss Flora Hastings who married W. Scott Keyes the present mining magnate. A claimant for the lady's hand appeared several years after she had wedded Mr. Keyes, in the person of a man named James O'Brien Kelley. He was the son of an inn keeper at Sweet Chalybeate Springs, Va., where, he asserted, he and Miss Hastings were married at the railway station. The lady explained that she had married him "for fun," but it required a double divorce, first from Keyes, and then from Kelley, ere she was deemed by the Courts free to again marry Keyes, which she did as soon as the Supreme Court decision was handed down.

CLARA SHORTRIDGE FOLTZ
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW
Third Floor, Parrott Building, San Francisco Tel. Mint 1026

A Leaf From the Past

Some interesting reminiscences of the Rulofson family have been revived by the unpleasant divorce suit of the younger Rulofsons. The reminiscences deal with the story of an old man's darling, the demon jealousy, a literary venture by way of revenge, a chorus—nay, a roar of indignation—that went up from one end of the country to another, and then the author's death. In the early seventies the name of Rulofson was the synonym for all that was elegant and artistic in photography. To have one's photograph taken at any other studio than Bradley & Rulofson's was quite out of the question, and the junior of the firm was the favored. Rulofson's wife died leaving him with several children. In due course of time he married again—a beautiful girl of eighteen, the embodiment of all feminine virtues. To his children she became a mother and won the affection of girls almost as old as herself. She entered heart and soul into their pursuits and helped make their lives pleasant. She was a charming hostess and a much sought-for guest in the homes of the inner circle.

The Dance of Death

It was not long before her husband, who was greatly her senior, began to be wildly jealous of his young wife. He made her life a hell by his spying, his suspicions and his unjust accusations. He vowed that he would make her suffer, that he would be revenged upon the beautiful woman whose only fault was that she was so attractive. And soon his revenge developed. It was a book called "The Dance of Death," a choice bit of pornographic literature, in the perusal of which those whose minds were not already filled with base images and impure imaginings could have them supplied at a moment's notice. The book was a diatribe against the waltz. Things unmentionable were detailed at length. There were liberal citations from Byron's salacious poem on the same theme. Rulofson exulted in the thought that his excoriation of the waltz would humiliate his pretty wife because of her devotion to the terpsichorean art. It was a book that pandered to the prurient and therefore it was widely read.

General Sherman's Wife Approved It

The book had a tremendous vogue. Sensational preachers rushed into their pulpits to gain a little free advertising by preaching commendatory sermons upon it.

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Society leaders were interviewed and indignantly repudiated the charges therein contained. The anonymous letter writer was out in full force, while not a few of the country's notables were heard from on the subject. One of these was the wife of General Sherman who wrote a letter to the author of "The Dance of Death," praising him for his courage in attacking the waltz. By way of endorsement for the sentiment of the book and its suggestions she said it was all true, for she had felt that way herself. Slips of girls read it under vows of secrecy and silence, neither of which was kept. Callow youths absorbed its suggestions and went out to search for sensations. Altogether it was a great success from the standpoint of the panderer to vice. If republished today perhaps it would not make more than a ripple in the reading world. We are used to bonny hugs nowadays.

The Author's Fate

Social ostracism finally overtook the author of "The Dance of Death." True, the authorship was for a time kept a secret but at last it was out. Rulofson did not deny it, but after he had enjoyed his malodorous sensation for a time there were those who suggested a different author. They said Rulofson was not clever enough to write a book, but had hired the jeweled brain of Pen Johnson to do it for him. Whether he wrote it or not, misfortune marked him for her own. He lost his business and one fine day he went up on the housetop to oversee some repairs, and fell off the roof into eternity.

"Blingum has filled his house with strangers for the shooting."

"Yes; he wouldn't like anybody he knows discover what a poor shot he is.'

Peculiar Legal Practice

The Widow Craven who still enjoys her liberty though it is generally understood that she mothered some forged deeds is still hoping for a compromise settlement. Her only hope now is to delay the distribution of the estate, pending a settlement, and her attorneys are still sticking to her. And the most faithful of them is James G. Maguire, the "little giant" whose virtues have so often been extolled in campaign times. To the layman unfamiliar with legal ethics the attitude of Maguire is anything but commendable. Here is a lawyer engaged in trying to extort money from people upon threats to tie up their property. Of course if it wasn't all right to do that sort of thing somebody would petition for Maguire's disbarment. Ordinarily when a man threatens to harass you unless you put up you regard him as a blackmailer, but if a lawyer resorts to that sort of business he is not even frowned upon by the court. Judge Maguire is an old practitioner and no doubt he is as well aware of his duties to his client as of his obligations to the court of which he is an officer.

A Direful Threat

Yet here he is trying to force a compromise for a woman who presented to a court deeds which have been pronounced forgeries. If she were innocent surely she would want vindication and she cannot get that by submitting to being bought off. It is strange indeed if a lawyer may, without violating the ethics of his profession, assist in the furtherance of such a project. Judge Maguire has sent to the attorneys for the Fair heirs a letter which he received from his client which is in the nature of a demand for a settlement upon the penalty of being subjected to some terrible fate. "If in after years," she wrote, "some of Senator Fair's children have cause to regret, as they most assuredly will, they will not do so without having been made fully acquainted by those in whom they have implicit confidence and know that the position I am about to take in defense of my honor, and the protection of other rights, was forced upon me by their own attorneys." I have been told that the Fair heirs have consistently declared that they would never give Mrs. Craven any more than what they estimated it would cost them to fight her. Mrs. Craven has been holding out for a larger amount.

The Passing of Mrs. Tevis

The death of Mrs. Susan G. Tevis, widow of Lloyd Tevis, was not unexpected but it caused a shock to many people who were sincerely attached to her. The dailies have made the public familiar with the story of her life. She held a conspicuous place in society here since early days. The Tevis hospitality was cordial and at times lavish. As their wealth grew their home changed from the modest dwelling in Stockton street to a more modern abode in South Park, and finally they built the present residence at Taylor and Jackson streets which for years has been the centre of a refined and exclusive circle. Although possessed of wealth and position, Mrs. Tevis had many trials which she bore with Christian fortitude. She was an active member of Grace Episcopal church. She

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leaves two sons, two daughters and many grandchildren. The eldest daughter, Maggie, is the wife of Gordon Blanding. Louise, the youngest, married, after her divorce from J. C. Breckenridge, Fred W. Sharon, and they have resided in Paris ever since. Dr. Harry Tevis, the eldest son, is the only unmarried member of the family. William S. Tevis, the youngest son, who was always considered by his father to be the business man of the family, married Mabel Pacheco and they reside at Bakersfield. News has just been received that Florence Breckenridge, a granddaughter of Mrs. Tevis, is in a sanitarium under treatment for a form of melancholia similar to that which afflicted her unhappy brother, Lloyd. Naturally grave fears are expressed as to the effect upon her of the news of the death of Mrs. Tevis.

How Hobart Lost His Home

The rumor that Walter Hobart is broke will not down. Yet he does not look like a young man who is having a hard time keeping the wolf from the door. But he was such a prodigal blade, and given to such reckless extravagance, that having ceased to throw money to the birds his friends have concluded that his purse is depleted. Only a few years ago he was known as Prince Fortunatus, for he had money to burn, but now there appears to be nothing but the ashes to recall the days of his dazzling diversions. His was a meteoric career. Born under a propitious planet, inheriting millions before he reached his majority, he set the pace at Blingum and a fast and furious pace it was. His polo ponies, race horses and equipages were the envy of his acquaintances. He married a beautiful young woman, the acknowledged leader of her set, and then he built a sumptuous mansion at Burlingame fit for the menage of a Croesus. But alas and alack! according to gossip in the homes of our exclusives, his two brothers-in-law with highly developed commercial instincts called a halt. They took charge of the estate, and it was found that wilful Wally had been plunging impetuously and imprudently. The Hobart home has passed into the hands of Mrs. Lester, and the place that knew Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart will know them no more.

End of Love's Young Dream

The climax of the marital troubles of the Rosenfelds is an unfortunate culmination of one of the prettiest romances of recent years. Max Rosenfeld was a jolly, good-natured high school boy when he met winsome little Miss Smedburg, a cute maid of sixteen who was teaching the kindergarten of which her aunt was matron. Theirs was a boy and girl love affair. Max was an athlete and one day when he saved Miss Smedburg from drowning in the bay near San Mateo, he became a great hero in his sweetheart's eyes. Later on when the youth entered the commercial world and became identified with the business founded by his father, the engagement was announced. At first there was strong parental opposition on the part of John Rosenfeld. Not because of religious differences, but the old gentleman did not think that his son's personality was all that won the girl's admiration. Though threatened with dismissal from the office, the young man stood by the girl of his choice, and finally objections were smoothed away. And now love's young dream is over, and already there is whispering of a second marriage.

Snobs in Their Variety

An unknown correspondent has taken me to task for mentioning the forbears of some of our smart society folks. I suspect my correspondent of being a snob ashamed of the occupation of an ancestor. But such contemptible vanity is not uncommon. It was lately learned that Mr. Edmund Gosse, in his life of Robert Browning, deliberately suppressed the fact that the poet's great-grandfather was a butler. No doubt the worthy footman was relegated to obscurity to spare the feelings of some of his snobbish progeny. A similar suppression is to be found in Burke's Peerage. The Guinness family of brewers now boasts two barons to its credit—Lords Ardilaum and Iveagh. They are described in the famous collection of fairy tales as persons of long and noble lineage whereas the brothers are removed by only a generation from a respectable butler who never made beer and who was perhaps strictly temperate.

Jollying the Rich

Bishop Potter is bound to keep in the good graces of the rich even if he has to distort the Bible to accomplish his purpose. The despatches tell us that at Yale University the other night he argued that "Christ did not denounce wealth any more than He denounced poverty," and that it was the lust of riches, the greed of gain, the vulgar snobbishness which used money for display against which he inveighed. Bishop Potter merely concurs with young Mr. Rockefeller, the heir to billions who recently told us the same thing about what Christ taught. But the Gospels give a somewhat different impression as to Christ's attitude toward the rich. After reading them the conclusion is inevitable that Christ maintained that riches couldn't be acquired or hoarded except by giving rein to evil spirits, or at least by suppressing the better emotions. Christ's ideal was essentially ascetic. When asked by a rich young man how he might inherit eternal life he was told to sell what he had and give to the poor. He never denounced poverty. Abraham tells the rich man that as he received the good things in this life, and Lazarus evil things, the one was comforted and the other tormented in the life beyond the grave. Very few of us live up to the

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Christian ideal. Even the fat and sleek Bishop who tries to comfort the rich does not follow strictly the teachings of Christ. It was in deference to those teachings that the monastic system grew up among the early Christians.

The Ping Pong Fever

There is no indication of an abatement of the ping-pong fever. Pass any one of our fashionable residences in the evening and you will hear the familiar plunk of the ball. The disease attacks clergymen, politicians and women's club members with especial virulence. Men and women of large and growing girth take to it with great enthusiasm. The boards are quite expensive parts of the equipment, but an ordinary dining-room table with all the leaves in place will suffice. A medical friend informs me that ping-pong will be the salvation of many women. The average woman doesn't get one quarter enough exercise for her own good. Her blood circulates poorly. She lacks healthy glow. Along comes ping-pong. It is just the thing. It is less violent than tennis but it stimulates activity all along the line.

From Constantinople to Yokohama

A New York correspondent writes me that the Waldorf-Astoria has a ping-pong room, and it is a great feature of the hotel. Ping-pong, be it known, is not a new game. It was played in Japan over a century ago. I met a tourist at the Palace hotel the other day who tells me that the game is immensely popular in Turkish homes. The Khedive's mother has a ping-pong table in her new palace, and her maids-of-honor are adepts at the game. They are always attended by a troupe of pickaninnies who pick up the balls for them.

He's from Mississippi

Senator Money who disgraced himself last week by trying to stab an inoffensive car conductor for trying to perform his duty has appeared in an unenviable light before. Hon. Hernando De Soto Money hails from Mississippi. So it was quite natural for him to resort to a knife. About five years ago this impetuous Southerner had an encounter with Uriel Lebree Hall of Missouri in the room of the House Naval Committee, and Mr. Money emerged from it covered with blood and ink and with no more glory than he achieved in the Washington street car. That encounter was known as the ink-stand duel. Mr. Money suffers not only from infirmity of temper but also from an impaired sense of the responsibilities of a position of high honor and dignity. His constituents should keep him in Mississippi.

He Disclaims Relationship

The man that toots the horn on Duplessis Beylard's coach is no relative of his employer. True he dresses like him and looks like him, but I have the horn-tooter's own word for it that there is not the remotest kinship. Indeed he seemed quite indignant when I remarked the resemblance.

Mr. J. J. Gildea has just returned from New York where he laid in a stock of the latest things in gentlemen's modish furnishings. Mr. Gildea has opened a new store at 715 Market street. This is distinctly a gentlemen's furnishing store. The newest models of hats, neckwear and accessories of the modish gentleman's attire are to be seen here.

Re-establishing Burr

Great efforts are being made to re-establish the character of Aaron Burr, and some of his descendants in this city are about to launch a branch of the association which was organized in the East to prove that Burr was an aristocrat and a much-maligned man. It is advisable for them to let poor old Burr rest in peace. He probably was maligned. It has been said that no man is as bad as he seems, and Burr was probably charged with many sins that he never committed, but he was bad enough. Only the other day, by the way, the St. James hotel at Port Richmond, Staten Island, was sold. Burr's death occurred in that house. It was there that he gloated over his collection of faded letters written to him by foolish writers and which were believed to threaten the peace of many a home.

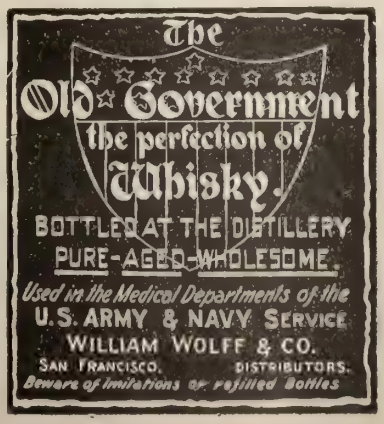
A very enjoyable affair was the euchre party given by Mrs. John P. Young at the Sorosis Club last week. Mrs. Young is an exceptionally charming and brilliant hostess, and invitations to her functions invariably win glad responses. Handsome prizes were won at the euchre party by Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Linda Bryan and Mrs. H. R. Mann.

Another Infant Prodigy

San Jose is rejoicing in a literary prodigy of twelve years who has published a volume of children's stories. The youngster is certainly precocious and without having seen the product of his pen it is equally unfair to either praise or blame, but on general principles it would be better to suppress the young author and keep him out of print for a while. If there is anything in him it ought to be given time to ripen, for the infant phenomenon, like the forced plant, usually produces abundantly in the first season and is either barren or gives forth but stunted and aborted blossoms thereafter. It is one of the evils of the age that children are forced into prominence so young, and we have a host of infant actors, dancers, pianists and artists claiming public attention when they ought to be in their nurseries. Rarely does it happen that one of them rises above mediocrity in later life unless it has been judiciously suppressed while there was still something left in it.

The New Art Society

Advertisement is a mighty good thing. Not only in commercial affairs, but in matters artistic trumpeting has its uses. In all the years of art in San Francisco there has never been such a genuine interest shown in an art exhibition as in the present one of the new California Society



of Artists. The Hopkins people little knew how well they builded when they stirred up that controversy over the hang-or-not-to-hang question at the exhibition. They gave an impetus to art and the results will stretch far into the future. It is absurd to fancy that this clever little club of clever artists is going to smash the big association on Nob Hill into smithereens. It would be impossible, without a millionaire's backing, to do that. But nobody looks for such a happening. The picture show of the insurgent artists has been a success. Few of the many who have thronged the tiny atelier of Painter Neilson during the week have had any but good words for the things shown. The newspapers gave the exhibition scant space but then they were filled with the tales of strike and pedestrianism at the time the show was opened, and the pace of daily journalism is too fast for them to turn back. It is the first hanging of the work of the California Society of Artists, the offshoot from the Hopkins gallery and the result of too much Mathews. Yet is the boss of the paint pots on Nob Hill avenged to an extent, for some of the exhibitors pay him tribute in their methods, and make plain his influence on their style.

Too Much Ego

There are one hundred and thirty oils, water colors, pastels, etchings and modelings beside some pencil drawings. As a whole the exhibition is of a higher tone than those at the Hopkins' barn, and there is a delightful lack of pretense in framing. The masculine note predominates in the ensemble, and as a matter of fact nine women and twenty-one men make up the thirty contributors to the gallery. The insurgents have erred in too much sameness. They refused scores of pictures which might have adorned their walls to better advantage than those they took. There is too much ego and it comes, alas! from the insurgents going back on the very first principle they enunciated when they broke away from the domination of Boss Mathews and his pot-gang. When they flung their banner of revolt to the breeze, they declared they would have an exhibition at which only merit would count. Now I don't want to be captious, but surely the first showing of the California Society of Artists would have been better if it had less than sixteen of Blendon Campbell's canvases and less than fourteen of Maynard Dixon's. Both these men have painted well and both have great talent. Yet they have affixed to the wall some trifles unworthy of association with their own and others' best work. And Campbell has so overvalued his works that he has drawn smiles where serious looks of delight might have been. He is but a student with some achievements to his credit but with no notches deep enough to warrant asking a thousand dollars for pictures worth a tenth. Masters in Paris accept five hundred dollars for things yet far out of Blendon Campbell's reach.

Some of the Pictures

The insurgents refused many excellent paintings offered them for want of wall room but they might have discarded a half-dozen of Dixon's and the same number of Campbell's and a few sent by Martinez and Leslie Hunter. Then space could have been given to some who were not represented at all. These insurgents are impressionists. They say they paint the thing as they see it. Maybe so. If Martinez ever saw oxen yoking along in the fashion he has portrayed them in "La Oracion," it was a unique spectacle. The conception of this prayer is good but the execution is crude. He puts a price of two thousand dollars on this picture. In the words of the injured stage heroine, "This is too much." But you must not think Martinez and all these artists have not much that is worth going far to see. They have lots of really fine pictures, and the public shows too little appreciation of their efforts. Sandona shines in his one number—a pastel of a woman in a garden. Sandona stirred up the row in art circles which ended in the forming of this society, and he has a brilliant future if one may prophesy from his present work. Putnam, the sculptor, gives more of the promise which has distinguished his clever modelings. Miss Whitney has a bust of "Uncle George" Bromley which has good points but which does not quite catch the character of the Nestor of local bohemians. Piazzoni's "Solitude" which was refused at the Hopkins, is hung in great state. One of the best portraits shown is by Gertrude O'Brien. One could stand a long while before this portrait, and constantly find new beauties in it. It shows a woman in black, presumably just returned from a ride as she has her gauntlets on and her hat lies carelessly thrown by her side. The whole pose breathes weariness, not of body so much as soul fatigue. The pale blonde hair harmonizes with the delicate skin and large blue eyes. The skin and hair treatment in this portrait are perfect. Never have I seen anything approaching it except in the portraits by A. Asti that Gump brought from abroad last year. But Mrs. O'Brien studied in Paris. This portrait has the cachet of the Salon.

Studio Notes

Piazzoni's pupils are drawing from the nude. They have the old Frenchman as a model who has posed for so many art students. They are going to have a woman model next. Piazzoni takes his pupils out sketching now on Saturdays. Sandona, too, has a sketching class. It is formed of old men, and is unique in its way, a reversal of the Telemachus-Mentor order of leads.

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With the Money Makers

Profits Not Very Apparent

The Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company is seeking investors all over the world. The company is capitalized for $6,650,000 and is offering for sale $1, 200, 000 of the stock at $65, the par value being $100. A special effort is being made to interest Western capitalists and the public of San Francisco in particular. The company has on its board of directors: Former United States Attorney-General Griggs, Commander Kelley, U. S. N., H. H. McClure of the S. S. McClure Company and Spencer Trask of Spencer Trask & Co., bankers. Its array of names is a very brave one and should invite the greatest confidence in the company's offerings. But whence are the profits of the company to come? What is to pay interest on the immense capital invested? This company has only the rights of the Marconi system in the United States, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippines, Alaska, and on all ships under the American flag. Marconi says: "It is no uncommon thing for the messages passing to and from a liner, either outward or homeward bound, to realize from $150 to $200. Upon a recent arrival of one of the American liners in home waters, no less than eight thousand and fifty words were transmitted and received in the space of sixteen hours. I would point out that if in each complete day of twenty-four hours, only that number of words should be transmitted between two of our transatlantic stations, at sixpence a word, it would represent an annual income of over $365,000 from each pair of such stations." The Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America says in its appeal to the public to invest, that the chief steamship companies are giving orders for installations on their vessels; that they are employing the Marconi system; that the company has secured a monopoly of mercantile marine signaling, and that the ships of the British and Italian navies are being equipped with the system. I should not advise investment in the stock of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America. It does not appear that the investor has any fair guarantee against loss, or that the company has any probable source of great profit. Even Marconi's claims to a monopoly on wireless systems is disputed and other inventors are installing systems, seemingly as practicable and successful.

The Sugar Industry

President and Manager H. P. Baldwin, of the Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company, in his annual report which recently arrived from the Islands, states: "That in 1901 the total acreage milled was 3,583.48 acres. The sugar output from the Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar company cane was 24,372 tons. Besides this the factory manufactured from the Kihei Plantation cane 1,796 tons. Cultivating contracts for 3,924.66 acres have been given out, and about 500 acres more will be given out this year. Labor is becoming more plentiful and wages are decreasing gradually. The new Puunene sugar factory was started January 29th with a 9-roller mill, having a capacity of 150 tons of sugar a day. A second 9-roller mill is being built. Oil will be used instead of coal for fuel in future at the pumping plants, a 5-year contract has been made with the Union Oil Company, at a rate which it is believed will make a considerable reduction in the cost of operating pumping plants. A 20-year lease has been obtained from the Government of certain streams, which will furnish somewhere in the neighborhood of 10,000,000 gallons of water every 24 hours in the dryest weather."

Stock and Bond Exchange

Sales of San Francisco Gas and Electric shares have been the chief feature on the Stock and Bond Exchange since the beginning of the week and prices have been fairly well sustained with liberal parcels of stock offering. At Tuesday morning's session 695 shares were sold at $45 while at the afternoon call 10 brought $45.37 1-2. Numerous buyers were bidding at $45 but holders demanded $45.50 and were firm in their views. Values for Pacific Gas Improvement Company's securities have shown a gradual hardening and there has been no liberal amount of stock offering. Oakland Gaslight and Heating Company's shares were also held at firmer figures. The increased interest in gas securities manifested during the week and the general strengthening of values is attributed to the option secured by the Oakland Gas and Electric Company which is taken as a possible leader of a plan to combine all the companies in the bay counties. Oceanic Steamship shares were a trifle stronger, buyers' bids coming nearer to the demands of holders; however, no transactions of importance were recorded, there being too liberal offers to sell. Rumors are persistent that the Oceanic Company and the Santa Fe are in some way connected and it is generally believed on the street that the railroad company will secure the steamship concern or the two corporations will be operated in conjunction. There was a slight weakening in Spring Valley Water Company's shares which proved but temporary as there was liberal buying and the stock quickly recovered and ruled steady with $92.50 asked. With the report of the serious illness of William J. Dingee the shares of the Contra Costa Water Company fell rather sharply but rallied some and have ruled steady at about $77, with moderate trading reported. Giant Powder was firm, touching $80, and Alaska Packers Association's issues reached $160 and was strong at the advance. Several parcels of these securities changed hands. Bank

FINANCIAL

....THE....

German Savings and Loan Society

526 CALIFORNIA STREET, San Francisco

Guaranteed Capital and Surplus	$ 2, 16,381. 13
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000 00
Deposits Dec. 31, 1901	30,766,038 17

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532 California Street, Corner Webb

Deposits, Jan. 1, 1902,	$30,026,352 00
Paid Up Capital,	1,000,000 00
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Continental Building and Loan Association

OF CALIFORNIA

ESTABLISHED IN 1889

Assets	$ 2,100,000.00
Subscribed Capital	13,000,000.00
Monthly Income	120,000.00
Homes built since organization	1,100

To help its members to build homes, also to make loans on improved property, the members giving first liens on their real estate as security.

To help its Stockholders to earn from 10 to 12 per cent interest on their stock and allow them to open deposit accounts bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum on Ordinary deposits and 6 per cent per annum on term deposits.

Home Office, 301 CALIFORNIA STREET, San Francisco
WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager

stocks held up well, $1,990 being bid for German and $525 for San Francisco Savings Union, with no offers to sell. Trading in bonds has been limited and confined to a small variety. Sacramento Electric, Gas and Railway, 5 per cents were firmer, reaching as high as $105 against $102.50 last week. The 6 per cent bonds of the Sierra Railway Company were also firmer and there were no great quantity offering. Buyers raised their bids to $116 against $115 last week. Oakland Water Company's 5 per cents came in for some attention and quite a few brought $104.

Financial Notes

The market for Oil shares has been very apathetic, investors generally being backward, apparently under the belief that prices would be lower. Reports from the fields, however, have shown some additional favorable features, under the influence of which prices have maintained a good steady tone. Sterling has been one of the stocks most largely dealt in, the fluctuations in the price of this stock being kept within narrow limits. Reed Crude and Sovereign have also developed some attention. The dividends on Oil stocks for April are considerably in excess of $100,000, more than one-half the total being divided among the shareholders of one company. One broker failed during the week but this had no effect upon the market.

Owing to the favorable reports from the leading north end mines on the Comstock and from the Brunswick lode workings, speculation in the market for mining shares has been more active during the past few days and there has been a general hardening in values. Sales have been numerous and the prices realized for many of the stocks were considerably higher than for many months past.

The interest coupons of the Market-street Cable Railway, Park & Ocean Railroad, Omnibus Cable, Powell-street, Market-street Railway, Park & Cliff House Railway, Ferries & Cliff House Railway and Sutter-street Railway will hereafter be payable at the office of the treasurer of the United Railroads of San Francisco, in the Wells, Fargo & Co.'s building.

The directors of the City & County Bank, which was recently incorporated, are A. J. Lowenberg, P. N. Lilienthal, C. A. Malin, Matthew Nunan, A. Ponn, L. V. Merle and L. Auerbach. The capital stock has been placed at $250,000 in 2,500 shares of $100 each. This has been fully subscribed. The bank was started by P. N. Lilienthal, manager of the Anglo-California bank, to provide accommodation for the retail trade south of Market street. It is to be located somewhere between Fifth and Ninth streets.

—*The Financier*

My Lady's Lace—Strait-Laced?

"My lace has slipped, pray, fix it, sir!"
My Lady said, with winsome pout.
I stooped at once, without demur,
But soon was in a maze of doubt.

With modest air her dainty dress
Was slightly raised to show her shoe:
But as I looked I must confess
I did not know just what to do.

There was her shoe-lace, sure enough,
But, eke, below the dress upraised
Peered out a mass of filmy stuff
Which left my senses sorely dazed.

"Well, sir," said she, "hast gone to sleep?
Why don't you fix the lace at once?"
My greedy eyes took one last peep,
And then, with air of stupid dunce,

Quoth I, "Which lace?" Her bright glance fell,
And, blushing, on my ear she placed
A sounding slap, which told me well
Though lace *was* loose, *she* was strait-laced.

April, 1902. *R. C. Macdonald.*

OCEANIC Steamship Company

S. S. SONOMA for Honolulu, Samoa, Auckland and Sydney, Thursday, May 1, at 10 a. m.

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May 8
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ACTORS' FUND HOME

The brilliant program will include acts by the leading players now appearing in this city.

The Columbia, California, Alcazar, Tivoli, Grand Opera House, Orpheum and Central will be represented by their best features.

Prices $2, $1.50, $1, 50c.

Notice to Creditors

Estate of Elizabeth Schafer Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Jno. W. Bourdette, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Elizabeth Schafer deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Jno. W. Bourdette at Rooms 1002-1003 Claus Spreckels Building, corner 3d and Market Streets, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JNO. W. BOURDETTE,
Executor of the last Will and Testament of Elizabeth Schafer Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 3, 1902.

Estate of Myron E. Stanford, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Eugenie B. Stanford, Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix at the office of Edward B. Young, Attorney for said Executrix, Rooms 35 and 36, Number 14 Sansome Street, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

EUGENIE B. STANFORD,
Executrix of the Estate of Myron E. Stanford, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 3rd, 1902.

EDWARD B. YOUNG, Attorney for Executrix.

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THE DEPARTED ONE.

Thy soul above all souls must I adore
And worship its great Presence in thine eyes.
Lights dowered with a ray from Paradise,
Whose light is Love alone as Heaven's core.
So much I hoped not and dare hope no more
Than but to watch thee in those utmost skies,
For me the loveliest of all stars that rise
Joyous into the night, with all their lore.

Did I not know thee once, not long ago,
Ere ever gathered in this life's small shell?
The heart can doubt bedim it,—when the soul
Cries out beyond the world it loves thee well?
Yet the Lethean river parts us—O,
What mists from up its silent waters roll!

May, 1902. *Herman Scheffauer.*

THE WICKED FLEA.

It used to be said in San Francisco that if one took up a pail of sand, one-third of it would hop out. That may explain why people here frankly acknowledge the presence of fleas and admit personal contributions to the maintenance of the same. Nevertheless only a small fraction of the feeling on that subject finds vent in words. It is housed with the other pent-up emotions. Our knowledge of fleas, like our acquaintance with relatives and friends, is founded on personal association, not on scientific observation. Not a traveler to our shores fails to make his involuntary contribution to the sustenance of this part of our population. They are unavoidable tax-gatherers, and in darkness and daylight alike, they ramble freely. They make no distinction between the homes of the rich or the poor, the sanctuary or places of amusement. Though they are not on the list of "those present" they never miss a "first night." No one is spared, and yet, these active compatriots of ours have likes and dislikes that they unerringly observe. Here and there is a person that they will not touch, and with some others they will bite only about the neck; usually they are indiscriminate in their attentions, but these exceptions are universally observed. The bite of a flea is in inverse ratio to its size; the little fleas can bite harder and oftener than the large ones. They multiply in a measure exceeding human compliance with the first commandment, and no army supplies the places of the fallen as quickly and competently; their reserves are inexhaustible. Flea remedies and flea preventives without number are advertised, but—the only flea that will not bite is a dead one. Not long after the ceremony of a recent notable marriage, the bride disappeared. Scarcely noticed at first, soon the maid of honor and the bridesmaids felt that they must find the missing bride. Many things possible and impossible tortured their imaginings. One even whispered "Ginevra," the others said "Hush!" but, with paled cheeks, quickened their steps. At last they found the bride in the seclusion of her chamber, bending over a bowl of water. "What is it?" they asked breathlessly, "what is the matter?" She looked up in wonder at their anxious faces. "I've been Drowned within the last two hours," she said and smiled charmingly, "and found the procedure pleasant and impressive; why shouldn't I drown a flea?"

A Victim.

AN AUTHORESS DISAPPOINTS

Scene: Reception hall of the Women Writers' Club, during progress of reception. A babel of voices.

The President: Yes, she's really coming.

The Secretary: Yes, Mrs. Sparhawk North has signified her acceptance of our invitation to be present.

The Treasurer: But it's time for the program to begin and she isn't here.

Mrs. Dilettante: Are you quite sure? I thought I saw her enter just now; that blonde.

The Secretary: Oh, no, that can't be she. Why, she's just from Europe, and would wear a Paris frock of course. That blonde has on a tweed suit.

Mrs. Dilettante: Well, it's she, I know it. I went to school with her, and *I* ought to know.

The President: Yes, that's certainly Mrs. North. I must now request her to go upon the platform.

A minute later:

The President: We would consider it an honor if you would take your place with the officers of the Women Writers' Club, on the stage.

Mrs. North: Oh, no, indeed. I thank you very much, but I prefer to sit here.

The President: But we expected you to address us, and besides the ladies would like to have a good look at you.

Mrs. North (smiling charmingly but deprecatingly): Thank you so much, but I am not a speaker.

The President: Well, then, won't you kindly stand on the stage just a few minutes, so that all the ladies may see you? This is the first opportunity they have had to see a genuine writer.

Miss Pennyliner (sotto voce): Oh, I don't know; I attend every meeting.

Mrs. North politely but firmly declines to exhibit herself as a freak.

The President: Well, then, won't you tell us why you write novels? Is it because of an imperious, irresistible inspiration?

Mrs. North: Well—sometimes.

The President: Of course you don't do it for a living.

Mrs. North: Oh, certainly not; just for pin-money. And then, there's that occasional rainy day. It's so dull! I long to drive the blues away, so I sit down and write a novel or two.

At the close of the meeting the secretary remarks to a friend: "What a terrible disappointment. I thought that Mrs. North intended to tell us just how a successful novel should be written." —*The Reporter.*

"I wish we had a law like that in 'The Singing Girl,'" said Tom.

"What's that?" asked Rose Bud with a smile that caused Tom's heart to palpitate wildly.

"All persons caught flirting are compelled to marry."

"In that case," observed the Chaperon, "I fear Rose would have to live in Salt Lake City."

PING PONG Tables

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The Story of an Audacious Heiress

When Cecil Deering gave up his minor position in the bank and started out as a gentleman of leisure, the world wondered. When he established himself in an elegant flat, with a negro bell boy, an English valet and a Parisian chef they began to think some unknown relative had died and left him a fortune.

Cecil became a butterfly. He was always at afternoon teas and was daily seen driving or riding in the Park with Eleanor Mills.

Miss Mills had more money than she knew what to do with. She was thirty, and acknowledged to twenty-eight. Her income was apparently inexhaustible, and she had a mind as broad as the ocean and as wide open to receive impressions as her purse was to dispense largesse to the needy.

With all her independence and affectation of masculinity she was as feminine a bit of womanhood as God ever made. If ever a woman existed who seemed built for love and kisses, matrimony and babies, it was Eleanor Mills. Yet she was thirty and still unmarried.

"Men don't seem to care for her in spite of her looks and money," was what her dear dozen bosom friends of her own sex gave of the explanation.

The men knew better, but of course they didn't say; for what man cares to make himself the object of his friends' quips and jibes as a jilted one?

As for Eleanor Mills, she knew very well why she turned down so many eligibles, and closed her eyes on the worshipers that knelt at her shrine. Ted Eckhart knew, too, and he also knew that so far as he was concerned there was little chance of Miss Mills ever gaining her heart's desire. He felt that he loved her and he argued with himself that he would marry her some day, but meanwhile Estelle seemed to exercise some hypnotic power over him. Estelle had been his bon ami for years. Estelle was a vivacious little woman, very beautiful and persuasive. She was of the type dark as night, and her eyes were sensuous and enthralling. But Ted knew that he could never marry Estelle. She was his toy, his plaything, but he could not cast her away. His friends said he lacked the courage. Estelle knew of Miss Mills' infatuation for her lover and she was confident that he would never be lost to her. She hated Miss Mills and when she told Ted of her hatred, her teeth gleamed and her sensuous eyes became somewhat startling.

At such times Ted always reassured her of his undying fidelity.

Miss Mills was concocting a cocktail, a satisfying mixture of angostura, vermouth and scotch. Ted Eckhart looked on and admired the deft white fingers. He counted himself a happy man that he might look on.

"See here, Ted," exclaimed the heiress, "I don't like this one-sided arrangement, and I say it's going to stop. Right here, too!"

"Beg pardon," remarked Eckhart, not being intuitive enough to have followed the unspoken line of reasoning leading up to the outburst.

"Yes, stop," said Miss Mills, dabbing a cherry viciously with a nut-pick, "this is the last time you shall enter my house, unless— "

Eckhart knew the unless. He had heard it before and argued it away.

"One rule for man—pah! Wait till you see *me*."

It was not until a week later that Eckhart grasped the signification of that emphatic personal pronoun.

Estelle enjoyed the momentary triumph of the archer who has hit the bulls-eye.

"What under the sun are you talking about?" asked Eckhart.

"The heiress," she returned, "your heiress. Oh, Lord! How shocking! so shocking—it takes these heiresses born with diamond necklaces to create new diversions. Talk of *Us;* well, don't tell me anything else. I'm ready to die now."

"You are wild to dream of such a thing," said Eckhart, "don't defame Miss Mills by coupling her name with such a story."

"Ah, but Deering told me himself. She pays for all."

"Deering told you! Where did you become acquainted with Deering?"

"Oh, I've met him. He's a lovely fellow, too. And he isn't much in love with Miss Mills, either, but he says she's a good thing.'

"The scoundrel," exclaimed Eckhart.

"Oh, he's like all men," said Estelle with a toss of her head. "These men of society haven't much sense of honor. They're either idiots or oracles, and the society in which they move is a lie. It's worse than rank hypocrisy."

"So you don't care whether you are being talked about," said Eckhart.

"Why should I care? Gossip can't injure me. Nobody in society escapes gossip. Besides it's fashionable to be wicked. Some day I'll marry and then I'll quit society."

"But this man Deering is a scoundrel. He talks about you."

"How do you know?'

"I've heard it."

"If you respect me, you shouldn't listen to gossip about me."

"Do you intend to go on this way?" he asked passionately.

"Do you intend to continue on your way?" she smilingly retorted.

"But I'm a man."

"And I am a woman. There's not much difference between us. You have told me you love me, but you bestow your affection on another. Mr. Deering is nothing to me. I have availed myself of him to subserve a purpose. When it is accomplished I'll tell you about it!"

"You give him money."

"Yes, for a purpose."

Three months later club gossip ran high. "Hear about Eckhart's girl Estelle?" one club man asked another.

"Hear what?"

"Estelle skipped out with Deering, the chap that was so chummy with Miss Mills, and Miss Mills was quietly married the other day to Eckhart."

"Yes," said Mrs. Eckhart, the day of her marriage, "Cecil Deering did spend my money. I told you I availed myself of him to subserve a purpose. My purpose has been subserved. He was nothing to me, but he kept his compact. He earned his money."

—*The Gossip.*

OUTSIDE

The City

THE MAN OF BUSINESS is now looking for rest and recreation to the green fields of the country. Yet the busy man cannot go too far. He has to be in touch with the great city. The most beautiful and easiest reached winter and summer resort is open for the season. Special attention to the table. New management.

The Fog

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JESSE MOORE A A WHISKEY

BEST ON EARTH

DR. WILLEY'S Medical Discovery

Is the King of Pain, and "Balm of Gilead" That has cured THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE. . . .

STAGE

Maxine and Her Accent

Maxine Elliott, the beautiful ox-eyed Maxine, has come back to us more beautiful than ever because a trifle less buxom and a shade more graceful of contour, and with a fetching English accent. The accent probably goes with the home for the Goodwin menage recently purchased in England. It has the true ring, has the Elliott accent, and it is hard to believe that the owner of it ever lived in Oakland. It faintly suggests the Dublin accent of Ada Rehan acquired in Connecticut, but it is not so mellow. But that is perhaps because the beautiful Maxine is not quite sure of it yet. It is not so easy to shake off Oakland influences. As Phyllis Ericson, Maxine Elliott is as charming as ever. Her pulchritude continues to be more impressive than her art but that is no disparagement of her acting. A theatre-goer should not expect too much for his money, but the fact is that Maxine Elliott is a clever actress even though she does lack magnetism. "When We Were Twenty-One" has been altered since its original production but it has not suffered from the emendation. The scene that rendered it a trifle risque has been cut out and a new one substituted that in no way mars the story. Goodwin's quaint humor is as infectious as ever and his Richard Carewe is all that the playwright intends him to be. Frederick Tiden as the Imp suffers by contrast with Harry Woodruff who made a great success in the part. The company is an adequate one, and crowded houses have been the rule at the Columbia all week. Goodwin will enjoy a most successful season here and with John Drew in prospect with one of the most charming plays he was ever seen in, the patrons of the Powell street theatre are to be felicitated.

The Greatest American Dramatist

Bronson Howard was reported in last Saturday's despatches as being ill unto death, and he may have passed away ere this is printed. Howard may be considered the distinctive American playwright, though his plays are not so absolutely local in tone as those of Augustus Thomas. He is—or was, one may say, as for some time previous to his "coming home to die" he had been unable to work—the slowest worker among American dramatists. But slow or not, he made a pot of money. He received over one hundred thousand dollars royalties from "Shenandoah." It took him three years to write "Aristocracy," which San Francisco saw with its original company—Barrymore, Faversham, Blanche Walsh and the others. "The Henrietta" is one of the cleverest comedies ever written and netted a handsome fortune for both Stuart Robson, the star, and the playwright. Hayman and Frohman were always firm believers in Howard's genius as a playwright, but it took A. M. Palmer a long time to acknowledge it. Mr. Palmer always affected an admiration for everything American but steadily refused to buy anything but English or French plays. When "Shenandoah" was being produced in Boston, Palmer went with T. Henry French to see it. But he shook his head at the final curtain; he considered "Shenandoah" a rank failure. He went to Europe and came back with a lot of foreign dramas and when he found the play he had refused to look at was the reigning success of the season he began to doubt his own judgment. Howard's earlier plays, though they did not make such a fortune for their author as "Shenandoah" did, are not to be despised. "The Banker's Daughter" had a great vogue in its time. "Saratoga" is still occasionally staged. "Young Mrs. Winthrop" was once very popular. He wrote a good many others but only their names linger in the memory. Bronson Howard was born in Detroit, fifty-five years ago, and is therefore not an Englishman as many have fancied. Perhaps this impression was due to the fact of his having married an English woman—Alice Wyndham, a sister of Charles Wyndham, the Picadilly manager.

It's Almost Criminal

Milton Nobles may be a very fair actor but he is not possessed of sufficient genius in the mummer line to entitle him to a pardon for writing such a villainous sketch as that which is entitled "At Bilgeville Junction," and which he is playing this week at the Orpheum. It is hard to believe that such an inane farce could have been written by anybody outside of a Home for Feeble Minded Children. If I could coax myself into the requisite state of mental aberration for the perpetration of such a piece of puerile and fatuous flubdub, I should feel fully qualified for admission to the Order of Paretics. The stage manager blundered in putting "At Bilgeville Junction" ahead of the biograph pictures. There are other features of the Orpheum program that cheer and refresh. Indeed the show this week has many exceptionally strong numbers but they scarcely compensate for fifteen minutes of Milton Nobles. If another such infliction were threatened I should advise that John Morrisey be wired to cut short his vacation.

On Thursday, May eighth, the Actors' Home will be formally dedicated in New York. Next Thursday afternoon at the Columbia theatre the Actors' Fund, without which there would have been no Home, will have a benefit. All the visiting actors and actresses and the stock companies will contribute to the program. The Goodwins, Neills, Harrigan, Nobles and others will take part in what will be a tremendous program. Milton Nobles, one of the directors of the Fund, is helping to arrange the event.

"The Lash of the Whip" has served to fill in the week at the Alcazar acceptably. But there will be a big crush next Monday when Charles Francis Bryant's new play goes on. Mr. Bryant is the Alcazar's stage manager and one of the best actors in the stock. His play, judging from the rehearsals, promises well. Lotta Day Coleman, a Californian writer, collaborated with Mr. Bryant in the play. "When the Heart Was Young" is a rural drama with scenes laid in the Berkshire hills.

In "The Singing Girl" at the Tivoli next week, with Annie Meyers in the title role, Arthur Cunningham will have the fine singing part of Duke Rudolph, sung by Cowles in the former production. Harold Gordon is the Count Otto of the cast, and Frances Graham is cast for Marie, sister of Rudolph. She will have some good numbers.

When the run of "Fiddle-Dee-Dee" ends at Fischer's "Pousse Cafe" will be put on. This had a long run at Weber & Field's in New York. To it will be added two travesties, "A Royal Family" and "Antony and Cleopatra." There are some new people coming here for the next plays from Weber & Field's.

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Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Frank R. Neville, the executor of the last will of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Frank R. Neville at Room 620 Parrott Building, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

FRANK R. NEVILLE,
Executor of the last will of said Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, April 26th, 1902.

LEONARD STONE, Attorney for Executor.
Room 620, Parrott Bldg., S. F

Estate of Elsie Correll Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, Administrator of the Estate of Elsie Correll deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 79 Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,
Administrator of the Estate of Elsie Correll, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, April 26th, 1902.

FRANK McGOWAN, Attorney for Administrator,
Rooms 75-79 and 80 Chronicle Building.

which have been whistled and sung all over the United States, will be a welcome change from ragtime songs. They will be sung in "The Leather Patch" next week.

Ida Conquest will make her final appearances as John Drew's leading lady in "The Second in Command" during the present season. She will be a "feature" of next season's offerings. Margaret Dale has been selected to succeed her as Drew's leading lady.

The Episcopalian minister of Fresno, Rev. Harvey Hansen, witnessed Florence Roberts' performance of "Camille" in that city and paid her the compliment of shedding tears over her realistic acting.

The Nobles' new sketch deals with a young husband of flirting instincts who has an adventure with a veiled woman in a roof garden.

At the Show Next Week

COLUMBIA—The Goodwins in "An American Citizen" and "When We Were Twenty-One." They are as great favorites as ever.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"The Leather Patch." This is one of the most delightfully humorous plays in the Harrigan repertory.

ALCAZAR—The first production on any stage of the new American drama, "When the Heart Was Young," by Charles Francis Bryant and Lotta Day Coleman. New scenery and costumes have been prepared for the production, which has been in rehearsal for some weeks.

FISCHER'S—"Perhaps it ain't that kind of a dog," but it's going into its fifth week Monday, "of corset is."

TIVOLI—"The Singing Girl." Another of Alice Neilsen's successes. Annie Meyers will have the Neilsen role.

ORPHEUM—Julia Heinrich, the contralto; Hoste brothers, eccentric acrobats from London; Raymond and Caverly, the German jesters; Hilda Thomas, who has been here before, and Lou Hall in "The Lone Star"; holdovers, Milton and Dollie Nobles in a new sketch, the five Nosses, Florenz troupe, Louise Dresser and Jack Norworth.

[Continued on Page 25]

The California Conservatory Concert

In a program so well rendered as that given at the California Conservatory on Tuesday evening it is hard to particularize the numbers. But two of the participants should not pass without mention. Miss Lily Blum, aged ten years, is a very talented child from whom great things are expected. She rendered Haydn's Andante and Variations. Miss Amy Petersen rendered two Chopin etudes with much feeling and expression, also giving other numbers. There was a very large audience present. On the evening of May sixteenth members of the California Conservatory will give a chamber music concert in Sherman & Clay hall. A program of classical numbers will be given. On the first of July the Conservatory will move to new quarters, 1329 Sutter street. Among other things the pupils will then have the advantage of the most beautiful and commodious music room in the city.

Villa Lots at Auction

People are turning their eyes in the direction of San Mateo these days. There is where the fashionable suburban homes are springing up. In no other county contiguous to San Francisco is real estate regarded with such favor, because it is generally understood that San Mateo possesses exceptional advantages for choice residence locations. Fortunately for those desiring to secure residence sites there, the Clark tract which is within ten minutes' walk of the depot and adjoining El Cerrito Park, is to be sold at auction in villa lots. The sale will take place on Saturday, May tenth at Library Hall, opposite the San Mateo depot. Baldwin & Howell, who are to conduct the sale, have arranged with the Southern Pacific company for a special excursion rate for that day of sixty cents for a round trip.

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Revival of "Old Lavender"

Edward Harrigan has frequently been styled the Dickens of the American drama. The compliment is not undeserved, for Harrigan has put into the drama many characters that live and breathe and cross our paths in every-day life. Like Dickens, Harrigan is endowed with keen observation and the playwright has peopled his dramas with the same homely characters that figured in the stories of the novelist. Both knew the value of atmosphere, and there is an abundance of it in the Harrigan plays, but a play cannot impress with its atmosphere alone. It is not sufficient that the characters be drawn true to life. They must also be impersonated with fidelity to nature. "Old Lavender" is the same picturesque and interesting tramp that he always was, but when associated with a Dick the Rat of the Dave Braham Jr. order, a Smoke of the Gilbert Gardner variety and a Mother Crawford of the Margaret Terry type he appears to be somewhat out of drawing. The company at the Grand is scarcely equal to the task of emphasizing the strong and diverting attention from the weak points of "Old Lavender," but the old-time melodrama is fairly well handled. Harrigan's character work is as charming as ever, and he sings "Poverty's Tears" and "Get Up, Jack" without any apparent diminution of expression. On Monday night the veteran actor was given an ovation by a most enthusiastic audience. The indications are that he will enjoy a successful season here.

Was Once an Impersonator

Sol Smith Russell was one of the many recruits to comedy from the variety stage. There may still be some who remember him when he did his clever female impersonation with the Swiss Bellringers, as funny a thing in its way as Bishop's Widow Bedott. Russell made up as a school-girl and sang that old song beginning:

"They locked me in
An upper room
And took away the key;
Because I would
Not wed a man
Who never suited me.
And while they thought
I was secure,
I was going—going—gone!"

The last time I saw Russell was in Toronto. He had a new play, with a harassed married man as the motif. I do not think he ever came West with it. It was not long after that that he suffered his sad mental collapse. When Russell was last here he had a San Francisco girl playing leading parts in his plays. Lillian Owen was the daughter of Mrs. Owen, of our San Francisco school department, and a cousin of Mrs. Harry J. Curtaz and Mrs. Edith McNally Rhodes. Her death cut short what promised to be a splendid future.

His First Lines

Nat Goodwin's first appearance on any stage was in 1873 at the Providence opera house. He was cast as a juvenile villain. The villain had designs on the virtuous young heroine and Nat's first line was: "So, I have you again, my sweet beauty. Why do you avoid me?" As he tells the story himself, he had not more than delivered the line when the heroine turned on him and gave such an unearthly scream that shook all the rest of Nat's lines out of his head. However the girl knew the villain's part as well as her own and went on with the play. She first repeated Goodwin's lines, and then her own. But as soon as the play was over the youthful villain eloped from the company and fled to Boston, where he took a position in a store. Not until two years after did his dramatic aspirations revive. Goodwin, by the way, was a variety actor before he took to serious work.

Dollie Nobles, Milton Nobles' clever wife, is twenty years younger than her husband. They have been married nineteen years. —*The Playgoer*

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Thursday, Friday and Saturday Nights
"WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE"
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LETTERS

The Land of Love and Art

"Madame Bohemia," by Francis Neilson, as one would guess from the title, is a novel of life in that pleasant land where things seem just to happen, and the laws which govern are the laws of luck. A most entrancing prima donna has a brutal Baronet by way of a husband, and when she is not earning the means for his pleasures on the stage, or he enjoying himself at the gaming table, he puts in his time beating her. Cyril Gower is an infant prodigy, No. 5 in a family of ten. It is hardly necessary to mention their poverty. Madame, the cantatrice, falls in love with the beautiful child who straightway begs to be adopted and taken away from the hardships which jar on his artistic soul. At the age of seven he cheerfully turns his back on father and mother, home and family, therein showing at a tender age a powerful indication of the abominable selfishness which was his prominent characteristic in later years. The prima donna has a secretary, whose principal task is to divert the blows and missiles of the brutal Baronet from the head of the child wonder. The Baronet dies, but not before he has succeeded in robbing the lady of her voice, and the miraculous child pianist meets the fate of so many other things ripe too soon. The secretary disappears from the scene. Exeunt omnes from musical Bohemia. A foregathering of the clans in an underground Italian restaurant in New York. Gower, fastidious and well dressed, is now a composer, or what is the same thing in his own estimation, trying desperately to write operas. Drake, the ex-secretary, more than half-crazed between drugs and drink, is an intermittent journalist, never long in employment. Add to these Gilbert Lexham, who has rubbed shoulders with them all before, aspiring to be an author, but penniless and without ambition or energy to push on to success. Gower still lives with his adoptive mother, dependent entirely on her for support. She, too, has entered literary Bohemia, and gives dramatic readings at lyceums and literary gatherings. At the time when we are introduced to her as Mrs. Kembleton, her vogue has passed and the style of entertainment which she affects has had its day. Things are looking pretty desperate in the menage when Gower brings Lexham upon the scene, and the latter, himself on the verge of starvation, immdiately proceeds to succumb to an attack of pneumonia and add one more to the complications of the situation. A wealthy Bostonian sends for Mrs. Kembleton to help entertain her guests and the wealthy Bostonian's wealthy niece, at odds with her husband, falls head over ears in love with Gower, who, in turn, loses what heart he has to her money. She does all the silly things that silly women do under the circumstances, and having finally come to the conclusion, after compromising herself so that she dare not take her case into court, that to marry Gower would be to leap from the frying pan into the fire, at the eleventh hour she remembers her maternal duties and bids her once adored one farewell. Meanwhile, Mrs. Kembleton and Lexham have fallen in what they imagine is love. Under her inspiration and encouragement, he turns off plays and novels at a rate that would make a popular "boomer" turn green. They are all accepted offhand and royalties roll in. Lexham makes his the common purse, and there are sounds of revelry by night, albeit the revelry is not high. "Easy come, easy go." By the time his vogue has declined the bottom of the bag is reached, and we see diamonds and dinner parties on one side of the door and hear the butcher and the landlady clamoring on the other. We see the inside of the pawnshop as well as the diamond palace, and we are taken on excursions from a Bohemian garret to a palatial mansion, with stop-overs at respectable mediocrity. Of course there is a mystery, and any amount of misunderstanding and jealousy, but in the end it is all cleared up and Gower, who has come as near to being the villain as any of the living characters, becomes quite angelic in the last chapter, and promises to sprout the wings which appear to have been clipped in his early career. Mrs. Kembleton, "Madame Bohemia," the lady with many aliases, appears to be quite satisfied with his emotional protestations after having had it said to him in so many plain words that he has been a selfish hog all his life and blind to all his obligations. If she is satisfied, no one else need complain, but the world outside of Bohemia would be apt to want some better assurance from one like him. The book probably gives a very good picture of that phase of life. [Lippincott Select Novels series, for sale locally by A. M. Robertson.]

The April magazines contain more than the usually well-spread table. The *Overland* has a finely illustrated and well written article on the unusual subject of "The Book Illustrators of Japan," by Williard M. Wood, and the story by Alice N. Andrews,

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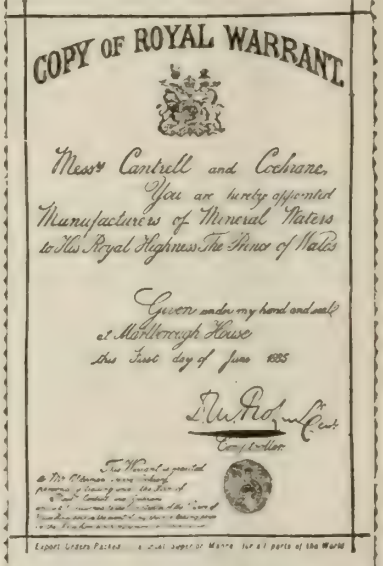

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The most delightfully blended whisky known to the human palate is "Jesse Moore"—the standard for over fifty years.

"The End of the Argument," has a most refreshingly original denouement. The other stories, departments and special articles are up to the usual standard. *McClure's* is especially notable this month because of the paper by Lincoln Steffens, calling attention to "The Overworked President." He shows what an enormous waste of time and energy goes to the mere greeting and hand-shaking of a parcel of nobodies who want to have it to say that they have seen a live president. It recalls that famous story by Edward Everett Hale of "My Double and How He Undid Me," and gives one a serious thought of whether we shall not either have to relieve our presidents of this onerous task or supply them with doubles for the unimportant duties. John La Farge writes of Rembrandt and there is a college story, a horse story, and any number of other good things. Captain W. R Prentice gives something new in the way of war reminiscences in his account of the military prisoners held on the Dry Tortugas. We have a saying that "Once a Californian is always a Californian," so coast readers of *Munsey's* always look for Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, and find her always delightful. This month it is "The Colonel's Surprise." E. W. Hornung's serial, "The Shadow of the Law," is as interesting as Hornung can be, and it says volumes for a serial in these days, that it holds the interest from month to month. The short stories and departments are as excellent as usual, and the other topics written of, "The Pathos of a Throne" (Spain), "The Legion of Honor," "The Race for Sea Power," "The Craze for Cures," "The Redemption of our Dead Lands," etc., give an idea of the variety of the contents. Those who enjoyed Bret Harte's series of Condensed Novels will not need special inducements to read the new series appearing from time to time in the *Cosmopolitan*. Other short stories by Israel Zangwill, F. Hopkinson Smith and Maarten Maartens appear in the April number. John Brisben Walker continues his story of President Roosevelt, and also writes of the German Emperor. "Rafford Pyke (Harry Thurston Peck) gives his views of "Husbands and Wives," and the new department of "Men, Women and Events" is bright and interesting. The novel in the April *Smart Set*, the "Ambition of the Baron," is by Martin Dana. The stories are bright and the jokes up to the century. Such names as Albert Bigelow Paine, Clinton Scollard, Carolyn Wells, Elizabeth McCracken, Edgar Saltus and Madison Cawein, in the table of contributors, added to its well known reputation, are a sufficient guarantee of the brightness of this latest issue.

Since the interest in cards is pervasive and perennial, and a knowledge of the popular games more necessary to the dames and damsels of fashion than a familiarity with the Creed or the Lord's Prayer, the "Simple Rules for Bridge" compiled by K. N. Steele of New York, will be a welcome addition to the lore of pasteboard playthings. In the course of thirty-two pages, embellished with the necessary diagrams, the rules which govern the game are clearly set forth and the terms explained. The directions are so simple that any one who can call the faces of the cards ought to be able to learn all that can be accomplished without practice from this little booklet.

The Burr Cult

Charles Felton Pidgin is thoroughly in earnest in his efforts to obtain a new trial for Aaron Burr. "Blennerhassett" was only the entering wedge. It is to be followed by "Little Aaron: the Napoleon of America"; "The Climax, or What Might Have Been" if Burr's so-called conspiracy had been successful, and by "Theodosia, the First Gentlewoman of Her Time." These are to be followed by a biography of Aaron Burr, but even this is not the end. An association to be called the Aaron Burr Legion is now in process of organization and it is designed to have encampments and posts wherever a sufficient membership can be brought together. Private mailing cards, engraved letter heads and envelopes, and all other methods of attracting attention to the Legion will be used, and every effort put forth to prove Burr a victim of political spite and misrepresentation. As all persons over ten years of age are eligible to membership, and no salaries are to be paid to officers, those who join the association will be in no danger of self-seeking. The natural result of this will be a gathering of the Hamilton clan, and between the two, the truth ought to come out. In any event, it looks like lively times for the printers. —*The Bookworm*

The well known Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra has re-opened for the Fourth Season, 1901-1902. To guarantee promptness, all engagements must be made at the Studio, 718 Post street. Telephone Polk 1575. School hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m

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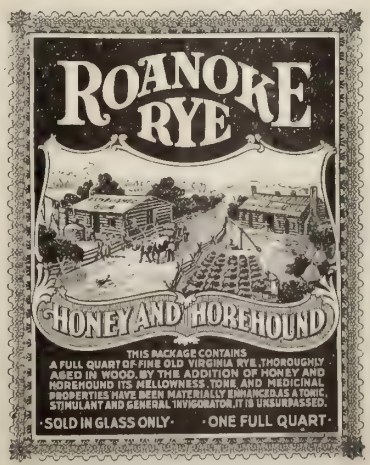

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MUSIC

Julia Heinrich at the Orpheum

Miss Julia Heinrich, the contralto, who has sung only in concert and oratorio in America and Europe hitherto, will appear at the Orpheum for a fortnight beginning this coming week. After this vaudeville engagement Miss Heinrich will depart for Europe, so this will be the last opportunity of hearing her for some time. Her numbers for the first week will include the Irish Folksong of Foote, "Daphne's Love" by Ronald, and two numbers by Nevin, "It Was April" and "Mighty Lak a Rose."

At the Sorosis Club during the reception given for the California Eye and Ear Hospital, a musical program was provided of more than ordinary talent. The numbers rendered by two pupils of Miss Alyce Gates were especially charming. Miss Nina Parker gave "The Birdling" by Massenet in a manner that immediately demanded attention and held it, and replied to an encore with "A Madrigal" (Harris). Her true, light soprano showed forth in all its flexibility and her delicate phrasing demonstrated that painstaking thought had beeen bestowed. In listening to Miss Logan Tooley, one experienced immediately both keen pleasure as her voice fell upon the ear and also surprise at her range, which is not often found in contraltos. The lower notes did not partake of the quality of forced bass ones nor the higher of thin, strained ones, but the listener was impressed with the delightful smoothness of every tone and the ease with which she went from one to another, regardless of interval. Her numbers were "A Song of Thanksgiving" (Allitsen) and the gavotte from "Mignon."

Miss Ella V. McCloskey sang three songs before the Town and Gown Club of Berkeley on Monday. Her rich contralto tones were heard to fine advantage in Brahms' "Saphic Ode," d' Hardelot's "Sans Toi" and Nevin's "Mighty Lake a Rose." This was "club day" at the Town and Gown, and Mrs. Ella M. Sexton's clever play, "The Knickerbocker Dames" was the piece de resistance of the program.

Madame Spitzy sang three numbers at the Woman's Press Association on Monday. Two bright sketches written by Ruth Comfort Mitchell were presented, and there were other pleasing numbers.

Musical matters are wofully dull just now—nothing doing and nothing announced of a visiting star nature. We had the feast and now comes the usual famine. —*The Music Critic*

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Dawson Mayer, former President of "The Advertising Men's Association of California," severed his connection with *The San Francisco Trade Journal* April first, and is now located at 364 Parrott building. He is doing business on his own account as advertising contractor. Being a free lance he is now accepting business as an expert advertising man from various papers on the Pacific Coast.

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OTHER PEOPLE'S IDEAS.

From "The Conqueror," by Gertrude Atherton:

Rachael: "The thought that I shall one day be old does not console me as it may console men, for with women the heart never grows old. The body withers, and the heart in its awful eternal youth has the less to separate and protect it from the world that has no use for it."

"Man requires woman to look after her own fuel. If she cannot, she may carry through life the perfume of a sentiment, and a tender regret, but it grows easy and more easy to live without her."

Hugh Knox: "The lack of a priest at the right time may cause a good deal of suffering and trouble, but it can't muddy a pure stream; and many a lawful marriage has done that."

"In times of panic man seems to exchange his soul for a tail."

Hamilton: "Patriotism surely is the master passion. Nothing else can annihilate the ego."

Hamilton: "Passion is the furnace that makes greatness possible. If, when the mental energies are resting, it darts out tongues of flame that strike in the wrong place, I do not believe that the Almighty, who made us, counts them as sins."

Washington: "Women love the lie that saves their pride, but never an unflattering truth."

"The perfect friendship of two men is the deepest and highest sentiment of which the finite mind is capable; women miss the best in life."

Hamilton: "The battle of ideas, the fight for certain stirring and race-making principles—that is the greatest game that mortals can play."

Hamilton: "It is never safe to go beyond a certain point in the management of human affairs. What turn the passions of the people may take can never be foretold, nor that element of the unknown, which is always under the invisible cap and close on one's heels."

* * * * * *

From "Madame Bohemia," by Francis Neilson:

Elinor: "The cause of many actions that appear questionable is often beyond our ken, and the reason why we dislike people who have never done us a harm is often equally obscure."

Gertrude: "It is dreadful, isn't it, when someone else knows? It is not so much the offence, if it be one, as the consternation it causes.'

* * * * * *

From "Via Crucis," by F. Marion Crawford: "He who stands at the end

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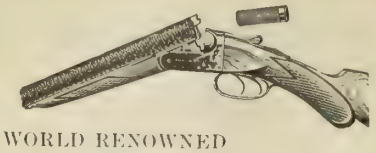

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of the limit, with a lifetime of good struggles behind him, may be as sad and hopeless as he who sits down and weeps before the mountain of untried beginnings. The joy of the earthly future is for the very great and the very little."

Gilbert: "Of some things one does not know how much one wants then till they are within reach."

Beatrix: "And there are others, which one longs for till one has them, and which one despises as soon as they are one's own."

* * * * * *

From "Will," by Georges Ohnet:

Diana: "Absence kills a caprice, but invigorates a passion."

* * * * * * *

From "Wild Eelin," William Black:

Eelin, to the old gardener, apropos of the transmigration of souls: "Supposing your spirit were to find itself in a moo-cow—what then?"

"'A wad fecht ma way out," said Maxwell, sturdily.

"'That might be bad for the coo,' said Miss Eeelin, on reflection."

—*The Gleaner.*

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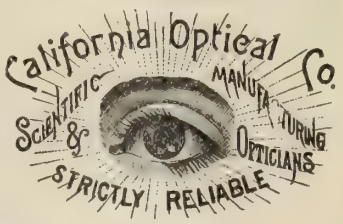

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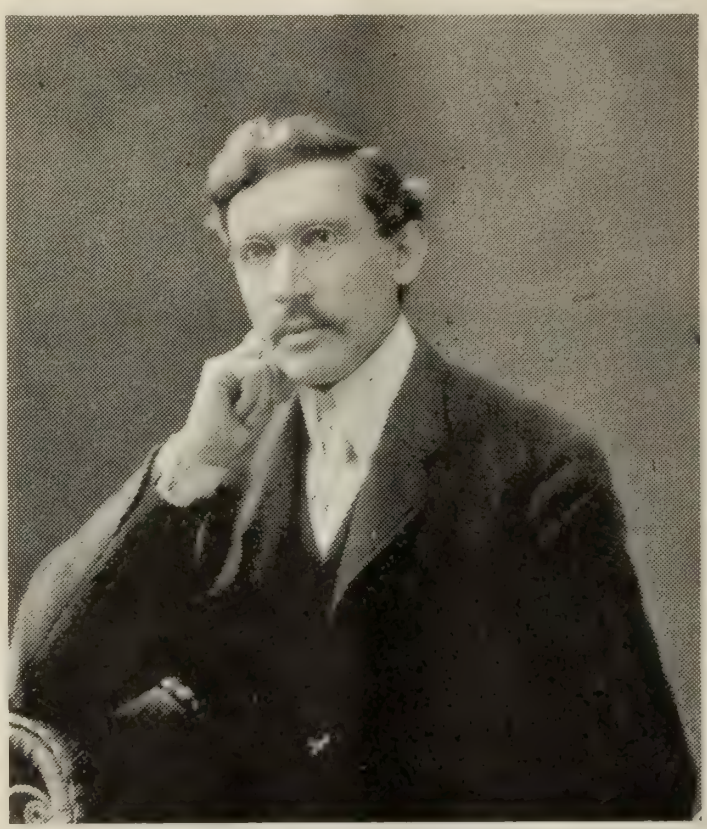

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San Francisco, May 10, 1902

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OUR OPINION

A Gallery Play

At the Union League Club banquet last Saturday Mayor Schmitz indulged in what is known as a gallery play. He informed the colonels and the other distinguished men of title who are members of the Union League Club that it had been his proud boast that he was a Republican, and that he could not have been elected Mayor of San Francisco on the Union Labor ticket if he had not been a Republican. Mayor Schmitz was not exactly playing to the gallery when he made that statement, but he was nevertheless indulging in a gallery play. His purpose was to win the confidence of the Republican machine politicians who may have some influence in the convention which will name the Republican candidate for Governor. And it was an absurd blunder for Mayor Schmitz to make. He knows that partisan politics cut no figure in the late mayoralty contest. He also knows that his vote was derived mainly from the Democratic party. The figures in the Registrar's office prove that. Those figures show that Republicans were more loyal to their party candidate than were the Democrats. If the Union Labor ticket had not been supported by Democrats the Democratic candidate would not have made such a poor showing. So far Mayor Schmitz has not been wanting in loyalty to the element in the community to which he owes his election, but by making foolish speeches such as the one which he delivered at the Union League Club banquet, he may evoke distrust among his friends. He will find it to his advantage to remain faithful to those friends for he can accomplish nothing by making goo-goo eyes at the colonels on the Governor's staff and the other gold-lace politicians and high-class job-chasers of the Union League Club. If it had not been for the prominence and strength given him by the laboring element he would never have been invited to that banquet. He is indebted for his political prestige to no other element in this community, and it would not be surprising if that element compelled the Republican convention to nominate him for Governor. Instead of getting ready to kowtow the Mayor should prepare to dictate to the politicians.

The Stevenson Champions

Miss Eliza D. Keith is being scored for her comments on the short-sightedness of our local patriotic orders in permitting Portsmouth Square to be usurped by a memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson. To judge by the tone of some of the critics they regard Stevenson as greater than the angels and just a little less than God. Now, no one is making the least objection to any monument or memorial to R. L. S., whether it be as a writer or merely as a Scotchman. It would not precipitate a riot if his adoring countrymen were to enshrine every cobble stone his sacred foot had pressed, or cover the whole front of that Merchant street saloon where he "called for his daily mug of ale" with tablets commemorating that remarkable event. If they care to raise funds to preserve the boarding houses where he took up his temporary residence here or to photograph the streets through which he walked, by all means let them do so, and keep still about it. If Scotch people or literary people or both together have any inclination in that direction, let them have a Stevenson statue on every corner of the High street of Edinborough. Let them substitute Stevenson statues for milestones on every road in the United Kingdom, but for Heaven's sake let it penetrate into their skulls that there were men before their idol. Portsmouth Square, the Plaza, is a spot most especially and particularly associated with the Pioneer history of this city and State, and it is a locality which should be reserved for the perpetuation of the memory not of a transient sojourner whose claim is no greater and no better than that of any other idle watcher of the passing throng. Others have sat on the benches or lolled on the grass or dozed in the sunshine there. It is not an astonishing feat, nor one especially calling for commemoration. We had a Stevenson of our own, Jonathan D. Stevenson, who brought his famous regiment from New York and had a part in all the stirring deeds of our early days, and it is to him and not to any foreigner, man of letters or other genius, that a monument on the Plaza should be erected. Miss Keith is not making any protest against honor to the Scotch writer, nor has it anything to do with the question that her own name indicates a Scotch origin or that she does not seem to substitute Stevenson for the Lord in the invocations of the litany. The whole point of her argument and attitude is that we should have sufficient State pride to preserve our landmarks and mark our historical sites in a manner befitting their character. If the friends and admirers of Robert Louis Stevenson could be induced to take the chips from their shoulders and cease dragging their coat tails in the road they might have opportunity to discover that it is their own attitude of aggression which calls for so much opposition. Stevenson has not yet been dead long enough for him to have dropped into his proper place. Another generation or two may see him entirely forgotten. It will not be the first time in history that such a thing has hap-

pened, and heaven and earth have not come together in consequence. We have had so much of this business of picking up the cudgels in behalf of Robert Louis Stevenson, and defending him when no attack was made, explaining and condoning and generally sanctifying him and all that he did that we are verging near to the point of the last straw.

Our Crippled School Department

School Director Roncovieri has discovered that many of our school houses are a disgrace to the city. And once more the annual howl has gone up about an inadequate appropriation for School Department purposes. Mr. Roncovieri's discovery is by no means startling. The school houses have been in a disgraceful condition for many years, but their dilapidated condition is no reflection on the taxpayers of the city. San Francisco's taxpayers are not stingy. We could have better school houses if the public funds were not wasted by the school directors. Some of the school houses are relics of pioneer days. They have been in continuous use for forty years, and unless they drop to pieces they will probably continue in use for forty more. Little children are packed away in garrets and basements and in nooks under stairs, and they climb to their eyries on narrow, rickety stairs, or thread their devious paths to class rooms along dark alleys. And at the same time we are supporting many expensive fads for no other purpose than to provide a living for favorite teachers with a pull. We have cooking classes presided over by women who do not get the meals for their household. They have complete culinary departments at their command that they may teach the little daughters of poor mechanics to make terrapin soup and nesselrode puddings. We have athletic gentlemen from the Atlantic coast to find fault with the teachers for not making juvenile Sandows of flat and tenement house children. We have eminent faddists teaching the children of cement laid courts all about our wild flowers and our native songbirds. There are others that dilate prettily upon the artistic and lecture wisely on the ancient Greek method of moulding beautiful forms. But the old dilapidated school houses remain as wretchedly damp and cheerless as ever and all because there is not sufficient money on hand to build new ones. And year after year, whether the appropriation be great or small, there issues from our schools the same procession of ill-mannered, untrained hobbledehoys who are quite unfamiliar with the three R's. We have incompetent teachers as well as dilapidated school houses, and we shall continue to have them until we get school directors who know their business and a competent School Superintendent. We need better school houses and less foolishness in the study course.

The Education of Hoodlums

Some of the Princeton freshmen had a delightful time a short while ago, according to a freshman's idea of what is delightful. Among other of their innocent and youthful pranks they defaced the Trenton monument erected in memory of the Revolutionary soldiers, and plentifully besmirched private residences and door-steps with paint. Six of the little fellows were convicted and a hard-hearted Jersey justice has been bold and brave enough to fine them two hundred and fifty dollars each for their acts of vandalism, and in addition, has assessed them six thousand dollars for damages. This is at the rate of about one thousand three hundred dollars apiece for their evening's sport. Presumably one should commiserate the parents who have been called upon to foot the bills, but the probabilities are that the young men have been needing a lesson ever since they left the kindergarten. The parents have been, in all likelihood, too tender-hearted to call a halt in anything that the boys regarded as "fun," and they have grown up without respect or reverence for anything on the earth or above it. In time it will probably be an exceptional family the children of which make an outward showing of respect for their elders. As for the school discipline of the day, woe betide the teacher who would dare suggest an order that runs counter to a child's whims. The chief occupation of the boards of education appears to be investigation of charges brought against teachers because they have so far forgotten themselves as to expect children to obey orders or behave with some regard to decency. Strikes are getting to be as much a matter of course in the school room as they are in Labor Unions. The vicious or unruly youth may no longer be expelled or suspended, for an education is one of his "rights," and the fact that he is incapable of either learning or appreciating the efforts expended on him counts for nothing. As long as he chooses to occupy a seat in the class room he is the boss of the situation. No investigation into his conduct is to be feared, but let him say the word and the teacher is put on trial at once. Customs once confined to colleges have gradually filtered through till the "rush" and other forms of hoodlumism are now the regular thing in high schools and even grammar schools in some towns. Only a short while ago the second year pupils of a high school across the bay proceeded to tie up and lock into the basement the later recruits, with the result of a considerable amount of damage to windows and door locks, while the same tactics employed in a grammar school in one of the southern counties resulted in the permanent crippling of a lad not yet in his teens. Parents will not discipline their offspring and teachers dare not. The result is that once in a while, when a community is goaded to desperation, the public officials are obliged to administer a costly lesson to old and young. When young men who have been carried to the gates of college at public expense have not a sufficient sense of decency not to mutilate and destroy public monuments, and especially such as commemorate the events in their national history, there is a mighty poor foundation for patriotism. It looks as if some of the thousand teachers and innumerable soldiers whom we are shipping off to the Orient in order to make good Americans of the Filipinos, might be profitably employed at home.

Startling Revelations

A decision rendered by Judge Humphreys of Honolulu, recently, is in the nature of a warning against investing in Hawaiian securities. From the language of the court it appears that Hawaii is a fertile field for stock

manipulators and crooked promoters, and that it is extremely hazardous to invest in sugar securities, particularly in those of new and undeveloped sugar properties. The decision was rendered in the case of A. W. Carter who had asked for the approval of his annual account as guardian of the estate of Annie Parker, a minor. Judge Humphreys not only refused to approve the account but removed the guardian for having invested his ward's estate in the bonds of the McBryde Sugar Company, Limited, of the Oahu Railway & Land Co., Limited, of the Waiahua Agricultural Company and of the American Sugar Company of which he was the treasurer. The court found that the investments were improvident and reckless and constituted a breach of trust. In discussing the conduct of Carter Judge Humphreys took occasion to declare that during the three years following the annexation of the islands, the community was sucked into a maelstrom of speculation by land sharks and unscrupulous promoters whose professed knowledge of the secrets which lay hidden in the womb of the future entitled them to be classed as prescientists. Many of the enterprises started by them, and which by the way allured victims in San Francisco, are now, according to Judge Humphreys, "bitter memories, mere speculative tombstones." By way of illustration he cited the case of the American Supar Company, the history of which appears in the testimony in the case. The company was incorporated with a capital of a million and a half dollars. A fine wharf was constructed, a number of costly pumps were erected, railroads were built, eight hundred acres of cane were planted and a corps of laborers employed. Yet the water of the wells from which it was expected to irrigate the cane held such quantities of salt in solution that it was death to animal life, and the property had to be abandoned. Nevertheless in the madness of speculation the stock of the company of the par value of one hundred dollars per share sold for two hundred. Judge Humphreys declared that he could mention other evidences of acute speculative mania, but he referred only to the Maunalei Plantation upon which half a million was spent and which was sold by a receiver of the court. Judge Humphreys' opinion should be read by every person who entertains the notion that investments in Hawaiian sugar stock are good things. He declared that it was little less than a crime to permit the custodians of trust funds to invest the moneys of their wards "in securities that pending events might cause to be swept into waste baskets of finance." The decision is a remarkable one for the case opened up an inquiry into conditions in the sugar market to such an extent that the court found it apropos to predict that the price of sugar will soon take on a lower range of values. Moreover Judge Humphreys found that the companies in which Carter invested his ward's money, and in which many San Francisco people are interested, are far from being substantial corporations. The McBryde Company has a bonded debt of three quarters of a million, and cannot under the most favorable circumstances pay dividends within three years. It was revealed upon the trial that the artesian wells sunk on the plantation yielded salt in excessive quantities, a condition that drove the American Sugar Company from sugar planting to stock raising, but in the last report of the company to its stockholders no reference was made to that impressive fact. Judge Humphreys' decision will undoubtedly have a tendency to affect the sugar market for he has brought to light many facts which should prompt prospective investors to exercise great caution.

The Saunterer

Still Another Version

Poor Peter Martin! The gossips won't let him prepare for his wedding in peace. They will persist in speculating as to the cause of the frequent postponement of his marriage. I told them the truth months ago, but they won't accept the story of the hold-up, which I informed them was authentic. Now they are saying, and the story has found its way into print in the East, that there has been friction in the household of his prospective father-in-law. The story is that Papa Oelrichs was a little too gay at a recent clam-bake, and that he encouraged a young widow to do a very naughty dance on a table much to the displeasure of his wife. Even though the story is true I cannot see how such an incident could have had any influence on the wedding arrangements of Peter Martin. Both parents are anxious for the marriage to take place, but having the social interests of their daughter at heart they desire that Peter shall have a substantial bank account before taking the matrimonial plunge. They argue that a bank roll in the hand is better than two bank rolls in mamma's purse, and as they have heard that not so long ago Mrs. Martin was having her trousseau made, they think it unwise not to safeguard themselves against a second engagement which may have a happier ending. Mrs. Martin is still a very vivacious widow.

When Smith Challenged the Baron

One of my correspondents recalls an incident in the life of G. Frank Smith, to whom I referred last week. It was an incident in which the Baron Von Schroeder figured, and the scene was the Santa Margarita rancho famous as the home of General Pat Murphy and the place where that beloved pioneer was accustomed to dispense his lavish hospitality. Some twelve years ago Baron Von Schroeder and the crusty lawyer were guests of Murphy at the latter's rancho. Smith was accompanied by his daughter, Miss Nellie Smith, who is now the wife of Charlemagne Tower, the American Ambassador to Russia. It was on the occasion of one of the house parties which were quite numerous at the Santa Margarita rancho in those days, and it included many prominent residents of this city. At dinner one evening Baron Von Schroeder was seated next to Nellie Smith who was noted for the brilliancy of her wit rather than for her charm of person.

THE STANDARD FOR CHAMPAGNE QUALITY IS

THE WORLD OVER

During the meal she took occasion to indulge in a little quip at the expense of the Baron and it aroused his Teutonic ire. It developed into an unpleasant scene for which the Baron's imperfect understanding of the English language was largely responsible, but at any rate, G. Frank Smith took a hand, said that his daughter had been insulted and demanded satisfaction. Of course he was prepared to fight with anything from a bowie to a howitzer, and he wanted blood. Then there was great excitement. Efforts were made to smooth out the wrinkles in Smith's temper but they were in vain, and the only way to prevent trouble was to induce the Baron to hasten away and that is what he did. I have been told that Smith went so far as to select a second and issue a formal challenge. The Baron however, was a man of peace.

He Backed Mrs. Colton

G. Frank Smith, by the way, was the backer of Mrs. D. D. Colton in her famous suit against the "Big 4" of the Southern Pacific syndicate, the echoes of which may still be heard occasionally. Smith promoted the suit. He agreed to pay all expenses. He kept his word and lost the suit before Judge Temple in Santa Rosa and it broke him. He once owned a railroad extending from Folsom, Sacramento county, to the present village of Roseville which is the junction of the Oregon and Central Pacific lines. It was known as the railroad which ran from nowhere to nowhere. Nothing remains of it except an occasional embankment. The Central Pacific company bought the rails. Smith's daughter was the most intellectual girl in her set, and she combined brilliancy of mind with gentleness and winsomeness of manners. She met Charlemagne Tower on a trip to Alaska. He was the son of a very wealthy Philadelphian, and a handsome fellow. By his own exertions he has added to the wealth which he inherited and he has gained distinction in the public service. Previous to his appointment to the American Embassy in Russia he served as Minister to Austria. The Californian girl who is his wife is known as one of the most brilliant women connected with the diplomatic service. She is always eager to entertain her old friends from California when she meets them abroad. The De Youngs have lately enjoyed her hospitality.

Now for the Daughter

When the widow of Millionaire James Campbell married Sam Parker, the former Prime Minister of Hawaii. Sam's first wife had been dead only a few months. Sam had mourned her extravagantly in the kanaka fashion, and then made desperate love to the buxom widow while his chum Prince David laid siege to the heart of Mrs. Campbell's daughter Abbie. Now they are planning to marry the other daughter to their mutual companion in hulas and sports—"Sonny" Cunha, the son of Saloonkeeper Cunha, of Honolulu, and formerly a famous Yale football player. Miss Alice Campbell is just eighteen, fairly pretty and has over a million in her own right. Cunha is about twenty-five years old, weighs two hundred and fifty pounds, and is constitutionally averse to work. He lounges his days in Honolulu, making a bluff at studying law, and spends most most of his time at Waikiki beach or speeding the merry hours with Sam and David. Both David and his bride—formerly Miss Abbie Campbell—and Sam Parker and his wife are entertaining lavishly since their return from their honeymoon tour three or four months ago. They are making the prized wealth of the old planter, James Campbell, melt like ice in a Honolulu refrigerator, and are making this the gayest season in the Honolulu capital since Liliuokalani set the pace as Queen of the Islands.

For over half a century "Jesse Moore" Whisky has held its supremacy as the best, purest and most palatable.

By Way of Contrast

Some of the former friends of Sam Parker's dead wife do not like his having wedded so soon after her death. Now Hawaiians have queer ways of showing their feelings. They liked the widow Campbell well enough but the late Mrs. Parker was of high lineage while the present one was a maid in the household of the royal family. In this country, there would have been a buzz of gossip and then an open spat between the opposing factions. But in Hawaii they are more dignified. A few weeks ago, the sorrowing friends of the deceased caused to be published in the principal newspaper of the islands the genealogical record of the late Mrs. Sam Parker whose maiden name was Hattie Richardson. They refrained from comment or from suggesting the contrast between the lady of royal blood and the erstwhile domestic, but they showed that the first Mrs. Parker had a family tree fully half a column long and ancestors the spelling of whose names would play havoc with a linotype machine.

Overheard at the latest society wedding:
"What beautiful gowns those girls have on."
"Yes, what a pity the heads don't match the gowns."

What Jones Sent

A guest of the Palace hotel, whose name shall be Jones for this narration, was dining in the Grill a few evenings ago when he opened a telegram from the East, which read, "A boy six pounds both doing well." Jones had thought of drinking claret with his dinner but pocketing the message, he penciled congratulation to his wife and the physician who had so thoughtfully sent the joyful news, and then ordered a quart of champagne. He said nothing to the three friends with him but they assumed that the market had closed in Jones' favor. Another message came a half-hour later. It read: "Kid No. 2. Congratulations. Doc." Jones responded fittingly though nervously, and after the fourth bottle told the news to his friends in a burst of pride. About the eighth bottle a third messenger appeared. Jones' friends began to make bets before Jones could open the envelope. When he read the telegram he flung it into the olives, and groaned. His vis-a-vis read it aloud: "Three to date. Sincere congratulations. Four progressing finely. Doc." There was a moment of silence and then tumultuous laughter and vigorous slapping of

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Jones on the back. Jones ordered another bottle, studied all three telegrams, and then wrote a reply directed to the physician and Mrs. Jones: "Stop your kidding."

Miss Tobin's Tact

Not long ago I mentioned Miss Agnes Tobin's penchant for tea gowns for all occasions. I have just heard of a little London episode that, as one of her friends puts it, is "deliciously Agnesesque." No San Francisco girl has ever found so firm a footing in the English aristocracy of brains as Agnes Tobin achieved during her prolonged visits there. She became intimate, not only with Mrs. Meynell but with all the big lions of the day. On this last trip Miss Tobin tarried in London only long enough for an over Sunday visit to some distinguished friends at their country home. Fancy their surprise when she appeared at dinner in a tea gown. The hostess was known to be orthodox in her notions as to evening dress and the other guests wondered what form her rebuke would take. But Miss Tobin sidetracked all criticism by openly asking the hostess whether she admired tea gowns.

"I'm afraid I don't," answered the hostess.

"Well, then, don't think up a reprimand for me," advised Miss Tobin, "but just quote Cecil Rhodes," and she told the story of how that gentleman was once entertaining a party of guests at Groote Schuur, his African home, and a lady appeared at dinner in a tea gown. Cecil Rhodes was supposed to be a woman-hater but he was very observant of a woman's appearance. Next morning he sent his secretary to the lady of the tea gown with this message: "I like my guests to dine in evening dress and not in compromises, however charming."

"Fancy how badly she must have felt," added Miss Tobin and it goes without writing that the hostess could not follow Rhodes' example after that.

Highway robbery is all right, if the robber knows his business. If he is too modest, he might as well give up the road and go back to plumbing.

The "Dance's" Postlude

A correspondent writes me, apropos of "The Dance of Death" that it had another chapter. When the reputed author took his fall off the roof, a photograph or daguerreotype or something of that kind in his pocket identified him as the brother of a New York murderer. The Eastern man was once called Ruloff and though recollection is hazy as to whether he was hanged or imprisoned for life or got off, the law still kept a clutch on him. He was known to have brothers, and they spent money like water to save him. It was a regular saffron-hued newspaper sensation when the relationship was established. One of Dr. Bowers' three wives (Augusta Shirek) put in a claim as the author of the diatribe against the waltz. It was another "Beautiful Snow" affair. But I am told by another correspondent that Ambrose Bierce confessed that he wrote "The Dance of Death" and then roasted it in one of his Prattlings.

Engraved
Wedding Announcements
and Invitations

ROBERTSON, 126 Post Street
San Francisco

He should Prefer the Pulpit

Mayor Schmitz made his pulpit debut last Sunday night in the church of a colored congregation. The Mayor made a good, sensible talk, and I should advise him to confine his oratorical efforts when off the political rostrum to the church pulpit. Post-prandial talking is somewhat hazardous, and the Mayor should attend no more tuxedo functions at the Union League Club. A man is apt to think thickly after a heady feast. The treacherous tongue trips lightly over the frolicsome faux-pas when the wine fumes are ascending. The conviviality of the banquet board foments folly. Witness the Mayor's bad break at the last banquet when he told the laboring men who were not there that their vote would have been wasted if he were not a Republican. Fie! Fie! Mr. Schmitz. Keep away from those befuddling banquets unless your hosts will consent to a fiddle solo in lieu of an oratorical jolly.

She Thinks 'Frisco Jay

News comes from Paris that the Robert Raylor Peck Biens have been annexed to the American smart set there, and in the argot of the elite are "in it." When Arline Peck left San Francisco to make preparations for her wedding in Chicago, she put ditto marks, right out loud, too, under the old assertion that this is a "jay" town. According to Miss Peck San Francisco girls were spiteful old things, and the men, all except one of course, were conceited flirts. Miss Peck really did have rather an uncomfortable time out here with the daughter of a Californian Senator and an unconventional young heiress both enlightening her with the stories of her cavalier's one-time devotion for them. No wonder the lady looks with a jaundiced eye on San Francisco. To a Californian girl whom she met in France she said that after Chicago there was no place like Paris; and after Hades no place like San Francisco. Now that Mr. Bien has added the top stories—Robert Raylor-Peck—to his name, and they have found a niche in the Parisian smart set, Mrs. Robert Raylor Peck-Bien ought to salve her smart against San Francisco.

Bailey's Rancous Ranting

Senator Bailey of Texas is working himself into a conniption fit over the Coronation. Bailey's delight is to twist the lion's tail. He affects great hatred for an hereditary monarchy and declares it to be contrary to the Constitution to appropriate money for the expense of the officials who are going over to participate in the big show. Senator Bailey is in a bad way. He takes himself seriously and there is nothing more tiresome than the politician who does that. Of course we the sovereign people look upon

At their store, 756-758 Market street, Messrs. J. J. Gildea & Co. are showing the latest styles of high grades in spring and summer clothing. Two entire floors are devoted to the goods, which are of very handsome materials and the newest cut. On the first floor is the men's department which is complete in every detail. No man can afford to be illy dressed when he can supply his wardrobe at a very moderate outlay from the stock of J. J. Gildea & Co. They have every need of the fashionable man, morning, afternoon and evening attire. On the second floor is the boys' department, and this is as complete as the men's. Ready to wear garments for boys are a saving not only of money but of the materfamilias' time and energy. The Gildea stock contains everything the boy needs in the clothing line. All the goods and prices in both departments are guaranteed. Beside this clothing emporium, Mr. Gildea has just opened a new store at 715 Market street. This is a gentlemen's furnishing store, where up to date hats, neckwear and the accessories of a modish gentleman's attire may be seen.

the preparations for the big show with something akin to a sneer. We know that the fat monarch with a past that reads like a few volumes of the "Thousand and One Nights" is only an ordinary mortal, and that there is nothing edifying in the spectacle of his being deified, but that is not a sufficient reason for overlooking the amenities that exist between friendly nations. We send Ambassadors to represent us at the courts of hereditary monarchs, and it surely will do us no harm to get behind Edward's band wagon and become a feature of the pageant even though it be of the buncombe variety. The harmless theatricals which are to draw big gate money to London town are to the people of England sanctified by traditions of the Anglo-Saxon race. Their spirit of patriotism finds expression in such mummery as that in which they are about to indulge. Why should we scoff and strut when the choice is given us to be polite or play the bounder? Bailey should be suppressed.

Mrs. Jones—Your little boy looks very much like his papa.
Fond Mother—I know, but I'm hoping that he will outgrow it.

Why He Probably Objected

President Roosevelt according to the despatches intimated to the French Government that he did not consider it advisable for that Government to confer the cross of the Legion of Honor upon Admiral Dewey and Lieutenant-General Miles. It was further stated that the President's action had caused a sensation in diplomatic, army and navy circles because it was believed that the President's decision was due to a desire to humiliate Miles and Dewey. I know of nothing in President Roosevelt's record to warrant the supposition that he would seek to humiliate those officers in such a manner. The spirit of our Constitution is opposed to the acceptance by officers of this Government of titles and emblems of distinction from foreign countries. It was more than likely that President Roosevelt's objection was based strictly on constitutional grounds.

Not in the Same Set Now

Factional strife in the New York smart set is becoming so bitter that women who were formerly friends now take occasion to publicly proclaim their unfriendliness. Last week it was reported in the despatches that Mrs. Clarence Mackay rode with Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Mrs. "Joe" Leiter in the Deadwood coach at the Wild West show. Mrs. Mackay denied the report, and it was stated in her behalf that Mrs. Belmont is not in her set. Moreover it was charged that the report was circulated by Mrs. Belmont's press agent. Here's a pretty how-d'ye-do! Has it come to this, that the mother of the Duchess of Marlborough must employ a press agent to keep herself in the swim? Evidently the sub rosa story of Willie K. Vanderbilt's divorce has beeen bruited to some purpose, or else Mrs. Belmont is becoming more reckless since she married Perry than she was as the wife of the elder Willie K. But it's hard to draw the line in the Newport set, and if the imperious wife of young Mackay hopes to hold herself aloof from those whose records reek with scandal she will have to seek seclusion in the donjon tower of her castle, and keep the drawbridge raised.

Lask-Greenlee

Harry J. Lask gave his daughter a house and lot for a wedding present. The house is now in process of building and is expected to be furnished in a few months. During the summer the young couple will occupy their pretty cottage in Belvedere. At present they are on their wedding tour. The marriage of Miss Hermione Lask and Frederic S. Greenlee was celebrated on Tuesday of last week at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Lask, in California street. It was a rose wedding, pink roses being the staple of the decorations and charmingly in keeping with the season. The dining-room was all in yellow, with American flags.

Poor Hobart!

My paragraph of last week about Walter Hobart and his palatial home served as an excellent tip for the dailies. They made a good story out of his financial affairs but sought to prove that he was not broke. Of course he isn't broke. He has not applied for a cot in the Alms House. But he is not regaling himself with truffles and wine quite so frequently as was his wont. But when a young millionaire who has been going the Newport pace finds that he has been compelled to settle down to a cross-country jog, he feels about the same as does a one-hundred-dollar-a-month clerk whose salary has been reduced to seventy-five. It is conceded that Mr. Hobart discovered that his palatial home was an expensive luxury, and that he should content himself with a less costly habitat. A man ceases to be rich when he has to live within his means. In these days of trusts and billionaires the rich man is the chap who is restless because he can't spend his income.

Glad to Get Rid of It

Since the sale of the Hobart residence I have heard it said that Mrs. Hobart never fancied it very much anyway, and that besides it was a disappointment to Walter. It was not built as a harmonious whole, but wings were added piecemeal without the happiest result. "Mamma," as Walter always speaks of his beautiful young wife, was long ago anxious to sell the place. Tripping on the heels of the news that young Clark had bought the Hobart place came the report that the Hobarts were going to separate. All week their friends were kept busy nipping the insistent report in the bud. There was absolutely no foundation for it. The matrimonial harness has ceased to fret and Walter is im-

mensely fond of his "American Beauty" and very fond of his two little girls. The Hobarts are planning for a trip to Europe, and if all goes well with the mining property of the estate another Hobart residence will be erected later on near San Mateo.

A Friend in Adversity

Though Hobart has punctured his father's bank account he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has that rarest of blessings—a true friend. When the news that the Hobart house was to be sold traveled down the byways the logical conclusion of the multitude was that Hobart was "broke." Acting on this supposition, one of the richest of the Blingumites went to Squire Walter and offered him five hundred thousand dollars to tide him over the dry season and save the home. Hobart refused the loan but both Mr. and Mrs. Hobart have told the story of the man's generosity, which evidently surprised them as much as it did the tight-fisted natives in that belt of the woods. There is little doubt that the members of the Hobart clan have lately dipped deep into economics. They have not yet been reduced to boiling the soup bones twice but money has been about as scant as Walter's forelock. Mrs. Lester at a tea the other day declared in a stage whisper that she doubted whether among them all there was a million and a half left. The smallest share of this is undoubtedly Walter Hobart's as he more than the other members of the family has scattered fistfuls of gold. And it was our poor weak-jointed imitation of a Horse Show that brought Walter to his knees financially. He himself is authority for this statement. He was determined to carry off all the blue ribbons in a bunch and those that did not dangle his way at the first show he made a mighty effort to win the next time. This left him with a lot of blooded horses from which he could not separate himself without a big loss, and the weight of this expensive horseflesh has been too much.

Joy in Blingum

Through the sale of the Hobart residence the Burlingame set is augmented by two very charming people. The Charles Clarks are to become full-fledged Blingumites. There is no question as to their eligibility to become members of San Francisco's smart suburban set. Even if they didn't have riches galore they would nevertheless be *personae grata,* for Mr. Clark is the son of a United States Senator and is a fine fellow, and Mrs. Clark is a cultured, womanly woman and as beautiful as the late mistress of the Hobart home. Mrs. Henry T. Scott will undoubtedly be one of the first to extend the glad hand to the Clarks, for a United States Senator stands next to an English Lord in the estimation of the renowned exponent of McKinley hospitality and the Charles Clarks are of the family of Senator William Clark.

He Was Colonel Mazuma

The acquisition of the Clarks is certainly a big conquest for Blingum. It means that the gold of the United Verde mine, the richest mine in the world, is to circulate freely in San Mateo county. It also means some royal functions in Blingum and the dimming of the star of Mrs. Carolan, for certainly if Mrs. Clark desires to become the Queen hostess she may without a struggle. Senator Clark's wealth is over the one hundred million mark. He is one of the five richest men in the United States. His son Charles is the business man of the family. He is the manager of his father's mining business. He it was that clanked the golden spurs of Colonel Mazuma through Montana during the Senatorial campaign of his father. He was an exceedingly popular fellow in Montana and when it became known that he intended to make California his winter home all the land boomers of Los Angeles started on his trail. He was thinking of settling in the southern country, but when Mrs. Clark took a peep into San Mateo county she resolved that should be her habitat.

He Saw the Same Crowd

Apropos of the sale of the Hobart acres I am reminded that they were formerly owned by Steve Whipple, and incidentally of a little story. Steve Whipple was, in the fifties, the proprietor of famous gambling rooms in Commercial street, which later became the home of the Pacific Club, since merged into the Pacific-Union. One night, shortly after the transition from public to private gambling quarters, a roughly clad miner walked in and prepared to make himself at home. One of the members asked him if he had not made a mistake, and told him he was in a private club. The miner gave a searching look around the room and said: "A private club, eh? Well, I used to come here pretty often when this place was known as Steve Whipple's gambling room, and I see about the same crowd around here now as I used to then."

Adopted Children are "It" Now

Pugs and poodles are no longer in vogue as pets among London's smart set from whom the stork has seen fit to withhold his gifts. The proper thing now is for the childless to adopt a child. The Russian Prince and Princess Dolgorouki were among the first to make the fashion popular. They have adopted a pretty little girl who is seen daily driving in Hyde Park. To be a child by adoption is no longer considered a fact to keep beneath cover. Since adopting little girls has been made popular they are reviving the London stories of such adoptions that belong to the past. Lady Mount Temple had an adopted daughter who married very well. Lady Holland's daughter, Miss Fox, married Prince Lichtenstein; the story of her adoption was a social sensation in Europe two decades ago. California can offer an example of an adopted child who achieved social distinction in the Princess Hatzfeldt, who was the daughter of a Sacramento grocer. Another was Timothy Hopkins, the little Irish boy whom a millionaire adopted and endowed with all the privileges of a born son and heir.

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Marguerite Must Wear a Shawl

Judging from private reports from Washington, Hildegarde McKenna is leaving the placid Isabella far behind in the race for popularity. The friends of the family in this city remember Hildegarde as an overgrown girl with none of the Vere de Vere repose of her senior sister. But it was poor Marie, as her intimate friends Gertrude Carroll and Josephine Loughborough can attest, who was the dear, sweet and kind-hearted member of the family, always ready to efface herself that the others might shine. Mrs. McKenna must be sorely disappointed after seven years' residence in Washington to still have her daughters under the family tree, and Washington so full of eligibles, too. My correspondent writes me that Countess Marguerite Cassini, niece, adopted daughter and mistress of the Russian Ambassador's household, continues to hold the centre of the social stage in Washington. Notwithstanding all the gossip there has been about her she managed to make a very respectable showing at a reception at the Russian Embassy a week ago. Her showing was respectable in point of number of guests. But her showing in a decollete way was something to marvel at. Washington had never seen such an excessive display of youthful charms before outside of a boudoir. The Countess wore a gown which for revealing purposes could scarcely have been surpassed except by a Living Picture. Now they say that some conservative matrons assert that they will stay away from the Russian Embassy unless Marguerite dons a shawl.

The McKenna Nursery Days

The gossip from Washington coupling the name of ex-Mayor J. D. Phelan with that of charming Miss Belle McKenna has been widely discussed in clubs and over tea tables. The friendship of the families dates from the time when the Phelans and the grandparents of the young lady resided at the Mission. The fashionable out of town drive in those days was along the Mission turnpike road. Mrs. McKenna's father owned a large flower garden and nursery near the road and one of the most attractive features of the drive was the sight of his rosy cheeked little daughter and her brother as they ran up to the passing vehicles to sell their sweet bouquets. *Autres temps autres moeurs.*

The Feltons

Ex-Senator Felton was in Washington last week revisiting the scene of his Senatorial triumphs and renewing old friendships. When he returns to California he will be accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. W. L. Elkins nee Kate Felton, who, since her marriage to the late Mr. Elkins of Philadelphia, has resided in the Quaker city. It is said to be the intention of Mrs. Elkins to make her native State, California, her future home. These Feltons are not to be confounded with the other Californians of that name. Miss Kate Felton of today, who is the efficient manager of charitable organizations, and who recently moved to San Francisco from Oakland, comes of a very talented family. Her father, the late John B. Felton, was regarded as one of the leaders of the bar during the sixty and seventy decades. Her grandfather, Judge J. G. Baldwin, and her uncle "Sandy," both occupied seats on the Supreme bench for many years, the younger man filling that position in Nevada before he was twenty-five years of age. The older man was a writer of some note, his "Flush Times in Alabama" being regarded as a classic.

Lord Temple cigars are smoked by all clubmen who will take nothing but the best.

The Stork in Washington

The itinerary of the *ciconia alba* includes the homes of four of the leaders of Washington's smart set. This is vouched for by my correspondent at the capital. Society, he continues, is rife with gossip over the schedule of the stork, and though the greatest interest is centred in Mrs. Roosevelt who is going to Oyster Bay to await the happy event, the case of the charming wife of Senator Depew has become the most prolific theme of comment. The Senator is so proud of his achievement that he is strutting about the capital like a turkey-cock. He is assuring all his friends that he is as young as he feels. Enforced retirement will also remove from the swim the wife of General Corbin and Baroness Moncheur, the wife of the Belgian Minister.

I see the juvenile Filipinos are not impressed with the story of great George and the hatchet. According to Filipino ideas, George was a booby not smart enough to lie. The story might as well be shelved anyway. At best it does not concern the Filipinos.

Bret Harte's Peculiarities

Though Bret Harte's fame was made through his tales of Californian life in the early days, and though the friendships of his young manhood were made on this coast, he is not kindly remembered here. Some of his best work was done in San Francisco, and here he was touted for many years, but when he went away he cut adrift from all his old associates. He was a great writer and a great egotist. He could inhale incense burning at his shrine forever. He was not of congenial temperament. He was not an active member of the Bohemian Club though all his old associates were. Both he and Mark Twain were made honorary members in 1873 but neither was ever an active member. Harte was the contemporary here of Twain, Lieutenant Derby—"Squibob" and "John Phoenix—Steve

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Massett ("Pipes"), R. S. Ogden ("Podgers"), Harry Mighels, Prentice Mulford, James Bowman and Judge Rhodes ("Caxton"). Bret Harte never had the genuine jovial bohemian spirit that characterized these men. He was bohemian only in that he did not always pay his bills. Not long ago I told the story of Ina Coolbrith's experience with Bret Harte with regard to taking her book of poems East to be published.

Barrett and Harte's Bills

The poet-author's experience with Lawrence Barrett is worth repeating. When Harte went East he paid a promised visit to the actor in New Jersey. Harte liked the place so well that he expressed a desire to settle down in the neighborhood. So Barrett got a house for him and stood sponsor for the poet with the landlord, the furniture dealer and other tradesmen. Harte lived there for some time and deprived himself of no conceivable luxury. But when he went away to fill his appointment as United States Consul in a German town, he forgot all his New Jersey obligations. He had not paid one cent of rent or of anything else during his sojourn in Barrett's village. As the actor had sponsored him he paid the bills, but he did not fail to express a forcible opinion afterward, and quoted those verses beginning:

"I waited for a single flower to blow,
While all about me flowers were running wild."

and ending with—

"And all about thy slender rootlets cast
My life like water, but to find at last
A bitterness and blight?"

He Liked London

However, Harte's financial laxity may have been but one of the eccentricities of genius. His lack of patriotism and State pride may also have been due to this cause. When he was United States Consul in Glasgow, one of the most remunerative offices in the Government's gift, he spent nearly all his time in London. The Americans in Scotland had a saying then that the only man who did not know where the United States Consulate was situated was the United States Consul himself. When Cleveland appointed a successor to Harte, the poet remained in London for he preferred England to America as a place of residence.

As a Poet

Though Harte the man may in some things be condemned, and Harte the novel writer may be said to have done great harm to California by misrepresentation, Harte the poet is universally beloved. Some of his earlier poems, though not great, linger in the memory. One of these is "Her Letter," once popular among dramatic readers. The late Oliver Wendell Holmes was a literary friend of Harte and when the Autocrat celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday, Bret Harte sent him the following graceful lines:

One day, from groves of pine and palm,
The poets of the sky and cover
Had come to greet with song and psalm,
The whip-poor-will—their woodland lover.
All sang their best, but one clear note
That fairly voiced their admiration
Was his—who only sang by rote—
The mock-bird's modest imitation.

So we, who'd praise the bard who most
Is poet of each high occasion,
Who'd laud our laureate, and toast
The blithe Toast-Master of the Nation—
To celebrate his fete today,
In vain each bard his praise rehearses;
The best that we can sing or say
Is but an echo of his verses.

Bret Harte was an adept at literary burlesque. His Condensed Novels are as clever in their line as could be done by any pen. His take-off on "Jane Eyre" is the best known of these. A new series of Condensed Novels was lately started by Harte in the *Cosmopolitan* and Hall Caine's "Eternal City" and "Christian" were brilliantly satirized.

Stephen W. Leach, the basso and author of that good old drinking song "Let All Obey," was a brother-in-law of Bret Harte. Leach died some years ago. He was a famous Bohemian and a great singer. Judge Harry A. Melvin was one of his vocal pupils in the long ago.

An Interesting Monument

At the congress of the Sons of the American Revolution held in Washington last week, William M. Bunker of this city offered resolutions which were adopted, providing for the care of the "Stars and Stripes" monument which he recently discovered in an old church known as Holy Trinity in East London. The church is on the site of the old Abbey of St. Claire, and it was in the vault below the church, two hundred years after his death on Tower Hill, that there was found the mummified head of the Duke of Suffolk, father of Lady Jane Grey. The monument marks the resting place of Elizabeth Washington, niece of Lawrence Washington who was a direct ancestor of our own immortal George. It bears the Washington arms—the eagle and the stars—five pointed stars—and stripes which are believed to have suggested the design for the American flag. Mr. Bunker delivered a stirring address in support of his resolutions.

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Distinguished in Journalism

Though Amos J. Cummings, who died last week, had been a prominent figure in Congress for nearly thirty years he was better known as a journalist than as a statesman or politician. He was known all over the United States as a hustling newspaper man. I met him in the Press Club in this city when he came hither en route to the Orient for his health. It was at the close of the war between China and Japan, and Creelman, the newspaper correspondent who had shortly before attracted attention to himself as a star in the firmament of yellow journalism by his sensational stories about the cruelties practiced by the Japanese, arrived here about the same time. He was returning to New York and both were guests of the Press Club the same evening. Mr. Cummings made a brief speech on that occasion during which he declared that he believed he owed his success in life to the experience which he had in boyhood days at the printer's case. He said that a better education could be absorbed in the composing room than in a university.

He was a Filibuster

Cummings, by the way, was an associate of General William Walker, who is perhaps almost forgotten by the people of this generation. As a filibuster Walker occupies a conspicuous place in history. Cummings had for associates in the Walker expedition in Central America, Englishmen fresh from Sebastopol, Hungarians who had bled under Kossuth, red-skirted Italians who had ridden behind Garibaldi, and Indians of the frontier. It was in those days that Cummings tried his hand at composition and he wrote the following which he used to sing for the pleasure of his friends:

How would you like a soldier's life
On the plains of Nicara-goo?
Marching away and fighting all day,
Nothing to eat and as much to pay,
We do it all for glory they say,
On the plains of Nicara-goo.
Not a bit of breakfast did I see,
And dinner was all the same to me;
Two fried oats and three fried rats,
Was a supper at Nicara-goo.
Marching away and fighting all day,
Nothing to eat and as much to pay,
We do it all for glory, they say,
On the plains of Nicara-goo.

The highest position attained by Cummings in journalism was that of managing editor of the New York *Sun*. Though he was a Tammany Congressman, he was not subject to Croker's dictation. He voted against the Huntington Union Pacific bill against the express command of Mr. Croker.

Society Studying Languages

The language of diplomacy is rapidly becoming the language of Blingum. Society is becoming Parisian in its tastes. Several of our belles eschew English since they were struck by the latest fad. The fame of the Berlitz system has spread to San Francisco, and now, it is said, there is no longer any reason why you should not be able to talk in any foreign language that strikes your fancy. If you attend the Berlitz school you are not allowed to speak in any tongue except the one which you are learning. The pupil fairly breathes the atmosphere of the nation whose language he is studying. As a consequence Wardie McAllister orders his dinner now with the accent of a Parisian.

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Why the Crash Came

Once more has the storm broken in Wall street, and the newspaper correspondents tell us that a veil of mystery covers the transactions which led to the crashing of stocks controlled by Dr. Webb, the son-in-law of the late William H. Vanderbilt. There is nothing very mysterious about Wall street crashes. They are merely the result of the bold manipulations of unscrupulous gamblers. Dr. Webb of the 400 is one of them. By way of illustration of how business is conducted in Wall street, a friend wrote me a week ago of an incident which came to light immediately after a fall in the price of the International Power stock, which by the way affected the Webb-Meyer combination and hastened its crash. "International Power" had been advancing with apparently inexhaustible strength for many days. Suddenly it collapsed and then it was learned that the cause was very simple. It appeared that the gamblers had resorted to a common method of creating confidence in the future of International Power, that of dangling before the public eye the spectacle of enormous purchases at rapidly increasing prices. Two brokers were set up opposite each other, one to sell what the other bought. They traded in the number of shares that in their judgment produced the best effect. But it happened that one day, though the broker engaged to sell got his orders, the orders to the other man to buy miscarried, and so there being no one to buy the crash came. And that is the way hundreds of sensational operations have been effected. Isn't it a rather comic state of affairs?

Markham as a Financier

Edwin Markham, the hoe-poet, has not been in the public eye for some time. It is no easy matter to keep Pegasus in the glare of the calcium. But Mr. Markham is not sitting idly by waiting for another inspiration. He has written to a friend in this city to the effect that he has organized in New York the Brainworkers' Association, and that its purpose is to develop the best that thought can produce in art, letters, the drama, religion and every activity in life. Its activities are to be carried on through a fund which will be available when necessary to supplement genius. As Mr. Markham is president of the association I pre-

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sume that he will be prepared to prove to the treasurer that the genius of the poet is constantly in need of financial encouragement. The first meeting of the association is to be held in Carnegie Hall tomorrow night, and Mr. Markham will read a poem, something in the nature of a suggestion to contribute to the fund, I suppose.

She Cut a Swath

A story comes to me from Manila anent one of the school teachers who went from an Eastern city, via San Francisco, to the Philippine Islands, to fill a government position. She has made a great record at her post, I hear. The record is not, however, in the line of teaching the Filipino young idea how to shoot. It is gay-colored and could just as easily have been acquired in an American town. The teacher is a pretty girl and she likes to enhance her pulchritude by the wearing of fine raiment. To this end she ran all sorts of bills in Manila, using the names of some of the Army friends gained during the ocean voyage as references. But when the accounts were presented she said of course she could not pay them out of her petite salary. She also borrowed money right and left, and pleaded poverty when the time came to lessen the obligation. As she is of good family and irreproachable manners and morals, aside from this bohemian tendency, she was admitted into the most exclusive circles upon her arrival at the Islands. The Army people found her acquaintance too expensive, and her name has been dropped from their calling list.

Snyder's Campaign Sack

Some of the leaders of the Democracy who, a few months ago, were scoffing at the suggestion of Mayor Snyder of Los Angeles as a gubernatorial candidate, now regard it with considerable favor. Snyder stood in with the Clark faction in the street railroad war in Los Angeles, and the report is now bruited that the multi-millionaire purposes getting behind the little Mayor. The politicians connected with the Democratic State machine have been on their uppers for a long time, and the prospect of the Clark sack being thrown into the next campaign has started a bad attack of itching palms. Clark's income is estimated to be in the neighborhood of a million a month, and Senator Clark is a money-spender whose like has never been seen in this State. When he was fighting Marcus Daly in Montana he flooded the State with long-green. If Snyder can convince the politicians that Clark stands ready to defray expenses he will not have any difficulty in obtaining the nomination. Such a glorious opportunity for the leg-pullers would not be overlooked.

Short on Lingerie

There was great commotion behind the scenes at the Orpheum last Saturday night. Those dimple-kneed damsels of the pony ballet were the cause of it all. They had sent their lingerie to a laundry and at the eleventh hour they were notified that as the machinery in the laundry had broken down their washing would be delayed for about twelve hours. But they were down on the program for an early stunt. If they went on and danced without their lingerie the police might raid the house. The situation was a desperate one. Nobody could suggest a way out of the difficulty. The management was in distress until somebody came in with the report that there was a small dry goods store south of the slot that never closed until after eight o'clock. One of the ponies threw herself into a hack, visited the store, bought the material necessary for the whole ballet, and returned with it to the theatre. Then every one of the ponies went to work with needle and thread, and stitched herself a garment in time to get under the wire before the close of the performance.

Coronation Gossip

My London correspondent writes me that if there are any people in San Francisco who expect to attend the Coronation festivities and who have not yet arranged for hotel accommodations, they should lose no time in cabling to friends to secure rooms. "But there is little likelihood," she adds, "of rooms being engaged at this time, in any London hotel, for the summer. Those that haven't secured accommodations will be likely to get them in private families, for every hotel in London has been sold out for the Coronation week. There is surely to be a terrible crush here, and no one should envy the Peeresses who are to attend the Coronation ceremony in the Abbey. To accommodate them all it has been decided to allow each only sixteen inches of sitting room. Think of that! In mid-summer, too! Those who are not so slender as they used to be are devoutly hoping that the temperature will be cool on June 26th. For delicate women the lengthy ceremony will be a terrible ordeal. All sorts of ingenious devices are being resorted to to facilitate the personal and surreptitious conveyance of refreshments into the Abbey. I was told the other day of one great lady who is having an imposing book made for the occasion that will contain between its covers more than the Coronation service. A fan will be an essential part of every lady's toilette, and these are being exquisitely painted and ornamented with jewels. I haven't yet heard a suggestion as to the advisability of introducing electric fans. The English are very slow in some things. There is already considerable grumbling in London because the King has given permission to those M. P.'s who have no Court dress to attend in ordinary morning costume, and yet a more serious reduction of the delightful gorgeousness of the big show is threatened by the faint-hearted Barons of the Cinque Ports who say they will not wear their ancient costume of scarlet with trunk hose and Spanish velvet hat and ostrich feathers. If any more of the important performers follow suit they will cast a gloom over what should be a most resplendent historical show."

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Her Father Fought a Duel

The Rosenfeld and Smedberg families have been made quite conspicuous of late by the divorce suit which has been so generously exploited by the dailies. The plaintiff in the case is the daughter of James R. Smedberg who was familiarly known years ago as Gashouse Smedberg. The sobriquet was bestowed to distinguish him from his brother William R. Smedberg, the insurance man. He first came into prominence away back in '69 through a duel with F. W. Gardner who was the son of the Governor of Massachusetts. Gardner had at that time resided here only a few months. He was a tall, handsome fellow with a dash of dare-devil in his composition, and he became a prominent figure in society. He was a suitor for the hand of Mamie Reilley, a beauty and a belle, and one day Smedberg repeated a story that he had heard about Gardner which was not of a flattering nature. Miss Reilley told Gardner and the latter demanded the name of the author of the tale. Smedberg refused to give it, whereupon he was challenged to a duel. He refused to accept it.

Lost His Fingers

A few days later Gardner, armed with a cowhide, encountered Smedberg in the bar-room of the Occidental hotel, and cut him across the face with the whip. Another challenge was the result and it was accepted. A meeting took place in Marin county, Howard Crittenden acting as Gardner's second, and Col. Stuart Taylor filling that role for Smedberg. The duel resulted in the loss of a couple of Smedberg's fingers, and as he was a pianist of some ability, the loss was a serious one. As Gardner said in speaking later of the affair, "I didn't wish to kill the fellow, so I just winged him in a way that will prove a puninshment indeed, and cause him to remember me as long as he lives." Mrs. Rosenfeld is also related to "Jo" Duncan, one of San Francisco's pioneer auctioneers, a familiar figure of early days, and who afterward attained notoriety as manager of the Pioneer bank. His disappearance after the failure of the bank, attempted escape by sea, and final arrest after several weeks in hiding, proved one of the sensations of the period.

A Noted Beauty to Return

San Francisco society will soon welcome back to her native heath Mrs. George Kirkpatrick who, as Miss Mollie Torbert, was one of the beauties of our swim and who has been away ever since her marriage. Mrs. Kirkpatrick belongs to a family noted for its pulchritude. Her mother, Mrs. Charles Torbert, and her aunt, Mrs. J. F. Swift, are among the handsomest of the many beautiful women that have lived in this city. Her sister Emily, who married Mr. Fearon of Shanghai, and Sheda, who is now Mrs. Valtine Snyder of New York, were both beauties of different types.

The Daughters of the Grain King

The Misses Friedlander, after their long and serious illness at the Lane Hospital, are reported to be rapidly regaining health and strength at Santa Barbara where they went to recuperate. Much sympathy has been expressed for these young ladies in their sad reverse of fortune and the courage they have since exhibited. While awarding them praise for the unflinching manner in which they braved the waves of adversity I know they have no desire to pose as martyrs. The Friedlanders are particularly fortunate in having the sympathy and encouragement of the entire Tevis family, the late Mrs. Sue Tevis, Mrs. Fred Sharon and Mrs. Will Tevis, as well as of Miss Jennie Flood, all of whom have been warm friends and patrons.

When They were Rich

No old San Franciscan can forget that in spite of his three failures in business old Isaac Friedlander was recognized in the business world as the "Grain King" of the Coast, or that the family held a leading place in its social world for many years. The Friedlanders gave numerous entertainments. One of the most brilliant functions ever attempted here was the wedding of their daughter Lizzie, to A. J. Bowie Jr. It was on that occasion that the expulsion of an uninvited guest was the sensation of the hour and for many a day. There has been a good deal of criticism anent the rupture of the family relations between Mr. Bowie and his daughter Miss Bessie, and her aunts, the Misses Friedlander, but it is always better to feel that perhaps there are two sides to such matters, and that to comment on one without a knowledge of the other is absurd and unjust.

When Lloyd Tevis was Poor

Society—especially that portion of it known as the "old set"—has been indulging in reminiscences this week anent the many old friends who have recently passed away. Apropos of the Tevises, several little stories crop up of their early life, and friends recall how proudly Lloyd Tevis used to tell of one incident of his life in Sacramento. He said he found himself, soon after arrival there, with only fifty cents in his pocket. As he walked along the street ruminating on what his next move would be, he spied in a confectioner's window a most tempting looking pie. He doted on pie and he bought that one for his last fifty-cent piece. In speaking of the incident he declared that the enjoyment and satisfaction he derived from eating that pie nerved him to renewed effort in search of employment. This he found in the office of Dr. Louis A. Birdsall who was then Recorder in Sacramento, and it was while a clerk in that office that he began his lucrative occupation of "shaving" warrants. Dr. Birdsall was the father of Milton S. Latham's first wife, a lady noted for her brilliant in-

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tellect. Mr. Tevis's next upward step was the formation of a partnership with his brother-in-law, J. B. Haggin, to lend money at ten per cent a month compound interest, which, as he said, they had little difficulty in obtaining those days.

The Veiled Lady

During the recent Elks' circus in Fresno not a little speculation was aroused as to the identity of a dashing equestrienne whose features were concealed from view behind a heavy veil. She wore a regulation habit and silk hat and her figure was charmingly erect and graceful. She was a fearless rider and won admiration by her feats of daring. From a private letter from Fresno I learn that the "veiled lady" was twins. It was not one woman, but two, who rode alternately in the circus, and hence the use of the veil. Mrs. John Japp of Fresno was one of the riders and Miss Ferguson of Clovis was the other.

Publishing House Quackery

According to Professor Brander Matthews the function of the literary critic is merely to expound, not to judge. With few exceptions the literary critics of the day are merely press agents for the publishers. So well is this understood to be the case by publishers that they have their own criticisms printed and stereotyped, and they send the "boiler-plate" to so-called critics all over the country. The Macmillan Company fell into the error, the other day, of confounding *Town Talk* with the publications that deal in that sort of criticism, and I received from that firm a piece of "boiler-plate" containing a half-column boom for "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" by Charles Major. According to Macmillan & Co. "Charles Major is perhaps the most popular teller of love stories among living novelists." It was no doubt modesty that forbade the omission of *"perhaps."* But the writer of "boiler-plate" matter declares however, that Mr. Major "has the rare and happy faculty which brings home to the heart the spirit of gallant times and the imperious call for youth's springtime." I hope the book has less flapdoodle and more sense than are contained in that sentence. However the writer assures me, or rather he wishes me to assure my readers, that "the book is well written from first page to last" and that it "is worthy to rank as one of the best pieces of American fiction, and as literature"; that Mr. Major "has discovered what potent implements are language and style in the creation of romance." Surely, a happy discovery; "all praise to him for this," writes the boiler-plater of Macmillan & Co., "it cannot fail, moreover, to add to his popplarity, thus earning for his willingness to labor and improve two rewards, one material, the other artistic."

Why "moreover,"instead of "moreunder" or some other equally euphonious word? It would express as much. Poor boiler-plater! No doubt grinding out that kind of polite and puerile twaddle superinduces brain-fag. It is evident that the methods of the theatrical manager are being worked in the book business. But isn't it brazen effrontery for the publisher to break into the profession of the reviewer and seek to delude the public by interjecting his own opinions about his own books? Isn't it a form of quackery which should be regarded as a disgrace to literature?

Connoisseurs of perfect goods appreciate "Jesse Moore" Whiskey for its purity and delightful flavor. It is without a peer.

In Light Marching Order

Mrs. Clemens Hohwiesner of San Rafael was the not unprotesting victim of a most unpleasant contretemps in New York the other day. For months she has been preparing to pay a long-promised visit to her parents, the Charles Meineckes, who have been wintering in Northern Italy. Early last week she started, tearfully, but with a full complement of trunks and dress-suit cases, consigned to mine host of the Buckingham, who had been instructed by her fond husband in countless telegrams to see that the little woman was placed safely on board the Italian liner with all her impedimenta. But somebody blundered. When the proprietor of the Buckingham released Mrs. Hohwiesner's arm after escorting her up the gangplank and was about to make his adieux, it was suddenly discovered that all her luggage was missing—nothing in sight, not even a hand bag! Tears, expostulations, lamentations, explanations and frantic telegraphing ensued. Her belongings were finally located at the Hamburg line pier, but, alas! too late! The Italian boat swung clear into the stream and poor, little Mrs. Hohwiesner was precipitated into a nine days' ocean voyage without even a toothbrush!

An Oakland boy is winning his way in London, and is picking up a few laurels, too: Llewellyn Hughes is first violin in the Prince's theatre in London and when he is not in his place in the orchestra is pursuing his studies under a celebrated master. Young Hughes is the son of that

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masterful Welshman, D. P. Hughes, who leads the Hughes Club of Oakland and was for a time director of the Loring Club in this city.

To Gain Exclusiveness

It is reported that the management of the new Crocker hotel intends to make a rule that in the room in which meals are served a la carte, men not in evening dress shall not be served. A similar rule was once laid down by a famous Fifth avenue restaurateur and he was compelled to abandon it. I predict that the Crocker hotel management will also find the rule impracticable if it be adopted. San Franciscans, like New Yorkers, are patient and tolerant but they will demur to a rule the purpose of which is to give a restaurant the hallmark of exclusiveness. It is more likely to prove unsuccessful here than in New York, for we have not been educated up to the evening dress habit. A man not in evening dress or at least tuxedo is a rara avis in Sherry's, Delmonico's, Martin's or in any of the smart New York hotels at the dinner hour. And yet a rule making it obligatory on people to wear evening dress would not be tolerated there.

Many will go down to San Mateo today to remain over until Monday. There will be a promenade concert at the hotel tonight and the grounds will be illuminated with vari-colored incandescent lights. J. A. Marsh took an automobile party down to the hotel last Saturday.

The Old Sutro Place

A kettledrum will be given at the old Sutro mansion, corner Hayes and Fillmore strets, next Wednesday evening. It will be a charity affair for the benefit of Sacred Heart church, and the ladies of that parish have the function in charge. It is long since any function has disturbed the calm of the old Sutro mansion. Its halls have not been filled with fashion and beauty for many a long year. Its last occupant was the wife of Adolph Sutro. Sutro himself resided in his home on the heights overlooking the Cliff House but his wife, from whom he had been separated for years, lived in the old family home in Fillmore street. The memoirs of the Sutro family, by the way, would be interesting reading. A romancist could find material for a three-volume novel in the life of the aged capitalist. The house where the Sacred Heart ladies will hold their kettledrum was in its time a handsome edifice. The grounds are extensive and were beautiful, but they have been permitted to lapse into overgrowth and decay.

Feminine Wits and Orators

When all the returns are in from the Federation of Women's Clubs in Los Angeles, I expect to have some good stories about what the ladies did and did not do in the convention. Mrs. Lowe of Georgia, who is one of the opposition on the color line question, is very affable, I am told, in other matters. She is a bit of a wit, too, as was proved in the little speech she made on Tuesday that resulted in the ladies removing their hats. Mrs. Lowe said:

"If the ladies of the convention will remove their hats it will save wear and many dollars to kind and deserving husbands."

Mrs. Pennybacker of Texas was the idol of the reporters from the first day of the convention. She does not believe in superfluous speech and she it was who squelched what promised to be a lengthy debate at Tuesday's session between Dr. Dickinson of Chicago and Mrs. Dunaway of Oregon by calling out:

"Madame chairman, I move the previous question!"

One of the most brilliant papers read at the convention was the work of Mabel Clare Craft of the *Chronicle*.

Traveling Californians

Mrs. Edward Painter joined the Californian colony in Washington, D. C. recently, going thence to New York. She was entertained by several of her old San Francisco friends now resident in the East. Mrs. Painter was Jean Russell before her marriage. Her father, John A. Russell, for years clerk of the Board of Supervisors in this city, died not long ago.

An Heir Wanted

A gentleman familiar with Holland politics informs me that the death of Queen Wilhelmina would fill Dutch and German diplomats with anxieties. It appears that her heir presumptive is the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar whose grandmother was Princess Wilhelmina Sophie of Holland, and he is a bachelor and without a near heir. His only brother, who shared with him a chance for the Dutch throne, died a little while ago. The Grand Duke will soon be twenty-six years of age, and in view of important possibilities it was hoped that a marriage would be arranged for him with pretty Princess Alice of Albany who bears a

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strong resemblance to her cousin, Queen Wilhelmina. But this charming Princess has other admirers of very high rank and the Grand Duke has shown no inclination to give Saxe-Weimar a Grand Duchess.

A Senator's Confession

That was an interesting but somewhat damaging affidavit made by State Senator Selvage of Humboldt county concerning the proposition to bribe the city council which, he alleges, was submitted to him. The affidavit is as damaging to Mr. Selvage as to the other people involved. The State Senator virtually confesses that as the attorney for the telephone company, he entertained the proposition and submitted it to the officers of the corporation by whom it was rejected. Their rejection of the proposition does not absolve Mr. Selvage of culpability. The fact remains, so far as the affidavit shows, that affiant stood ready to act as middleman in a bribery transaction. Being a State Senator as well as an attorney he perhaps feels that that sort of business falls within the line of his professional duties.

Brady's Philosophy

All of which reminds me of the philosophy of Statesman Brady who was in the last legislature. Mr. Brady represented the tenderloin district, and it was generally understood that he was not in Sacramento for his health. But it was a very dull session, and by the time it was over Brady was filled with disgust. When he returned home at the close of his labors he declared that he would never become a legislator again unless he could first become an attorney at law.

"Why do you wish to become an attorney?" asked a friend.

"Because," he replied, "I can then take stuff without incurring the liability of arrest and prosecution for accepting a bribe. When I was in Sacramento my legal confreres in the legislature were taking stuff right and left but they called it 'fees' and represented themselves as counsel for the parties interested in the measures they were pushing. If I did what some of those lawyers did I would have landed in San Quentin."

The Summer Itinerary

Society this summer will be about evenly divided between San Rafael and San Mateo, for it is in those localities that the greater number of smart country places is situated. So many families are in mourning that it will be out of the question for them to take part in even hotel gayeties, and these naturally prefer the quiet of a suburban residence. The Morgans will be missed from San Rafael as they expect to go abroad very soon now. But Katherine Dillon will be back from Japan and in a measure her presence will make up for Therese Morgan's absence. Pearl Landers will not enter largely into any summer sports that will be on the rug, for too much winter gayety sent this popular bud into nervous prostration. The Will Tevis' will vibrate between Bakersfield and Tahoe, their usual summer stunt. The Hopkins-Taylors-McNears, who have been so quiet this last month or so, will follow their usual program of San Mateo country home and mountain eyrie, with brief trips to the hotels.

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Bettie Ashe Coming Home

Miss Elizabeth Ashe will be here this summer to spend her vacation and her friends are prepared to lionize her—if she will let them. "Bettie" Ashe is the youngest of the girls in the family, and some think her the most attractive. She tired of the round of social duties and pleasures and went in for more serious occupation. Like Laura McKinstry and May Hoffman she took up nursing. Unlike her friends, however, she kept to her profession when Miss McKinstry was recalled home by illness in her family and Miss Hoffman eloped with Rev. Le Baron Johnson. Bettie's letters home told of hard duties, but enjoyable ones to her because she liked the life. She has the Ashe grit that all the boys—Porter, Gaston and Sidney—possess and would never give up any allotted task, no matter how disagreeable. The same blood that flowed in the veins of Admiral Farragut flows in that of this bright society girl who elected to become a hospital nurse. Linie, the eldest of the sisters, married Norman McLaren. She is a great church worker and was also one of the founders of the ladies' Town and Country Club. Millie, the second sister, married Harold Sewall, son of the great ship-builder.

The Famous Little Church

The other day Mrs. Katherine Holland the widow of George Holland, the elder, was buried from "The Little Church Around the Corner." When her son Joseph Holland was last out here he told me the true story of how the Church of the Transfiguration in Twenty-ninth street came by its more "comfy" sobriquet of "The Little Church Around the Corner." At the time of his father's death in 1870, the Holland family frequently attended the Church of the Atonement. Believing that church to be the most appropriate at which to hold the funeral services of his father, young Holland went with Joseph Jefferson to see the rector, the Rev. Dr. Sabine, and requested him to perform the burial service. Mr. Jefferson, in order to have everything perfectly straightforward, told the Rev. Mr. Sabine that Mr. Holland was an actor and asked him whether he had any objection on that ground. Mr. Sabine at once replied that he had but added that there was a little church around the corner where they did such queer things. "Then God bless the little church around the corner," replied Joseph Jefferson, and from that day it has been known as "The Little Church Around the Corner" and held in affectionate esteem by the theatrical fraternity. Almost all the stage folk in New York gathered at Mrs. Holland's funeral and the rector commented on the fact that her husband was the first actor who was buried from "The Little Church Around the Corner."

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May Wed Sandow

The story has filtered through to this city from the Californian colony in New York that Sandow, the strong man, is expected there again, and that when he returns it may be to claim a San Francisco girl for his bride. The girl has made her home in New York for some time past. She has a fencing and physical culture class and, as the story comes to me, she went to Sandow for a few finishing lessons in her art. The strong man, whom beauty alone does not move, could not resist the splendid muscles of the Californian. He gave her the instructions she asked and then he proceeded to fall in love with her. The two were often seen, prior to Sandow's departure for London, walking or driving together. It is more than likely muscular topics alone furnished the subject of their conversation, but my correspondent will have it that the theme was "l'amour" instead.

When Sandow was in San Francisco

It is many a year since Sandow visited us. He came, if I remember rightly, about the time of the midwinter fair. Scheel was the idol of the musical enthusiasts and Sandow of the women who worship muscle. He appeared in vaudeville and also gave private exhibitions of his strength. One of these exhibitions was a matinee before a select audience of art students and society women. I have preserved the verses that Dick Tarleton, the young hotel clerk poet and protege of Anna Morrison Reed, dashed off apropos of the function:

Since the days of fair Eve—"when the trouble began,"
Each woman has sighed for a real, perfect man;
But, alas! nowadays they are so hard to find,
That it seems that they only exist "in your mind."
No, no, I'm mistaken, we've got one right here,
It's Sandow, "the perfect"—Adonis' peer;
Though unlike Adonis the wretch will wear clothes
And "only to ladies" his figure expose.
Oh, dear, how the ladies did hustle to see
The perfect man pose at his great matinee;
They crowded the boxes, the parquet and all,
And stood up by scores with their backs to the wall.
The ladies from most of our Art Schools were there,
The "old" and the "homely," the young and the fair.
There were "dreamy-eyed blondes" with their cheeks in a glow,
And "red-headed belles" sitting twelve in a row.
"Old maids" sitting there as if glued to the seat,
And damsels who giggled, "Oh, my, ain't he sweet."
There were "strong-minded women" and "giddy old girls,"
Young ladies in wigs and old ladies in curls,
And women of—well—say of "uncertain age"
Were crowding each other to stand near the stage.
Whilst all the front seats—called the "Baldheads' annex,"
Were filled up completely by ladies in specs.
The curtain went up, all was silent as death,
For a moment they seemed to be gasping for breath.
Then all kind of glasses appeared with a rush,
All pointed at Sandow, dressed?—yes—in a blush.
At least that is all of the "clothes" I could see,
Though the lady who sat in the seat next to me
(With a pair of field glasses) declares I am wrong,
Some ribbon was where it would seem to belong.
Maybe there was, for to tell you the truth,
My eyes have been weak from the days of my youth.
For nearly one hour they sat and they gazed
At Sandow's nude figure and gushingly praised
His form and his muscles, his curls and his face,
His curves and his outlines, his ease and his grace,
And vowed it was, oh! such an artistic sight,
They could linger with pleasure there night after night.
And so when the "horrid old curtain" came down
Each lady declared with a very deep frown,
She thought the performance was really too short,
They did not see half the "art pictures" they ought.

Of the newest papers the Linen Bonds displayed by COOPER & CO are most effective.

From San Francisco Sandow returned to Europe and in Germany married. His wife was a stunning beauty and she later seconded him in his strength stunts.

Matrons of Perennial Charm

What is the proper age at which a mother should be shelved? is a question that is beginning to agitate the modish world. Too many of our matrons are retaining their verdancy long after the budding period of their offspring, and as a consequence many of our fair debutantes are being overshadowed by mammas. However, the knack of growing old gracefully is one that no woman cares to lose, and in solving the problem as to the shelving of the perennially attractive mothers the matrons themselves must be consulted. There is perhaps no girl in society who has a more attractive mother than has Elena Robinson, but there are two prospective buds who have not only a charming mamma to divide interest but also a grandmother to be reckoned with. One of the best examples of the mother who is no less interesting than her offspring is Mrs. Louis Parrott. And by the way, we have only one Mrs. Parrott in California, and Mrs. Louis Parrott is that one—a woman of great executive ability, and admired for her gentleness, her kindness and her generosity.

There is a new department in the *Critic* this month. It is headed "Salt and Sincerity" and is edited by Frank Norris. It will probably be a permanent feature. "Sense and Smells" would seem to me, however, a more Norris-like heading. The nasal element always predominates in Frank Norris' novels. He does not see beauty and fields; he smells them.

Mrs. L. P. Drexler was among the passengers on the *Sonoma* for Honolulu.

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Balliet's Latest

Letson Balliet is again to the fore with one of his characteristic schemes. He has sworn to a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Alice Young, his former chief clerk. He charges her with stealing $65 while she was in his employ. Many people believe Balliet's desire is to discredit the young woman's testimony which she is to give against him in the Federal court of Des Moines where he will be tried on May nineteenth for a fraudulent use of the mails. For several years Balliet has been a wonderfully successful financier. He has gotten several hundred thousand dollars mostly from people of small means who seek to make fortunes from trifling investments. He has spent at least a hundred thousand dollars in advertising himself as a Napoleon of finance, etc. Journals which prosper by cloaking the rottenness of advertisers when such a course is profitable, have found Balliet a ready course of revenue. His three principal sinks for other people's money are the White Swan Mining Company, the Niagara Mining Company and a "Security" company. In none of these has an investor a chance to ever get his money back except he can scare Balliet into returning it with threats of exposure. Balliet claims to have bought a handful of Congressmen with a few thousand dollars to get him out of trouble with the United States authorities. In fact, he told me this himself, and boasted that he had always enough ready cash to provide the same slippery lubricant in a slide for safety. Just now he is advertising extensively his Niagara mine scheme. His statements are plausible though extravagant and he will catch many fish as heretofore.

The Alaska Central Railway proposes to build a railroad from Resurrection Bay to Rampart, and has been capitalized for $30,000,000. The shares are of the value of $50 for 550,000 non-assessable and the same price for 50,000 five per cent. preferred. The preferred shares are offered for sale here by the American Guarantee and Trust Company, which has offices in the Hayward building. The Company is generous enough not to ask $50 for the stock now but only $5 cash, which will allow even the small investor to get in on the ground floor. The Alaska Central publishes a prospectus headed: "Can ye not discern the signs of the times?" Matthew xvi: 3. The prospectus also says: "When construction has progressed to the completion of the first five or ten miles, every cent necessary for the completion of the remaining distance will then be available on long-term bonds at a low rate of interest. It is the honest conviction of the officers and directors that dividends on the preferred stock will be earned from the time the first twenty miles are built. The preferred stock should, therefore, quickly go to par and above. There is no valid reason why the Alaska Central should not be a better dividend-earner when it enters the Mount McKinley district, 125 miles inland, than the White Pass and Yukon is today, with its stock $400 above par. The permanent resources tributary to the Alaska Central are so far superior to the resources tributary to the White Pass and Yukon that comparison is out of the question." Doubtless the shrewd Northerners who are fathering this scheme will get some California money. I would advise no investment as the prospective dividends are too uncertain and too distant.

On Change

Business on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week has been rather limited and has been confined to a few of the securities of favored corporations. The flurry in light stocks noted last week and attributed to a possible combination of all the corporations in the bay counties, subsided some with the liberal offers to sell and prices have been see-sawing as there have been quite a few buyers at times. San Francisco Gas and Electric shares have been fluctuating between $43.50 and $45, although the bulk of transactions were recorded at $44. Quite a few small blocks changed hands. Pacific Gas Improvement shares were offering freely and there was an easing off in values. Transactions in other gas shares were rather limited. Alaska Packers' Association's stocks sold well, touching $162 and ruling firm at this figure. Both California Fruit Canners' and California Wine Association's shares held up well at steady prices and came in for some little attention. Spring Valley Water shares were rather neglected and prices were easier. Oceanic stocks ruled steady at $32 with the demand moderate. Aside from Hutchison Plantation Sugar shares have been featureless, even the paying of the dividend by the Onomea Company having no attractive influence for the securities of that company. Hutchison has come in for some little attention and prices have shown a gradual hardening. Sales were made as high as $13 with a bid for more at this price but with no stock obtainable. Bids for the shares of the American Bank and Trust Company have been raised to $110 but holders are not inclined to accept this figure. In bonds Los Angeles Railway 5 per cents have come into favor and several thousand dollars' worth have changed hands as high as $119. Sacramento Electric Gas and Railway bonds held up well at $116 bid and $116.50 asked although no large sales were consummated.

Oil Notes

The sixteen wells of the Sterling Oil Company now in operation are capable of delivering 3,000 barrels of oil a day, including the royalty from Vest and Sovereign. All the capital stock of the company has been issued, and the dividend is $5,000 for May. A similar amount is to be payable in June. The product of the company has been well contracted for and as high as 15 carloads in a day have been shipped from the fields.

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On Tuesday the Imperial Oil Company paid a dividend of 20 cents a share amounting to $20,000, and on the same day Thirty-three Oil Company paid one of 10 cents a share, amounting to $10,000.

The stockholders of the Associated Oil Company will hold a meeting on July 7th to vote on a proposition to create a bonded indebtedness of $5,000,000, to be secured by mortgage upon or deed of trust of all the property of the corporation owned or to be acquired by it.

The inquiry on the part of Oil investors shows a constant improvement, and bidding on the Exchange during the past week has been quite active. Sales have been more extensive and prices have ruled firm with somewhat of an upward tendency. Sterling shares have led in point of demand, selling from $1.70 to $1.80 according to terms. Sovereign held attention and quite a few lots changed hands at steady rates. Kern shares commanded $5 while San Joaquin Development Company's stock brought $7.50. Reports from the fields continue to show favorable features and with the increased demand for fuel purposes, values for all stocks listed are well sustained.

The directors of the newly incorporated City and County Bank of this city have organized and elected A. J. Lowenberg, president; L. V. Merle, vice-president, and A. J. Tonne, secretary and cashier. The bank has secured its charter and will soon be licensed. Business operations are expected to be begun by July 1st.

The stockholders of the Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco at their annual meeting re-elected the board of directors as follows: Wakefield Baker, William Babcock, Warren D. Clark, George Crocker, W. F. Detert, F. G. Drum, M. H. Hecht, E. W. Hopkins, W. G. Irwin, D. O. Mills, James D. Phelan, N. D. Rideout, Claus Spreckels, H. T.Scott and Frederick W. Zeile. The officers also re-elected were as follows: President, Frederick W. Zeile; vice-president, N. D. Rideout; cashier and secretary, John D. McKee. The report of the year's business was very satisfactory. The capital of the corporation is $1,000,000 full paid, and undivided profits $270,000. —*The Financier*

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Houghton's Dinner

To wed or not to wed again—that is the problem with which I am confronted day after day. Shall I, or shall I not? My aunt says I am a fool if I do not. She has had three husbands and at sixty survives the last. Each died and left her a moderate fortune. The moderate fortune multiplied by three gives her a comfortable income. She toils not, neither does she spin. She is in Paris now and writes me to come and visit her. With a husband, if I will; if not, she will find me one. But I like my liberty and don't see why I should resign it. It is odd the interest one's friends take in one's concerns. Odd, and uncalled for. Now, there is Margaret. She said to me today: "Why don't you marry, Pauline? You're absurd to live alone when you might have a husband by just the lifting of an eyebrow."

"Who is he?" I asked, "show me the man and—perhaps."

"You know well enough," said Margaret.

"Well, my dear," I returned, "if I do, it may not be the one you mean."

"Rory Gwinn," said Margaret.

"Oh, *that!*" I exclaimed, "nonsense! Fancy me surrendering my liberty to that great, selfish creature. My dear, I've been the slave of one man. You don't catch me becoming the slave of another."

"Well, then, Pauline," said Margaret, "I think you might be more generous."

"Explain, my dear."

"You let him hang about you and give you flowers and—and—well, don't you see, there *might* be some girl who would like a chance at him if you don't want him."

A light flashed upon my darkened understanding.

"Oh, if that is the case," I said, "Margaret, why don't *you* encourage Rory a little bit?"

But Margaret flounced out of the room, the first time I have ever seen her calm exterior ruffled. It can't be that Margaret is interested in Rory Gwinn. If she is, Heaven pity her.

* * * * * * * * * *

As Hardy says, it was a mistake to have been born at all, and life is different from all other shows, in that elsewhere one may go out if the play is too dull or too long, but in this we must stay until lights are out. I suppose good breeding demands that, since we cannot make our exits without disturbing the people around us. But they won't let us go quietly under any circumstances, so they ought to be glad to let us out early and settle down to more pleasure for themselves without having to watch us. I feel blue today, I don't know why. I wonder why I live. What good do I do in this world? I asked the Professor that, when he was here to lunch, and he answered: "Why, you look pretty, of course. You set before me a good lunch like this." That's like the Professor. He loves to eat, and he likes my housekeeping. He thinks he loves me, but he doesn't. He would not care for me if I did not set a good lunch before him. I feel suicidal this afternoon.

* * * * * * * * * *

Rory dined with me. It was just the two of us, for Margaret and Tiny, whom I half expected would drop in, did not come. Rory lost his head a little bit—we had champagne. He said my beauty dazzled him, but I know it was the wine. Though I did look rather well in my white frock, demi-decollete and demi-sleeves. Rory is a handsome fellow. I wish I could lose my heart to him. I followed his lead and lost my head a little, too. When we had liqueurs in the library, I'm afraid our flirtation approached the serious. Poor Margaret!

* * * * * * * * * *

The disenchantment is complete this morning. I took a ride in the Park, and came home to jump into my tub. The ride and the bath cleared my head of the cobwebs. But I'm afraid I'll have to go away. Poor Rory! Last night may have given him hopes that I can never fulfill. If I go away Margaret can catch his heart—possibly—in the rebound.

* * * * * * * * * *

That cat, Margaret's grandmamma, called on me today. She said all manner of nasty things to me, disguised in sugar and honey as is the way with these society tabbies. Insinuated that I was going too far, that I had leapt the wall of convention and was galloping through the field of impropriety that might land me—anywhere.

"I knew your dear mother," she purred, "so you won't take it unkindly, Pauline, that I give you this advice."

I understand madame la grandmere. She is keeping an eye out for her granddaughter's interests. Ah, but I'll settle her bill for her!

* * * * * * * * * *

The Professor and I were standing on the veranda of the clubhouse this morning, when we heard voices within. It was impossible not to listen.

"How's your affair going on with the little widow?" asked one.

"Yes, we saw you emerging from her domicile the other night," said another.

There was no audible answer from the person addressed. The banter continued. I was idly wondering who "the little widow" was, when a voice I could not mistake exclaimed:

"Oh, shut up! You know very well it's only a flirtation."

"Ah, but suppose *she* is taking it *au serieux?*"

"She isn't. You don't understand."

"I'll bet you marry her inside of six months."

"You'd lose."

I did not wait for any more. That was enough. How disgusting men are, to bandy words about women among themselves. But I wonder why Rory said, "You'd lose"? He seemed rather sure of success the other night. Perhaps he saw me with the Professor. After all, I think I'll let the flirtation go on.

* * * * * * * * * *

I felt in a *diable* of a mood this morning. I cried an hour after breakfast. Oh, it's horrible to be lonely—to think there is not a soul in the world who really cares whether one lives or dies. There's the Professor; he might miss my luncheons. Margaret might drop a tear or two on my coffin. She hasn't been to see me since that day I angered her, but she would come to my funeral. I know I'd make a striking corpse. I always look my best in white. They'd bury me beside my late beloved. Poor Ned, I suppose he loved me after his fashion, but it wasn't the way I long to be loved. 'Tis a sad thing we never had any children. It might have changed him. As it was he nearly beggared us both by bestowing his affection on blooded horses. If Death hadn't pulled him up in time, his extravagances would have taken our last hundred thousand to clear the atmosphere of debts. Then there's Rory—would he miss me? I believe the poor boy would kill himself on my grave. 'Tis almost frightful to be loved as Rory loves me. I have to keep even the paper knives out of his reach sometimes, he gets so wild.

* * * * * * * * * *

Heigho! In the midst of my megrims the telephone bell rang. It was that nice creature Houghton, Ned's chum for years.

"Will you dine with me today, Pauline?" was his message; "I'm in town for two days, and want to blow in a couple of hundred on some nice little woman."

"*A deux?*" I answered.

"Of course. Don't you know me well enough for that?"

"Where?"

"Pierre's."

"Time?"

"Seven and—you know the kind of dinner that I mean," he added.

I thought I had heard that before, but I answered:

"Very well. Call for me."

Houghton is one of those men who have been everywhere, know everything and who save one the trouble of thinking what next. I knew he would regale me with delicious stories. One of the nice things about being a widow is that one can listen—and laugh at stories that have a point to them. Even a wife does not dare to betray too much knowledge. I knew the kind of dinner Houghton meant would be a delightful dissipation, and that I

OUTSIDE

The City

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should enjoy the whole meal through because I should go prepared to relish.

* * * * * * * * * * *

I loved my liberty so well that when Rory called I gave him a sharp lecture on his misdoings. I told him he wasted too much time dawdling about me, and the best thing he could do was to stop flirting and go and ask some sweet young girl to marry him.

"But suppose she won't have me?" he asked.

"Ask her, anyway—and leave the rest to the gods."

"By Jove! I will," he exclaimed, and I expected to see him fall on his knees at once. But he didn't. Just as well. I was in no melting mood.

Shortly after Rory's departure, the Professor called. He seemed to have something on his mind. I rallied him on his abstraction and then he confessed.

"I've followed your advice, Madame Charming," he said.

"Going to invest in real estate?"

"That's half of it."

"Europe? That's good."

"One-fourth. Oh, I might as well tell you. We're going to be married next month. You always said she was the nicest girl you knew."

You might have knocked me down with a quill.

Just as I was dressing for the kind of a delightful dinner that a dinner with Houghton meant, Rory burst into my boudoir and gave me a rousing kiss on the lips.

"You are the dearest woman in the world," he cried, "if it hadn't been for you I'd never have thought of it."

"What is it?" I asked.

"I'm going to be married. She loves me."

Oh, so Margaret caught the heart in the rebound, I thought, and I said:

"Why, Rory, that's good. I'm so glad you and Margaret have made it up."

"Margaret? Oh, no, Pauline, it's Tiny. I always liked Tiny—and you know she looks something like you—"

That little, thin blonde resembling *me!* It took my breath away for the minute.

So I threw my lovers into the arms of my girl friends, and never knew. They say widows are sharper than adze-edges, but sometimes we're duller than a Barlow knife. I cabled to Auntie that I'd meet her in London next month. Thought perhaps a trip abroad would brighten my wits.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Well, I've changed my mind. That dinner with Houghton was so refreshing. I like Houghton. I won't go to Europe. Houghton has some capital ideas about domestic life. He says there is nothing better than the Frenchman's idea of how a wife's interest in domesticity should be kept up. I asked him what the Frenchman's idea was. He told me that the Frenchman believes that a husband should be a lover to his wife, and that to keep up the illusion he should give her an occasional dinner just like the one we had.

—*The Gourmet.*

STAGE

Cashman's Unpremeditated Hit

The brightest line in "The Singing Girl" was not in the original book of the opera written by Harry B. Smith. It was improvised and interpolated last Monday night at the Tivoli revival by that spontaneous comedian, Mr. Harry Cashman. The hit of the first-night production was made by Mr. Cashman in the second act. He riveted the attention of the audience on his person for more consecutive minutes than any comedian ever succeeded in doing before. Hartman was in the scene, too, but Cashman took all the "fat" away from the leading comedian and held the centre undisputed. And yet he didn't half try. Indeed he suddenly became of a retiring nature, and his face was suffused with blushes so unremitting were the attentions of the audience. It was probably the first time on any stage that a comedian blushed, but the situation was embarrassing. It all happened in this way. Cashman saw a pin on the stage, and being superstitious he was impelled to stoop and pick it up. Now that is a risky thing to do in the presence of a large audience when a man has on tight-fitting silk trousers. In this instance it was also risque, but fortunately the threatened denouement came not. The weakest seam in the red silk trousers asserted itself. It made itself visible to the naked eye, and at the same time revealed the fleshy part of Mr. Cashman's leg. And it was his left leg and the seam was the inside one. The ripping sound could be distinctly heard as far back as the box-office. Mr. Cashman gasped, and the whole audience with one accord rubbered. The seat of the disturbance became the "cynosure of all eyes." The audience roared. When Mr. Cashman recovered from the shock he interpolated his line. He said, "If I stoop again *it will be all off.*" The audience roared again. Fully ten minutes elapsed before Mr. Cashman could get behind the scenes and pull on a pair of white trousers. After Cashman came Annie Meyers. This popular soubrette never appeared to greater advantage than she does as the singing girl in the Smith and Herbert opera. And the Tivoli production does not suffer by comparison with that of the Neilsen company. On the contrary the performance at the Tivoli is even more refreshing than was the old one at the Columbia, for it is not handicapped by a star. It is a well balanced performance, and the choruses are particularly effective. The fine German hand of Mr. Steindorff, who knows the opera so well that he leads without a score, is in evidence throughout. Arthur Cunningham is a fine figure as the Duke but his rich baritone would be heard with greater satisfaction if the basso songs were transposed. Frances Graham hasn't much to do as Marie, but her one song is given with the artistic finish which makes her well-rounded contralto so charming. And as for Harold Gordon he far surpasses Mr. Ling of the Nielsen company as Count Otto. The Tivoli has rare talent in Mr. Gordon. With Hartman, Webb and Cashman to work on the risibles of an audience there is nothing lacking in the comic element.

The Newest American Play

"When the Heart Was Young" reminds me of a trunk packed in a hurry. You get everything in and then when you fancy it's about time to slam down the lid and click the lock you discover the main necessities of your wardrobe have been left out. Bits of all kinds of plots, familiar characters of all shapes and sizes, are packed within the four acts, but the necessary linking of plots and characters has been crowded out. What strikes one in this herding of twenty-one characters and a dozen plots under one roof is that, like the dancing bear, the wonder was not in his manner of dancing but that he did it at all. It was a courageous deed for a playwright to try and please everybody by introducing all the favorite roles of "The Old Homestead," "Hazel Kirke," "Way Down East" and Shore Acres," with a glimpse of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." I should like to know for how much of "When the Heart Was Young" Charles Francis Bryant was responsible. When the play was first announced Mrs. Lotta Day Coleman was mentioned as the author. Later, Mr. Bryant was billed as her collaborator. But on the program and on the posters Mr. Bryant's name precedes Mrs. Coleman's. Perhaps he wishes he had not shouldered so much of the responsibility, or that he were able to pass the buck on to some lesser light. If Clay Greene had written "When the Heart Was Young" he would have eliminated the superfluous matter—the soldiers, for instance. They are nice enough soldiers, but they don't belong in a by gosh

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play. Indeed, what might have been a nice, homely pleasant rural heart drama has been inflated by verbiage and counterplot into an impossible thing. There are some rare moments of real charm, some sparse bits of genuine life, the scenery is beautiful—and that is all one can say for "the new American play." It will, however, please a good many who like this kind of drama and don't care whether the plot hangs well or not. Frank Bacon has a character part, old Silas, that suits him to a T, and Juliet Crosby as Rebecca Spicer is very clever. Aside from George Osbourne as the head of the family there is not any character calling for special mention. But this is the authors' fault; not that of the actors. The authors are like the old woman in the shoe. They created so many children they didn't know what to do with them, and so they just say a few words and then stand around.

When Nat Prompted John

John Drew, who comes to the Columbia next week close on the heels of Nat Goodwin, recalls an occasion when the latter helped him out of what might have been a predicament. It was in New York at the loving cup festival in honor of Joe Jefferson at the Garden theatre. A. M. Palmer, who was to have delivered an address with the cup to Jefferson, was unable to return to town in time and deputed John Drew to take his place. Drew wrote his speech but he did not have it at his tongue's end when the time came for its delivery. He confided his trepidation to Nat Goodwin, and the latter agreed to help him out. "I'll prompt you, John," said Nat, "and it won't be the first time I've acted as prompter, either." So Goodwin moved up close to Drew when the latter began his speech and prompted him to a happy finish.

Jefferson and Mrs. Drew

It was at this festival that Joe Jefferson introduced the mother of John Drew as his contemporary. He said: "It is just sixty-three years ago that I made my stage debut. I was only four at the time. But there was a child in the same company who is also here today." Then he turned and held out his hand to Mrs. Drew, who rose and stood by his side, while Mr. Jefferson added: "Here you see two children who have withstood the alleged destructive influence of the stage."

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San Francisco

At the Show Next Week

COLUMBIA—John Drew in "The Second in Command," by Captain Marshall. This pretty Boer-British love story captivated Eastern audiences and will presumably do the same here.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Edward Harrigan's third week. "Reilly and the 400," the play to be presented, had a run of two years at Harrigan's (now the Garrick) theatre in New York. In this play appeared the original "tough girl."

ALCAZAR—"Lost—Twenty-four Hours," the play in which Robert Hilliard made one of his greatest successes. A finished prevaricator is the central figure; his glib tongue makes the plot.

TIVOLI—Second week of "The Singing Girl," which has scored a hit.

FISCHER'S—Sixth week of "Fiddle Dee Dee." Nobody can predict the end of its run as the house is packed every night.

ORPHEUM—Lew Sully, the laughing monologuist; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kelcy, in a new travesty "A Trial Performance"; Mlle. Chester's statue setter, the ten thousand dollar canine beauty, just from London and Paris; James F. Kelly and Dorothy Kent in a new skit, "Ginger Snaps"; Julia Heinrich, Raymond and Caverly, Thomas and Hall, and the biograph.

When Charles Millward, the Alcazar's new leading man who measures six feet one and is said to be an Adonis, reaches here, the Belasco-Thall forces will have two of the handsomest leading men in the country. Earl Browne has already won his way and is provoking invidious comparisons with M. L. Alsop who is too sedate to please the matinee girl. The Alcazar will produce "The Brixton Burglary" week after next. This piece made a hit in London.

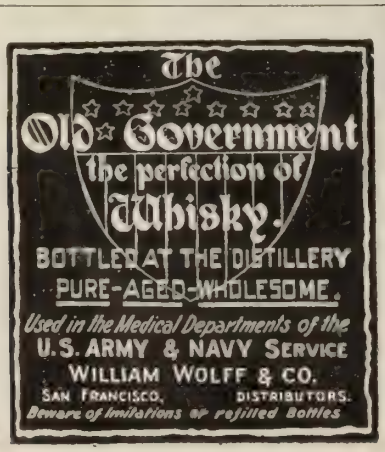
James Horne would rather fulfill his duties as assistant treasurer than to act, but he was pressed into service on the stage this week. His part of Ike Partington is similar to that of Peck's bad boy that he had a few weeks ago, and he makes a good deal out of it, both dramatically and vocally.

Julia Heinrich's songs at the Orpheum next week will include "A Summer Night," "Send Me a Lover, St. Valentine" and "Oh, that we Two were Maying."

Florence Roberts with White Whittlesey, Charles Wyngate, some stunning new gowns and "Zaza" will open at the Alcazar in June.

"Maggie Murphy's Home" is one of Dave Braham's charming songs that is sung in "Reilly and the 400." —*The Playgoer.*

The Elks, than whom no better beneficiary organization in a fraternal way exists in San Francisco, will hold a great big jubilee at the Grand Opera House on the night of Tuesday, May twentieth. The program will be a good one, consisting of Mr. Harrigan and his company, the best bits from the Orpheum and the Tivoli aggregation. Such a show has seldom been gathered together in this city.



AMUSEMENTS

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Regular Matinees Saturday and Sunday
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"THE BRIXTON BURGLARY"

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER

Two weeks beginning Next Monday, May 12th
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday Charles Frohman presents
JOHN DREW
and his company in his greatest success
"THE SECOND IN COMMAND"
By Robert Marshall, author of "A Royal Family"
Prices—Evenings, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, 75c, 50c, and 25c.
Matinees $1.50, $1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c.

Orpheum — O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee May 11th

Lew Sully. Mr. and Mrs. Kelcy. Mlle. Chester and Her $10,000 Statue Dog. Kelly and Kent. Raymond and Caverly. Hilda Thomas and Company. The Florenz Troupe. The Biograph. Last Week of Miss Julia Heinrich the Concert Contralto. Entire change of Repertoire

Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
Reserved Seats, 25c: Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.

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Evenings at 8 sharp! Matinee Saturday at 2 sharp!
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Never before at these Popular Prices 25c, 50c, and 75c.
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GRAND OPERA HOUSE — Telephone, Main 532. Grand Opera House Co Lessee.

Last two nights of "THE LEATHER PATCH"
Week Beginning Monday Evening Next
Third Week of the popular author-actor
EDWARD HARRIGAN
In Mr. Harrigan's Famous Play
"REILLY AND THE 400"
Popular Prices: 10, 15, 25, 50, 75c. Good Orchestra Seats all Matinees 25c.

FISCHER'S BURLESQUE THEATRE

Phone Main 231 — O'Farrell bet. Stockton and Powell

We simply can't stop. So great is the demand for
"FIDDLE DEE DEE"
That we are compelled to begin the SIXTH WEEK, Monday Night, May 12th And you are hereby requested to secure seats at once, or take "Standing Room." . . The same great company, Kolb, Dill, Bernard, Blake, Hermsen, Amber, Coleman, Kellar, Hope, Emerson and that Splendid Chorus of 40.

In Preparation . . "Pousse Cafe" and two great travesties
"A Royal Family" and "Antony and Cleopatra"

Reserved Seats at Night 25 and 50 cents Matinees, 25 cents anywhere
Children at Matinees 10 cents

Charlotte Vidot, a Weber & Field's girl, has been brought here from the East expressly to play the doll in "Pousse Cafe" which will be the second burlesque to go on at Fischer's. Freda Gallick, a Californian girl who has had considerable success in the East, has joined the company and will have the Fay Templeton roles. Perhaps by and by we shall have the only Fay herself. It is a good many years since she was here with Charlie Reed and Willie Collier in "Miss McGinty."

Arthur Warde, son of Frederick Warde and ex-husband of Polly Stockwell, was in town last week. The Frederick Warde company has gone to Honolulu. Virginia Drew Trescott is still with the organization.

Minnie Seligman was playing in continuous vaudeville at the Chicago Olympic at last advices. Wright Huntington, late of the Alcazar, was also at the Olympic.

Princess Chimay who is leading the chorus in a Parisian dance hall dresses up to her name. And no more.

Denis O'Sullivan has secured an Irish operetta, "The Post Boy: A Lesson in Irish."

Mr. Morrisey of the Orpheum and Dr. A. Houston are in London. —*The Playgoer*

"VACATION, 1902."

A charming little brochure has been issued by the California Northwestern Railway, giving interesting information about our State's vacation places. The little book is profusely illustrated. San Rafael, Belvedere, Petaluma, Santa Rosa, the Russian river resorts, and many beautiful camping spots are pictured. These all lie along the route of what is well termed "the picturesque route of California." Should you desire one of these little booklets or any other information regarding the place to spend your summer's vacation, address R. X. Ryan, General Passenger and Freight Agent, Mutual Life Building, California and Sansome streets, who will give your communication prompt and careful attention.

Little Lizzie: "Mamma, don't you think I'd be a good astronomer?"

"Why, dear?"

"Oh, I can see the moon in the daytime."

REMOVAL NOTICE.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Company and Remington Arms Company—E. S. Drake, Manager—are now located in their new building, 86 and 88 First street. The new quarters are much more commodious than the old.

The large sales of Mont Rouge wines among the *haut ton* prove their excellence. Jurancon is especially favored by the gourmets of society. Chanche & Bon, 17 First street, are owners of the Mont Rouge vineyards.

Seattle has had enough of its spasm of virtue. The city fathers closed up all the gambling houses, and then discovered they could not spare the fifty thousand dollars collected in fines every year. So it is to be gamblers' paradise again. The house-cleaning is over.

OF INTEREST TO CHAMPAGNE CONCERNS.

The phenomenal increase of importations during 1901 of Moet & Chandon, being over one hundred per cent of all the other brands combined, is quite an epoch in the champagne history of this country. Moet & Chandon White Seal seems to have captured the patronage of the better classes all over the country and the steadily growing demand is a feature the house of Moet & Chandon may well be proud of.

The well known Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra has re-opened for the Fourth Season, 1901-1902. To guarantee promptness, all engagements must be made at the Studio, 718 Post street. Telephone Polk 1575. School hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m

WIELAND'S IS THE BEER.

This is the season when beer becomes the popular beverage. Everybody, of high or low degree, drinks beer in the spring and summer. And Wieland's is the brand preferred by the majority of malt beverage connoiseurs. Wieland's is warranted a pure beer, free from adulterations. It is a homemade product and as such commends itself to all Californians having pride in the productions of their State.

THE CLARK SALE.

The Hotel Mateo will serve an *al fresco* luncheon for two hundred and seventy-five people today, when the sale of the Clark tract is pulled off by Baldwin & Howell. It will have the air of a society function. The sale occurs at Library Hall, opposite the San Mateo depot, today, May tenth.

No brand of whisky is more popular than Argonaut "O. K." It is recommended by physicians and epicures. E. Martin & Co., 54-56 First street, are proprietors of Argonaut "O. K." whiskies, rye and bourbon.

Notice to Creditors

Estate of Ellen Ada Ridley Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Frank R. Neville, the executor of the last will of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Frank R. Neville at Room 620 Parrott Building, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

FRANK R. NEVILLE,
Executor of the last will of said Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, April 26th, 1902.

LEONARD STONE, Attorney for Executor.
Room 620, Parrott Bldg., S. F.

Estate of Elsie Correll Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, Administrator of the Estate of Elsie Correll deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 79 Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,
Administrator of the Estate of Elsie Correll, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, April 26th, 1902.

FRANK McGOWAN, Attorney for Administrator,
Rooms 75-79 and 80 Chronicle Building.

When you ask for Jesse Moore Whiskey be sure you get it. Don't let anyone tell you they have something just as good.

LETTERS

A Sea Mystery

Andrew Lang pokes fun at the kind of ghosts that Bram Stoker writes about and finds all kind of fault with their working parts, but to the rest of the world who are not on the same hail-fellow terms with the inhabitants of spookland, Stoker's creations, if they are not exactly what one can call realistic, are quite convincing enough to call up cold chills and goose-flesh at unexpected sights and sounds in the small hours. Except the collections of short stories written by Ambrose Bierce, or some of Poe's weird conceptions, I know of nothing to compare with "Dracula," which, if anything, would answer Thomas Hardy's demand for "a nice, ghastly, hair-on-end story." "The Mystery of the Sea" is less gruesome than "Dracula," but it abounds in the unexpected and the supernatural. It is a story of modern times in a Scotch fishing village, but the beginnings lie back nearly four centuries and the centre of interest is in the discovery of an enormous amount of treasure secreted by one of the officers of the Spanish Armada in the times of the Good Queen Bess. The fortune was a trust for a specific purpose and when the great fleet was destroyed and the object abandoned the treasure was hidden by the Spanish grandee until circumstances should favor its restoration to the owner. He made it an hereditary trust for his descendants, descending to the eldest male heir in each generation unless it were assumed by some other of the family, and the history, descriptions and directions necessary for fulfilling the obligation were passed down from father to son through the means of the Baconian bi-literal cypher, applied to certain chapters of an old English book of laws. At the time of the opening of the story the chapter containing the important information had been missing from the book for more than a century and no trace of it could be found; the Spanish family had dwindled till there was left but a single representative. The missing documents had accidentally come into the possession of a young Englishman who had deciphered them, and the castle owned by the last representative of Don Bernardino de Escoban was leased to an American heiress, a lineal descendant of the brother of Sir Francis Drake, who, in addition to her hereditary hatred of the Spanish, was an intensely patriotic American. As the time is 1898, the beginning of the Spanish-American war, and Marjory Drake has just presented a cruiser fully armed and manned to the government, her attitude toward the Spaniard and his trust are obvious. This is merely a point to which the rest of the story clings. It would be impossible for any amount of disclosure of a plot to tell a Bram Stoker story, for none but the author is capable of doing that. There are plots within plots, hair-breadth adventures and escapes, secret passages and strange sights; second sight and spae wives come in frequently, and whole processions of ghosts. There are pirates and secret police, and man o' warsmen engaged at one time or another, but what they are doing or what is the end and upshot of all the complications the reader must find out for himself. It is questionable whether many will take the trouble to study out the rules for the bi-literal cypher or take more than a passing interest in the various uses to which it was put. They will accept the results without troubling themselves to understand the means. There are times when one could wish the author had given more attention to his style, particularly in the matter of dropping modifiers in between the parts of his verbs, but in a tale so absorbing one scarcely takes time to note blemishes of mere diction or arrangement. It would add to the interest in following out the action if the book were furnished with a map such as the one accompanying Frank Norris's "Octopus" or Thomas Hardy's "Return of the Native." "The Mystery of the Sea" begins on the front cover. The apparently arbitrary marks which form the decorative margin have a sequence and meaning and those who find the Baconian cypher beyond them may count on better success here. It is just easy enough to lead one and just hard enough not to be "plain as print." [Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.]

A Montauk Maiden

"The Maid of Montauk" does not belong to the category of "interminable Colonial romances," for though it treats of the times of the early settlement of America, the author, Forest Monroe, has chosen an unhackneyed period and told a good tale without waste of words in unending descriptions of mere turnip patches. The Maid of Montauk is the sole survivor of the wreck of a small vessel in which she has crossed the Atlantic with her father, only to be wrecked on the shore of America, and cut from the spar to which she had been lashed by a Montauk Indian who takes her home to his tribe. Partly on account of their friendship with the English, but also influenced by a charm in the form of an arrow-head which the girl wears and to which she as well as they attribute supernatural qualities, she is kindly treated, and remains amongst them a willing captive. The event occurs during the rivalry between the Dutch and English colonists for the possession of Long Island, and at the time of one of the inter-tribal wars, supposed to have been brought about through the agency of the Dutch who, having failed to attach all the Indians to their cause, next attempt to annihilate those who are friendly with the English. The raid of the Narragansetts and the carrying off of the women and children on the marriage night of the chief's daughter, and the arrangement for their ransom are substantially true to history. Lyon, or as he himself preferred to write it,

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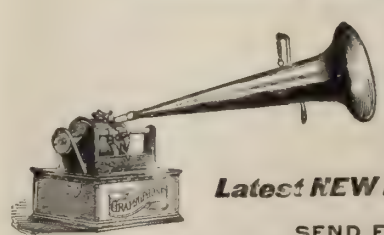

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Lion Gardiner, was one of the remarkable men of the early history of the colonies and it is surprising that during the vogue of the historical romance he has not been seized on before and made not an incidental character but the hero of some of the more pretentious tales of the early times. He came to America under contract with Lord Say and Seal, in 1635, to build a fort at Saybrook, but remained over at Boston to erect military works there, from whence he proceeded to his place in Connecticut. He was the father of the first English child born in the Connecticut colony, and the first English settler and father of the first English child born in New York. Time and again he succeeded in keeping the peace between whites and Indians, and had his advice been followed, some of the bloodiest chapters of New England history would never have been written. Gardiner's Island, purchased from the Indians and afterward confirmed by grant from the English, was made a Lordship, and the proprietors of it were the only real American lords. Gardiner's Island has been in the possession of the family for close upon three hundred years and during all that time not a foot of the ground has been owned by any one not a member of the family nor has any one other than servants or tenants resided there. Under the title "An American Lordship." George Parsons Lathrop contributed a most interesting paper to the *Century Magazine* for December, 1885, which is well worth reading in connection with "The Maid of Montauk." I do not know of any other account which gives so much that is pertinent in the same compact form. Besides the descriptions of Indian life and customs, and the narration of some pretty legends and folk-lore tales, there is in the first chapter an account of a New Year's reception at the house of Governor Stuyvesant. Where there is so much to commend it is a pity to find any fault, and yet one cannot but wonder whether the earth itself will endure so long as the error of speaking of "running the gauntlet." Casting down the mailed glove or gauntlet was a challenge to defend a dispute or difference of opinion by engagement in mortal combat and a very different matter from running the gauntlet as a punishment for an offense. [William R. Jenkins, New York.]

In the French Tongue

Number twenty-two of Contes Choisis, a library of choice French fiction, has just been issued. The present volume, entitled "Le Morceau de Pain" consists of three short stories by Francois Coppee, with explanatory English notes by G.Castegnier. It is needless to state that these little stories are in the best style of contemporary French fiction. They are tales of sacrifice. "Le Morceau de Pain" is a sketch of the Franco-Prussian war, "Le Remplacant" tells of a reformed convict who might be termed a Jean Valjean in miniature, and "Les Vices du Capitane" relates in lighter vein the self-denial of a retired officer in order to maintain a crippled child who excites his pity. The stories have not only a literary value but they are lofty and pure in moral tone. The little book is well printed and of a convenient size, and is suitable either for the class-room or for the general reader. The English notes are deserving of all praise, since they really explain, are short and easy to find. [William R. Jenkins, New York.]

—*The Bookworm*

MUSIC

Music in Oakland

At the annual pupil recital of D. P. Hughes the program, though a little too long, was choice and its rendition delighted the ear and satisfied the judgment. A group of two quartets was given by a ladies' quartet—Miss Johnson, Mrs. McMurray, Mrs. Wasley and Mrs. Juillerat—their singing evidencing careful practice. Horatio Cogswell, who has appeared at many of Oakland's concerts, gave Rubinstein's "Since First I Met Thee," and "Gypsy John" which he sang with much spirit. Mr. Cogswell has a naturally fine voice which has attained a delightful smoothness and breadth. Mr. Charles Poulter, also a favorite singer, gave an artistic rendition of the difficult Liszt "Lorelei." The fourth number, a trio "The Mariners" by Randegger, was delightfully sung by Miss Virginia Pierce, W. A. Hunter tenor and W. H. Baldwin basso. Miss Pierce, who is the daughter of Mrs. J. M. Pierce the soprano, has a pure, limpid soprano voice of not great volume yet as she is still in her teens, but of sweet musical flexibility which will later develop into brilliancy. As this was Miss Pierce's debut in public she was much complimented on her successful part. Miss Margaret Davis, who had already attracted much attention by her accompaniments, rendered the "Tannhauser" march. She is a pianiste of temperament, imagination and enthusiasm,

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adding a rich color and feeling to a resplendent technique. As an encore she played a Chopin prelude with an interesting sense of gradation, evidenced in the long crescendos and diminuendos, and solid, well-applied strength for the heavy parts. "Star vicino al bel Idol" (Rosa) and Grieg's "Sunshine Song" were sung by Mrs. Wasley who has a contralto voice of very extended range. Robert Hughes possesses a musical baritone which he used with artistic effect in two Lassen songs, "Fairest Vision of My Soul" and "I Think of Thee." But Mr. Hughes must be a little more animated ere he startles his audiences with his musical abilities. Bizet received a fine interpretation by Mrs. Orrin Kip McMurray, in her song, "Je dis qu rien ne m'eponvante." Mrs. McMurray, who made her debut as Amy Hickox, has a large, full-toned soprano voice, of which study and experience have given her complete control. Miss Juillerat sang a "Religious Scene" (Goring Thomas) which displayed a marvelous memory, and also a luscious contralto voice. Miss Lawson sang Denza's "May Morning" with such fine tone and enunciation that she was recalled three times. W.H. Baldwin gave the ever popular song of "Hybrias the Cretan" (Elliott) in good style. Miss Julia Johnson, who has sung her way into Oakland's musical heart with her clear and sweet soprano voice, sang the difficult Polonaise from "Mignon" as it has rarely been done in Oakland or San Francisco. One other Oakland singer would be her only rival in this brilliant performance, Mrs Beatrice Priest Fine, who so often made this her piece de resistance on her concert programs. The wonderful variations of Proch showed the fine voice of Mrs. J. Llewellyn Williams and as she sang so surely, with such ease and limpidity, Mrs. Carrie Brown Dexter's vocalism was brought to mind. Mrs. Williams received the heartiest applause of the evening. The quartet from "Rigoletto" gave Mr. Hunter his one opportunity to show his sweet pure tenor, of exceptional range. The opening solo was accurately given without any Russo eccentricities and the quartet went with a superb dash, Mrs. McMurray, Miss Juillerat and Robert Hughes taking the other parts. Perhaps for tenderness and pathos the gem of the evening was the ladies' quartet "Margarita" (Hawley).

The recital given recently by the students of the California Conservatory of Music, and briefly referred to last week, was a decidedly interesting affair. The work of Miss Amy Peterson in the Chopin etudes and the Scharwenka staccato study was wonderful for a miss in her teens. Miss Peterson also played the violin part in a violin concerto. Miss Lydia Reinstein gave a sympathetic rendering of her Rubinstein and Chopin numbers, namely the "Kammenoi Ostroi" and a Polonaise. Miss Josie Coonan played a McDowell study and "La Jongleuse" of Mozkowski. Miss Lily Hansen gave the Romanza from Chopin's Concerto in E minor in a finished and artistic manner. Two little pupils, Miss Cecil Cowles, aged eight and Miss Lily Blum, aged ten, contributed respectively Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" and a Haydn theme with variations. Mr. Harry Factor gave an acceptable rendering of the allegro in the Mendelssohn concerto on the violin accompanied by Mrs. Nathan Landsberger on the piano. The recital deserves especial mention not only for the unusually high character of the selections but also for the surprising maturity of comprehension shown by the young performers.

Miss Cornelia Mae Little, who left San Francisco five years ago to study with Miss Anna Miller Wood in Boston, returned to this city a few days ago and will reside here permanently. Miss Litle was the contralto soloist of the Unitarian church in Milton, Mass., in which city, as in Boston, she is favorably known as a concert soloist.

The San Francisco Conservatory of Music, of which E. S. Bonelli is director, will give a concert in Metropolitan hall on May twenty-first on which occasion a very interesting program will be rendered. The affair will be invitational, and cards of admission may be obtained at the conservatory, 301 Jones street.

The cantata "Esther" was presented in New York on the seventeenth and eighteenth of April under the auspices of the Young Women's Guild of the Harlem Presbyterian church. The part of Zerish was sung by Miss Josephine Beatty, who is very well known in musical circles of Los Angeles and Santa Monica.

Vincent de Arrillaga, son of the organist of the Spanish church in this city, who has been studying the piano in Chicago during the past three years, is now in London. Mark Hambourg, the renowned pianist, states that the young man possesses much talent. —*The Music Critic*

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OTHER PEOPLE'S IDEAS.

From "Beatrice Cenci"—Guerazzi:

Count Cenci: "To love is human; to allow ourselves to be conquered by blind passion belongs to brutes."

"Desire always travels with her pockets filled with cotton, in order to stuff the ears of conscience so as not to feel her sting."

"Youth, desire and hope form a chain, within which an honest and passionate soul often debates, but seldom breaks; if excitement is then added, no human power can resist it."

"In parents there exists, I will not say without their knowing it, but without confessing it even to themselves, a certain emulation in the love of their children, which is usually manifest thus. Mothers make themselves to be loved by their daughters in preference to the father, and even the boys, too, when they are weak and ill; but when health is vigorous within them, fond of open fields or the noise of cities, they detach themselves by degrees from the mother, and draw nearer to their father."

"*Bread!* a magnetic needle which leads more beastily than beasts themselves, the flock of Adam's children. *Bread!* a daily food, which men either more unhappy or lower than brutes, too often know not how to procure without crime or without shame. *Bread!* a stone that necessity ties to the neck of every noble sentiment, to sink it in an abyss of evil. It surely was great wisdom to insert in the Lord's Prayer a request to God to give us our daily bread; but as we sometimes find it is not always heard, it might be of great use to add these other words: *And if thou canst not, or dost not wish to give us bread, give us at least the fortitude to starve without shame.* Nevertheless man does not wish to starve and spreads shame upon his bread like butter; nor does it seem to disturb his appetite, or spoil his digestion."

Count Cenci: "Remember that God is not scrutinized but worshiped; and every man should be as a God to his servants and subjects."

Farinaccio: "The strongest tie which can keep men bound together is the one of debt, for three ropes keep the knot fast, the benevolence of the creditor for the debtor, the hope of deriving a larger profit from him, and the fear of losing both interest and principal."

Lady Lucrezia: "Why do we feel within us so strongly the instinct of life?"

Beatrice: "This in my opinion, was a providence of nature; otherwise human creatures would feel the desire of destroying themselves so much, that the aim of creation would fail."

"Neither the purple robe of a Cardinal, nor respect for a friend, can prevent love from entering the breasts of men, but they can and sometimes do prevent its breaking the bounds of honesty."

* * * * * *

From "The Tempting of Father Anthony" by George Horton:

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Father Anthony: "Why is a woman beautiful? To distract holy men, and to lead their thoughts from pious contemplation; for no other reason, for without beauty, she serves all good and useful purposes."

* * * * * *

From "The Conqueror," by Gertrude Atherton:

Hamilton: "It is a harsh doctrine that men grow wicked as they improve and enlighten their minds. Experience has by no means justified us in the supposition that there is more virtue in one class of men than in another. Look through the rich and poor of this community, the learned and the ignorant—where does virtue predominate? The difference indeed consists not in the quantity, but kind of vices which are incident to various classes; and here the advantage of character belongs to the wealthy. Their vices are probably more favorable to the prosperity of the State than those of the indigent; and partake less of moral depravity."

—*The Gleaner.*

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JNO. W. BOURDETTE,
Executor of the last Will and Testament of Elizabeth Schafer Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 3, 1902.

Estate of Myron E. Stanford, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Eugenie B. Stanford, Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix at the office of Edward B. Young, Attorney for said Executrix, Rooms 35 and 36, Number 14 Sansome Street, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, May 17, 1902

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OUR OPINION

The Catastrophe in the Antilles

Mount Pelee has established a fearful record as a destroyer of human life. In all history there is no record of such a terrible catastrophe as that which visited the Lesser Antilles on Thursday of last week, completely annihilating a whole city, and with unparalleled suddenness plunging thirty thousand terror-stricken people into eternity. It is a harrowing story, that of the torrent of burning lava rushing and roaring down the mountain side with lightning speed, shriveling humanity with its fiery breath and completely obliterating everything in its path. Even the descriptive powers of Lytton, given wide scope in his tale of Pompeii's destruction, failed to picture, with all the brilliancy of his imagination, such an awe-inspiring and thrilling spectacle as that in which the victims of Mount Pelee figured when its long silent crater began giving vent to the pent-up energy beneath. The simple accounts of the survivors surpass the most thrilling and shocking chapters in the whole realm of fiction. It was hard at first to realize the extent of the catastrophe, or to conjure an adequate idea of the appalling disaster, but the daily press was quick to arouse in behalf of the survivors the sympathy of the world, and from all quarters relief was soon being sent out. It became evident that those that had escaped from the wrath of Pelee would soon be threatened with starvation and disease, and for them relief expeditions must continue for some time. It was quite natural that such an unprecedented occurrence should have evoked the wise speculation of the scientists of the world. It is interesting to note that they know all about the causes of it. At first they explained that the terrible activity of Pelee was due to the earthquake shocks that preceded the eruption during several days. These temblors opened up crevices in the ocean bed, the waters rushed in, were converted into steam and then awakened the latent energy of the mountain. This was plausible enough until the wise men of London put on their thinking caps. These erudite gentlemen declared that the sun and the moon were responsible for the trouble. They discovered that at precisely the hour at which the mountain began its direful operations the relative position of the sun and the moon was at forty-five degrees. The immense force of the tangetical position acted directly on Mount Pelee. Hence the disturbance.

The Pension Evil

The city of Rochester, New York, inaugurated a civil pension system some years ago, for the benefit of the police and fire departments. The beneficiaries were called upon to contribute fifty cents a month each, while the general public, through taxation, added ten thousand dollars a year. At first all went swimmingly but at the present time the Rochesterians are face to face with the usual pension problem. Pensioners have been added to the list until the report of the last quarter, ending March third, shows more than twice as many beneficiaries as in the corresponding quarter of last year, and the questions before the community are whether the city shall add materially to the tax rates in order to help things along, or whether the members of the police and fire departments shall be called upon to increase their contributions, or whether the whole scheme shall be revised and pensions granted only to those who have been disabled in the discharge of their duties. The spectacle of pensions accumulating in the War Department ought to have given pause to any misguided municipality. There are now over a million pensioners on the national treasury with more to hear from, and a Revolutionary widow is now moving heaven and earth to have her allowance and that of others who are relicts of Revolutionary soldiers doubled. She was a blushing damsel of sixteen when she married an old man of over seventy years. Washington Gladden says his experience as a charity worker has taught him that pensions of all kinds are demoralizing. They tend to stamp out the sturdy manhood which should stand on its own feet and ask no aid from any quarter. The spectacle of one member of a community apparently getting something for nothing is sure to inspire others with a greed for gain without pain and the efforts which should be put forth towards earning a living by work are much more apt to be diverted into getting the best of the open-handed. From time to time we are treated to indications of a movement towards providing pensions for civil service appointees. There is not much danger that anything of the kind will ever be incorporated into our laws, but it is just as well to be on guard. People who have enjoyed a long tenure of public office under protection, at salaries better than the service would yield in private employment, should not be encouraged to feel themselves exempt from making some provision for old age out of their regular incomes. A government clerk does not render any extraordinary service and he is not any more useful in a community than a hod carrier or a stone mason. His duties do not endanger life or limb and he is not called upon to serve an arduous appren-

ticeship to fit him for his position. If there is any choice to be made in the matter, it is rather the mechanic who has paid his taxes, and taken his independent chance of dull times, defaulting employers, bad weather, and the hundred other drawbacks, who is deserving of assistance in his old age. In Europe, where salaries are barely more than enough for support, there may be some reason in pensioning state servants who have outlived their usefulness, but it is not in accord with American institutions to establish a bureau of charity in connection with the government. A pension based on an age of retirement is inevitably bound to become an incubus. Many men are better able at sixty to perform their duties than are others at forty. In order that the treasury should not be over taxed, it would become necessary to place the age of admission to civil employment very low, and that of retirement very high, for it is not especially edifying to see able-bodied men who have procured a competence for themselves by investment or speculation while enjoying a fat salary drawing down every month enough to keep a moderate sized family in comfort, and at the same time, probably keeping their names on the pay-roll of some private corporation. Pensions are supposed to be for the purpose of saving deserving but unfortunate employes from the humiliation of public or private charity in their old age. It is not calculated that those with plenty will still ask more, but though the Teachers' Retirement Fund of this city, like the pension funds of Rochester, is inadequate for the purpose for which it was established, and the needy pensioners must take less than they ought to receive, there are several wealthy ex-teachers who do not disdain the pittance. We were once treated to the comic spectacle of a Chief of Police retiring from his position, but finding that he had made a miscalculation and was not yet entitled to live in the lap of luxury, recalling his resignation until such time as he could become a tax-eater without rendering public service, and afterward becoming a bank director.

Our Coming Great Navy

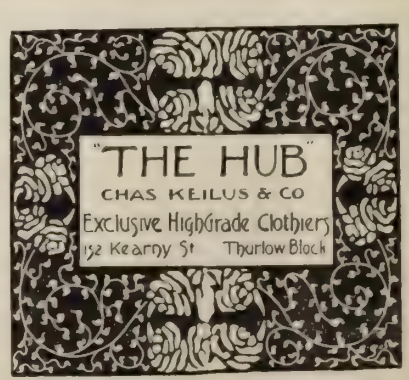
President Roosevelt's hobby is the navy. Colonel Watterson calls him a bronco-buster and the Man in the Saddle, and he is frequently referred to as the Rough Rider, but if the President were to begin all over again he would seek to fit himself for the strenuous life on the sea rather than on the land. Like Lord Beresford he believes that the navy must be relied upon to safeguard his country's prestige and welfare in the future, and therefore he is more concerned about the affairs of our navy than with those of the army. He believes that the prime factor in securing victory over any foreign foe must be the navy, and that if that fails us we are doomed to defeat no matter what may be our material wealth or the high average of our citizenship. He is therefore preaching, at every opportunity, the prime importance for every patriotic American to see that the navy is built up and kept in the highest state of efficiency. Such is his enthusiasm in the matter that we may expect to see our navy make great strides in the next few years. There is no doubt that the President will receive the earnest co-operation of Congress and that there will be liberal appropriations for the building of ships of war, for our Captains of Industry are devoting a deal of attention to the subject of the merchant marine, and what they want they usually get. The war for commercial supremacy is now on, and there is no more important factor in that strenuous struggle than the merchant marine. It is growing rapidly, for our men of capital are reaching after bottoms to carry American goods and products into foreign ports, and they are not going to retard transportation or enrich others by resorting to the vessels of foreign companies Our merchant marine is destined to cover in a short time the waters of the Seven Seas, and we must have a navy strong enough to protect the ships carrying our goods to market.

The Military Pawn in Politics

The Republicans in Congress are doing a lot of protesting these days. Though they are in the majority, they are nevertheless on the defensive and they are making a sorry showing. And it is all due to the circumstance that they were eager for an inquiry into the conduct of the war in the Philippines. They started the investigation for political purposes, and now that the tables have been turned by the Democratic minority they are squealing with porcine persistency. They declare that the American army is being made the football of politics, and that it is shameful to asperse the men who are fighting for their country. They declare that we should not condemn Waller for shooting treacherous guides, but that we should think of the provocation suffered by the little band that struggled through the wilderness of Samar where no Spaniard had ever gone. "Let us remember the circumstances," they ask. And for the alleged tortures to which the Filipinos were subjected they demur to the indictment on the ground that the American soldier did the same things during the Civil War. But the Republicans started the investigation and it will do no harm. The Democrats in the Senate have outwitted the Republicans, and though the whole business has been forced into the posture of a political game, it may prove beneficial. The autocrats of the army must be reminded once in a while that they are subject to legislative control, and they should not object to criticism. If they were permitted to make war hell without a protest they would become a trifle too gay, and they might lose sight of the fact that the people were paying their salaries. It is dangerous to give the army too much latitude or to fail to remind it of its obligations.

Glad News for Grass Widows

A noteworthy decision was rendered by Mr. Justice Spencer of the Supreme Court of New York, last week, on the application of the son of a wealthy Amsterdam coal merchant to reduce the alimony he was paying to his divorced wife and to deprive her of the custody of her six year old boy, on the ground that she had been guilty of improper conduct. The alleged improper conduct consisted in posing for a certain picture not dressed in a high-necked



gown, attending the French and Arion balls, becoming an actress and receiving attentions from young men. Judge Spencer denied the application. His decision is noteworthy because it asserts the principle that there is no presumption of wrong doing from facts which, although possibly open to criticism, are nevertheless consistent with absolute innocence. "The fact," said the court, "that Mrs. Van Buren is receiving attentions from various young gentlemen should occasion no surprise in view of the attractive personality depicted by the photographs presented. Properly viewed they presage nothing worse than an early marriage." Incidentally the court discussed the charge that the young woman had become an actress and joined the "Wild Rose" company, and he said: "That the plaintiff has chosen a profession difficult for a virtuous woman, especially one unprotected, as the plaintiff seems to be, weighs for something, but it cannot be denied that many good and noble women have been members of that profession, and it is hardly just to foreclose the plaintiff from such possibility." And as to the objectionable photograph he said that although it was "outre," it may have been taken because of the necessity which sometimes impels women in the profession chosen to have pictures taken which under other circumstances would be regarded as improper "No doubt," he added, "the motive in this instance was nothing worse than that which induces many college boat crews to exhibit photographs of themselves in scant attire." Private detectives hired to shadow the lady testified that she had visited a house of doubtful reputation. She denied having visited the house and the court declared that the "naivete and composure of her denial commanded his respect." Mr. Justice Spencer's reasoning is unusual, but what he wrote was pretty sound law. If evidence similar to that presented against the woman were introduced against a man it would not have any weight. Mr. Justice Spencer is a liberal-minded man, and an unconventional jurist. The lady in the case obtained an absolute divorce because of the wrongdoing of her husband, and the court virtually holds that in such cases the ex-wife becomes the mistress of her own time and actions, and has the privilege of receiving the attentions of new suitors. The defeated husband has no longer any legal right to complain. Courts usually favor the ex-husband in such cases, and it is manifestly unjust to do so.

The Saunterer

Mrs. Crocker's Neighbors

Burlingame is becoming too thickly settled for lovers of exclusiveness. Mrs. Will Crocker is going to move. Her present residence is in the heart of the Blingum settlement. It is almost within a stone's throw of the home of the Henry T. Scotts and it is not much farther from the Joe Grants. Mrs. Crocker declares that she has too many neighbors, and that she is going to move. I do not know whether she has any particular objection to Mrs. Scott, but I do know she is of the opinion that the swells of Blingum are becoming too gregarious; almost as much so as the less exclusive elite of Ross Valley whose homes face one another along a narrow highway. Mrs. Crocker's idea of a country home is a picturesque villa in the midst of broad acres, as remote from one's own set as from the polloi or the madding crowd. Her new home is to be erected on the south side of the Burlingame clubhouse and she will then be nearer to the Parrotts, who are perhaps the most exclusive people in all San Mateo county.

The Carolans, Too

The Carolans are also threatening to desert the knobby part of Burlingame, but I have not heard anything from them concerning their neighbors. They have merely shown a preference of late for the Corbitt place which they bought a short time ago. And notwithstanding the magnificent stable erected on the hill the Carolans may desert that location. The race course that William Corbitt owned belongs now to the Burlingame Club and the site of the old track has been utilized for the new polo grounds. The old Corbitt home could be made the scene for an up-to-date ghost story, for it was there the famous turfman committed suicide after he had been reduced almost to beggary. The Corbitt stock farm was one of the best appointed on the coast, but it was after building his private racecourse that the turfman's fortune began to fade.

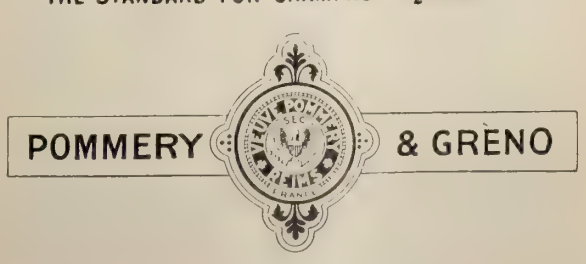
When you ask for Jesse Moore Whiskey be sure you get it. Don't let anyone tell you they have something just as good.

Burlingame's Doom

And by the way, Burlingame is destined to lose its air of exclusiveness in the very near future. Its reputation for exclusiveness has begun to attract the attention of people not in the swim who can afford the luxury of a suburban home, and there are indications of a building boom being started in that locality in a very short time. The real estate boom is now on and lots are being sold at a brisk rate almost within the shadow of the clubhouse where the Crockers, the Newhalls, the Carolans, the Scotts, the Grants and the Tobins disport themselves. The polloi are preparing to shift their lares and penates to the erstwhile cowpaths of San Mateo county where for several years the swells have held sway. In the course of time, I suppose, when they find that they are being crowded too closely, the smart folks will move their golf-links farther back into the hills where they may felicitate themselves upon their exclusiveness.

The tendency of the times is indicated in a measure by the growing popularity of San Mateo as a summer resort. Such has been the demand for cottages down there that it is almost impossible at this late day to engage one

THE STANDARD FOR CHAMPAGNE QUALITY IS



THE WORLD OVER

for the summer. Moreover the Hotel Mateo is looming up as a possible rival of the Baron's hostelry in San Rafael.

Clark's First Experience

Walter Hobart is said to have obtained more than the purchase price of his San Mateo property. According to the story that is being circulated among the residents of the suburban village, he held out ten acres of land. In other words, the deed to the property didn't convey to young Clark the whole tract. Ten acres were omitted. Hobart is therefore in possession of a pretty good sized site for another home. The Montana millionaire should profit by the lesson which he received in his first business deal with a Blingum aristocrat. He will probably be more cautious in acquiring a stable of polo ponies. If he should fail to scrutinize each pony closely, the horse-traders of Blingum might work off an Arizona burro or two. So unremitting are some of the Blingumites in their attentions to young Clark these days that I suspect them of a desire to hand him a gold brick or sell him some oil stock.

Mrs. Parrott Ill

Mrs. Abby Parrott is very ill. Three physicians were in attendance at her bedside on Saturday night, when she was close to death's door. The passing of Mrs. Parrott would mean as sad a loss to many Californians as the recent death of Mrs. Tevis. San Mateo would especially miss her, for she has been the good angel there ever since the Parrott colony established itself in the county. She has been a bountiful giver, and her benefactions have brought cheer to many homes. She gave the land for the Catholic church in San Mateo, and contributed generously toward the cost of the edifice. Mrs. Parrott is the widow of the late John Parrott and one of the richest widows in the United States. Of her many children six are living. John, the only son, is well known as an amateur musician, horse owner and dilettante art patron. One of the daughters is Mrs. Robert Y. Hayne, wife of the well known attorney. One is the wife of A. F. Payson, of the Santa Fe railroad directory. Another is the wife of Joseph A. Donahoe, the banker. Mrs. A. Douglas Dick, a resident of Scotland, and Madame Auguste La Lande, who resides in France, are also daughters of Mrs. Parrott. One daughter, Mary, wife of Christian de Guigne, died not long ago and left three children.

A Wealthy Family

When the Parrott estate was incorporated the children received shares aggregating over two millions of dollars each, so they have never been dependent on their mother's bounty. Mrs. de Guigne was the only one of the daughters who ever cared for San Francisco society. When the De Guignes were in town, they usually opened the Parrott home in Sutter street and gave a ball or some sort of elaborate function. John Parrott spends most of his energy on musical composition. The husband of Mrs. Louis Parrott —who is *the* Mrs. Parrott of society—is only an offshoot of the parent stem.

When Louis Married

Twenty years ago, Louis Parrott was a coffee planter in Central America. During a trip East he met the charming woman who is now his wife. She was the belle of a Pennsylvania village, and her social experience had been confined to church functions and sleighing parties. But when she came a bride to California, she entered the Parrott holy of holies and was soon invested with that Vere de Vere repose which is characteristic of the Parrott clan. She is one of the most gracious women in society.

The Last of the Donohues

From London came the news in the despatches, a few days ago, of the serious illness of Peter Donahue. The name of Peter Donohue was once almost a household word in this city, but there are not many of the old-timers left who knew of the existence of the man who is said to be dying in London. With him will go the name of the famous Californian iron workers—Peter and James Donahue—the founders of the establishment now managed by the Scotts, and the men who made the building of the *Oregon* possible. James Donahue christened his son "Peter," and Peter, the father of the Baroness Von Schroeder, christened his son "James Mervyn." The Peter Donahue at present of London, England, is the surviving Donahue. Mervyn died without male issue and Peter is a bachelor and is now about fifty years of age. Years ago he was angled for by the match-making mammas of the swim, but he never took the bait. However, at one time it was thought that Ada Sullivan would become his bride.

He's a Papal Knight

Peter Donahue, whose serious illness has been reported, was born in Patterson, New Jersey, where his father had iron interests. He is known to his acquaintances here as the absentee Irish landlord, and the title probably pleases him for he affects the high Irish push of London. Indeed of late years he has been somewhat of an Anglomaniac, a species not uncommon among the so-called high Irish of San Francisco. He spends a lot of his time with the British Catholic aristocracy, and finds time occasionally to run across to Rome and take in St. Peter's and the Vatican, for, be it known, he is a Papal Knight and ranks himself with the nobility of Europe. But he is not a rollicking blade by any means, and has never threatened to squander his patrimony, though he is charitable and generous to the church. His nearest relatives are the Baroness Von Schroeder, the Burkes of Limerick, who are rich, and James O'Kane, an uncle of this city. Peter and the Burkes and the Donahoes of this city are owners of the Occidental hotel.

The stork is expected at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Valentine Schmidt, and his advent is awaited with happy anticipation.

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A Cupid-Hymen Rumor

Blingum gossips are coupling the names of Olive Holbrook and Harry Stetson. It is not the first time the latter's name has been gossip-mated with that of an heiress. Before Ella Hobart became engaged to Charlie Baldwin, everybody would have it that she was going to marry Harry Stetson. Their mutual love of tennis and the proximity of their homes were the only grounds for what proved a bottomless rumor. This later report may have nothing more tangible to hold to, but it would be a most suitable match. Miss Holbrook is young, happy-tempered and fond of outdoor sports. So is Harry Stetson. Moreover they belong to the same firm, commercially speaking.

Julius Kruttschnitt Jr. was among the passengers on the *Alameda* sailing for Honolulu last Saturday.

The Cheney Divorce

The news that Mrs. John Vance Cheney had sued for a divorce from her husband surprised no one more than her former pupils here. When the Cheneys lived here they were a very harmonious family. Mr. Cheney was librarian at the Free Public Library and spent his leisure hours writing poetry. Mrs. Cheney gave piano lessons, as she had heretofore done in Sacramento. She had invented a method combining Delsarte with ordinary piano technique and had quite a vogue among a select class of musical enthusiasts. Her pupils here banded themselves into a club which they called the Abby Cheney Amateurs, after their beloved teacher. "Harmony" was Mrs. Cheney's keynote in her teachings—harmony in body, soul and execution. Her system developed grace rather than strength, but was very successful from both the artistic and financial points of view. When Edmund Russell, the aesthetic demonstrator of Moscheles, came out here, Mrs. Cheney was the one who introduced him and gave him social backing.

An Indefatigable Worker

After she went from here to join her husband, who had been appointed librarian of the Newberry Library in Chicago, the glamour that had surrounded her seemed to vanish. Many who had believed in her began to think they had been hypnotized. They said her piano system was absurd and all sorts of things like that, which though they had whispered them before they now dared say aloud. In Chicago, Mrs. Cheney made a great impression at first. Her beauty, her gracious manner, her oracular utterances, all carried weight. But in time Chicago tired of the new prophet. Delsartean pianistics wearied them and the former disciples expressed their disapprobation by withdrawing their support. Then, while Mr. Cheney stayed in Chicago, his wife journeyed westward. The last I heard of her, before this divorce suit brought her into prominence, was when she was giving lectures on musical and art topics in Los Angeles. One of her two daughters died after the family left San Francisco. Both possessed unusual musical talent and the elder was very popular among the Amateurs. Among the latter, by the way, was Helen Curtis, now Mrs. Thomas Magee Sr., who is at present in London with her husband.

An Artist on the Stage

I hear that Mabel Williamson, one of the Sketch Club's artist members, has forsaken painting for the stage. Where she formerly dabbled with palette and tubes of oils she now manipulates grease paints. Miss Williamson exhibited some rather good works when she first returned here after pursuing her studies in one of the world's great art centres. But later, instead of striking out a new line of work for herself, she took a fancy to paint moonlights. The critics looked kindly at the pictures, but they could not help but see in them rather slavish imitation of Charley Peters' blues and greens. Miss Williamson's talent was there, but she gave it no chance to come out. Her friends say that she has really remarkable dramatic ability, and can act far better than she can paint. She will not be the only girl who has tried her artistic talents in two lines of work. Kuhne Beveridge did it. She went from clay modeling to the stage. However, Kuhne is modeling again now; her first love wooed her back again.

The Byron Mantles have bought a beautiful place in Alameda in Versailles avenue and intend entertaining there considerably this summer. Sheldon Mantle will be quite an addition to the eligible youth of Alameda. The place his parents have purchased is called "El Nido" and is decidedly a charming nest.

Frocks and Form

When that heavy rain came up Monday a good many smart shoppers were caught unprepared. But Ethyl Hager was dressed for the occasion as she usually is. She had on a short-skirted tan suit with tourist jacket and was one of the trimmest looking bargain hunters abroad. Few of

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our society girls dress properly for the street. I have seen the Hopkins sisters shopping early in the morning attired as if going to a matinee, with foulard silk frocks, elaborate boas, gay hats and jewels. Before Mrs. Gus Taylor's marriage she was the most correctly tailored girl in her set but since then she has abjured quiet attire and rarely wears plain clothes.

Miss Violet Gratz-Brown writes from New York to her friends here that she expects to pay a visit to San Francisco in June. She has not been here since the death of her fiance, Fred Somers. His death was a sad blow to the beautiful young girl who had expected so soon to become his bride. Mr. Somers was many years older than his fiancee, but they were very congenial.

Stewart Coming Back

H. J. Stewart is soon to return to the fleshpots of Bohemia. Cultured Boston was all right for a change but the great organist longs for the society of his old friends and he has found that the pleasant associations of many years cannot be replaced. The news of his intention to return came in a letter to a friend a few days ago. He states that his contract with Trinity church, Boston, does not expire until September first, and that he has already notified the authorities that he does not wish to renew it, thereby giving them ample opportunity to find another organist. But they will find it hard to secure another Stewart, for he is one of the best organists in the country, and he met with great professional success in Boston. To his friend he wrote: "I suppose I lived too long in California ever to become reconciled to life elsewhere." He expects to be back by July first, believing that a successor may be engaged before that day.

It seems curious that an Englishman should grow tired of Boston, which is the most English city in the United States. But Dr Stewart is not the only one who has preferred San Francisco to either Boston or London. Bohemia will gladly welcome him for his *mots* and his music were much missed at the club jinks. Dr. Stewart possesses the knack of setting any kind of verses to music and his services were always in demand for everything in the line of melody from chants to ragtime. His fame as a composer is not, by the way, confined to the Bohemian Club or San Francisco. His church compositions are in the repertory of choirs in other cities, and his oratorio "The Nativity" was recently sung in Honolulu. I look to see his operas some day in the regular repertory of stock operatic companies. Their production was in every instance successful, but their popularity proved evanescent and not by any means commensurate with the merit of the works.

Where Social Prestige is Bought

"The sordid side of smart society in London," writes an occasional correspondent, "is becoming more conspicuous every day. But there is a growing sentiment against bartering in social advantages, and I hear that there has been talk of snubbing a certain distinguished woman who recently gave a social boost to a Californian family. 'The line has to be drawn somewhere,' is the remark that was made apropos of the introduction of the Californian family. But it has been a matter of every day occurrence to hear that Lady So-and-So is going to float Mrs. Dollars or uphold Mrs. Black Sheep. It is a well known fact that large sums have been received for presentations in desirable houses and for securing distinguished guests for dinner parties. But in a country where snobbery is so common I do not think there will be any great effort made to wipe out a practice which is so remunerative. Snobbishness, flunkeyism and toadyism are rampant in London, and it is all incomprehensible to a foreigner, and somewhat disgusting. A fair sample of the temperament responsible for this sort of thing is to be found in a book entitled "Hymns for the Coronation," dedicated by special permission to Their Majesties. The author who, I suspect, is Alfred Austin, adds another verse to the National Anthem:

With England's crown today,
We hail our King and pray:
God save the King.
Guide him in happiness,
Guard him in storm and stress,
Then in Thy Kingdom bless,
And crown our King.

Protest Against an American Invasion

All the hymns pray that King Edward may live as long as possible and may afterward enjoy a crown and throne in the Kingdom of Heaven. In one the hope is expressed that he shall have an Emerald seat in the next world, and a "rainbow at his feet." Then, there is another book, just out, written by the Reverend Baring-Gould. He assures the British that "we all have individually our part in the King." This is too cryptic for interpretation. He states that the Coronation confers grace and gives Divine help. I suspect Baring-Gould of a desire to become a Bishop. But the spirit of snobbery and flunkeyism isn't confined to the British. Once more there is talk of organizing a millionaires' club to be called the Anglo-American Club, and to limit its membership to millionaires. And yet a protest is being raised here against the provision in Cecil Rhodes' will from American scholarship at Oxford. One protestant calls it "Rhodes' scheme for the Americanizing of England." He declares that it is a grotesque project to pour into Oxford an annual horde of two hundred Yankees. He urges the Oxford colleges to close their gates against "so mischievous and undesirable an invasion."

Of the newest papers the Linen Bonds displayed by COOPER & Co are most effective.

How Norris Lost His Land

A correspondent takes me to task for having given the Tevis family a leading place in the social history of California. He declares that Lloyd Tevis was a Shylock, and that the fortune which enabled his family to shine was made in the money-lending business. That is true but the Tevises became social leaders despite the financial record of the head of the family. Money talks in society as it does everywhere else, and it doesn't matter how you made it so long as you have it. One of the first big pieces of property secured by Haggin and Tevis came to them through a loan. It was the forty-five thousand acre tract known as the Rancho del Paso near Sacramento. It was owned by a man named Norris who borrowed money from Haggin and Tevis at the usual ten per cent rate. The astute financiers soon owned the ranch. Their claim to the property was contested for a quarter of a century, but Lloyd Tevis was skilled in the art of hypnotizing the judiciary and in time he won the case. I have heard that Norris still lives and that he has accumulated a fortune in the Hawaiian Islands.

In this connection I am constrained to repeat the story of an episode in the life of General Thomas H. Williams, father of the popular turfman. Twenty-five years ago General Williams was worth eight million dollars, and if he had possessed the instincts of Lloyd Tevis he probably would have left twenty millions to his heirs. But Williams abhorred a money lender. However, being a Kentuckian, he condescended to associate occasionally with Tevis who was also from the Blue Grass state. One day Tevis entered Williams' office and submitted a proposition by which he could make a large sum of money on a loan. He explained that a certain operator in the money market was in need of three hundred thousand dollars, and had excellent security. "I haven't the full amount," he said, "but if you will put up half I'll go in with you."

"Tevis," said Williams, "you can't make a money-lender out of me. If your old Kentucky father knew of the proposition you have made to me, he would turn in his grave and curse you."

Williams invested his money in swamp lands and it shrunk four hundred per cent.

Mrs. Hearst's Building Fad

Ever since Mrs. Hearst put her finger in the Berkeley building pie she has had the architectural fever. Discussing the plans for the new college buildings with famous architects the world over has evidently inoculated her with the virus. Just at present Mrs. Hearst is only building three new homes but there are hints of others soon to be under hammer and saw. A mansion in Washington, a place on the McCloud and a home in Berkeley are now occupying Mrs. Hearst's attention. She has at different times owned two large houses in Washington both of which have been sold to foreign diplomatists. In this third attempt Mrs. Hearst hopes to realize her dream of architectural fitness. She will probably not occupy it for more than two months of the year but it must nevertheless dovetail with her ideals. The home on the McCloud river was originally planned for a rustic little lodge to run to for a breath of mountain air when Hacienda del Posa at Pleasanton becomes monotonous. But the plans have taken wings and so has the lodge, for instead there is to be a veritable chateau, commodious and commanding a magnificent view of Shasta. It is built on part of Charles Stetson Wheeler's place and will in twenty years revert to him. Mr. Wheeler was loath to sell any of his land and Mrs. Hearst favored that particular spot, not only on account of its natural beauty but because she is very fond of the Wheelers and wanted to be near them. So it was arranged that Mrs. Hearst should build a lodge which, in a score of years should become the property of the attorney. But instead of a bungalow Mr. Wheeler will have a fine house. Mrs. Hearst's Berkeley home will be on the north side of the university. She has taken a revolutionary step, for the south side has always had the seal of aristocratic approval. Her example will no doubt be followed, however, for Mrs. Hearst is a leader.

Provincialism Banished from Berkeley

Since Mrs. Hearst essayed the role of fairy godmother to the university and Benjamin Ide Wheeler accepted the presidency, large quantities of Berkeley provincialism have evaporated. Mrs. Hearst has entertained the students so frequently that they no longer show raw edges in society. President and Mrs. Wheeler have not concerned themselves so much with the student body but they have given the faculty a shaking up that will last for many semesters. Benjamin Ide Wheeler is very punctilious and knows how to do the society act with tact and finesse. Rusty old pedagogues are trying to emulate their chief, and just now manners, not mathematics, make the man. Mrs. Wheeler is very orthodox in the matter of dress and always appears in full evening costume. Before her advent the ladies of the faculty wore anything, from a shirtwaist to a tea gown. Mrs. Wheeler's decollete gowns gave them their cue and conventional evening dress is now quite common. One of the last screws was driven in the coffin of provincialism at the president's reception last week. At the first whiff of punch, good strong punch, brewed by a generous mixerologist, some of the conservatives acclimated to ex-President Kellogg's tea and biscuit regime were a bit shocked. However with Professor Bacon to lead the way the pedagogues finally gave a cordial howdy-do to the punch bowl. Another departure of President Wheeler was the inviting of representative people outside of acad-

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emic life. It gave the faculty a chance to rub elbows outside of their own narrow world and imparted a new flavor to the affair.

Disgruntled Pedagogues

Now that President Wheeler has had time to show his fibre the enthusiasts and grumblers are balancing their scores. There is no doubt of his strength with the student body but the faculty—publish it not in Gath—are a bit disgruntled over his policy. It is easy enough to diagnose their trouble. President Wheeler, following the tip of the trusts, has brought out a few big men at good salaries and then puttied up the financial holes by getting men with LL.D.'s and other top notch degrees, who are willing to teach for nine hundred dollars a year. These importations of distinguished but cheap Eastern pedagogues have sidetracked the hopes of a "raise" for the old guard. College professors are not overpaid anywhere but California has been rather more generous than other States. Under the present policy, however, there does not seem to be a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Acquiring Wealth by Marriage

Marrying rich girls is not always a safe investment, as in some cases our Californian heiresses have been known to hold an exceedingly tight hand upon the strings of the purse given by Papa. Therefore is it to be specially noted the good luck that befell E. Duplessis Beylard the coach driver, in marrying the charming daughter of the late Geo. Howard, as she evidently places no marital curb upon the fads and fancies of her husband. Rumor assigns a different fate to handsome Frank Carolan, the dark-browed wife with her Pullman *dot* being of a jealous temperament. Frank Newlands, whose first wife was Senator Sharon's daughter, came in for a child's portion of that large estate owing to the kind offices of the friendly lawyer who drew up the Senator's will, in exerting an influence in Newlands' behalf. Herman Oelrichs was lucky in having ducats of his own when he wedded "our Tessie" and looking after his wife's interests in her father's estate keeps him a happy exile on our golden shores. Jack Casserly—if report be true—has done very well for himself in his selection of the Chicago meat packer's daughter. Possibly the men who have secured unquestionably enviable *partis* are the several sons-in-law of that most estimable lady, Mrs. A. M. Parrott.

Eligible Heiresses

There are still more than a few rich girls left for our men on marriage thoughts intent to try for. First of all there is Miss Flood, who is accused of halting between—not two opinions, but two aspirants for her hand and millions. Then there is Miss Flora Low with enough money to render her attractive to the fortune hunter. Miss Jenny Blair adds comeliness to her *dot*. Turning to the young girls we find the charming daughters of J. D. Spreckels; the sisters Alice and Ethyl Hager, each with a healthy bank account as well as physique; the Misses Therese and Ella Morgan whose father left them a tidy sum, and the pretty daughters of the houses of Huntington and Mills.

Lord Temple cigars are smoked by all clubmen who will take nothing but the best.

The Sloss Decision

Judge Sloss stirred up a hornet's nest by deciding that Mayor Schmitz had no right to appoint a clerk of the Justices' Court. He is accused of having knocked a pin from under the Charter. The fact is that he merely refrained from reversing the Supreme Court and ignoring the Constitution of the State. It is true that the Charter attempts to give the Mayor power to appoint a clerk of the Justices Court, but the circumstance of the Freeholders having exceeded their authority in that matter does not affect the Charter as a whole, and the decision of Judge Sloss is not so far-reaching as some people imagine. It may affect the Board of Health case, but there are some of us who are still of the opinion that the doctors of the so-called Bubonic Board were not such contemptible villains as their enemies have asserted. I hope to see them hold their jobs.

Off to the Coronation

The Willie Babcocks have gone abroad intending to take in the Coronation. It was while touring Europe in the sixties that Mr. Babcock met in Paris the adopted daughter of General and Mrs. Alfred Redington of Sacramento, and she became his first wife.

Horace Was Discreet

Horace Platt ran a great risk of incurring displeasure at the Harriman dinner the other night when he responded to the toast, "What I know About Married Women." I have no doubt that Mr. Platt knows a lot about all kinds of women but he shouldn't care to exploit the knowledge at a banquet. However, he is a discreet chap and he refrained from becoming too communicative.

Some Strange Revelations

If there is any one thing more than another that should attract the public attention in all this search after

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the murderer of Nora Fuller, it is the astonishing number of girls of fifteen or thereabouts who can be found unprotected at any given time in places which, if not questionable in themselves, certainly become so as resorts for mere children. Every barkeeper, restaurant waiter, lodging-house, hall-porter and wandering actor who has projected himself into the case has the same story to tell of some half-grown child hanging about hallways or street corners or side doors in the company of a doubtful looking man. When the body of the girl was discovered in the deserted house it was the signal for relatives and acquaintances to come forward and make inquiries about half a dozen others who had been lost sight of anywhere from a week to a month without appearing to have caused any anxiety or speculation as to their whereabouts until it was borne in upon those supposed to be concerned that there might be other murders. Other occurrences since then seem to point to a curious development of family life which permits girls, as a matter of course to attend theatres alone and find their way behind the footlights or wander wherever their fancy directs.

The terrible catastrophe which played such havoc with human life in the Island of Martinique is the third which has visited that little stretch of land. In 1767 there was an earthquake which cost the lives of more than sixteen hundred people. In 1839 an earthquake occurred which destroyed nearly half of Port Royal, the present capital of he island, and killed seven hundred people. The list of great disasters from such causes is very long. The most familiar are the eruptions of Vesuvius in 79 which buried Pompeii and Hereculaneum, and the great Lisbon earthquake of November 1st, 1755. On that day, in about eight minutes most of the houses of the Portuguese capital were wrecked, and many of the inhabitants were buried in the ruins. A great tidal wave followed overwhelming many thousands. It was estimated that seventy thousand lives were lost. The islands of Japan have suffered much from seismc disturbances. One great earthquake cost the lives of nearly two hundred thousand in and around Tokio. A severe shock occurred in the Malay archipelago in 1883. It accompanied the explosive eruptions of the volcano Krakatoa on the island of that name in the Strait of Sunda. The disturbance lasted three months and nearly the entire island was destroyed. The worst earthquake the records of this country show occurred in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1886, when forty-one lives were lost and five million dollars worth of property was destroyed.

What Should Be Remembered

The New York Sun declares that Rear Admiral Sampson was the most conspicuous figure to die in the military service of the United States since General Philip Sheridan, and that "he will ever be an inspiration to the American youth." The American youth, it is to be hoped, will always be reminded that Admiral Sampson objected to the promotion of a brave and worthy gunner on the ground that he was unskilled in the arts of the drawing room dandy, and that the American people regarded Admiral Sampson with contempt ever after. Those circumstances should serve to inspire the American youth but not with admiration or with desire to emulate the absentee hero.

The most delightfully blended whisky known to the human palate is "Jesse Moore"—the standard for over fifty years.

A Crack Ping-Pongist

Mrs. J. K. Armsby, Jr., of Chicago, is establishing a record for herself in this neck-of-the-woods as a Ping-Pong player. There is not a more graceful player in California, and her control of the ball is marvelous. The junior J. K. Armsby's are perhaps the most enthusiastic boomers of California that ever came hither from the East. They spend several months in Northern California every year. Mrs. Armsby has one of the Hotel Mateo cottages, and she expects to be joined there by her husband in a short time.

"She looks like a prosperous typewriter. I suppose she manipulates the keys with great skill."

No, she's a bad typewriter, but then the bad one's are usually prosperous.

Of the Pixley Family

Miss Edith Nelson who was married the other day to Mr. John Kimball, was once, with her sister, Amelia, one of the family of the late Frank Pixley. Another girl in that home circle to which interest has attached by reason of the will of Mrs. Pixley providing for the destruction of the old family residence, was Pixley's adopted daughter, Fanny Morrison, a young lady whose eccentricities were many. After running away from home several times she married her riding teacher, who, she believed, was a Prince in disguise. She died a few years later from an overdose of morphine. The two children born of the union were legally adopted by Mrs. Pixley and to them she left the bulk of her estate. Mrs. Louis Auzerais was another adopted daughter of the Pixleys. She too was an eccentric woman. Her love of the stage led to her divorce from Auzerais and marriage to Hereward Hoyte, the actor.

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Why She Won't Lead

Mrs. Will Crocker has [illegible] the feminine of the late Ward McAllister. Time was when Mrs. Will was supposed to have a bad attack of leadership mania, but that is now mediaeval history and Mrs. Henry Scott or Mrs. What-you May-call'em may have the honor for all Mrs. Crocker cares. "We are too large a family to entertain with any degree of certainty," naively complained Mrs. Will when the recent death of Mr. Sperry sent two large functions she had planned a-glimmering. "Every time I send out invitations for a big affair," continued Mrs. Crocker, "some one in the family dies and they have to be recalled."

"If I were you, Mrs. Crocker," replied a sprightly dame, "I'd send out cards for a party once a week until all your relatives were killed off and then begin entertaining in earnest!"

About the Bishops

"Jim" Bishop has at last been "shooed!" from the city by the warning doctors and with his pretty young wife has gone down to the Bishops' ranch near Santa Barbara, to try to regain his health. Physicians and his family urged him to go last year and he seemed on the point of yielding when he decided to get married instead. His younger brother, Tom Bishop, was preparing for his marriage with Anna Voorhies, and Jim, not to be outdone, suddenly married Miss Belle Van Vlack to whom he had been engaged for a long time. There are two other Bishop boys of cotillion age and as pa's rich and ma's amiable they will probably be rushed next season by the matchmakers. The Bishop fancy evidently runs to the tag end of the alphabet for both the older boys married hyphenated V's—Van Vlack and Van Voorhies, for although the Voorhies have amputated the Van from their name it is theirs by right of inheritance.

Some Political Chat

Mayor Schmitz has disregarded my advice. He has again mingled with the Republican leaders at the banquet board, and just to prove their friendship they put him between Mr. William F. Herrin and Internal Revenue Collector Lynch. Of course it may have been a mere accident that he was so placed, but I cannot help suspecting somebody of resorting to a little fine work. Mr. Herrin and Mr. Lynch are charming conversationalists and no doubt they availed themselves of the opportunity to discuss State politics with Mr. Schmitz. The latest rumor in political circles, by the way, is that Governor Gage is going to be withdrawn from the gubernatorial race and started out for the toga, and that George A. Knight is to head the Republican ticket. The distinguished attorney having fattened his bank account with the Fair case fee is now well equipped for a campaign. It is believed that he is the one man capable of uniting the discordant elements in the Republican party. His candidacy would be satisfactory to both the *Chronicle* and the *Call*, and he has the reputaion of being an independent swashbuckler in politics. His candidacy would undoubtedly have an effect on the fight between Justices Beatty and Garoutte for the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court, which has caused great interest all over the State. Knight is a Garoutte man, and the circumstance of his being considered an available candidate may be taken as an indication that the "powers that be" are preparing to desert Chief Justice Beatty.' They have been saying for some weeks that it was "a case of hands off" because the contest threatened to intensify the complications of the gubernatorial fight.

The Bowers' Case

Dr. J. Milton Bowers is authority for the statement that he did not murder his wife, and as the statement is believed to have been made in the shadow of the grave it is perhaps entitled to credence. But Dr. Bowers made the same statement when he was in the shadow of the gallows some years ago, and very few people believed him. Guilty or innocent of the crime, nobody believed Bowers entitled to sympathy. All his life he was engaged in questionable practices of a character that should render a conscience immune to qualms even though uxorcide were among his exploits. He may assert his innocence of the crime of murder but he cannot deny that he talked shamelessly about his dead wife after her death, though his eyes were dimmed with tears at the time. Bowers had a very bad record which gave color to the presumptions of his guilt. His first wife, Augusta Shirck, died under circumstances somewhat similar to those surrounding the death of the second. And among other incidents of his life revealed at the time of his trial was that of his arrest some years before for the theft of a book from a store in Market street. Books had been stolen with such regularity that a watch was kept and Bowers [illegible]

Benhayon's Diary

The Bowers case will always rank as one of the most remarkable in criminal jurisprudence. He was convicted and sentenced to be hanged, the motive attributed to him being that he wished to recover the money for which his wife's life had been insured. He would not have been granted a new trial had not the brother of his wife been found dead with what purported to be a confession at his side. [illegible]

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the brother, committed suicide because he feared that he was about to be arrested for the murder. It was explained that he had kept a diary in which he had recited all the facts relating to the poisoning of his sister, and that he had lost the memorandum book containing the diary one day, while walking in the City Hall. That was over ten years ago and nobody has ever heard of the finding of the diary. It is almost incredible that a man engaged in killing a woman by the poisoning process would keep a record of his crime. The authorities believed that Benhayon was murdered at the instigation of Bowers, and that the alleged confession was a forgery. Failure to prove that such was the case resulted in the liberation of Bowers.

There is an Italian saying which some of our society folks should have inscribed somewhere within easy, visual range. Roughly translated it runs thus: "Kind to everyone, familiar with no one; courteous to those who honor me and receiving in my house only those whom I honor."

Omar the Younger

Wallace Irwin is out with another conceit in book form which is almost as unique, and a great deal more refreshing, than the Hoodlum sonnets. There is a boldness and originality in Irwin's conceptions which stamp him as a genius. He is a skilled versesmith, but does not take his muse seriously. He prefers to contribute to the gaiety of nations rather than to stir their souls, and it is pleasing to note that he does not deem it necessary to go to New York or London to achieve a reputation. He stays right here and lets Elder and Shepard do his publishing. His latest effort is bound to attract attention. It is entitled "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam Jr." From the preface it appears that Irwin was lately impressed with the notion that the burning need of the literary hour was not for more translators of the Rubaiyat but for more Omars to translate. So he went into the wilds of Borneo and disinterred the songs of Omar Khayyam Jr., which, he contends, have points of superiority over the quatrains of the astronomer of Naishapur. From these songs it appears that Omar the younger was a tobacco fiend. He believed that the alcoholic pleasures of his father were false joys. So he substituted nicotine for wine to dissipate on. In this stanza which is the key to his philosophy he answers his gay and festive parent:

"O foozled Poetastess, fogged with wine,
Who to your orgies bid the Muses nine,
Go bid them, then, but leave to me the tenth,
Whose name is Nicotine for she is mine!"

A Tobacchanalian Toper

Irwin informs us in his preface that "Where the philosophy of the elder Omar was bacchanalian and epicurean, that of the son was tobacchanalian and eclectic. He also tells us that Omar Sr. left the discovery of Woman to his son. The latter's verses abound in kisses. But it is in verses like these that the poet reveals his true passion:

Another Time, all dalliant and slow,
To those delicious Lips I bended low,
And at the Second Kiss she only said,
"Do you do This to every girl you know?"

But One there is more sage in that Caress,
Raising no mawkish Pennant of Distress,
But when I tip the Osculative Brim,
Accepts the kiss in silent Thankfulness,

Her lips no Questions ask—Content is hers.
If her Artistic Spirit wakes and stirs,
Nor recks of those Romances Heretofore—
Engagements where I won my Brazen Spurs.

The Other Kind of Past

There are other verses that bespeak a past which does not in the future wait. These, for instance:

"Murkly I muse on that transcendent State
Where all my Pasts within the Future wait—
If I for heavenly marriages am marked,
Oh, what a Turk I'll be beyond the Gate!

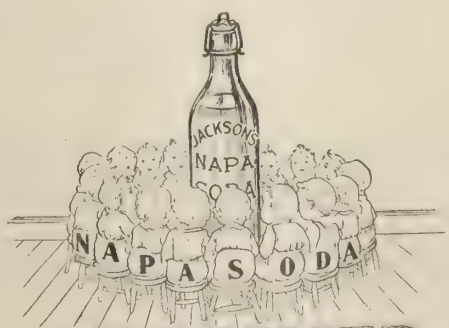
Minnie and Maud across my Flight will wing,
Birdie and Bess and Gwendolyn will bring
A score of Other Pasts and make a scene,
To say the Least a bit embarrassing.

The Drew Brothers

John Drew's return to San Francisco and Blingum has revived gossip anent the alleged estrangement of smart society's favorite thespian and his brother, Sidney Drew. It is said that they have not been on friendly terms for years and that John Drew never refers to Sidney as his brother. Sidney was the favorite son of his mother, Mrs. John Drew. There are many that think him as talented as his more prosperous brother. He is surely more versatile but he is a prodigal chap, more democratic than the somewhat haughty John, and with the rollicking spirits that made his sister, Georgie Drew Barrymore, such a great favorite off as well as on the stage.

The Comedian's Daughter

John Drew's young daughter, Louise, is one of the few children of actors born with a social position, especially in America, where it is only lately that actors have been accepted. Louise Drew is now but a little more than twenty and it was two years ago that she made her social debut in New York. Her parents were able to invite all of the smart set that they cared to have. She was entertained a great deal, and off the stage she is quite like the young ladies of the smart set. She greatly resembles her cousin, Ethel Barrymore. She is as simple and girlish as Ethel Barrymore was when she first visited San Francisco. I believe Ethel was seventeen at that time but she used to play with dolls. The Tobins are very fond of the Drews, and are to entertain them while here. Dick Tobin gave Louise Drew a very pretty pony when she was quite a child.



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His Gifted Niece

Miss Louise Drew appears to be quite unfitted by nature for the profession that should seem to belong to a Drew by right of inheritance. At present one only tolerates her because she is a Drew. However she may improve, for she certainly has an excellent tutor. I recall Ethel Barrymore's first appearance with her uncle. She too seemed almost impossible as an actress but now she is a distinguished leading lady. She is a handsome, high-bred looking girl, and as natural and unaffected on and off the stage as was her charming mother. As Madame Trentoni in "Captain Jinks" she made a sensation, but through all her success she remains unspoiled. I have been told that when congratulated on her success some time ago, she said, "Oh, my name was made for me; that was half the battle. But I never knew how nice that name looked till I saw it in electric lights in front of a theatre. Heaps of girls are as clever if they only had my opportunities." The members of Miss Barrymore's company dote on her, she is so unassuming to the most insignificant of them. When "on tour" she dines with them en famille. She bravely assumes the entire responsibility of supporting her afflicted father, Maurice Barrymore, though for years before he was stricken she was estranged from him. Her brother, Lionel of the Drew company, is a manly looking chap but the divine spark has not yet set him on fire.

Threatening to Sue

The Baron Von Schroeder threatens to create a few sensations in society by bringing suits against club men who have enjoyed the hospitality of the Hotel Rafael and who now owe him bills. He says he does not object to their owing him money, but that he objects to people knocking him while they have I. O. U's. in their pocket. Fortune, by the way, promises to smile once more on the Baron. The Government is negotiating for the purchase of part of his big ranch. The land is wanted for a training station of some sort.

She Showed Her Lingerie

The Associated Press has announced the engagement of the widow of United States Senator Cushman K. Davis and Senor Abazuza formerly Colonial Secretary to the Cabinet of Spain. When Mrs. Davis first appeared in Washington with her husband, she created a deal of discussion. She had been heralded as a woman of great beauty, and she got herself talked about by giving interviews to the newspapers in which she described the methods of dressing by which she showed her figure to the greatest advantage. Among other things she stated that she wore at all times black silk underclothing made in one piece and that she used only black silk bedclothing in her house. She took great pleasure in exhibiting her lingerie to the reporters.

Mrs. Frederick A. Jacobs' reception last week at her home in Pacific avenue, complimentary to her sister, Miss Mary Lee Henry, was a very delightful function. Miss Henry lives in the East and is spending the winter in California. Just now she is visiting the William T. Jeters of Santa Cruz. She received much attention during her stay in San Francisco, whither she will return later on. Miss Henry is a beautiful girl with the rich coloring peculiar to the Southern type of beauty, and she possesses a rare charm of manner.

A New Fad

The fashionables are waiting to see whether Helen Hopkins Taylor will pioneer the fad of carrying a cane. A short cane is the mode of the hour in Paris and the Countess Marguerite Cassini startled Washington several months ago by carrying one. It needed a conservative pat of approval to force it into favor for the Countess Marguerite is too unconventional to ever have a large following. But at the last two garden parties at the White House Alice Roosevelt created a sensation by appearing with a short silver topped bamboo cane which she carried jauntily in her left hand. A great many of the younger set at once bought canes and the absurd fad was last heard of in New York, where it had not taken such a strong hold as in the capital. The San Francisco smart set looks to Mrs. Gus Taylor to break the ice for such novelties and it is not unlikely that she will soon introduce the cane in Burlingame. It is doubtful whether the fad will ever reach the shopping district but it may reign at the summer resorts.

Frank Unger's Daughter a Genius

I hear that Frank Unger is delighted to think the mantle of his genius has fallen upon the shoulders of his daughter. From New York comes the news that Gladys Unger has written a curtain-raiser which has won the approval of Seymour Hicks. Miss Unger's taste would naturally run to writing and the stage. Her father would have been a successful comedian had his desire for a career run that way. He is counted one of the best actors in Bohemia and among the Lambs but he never put his dramatic gifts to professional use. His former wife, Minnie Buchanan, who was Mrs. Arthur Jules Goodman of London, is a brilliant writer. She, also, had a brief season behind the footlights, having been one of the famous company of amateurs that, with Emilie Melville the only professional, produced "Pinafore" in this city some twenty odd years ago. Gladys Unger has had a more thorough education than falls to many girls of her age. She lived in Paris for years and speaks French like a Parisian born. Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes, the second wife of the Chicago millionaire, has made Gladys her especial pet of late years.

Another Bohemian's Daughter

About a year ago the daughter of Joe Tippett, an erstwhile Bohemian Club member, wrote an operetta that made

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a hit in Boston, where is the Tippetts' present home. The young girl's mother was well known in musical circles here. She was Clara Beutler before her marriage.

They are Writing Plays

A fad for play writing, by the bye, now has the right of way with the younger blue stockings of society. The success of the Girls' High School play and the last annual Berkeley farce has stimulated to brisker efforts the budding playwrights who nurse their muse in private. Frances Rosamund Glass does not like the publicity her muse has received since an unthinking friend spread the story of her latest work. But there is no doubt that she is writing a play. While her father talks telephone and grows olives that are to make his daughter an heiress some day, the young girl is dreaming dreams of carving out her own fortune with her pen. She is not the only genius in the family. Her aunt, Leila France, wife of Dr. W. P. McDermott, has written many charming songs and composed music that orchestras all over the United States have played.

Across the bay another girl who might win honors in the social race prefers to scribble. She hasn't reached the play stage yet, but is still in the throes of the short story. This is Maud Edith Pope, one of the best gowned girls in the Oakland swim. Miss Pope is not a typical bas bleu, for her stockings are always whole and her shoes never down at the heel.

She's a Millionaire's Wife

The news of Freda Gallick's return to San Francisco and the stage does not appear to have occasioned any surprise. Yet it was not so long ago that I read of the marriage of Miss Gallick to a millionaire. She is now Mrs. Colgate Baker, Jr., but matrimony seems not to have affected her love for the footlights. Upon inquiry I learned that she was preparing to go East for an engagement when she learned of the serious illness of her mother in this city. She came hither at once, and about the time of her arrival, the management of Fischers' Theatre discovered that a successor to Lillian Coleman was needed. The contract of Miss Coleman, who too is a Californian has expired, and she has to be in New York in a few weeks. So Miss Gallick was engaged to take her place. Miss Coleman is one of the most charming women ever seen here in musical comedy and she will be missed. Miss Gallick has never been seen here in musical comedy. Indeed, it was not generally known that she was a vocalist. She played small parts with Frawley and Nance O'Neill, and she left here as a member of the Dowling company.

The dog show having lapsed into the past, now comes the flower show. The eighteenth exhibition and rose show of the California State Flower Society will open next Thursday in the nave of the Ferry building. Mrs. J. Ross Martin, Mrs. W. S. Chandler and Mrs. O. D. Baldwin are among the committee arranging the exhibition.

They are to have a Horse Show at Blingum at the end of this month. It is to be an unpretentious affair, and the prizes will not be valuable. The main purpose of the show is to give society an opportunity to get together.

Connoisseurs of perfect goods appreciate "Jesse Moore" Whiskey for its purity and delightful flavor. It is without a peer.

Max Hirschfeld, the ex-Tivoli leader who preceded Mr. Steindorff in the chair, has been heard from. He is the musical director of "The Wild Rose" company at the fashionable Knickerbocker Theatre in Broadway New York. Mr. Hirschfeld has seldom been out of a job since he left the Tivoli, and he has had some very fine engagements. When he first went East, he joined the Edna May company and he was musical director for that popular prima donna on her London trip. He was later on with "The Chaperones," and he left that company to go to the Knickerbocker.

The Webster-Jones Marriage

The news of the marriage of Webster Jones and Miss Yost, daughter of Daniel Yost was a great surprise to people who imagined that the ex-husband of the Countess Artsimovitch was grieving sorely over the loss of that lady. Shortly after the first Mrs. Webster Jones obtained her divorce, her ex-husband started on a trip to Europe on a sailing vessel. Before the ship reached the horn Mrs. Jones became the wife of the Russian Consul and started for Berlin. Jones did not learn of the marriage until he reached London, and by that time the Count and his bride were promenading Unter der Linden. I have seen Mr. Jones since his marriage and he appears to have thoroughly recovered from the shock caused by the news of his first wife's second matrimonial venture. His bride is a charming young woman, and they appear to be a devoted couple.

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Harriman's Glad Hand

The Harriman party has gone and left the most pleasant memories behind. Everybody that met the President of the Southern Pacific Company during his sojourn here is loud and vociferous and enthusiastic in praising the genial, amiable and banquet-loving New Yorker. Mr. Harriman is a born diplomatist. As a glad-hand artist he is without a peer in all the realm of gladhanding save, perhaps, that superb exponent of the "ecstatic right," Mr. E. O. McCormick. That there is no more effective way of winning a man than through his stomach, Mr. Harriman is quite certain, and "Feed the Beast" was his motto after he crossed the State line. Of course it appeared that Mr. Harriman was the guest on the most of the gastronomical occasions, but that was because he could not very well assume the role of perpetual host for he was a visitor. But he was the instigator of the feasts, and they enabled him to captivate by his superb suavity. I am of the opinion that Mr. Harriman is the most accomplished railroad president that ever visited this city. He is thoroughly imbued with the theory that popularity wins in the long run, and he made many friends for the railroad while here. He knows that the prosperity of the State means prosperity for the railroad, and his policy is to combine the interests of both.

The Harriman Party

There were several interesting people in the Harriman party. The ladies were most charming, and they were delightfully entertained at Blingum where they spent a deal of time. The chief entertainer down there was Prince Poniatowski who is "close up" with Harriman, and who expects to promote one of his enterprises with the corporation of the wealthy New Yorker. All the ladies in the Harriman party are skilled horsewomen, and they romped all over San Mateo county. The most conspicuous member of the party was Miss Sears of Boston who attracted much attention by her eccentric costumes. She affects the mannish mode, and looked on most occasions as though she would like to eschew even the skirt.

Are you sufficiently jeune siecle to write your notes first page, third and then double back? A will written in that manner was cast out of court recently. And a decision here of one dated March 10, with a diagonal line and 99 beneath was declared to be undated and therefore invalid. It is safe to remember these things, in case one wishes to make a will that will stand.

The Plaint of Society Girls

At the close of the opera season some of our society girls took a vow that they would snub all dinners given by bachelors to celebrities. "The men should be rebuked," said one of them. "We invite them to our homes and dine them and tea them; we let them share our boxes at the opera, and most of them never reciprocate. But when some opera singer or distinguished actress comes along they give her an elaborate dinner and invite us simply to do her honor, not out of compliment to us. They never think of giving us a dinner or a dance but use us as social decorations at their feasts to professionals. We don't object to the celebrities, but we should like to be the motif of their hospitality once in a while." This is not the first time that society girls have sat up and taken notice that the bachelors are selfish; that it's all take and no "give" in the little game of entertaining. Some years ago they rubbed it in sufficiently to make the men give two bachelor cotillions, since which noble efforts they have rested on their oars. The bachelor cotillions have become fixtures in New York and if the girls out here pout long enough they may bring the men to terms.

The Dinner

But the Atherton dinner was not regarded as one of the usual compliments to a visiting celebrity. Mrs. Atherton is a Californian, and she has the cachet entitling her to mingle with our elite. She was one of them. True she was not appreciated until London discovered her, but now that she is a foremost figure in the literary world, San Francisco's smart set is anxious to claim her as its own. Indeed, there was great anxiety in many homes when it was learned that the dinner was to be given. Society was on the tip-toe of expectancy and the dinner has caused much heartburning. It was a very pleasant affair, and at Mrs. Atherton's request there were no post-prandial talks. She knows most of our after-dinner speakers. Mr. Frank P. Deering, the President of the club, was the master of the feast. Those present were: Irving M. Scott, Peter Robertson, George Hall, Ed. M. Greenway, Thomas Barbour, Emil Bruguiere, Major Rathbone, Fremont Older, W. H. Crocker, Frank Goad, George Bromley, Thomas McCaleb, Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mrs. Sterling Postley, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, Mrs. Ashton Stevens, Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Miss Josie Loughborough, Miss Fannie Loughborough, Miss Elsie Sperry, Miss Edith Henrici, Mrs. Fremont Older and Miss Marie Voorhies.

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She Was Not a Farragut

Inadvertently I stated last week that the blood of the Farraguts flowed in the veins of Miss Betty Ashe. It was probably owing to the fact that the mother of Miss Ashe and the wife of Admiral Farragut were sisters that I was led into the inadvertence. However, Miss Betty comes from brave stock though she is not a Farragut. Her mother was a Miss Loyal of Virginia and her father, Dr. R. R. Ashe, was a Mexican war veteran. He came prominently to the front in this city during the Vigilance Committee troubles that followed the death of James King of William in 1856. He was a devoted friend of Judge Terry.

The Retort Courteous

One of the feminine guests at the Bowie fete was complaining the other day to a member of the "old set" about the frigidity of the Blingumites toward people with whom they happen to come into contact for the first time. "Why," said she, "if any one outside of that particular set goes down to Blingum up go the lorgnettes and out pops the query, 'Who are they?'" Well," said the representative of the old set, "you could easily retort by asking, 'Who *were* they?'"

It is said that if army rank were hereditary, the academy at West Point could close up in another twenty years as there would be enough half-breed Colonels and Lieutenants, not to mention those of lower rank, to fit out all the positions there are apt to be in existence. As Deromda remarked, the whites have only themselves to blame.

The Court of Appeals Attacked

As *amicus curiae* Mr. E. S. Pillsbury was certainly a success in the cases growing out of the bitter Nome litigation which resulted so disastrously to Judge Noyes, but I am of the opinion that he was more devoted to the interests of certain rich clients than to those of the gentlemen constituting the Court of Appeals. Those judges have no reason to be proud of their conduct in those cases in which the astute Mr. Pillsbury was so active. They convicted, at his instigation, two men of contempt who have been pardoned —one by President McKinley, and the other, a few days ago by President Roosevelt. They managed to get rid of poor Judge Noyes, who was removed under fire, but that was because of his unfortunate weakness—a passion for liquor—and not because the Department of Justice believed him to be corrupt. I doubt whether Judge Morrow and his associates are grateful to the *amicus curiae* for the part he persuaded them to play in those now celebrated cases. C. S. Frost was the man pardoned by President Roosevelt the other day. The pardon was granted notwithstanding the refusal of the circuit judges to approve the application made by the prisoner. I have before me the brief presented to the Attorney-General in Washington in support of Frost's application. Having read it I am now impelled to ask whether the Judges of our Circuit Court of Appeals do not feel that they are in a position almost as embarrassing as that which Judge Noyes found himself in when before them some months ago. The brief was written by Francis Heney, a fearless member in good standing of the local bar, and it is one of the most sensational pamphlets I ever read.

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Some Torrid Language

In this brief Mr. Heney declares that he would consider himself wanting in moral courage and unfit to retain his license to practice law did he not point out in unequivocal language the fact that the methods pursued by the *amicus curiae* were *worse than lawless*; that the judgment of the court was *indefensible* and that the sentence was *cruel from every standpoint*. This is pretty severe language but the brief fairly reeks with it. The attorney asserts that the record shows that the judges were prejudiced and that their bias resulted in injustice and wrongdoing. He charges them with having rejected every particle of testimony in favor of Frost, and with having accepted rank hearsay evidence as conclusive proof against him. He contended that the action of Frost which resulted in his conviction for contempt was in the line of his duty as an agent of the Department of Justice. And he added that Frost did not seem to have been wrong in his conclusion that Attorney Metson and others were trying to corrupt a jury panel. He took several smashes at both Metson and Pillsbury, and declared in conclusion that to hold Frost guilty of contempt was preposterous and an arbitrary and oppressive abuse of power on the part of the Circuit Court of Appeals.

Mrs. Richard Sprague, who as Belle Wallace was a most popular belle, is going to spend the summer among her Californian friends. Mrs. Sprague looks younger and better than when last here, and more like her old self. Her present married life is said to be most happy.

The Ford Tragedy

Many people have remarked the likeness between Paul Leicester Ford and Carroll Carrington, the California writer. Both were deformed and both met violent deaths. Carrington received fatal injuries by falling down stairs. Those that profess to see a correspondence between physical characteristics and mental endowments and activities may find some confirmation of their theory in the two hunchbacks and their literary work. Carrington's tales were literary twisters. It was reserved for Ford to expose the contemptible character of many of the continentals and the turn-coat propensities of the men of the Revolution. With irreverent hands he stirred the ashes of the dead.

The Dedication to Vanderbilt

One of the most characteristic passages ever written by Paul Ford is to be found in his dedication of "Janice Meredith" to George W. Vanderbilt at whose home he wrote most of that popular novel. It is in his characteris-

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tic phraseology and in it are more of his direct thoughts than can be found in any other extract of like length:

To George W. Vanderbilt—*My Dear George*: Into the warp and woof of every book an author weaves much that even the subtlest readers cannot suspect, far less discern. To them it is but a cross and pile of threads interlaced to form a pattern, which may please or displease their taste. But to the writer every filament has its own association: How each bit of silk or wool, flax or tow, was laboriously gathered, or was blown to him; when each was spun by the wheel of his fancy into yarns; the color and tint his imagination gave to each skein; and where each was finally woven into the fabric by the shuttle of his pen. No thread ever quite detaches itself from its growth and spinning, dyeing and weaving, and each draws him back to hours and places seemingly unrelated. And so, as I have read the proofs of this book I have found, more than once, that the pages have faded out of sight and in their stead I have seen Mount Pisgah and the French Broad River, or the ramp and terrace of Biltmore House, just as I saw them when writing the words which served to recall them to me. With the visions, too, has come a recurrence to our long talks, our work among the books, our games of chess, our cups of tea, our walks, our rides, and our drives. It is therefore a pleasure to me that the book so naturally gravitates to you, and that I may make it a remembrance of those past weeks of companionship, and an earnest of the present affection of *Paul Leicester Ford.*

A Father's Fatal Folly

The Ford tragedy contains many elements that a parent should ponder. It was in consequence of the discrimination of a father against one of his sons. The father insisted on choosing a career for his son totally at variance with the natural inclinations of the young man. The wise father is proud of the manifestation of the spirit of independence in his offspring, even though it may seem to be misdirected. Malcolm Ford's inclinations were far from disreputable, and should not have aroused the paternal resentment which was responsible for the awful tragedy. There came to Malcolm Ford a legacy, not of money but of hatred, and though there is no shadow of justification for his terrible crime, one cannot withhold sympathy from him or fail to condemn the father for having arrogated to himself the right to visit post-mortem punishment on a disobedient son.

Didn't Like the Caricature

Governor Odell of New York is one of those rare politicians who do not like to see their pictures in the newspapers. He actually declined to furnish the *Call* with one of his photographs. Artist Cahill persuaded him to change his mind by exhibiting to the Governor a splendid caricature. Odell concluded that it was better to have his photograph than the caricature in the *Call.*

Bret Harte's Sister

A correspondent reminds me that Bret Harte had a sister, a Mrs. Wyman, who was a writer of considerable ability, and whose writings appeared in the columns of the old *Alta California.* She had two brilliant daughters, both of whom were married years ago.

The Autocrat of the School

Several prominent school teachers have written to me to commend my statement that the child in his seat in the school-room is boss of the situation. "Since politics and demagogy have held sway in educational circles," one of them writes, "the teachers have been in a state of terror. Discipline in the school-room is almost at an end. Since the Blanchard case came to the fore, principals are afraid to punish children for fear of arousing the ire of parents, and as a consequence the youngsters are becoming defiant of all authority."

Jim Phelan's Wealth

According to newspaper reports, the Phelan estate was appraised at seven millions and the ex-mayor received a third as his share. The fact is he received nearly all of it. Mr. Phelan's father had the old world idea that a son needs more than a daughter, and he bequeathed the greater portion of the estate to James D. The Phelan building alone brings him in nearly a quarter of a million a year, and he is the owner of two other valuable buildings in Market street. His income is nearly a thousand dollars a day, and though he gives generously his wealth is increasing at a tremendous rate. The late Mrs. Phelan had an income of about thirty thousand a year which is now enjoyed by her two daughters, Mrs. Frank Sullivan and Miss Mollie Phelan.

The cornation of Edward VII is not the only big show to be pulled off in Europe next month. King Alfonso of Spain, attains his majority in June and there will be Court ceremonies and fetes in his honor. It will be a gala affair but not so brilliant as that of the show in honor of England's monarch. Edward has been in the public eye ever since his mother's death, and how to keep there after the Coronation will be a problem hard to solve

SHE SAVED HIS LIFE

A pretty wedding took place at the Little Church Round the Corner in New York the other day. It was the result of a last summer romance. He fell off the pier at Newport, struck a boat in falling and was stunned. She was a good swimmer and saved his life. All of which shows the importance of knowing how to swim. Young people who go to Hotel Vendome during the coming summer can learn to swim so easily they will never know they tried, for the Hotel management has just provided two of the best swimming pools in the state. One is forty feet wide and sixty feet long and holds 90,000 gallons. These pools are going to be the chief attractions at this popular hotel. Besides them a new bowling alley has just been finished. Golf enthusiasts will enjoy the Linda Vista links not far away, and those for whom ping-pong is a joy forever will find tables enough to keep them busy all the time. These are only a few of the attractions offered. The best way to find out about the rest is to take a run down and see for yourself. You will be sure to find friends there.

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With the Money Makers

The Alaska Packers' Association

The reports that officials of the Alaska Packers' Association have been in Vancouver, B. C., for the past week, conferring with Aemilus Jarvis, who came from Toronto to amalgamate the British Columbian canneries, has caused some little comment on the Exchange and the stock of the corporation has ruled steady at $160 bid, with but few transactions recorded. The officers here are very reticent and absolutely refuse to say what the northern conference is about. Along the street there is some faith put in the rumor that the local association is making overtures to absorb the newly amalgamated concern and little credence is given to statements that the latter organization has made inducements to gain control of the local corporation, for, judging from the unsuccessful outcome of the overtures of the Onnfroy-McGovern syndicate, which formed the Pacific Navigation and Packing Company, and the company in which J. Pierpont Morgan and Charles R. Flint were believed to be interested, it is not likely that the shareholders of the Alaska Packers' Association would entertain any such proposition with the affairs of the concern in so highly satisfactory state. The Alaska Packers' Association was capitalized in 1893 for $5,000,000, divided into 50,000 shares, 2,000 of which have never been issued. The original value of the stock was $65 and the present selling price is somewhat in the neighborhood of $160, showing an advance of $95 a share, besides dividends of $76.75 paid on each share. The original buyer of shares has thus received $11.75 over what he paid for each share, and his shares today are worth on the market about two and one-half times as much as he paid for them. The year the association was formed it packed 462,650 cases of salmon. Last year the output was 1,273,566. Up to the end of January of this year the association paid ninety-seven consecutive dividends without interruption, all at the rate of 75 cents a share and for the last four months $1 a share, making in all 101 consecutive payments. The association will pay out in dividends this year $576,000, and has set aside $90,000 for insurance, $87,000 to the contingent reserve fund, and has written off $230,000 for depreciation. This makes a total of $983,000 which, with $9,600,000, the par value of the stock, makes the interest on shares over ten per cent. Most of the stock of the Alaska Packers' Association is owned in San Francisco and is owned largely by investors. The association has no bonds or mortgage indebtedness, no debentures, no preferred stock and consequently no fixed interest charges. All the stock is of equal rank, value and standing, and all profits go to the owners.

Evidences of Prosperity

As far as can be judged from a financial standpoint San Francisco's business interests are making such forward strides that the present year will be a banner twelvemonth in the commercial annals of the city. For two years past bank clearings have been steadily gaining at the average rate of over $12,000,000 per month and this year the increase is making steady progress. The month of March showed the greatest volume of bank clearings in the history of the city, the total being $120,797,935. The total clearings for the first four months aggregates $426,919,716, making a monthly average of $106,729,926. If this average continues, and there is every prospect that it will, the total for the year will exceed $1,280,000,000. While the bank clearings of this city constitute a fair index of commercial prosperity they do not by any means show the gross volume of trade. Statisticians have estimated that the bank clearings represent about 60 per cent of the aggregate business volume and even on this calculation the business of San Francisco would represent about $185,000,000 per month. This city, however, conducts its business in a different way from nearly all the large Eastern cities for the reason that here the old custom of making payments twice a month on what is called collection day is still maintained. By reason of this system payments are largely made in coin which do not in any way figure in or affect bank clearings. For this reason the estimate of 60 per cent, which probably does represent a fair average for the Eastern cities, where payments are almost entirely made by checks, does not apply to San Francisco. Furthermore, many of the large business houses of this city make it a practice not to draw checks for any sum below specified amounts, such as $250, $500 or $1,000, depending upon the size of the establishment and the volume of business transacted. For these reasons it can be readily seen that San Francisco's gross trade movement is largely in excess of a total ascertained by the usual statistical method based on the assumption that the bank clearings represent 60 per cent of the business.

San Francisco has nine saving banks and all are in a prosperous condition. In the last statement filed with the Board of Bank Commissioners representing the condition of affairs of these institutions at the close of business on the 30th of April, there are a number of interesting facts worthy of attention. The total resources of these nine banks on that date was $146,400,566. Of this total $1,822,419 constitutes the value of the several bank premises. Other real estate held by the banks is valued at $5,357,960. The total value of United States and other interest bearing bonds held by these banks is $65,322,883. The loans on real estate mostly in San Francisco and based on a 75 per cent ratio of assessed valuation are $63,550,607. The total loans on stocks, bonds and warrants is $5,268,294. The care with which depositors' money is

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guarded is shown that loans on personal securities for all the nine banks is only $2,100. On the date named the banks had money on hand to the amount of $2,226,270 and money due from other banks and bankers which for the purposes of business can be considered as cash, aggregated $2,250,826. The total amount due depositors was $134,476,550. The gain in deposits since December 31st, 1901, when the last previous reports were made, a period of four months, has been $1,046,060. The gain from December 31st, 1900 to December 31st, 1901 was $8,849,564. This is certainly an enormous increase and speaks well for nine savings banks in one city. The Hibernia Bank has $50,928,461 on deposit, the largest amount in its history and larger than any other savings bank in the State. The German Savings Bank has $30,856,482 and the San Francisco Savings Union hold $30,235,080 for account of depositors.

On Change

Operations on the Stock and Bond Exchange during the past week have been exceedingly limited, the various bonds and securities offering but little attraction to investors.. Sellers, however, showed no disposition to shade their asking prices, maintaining that the present condition was but a periodical dullness and a marked reaction would soon follow. The feature of the week was the listing of the five per cent bonds of the California Central Gas and Electric Company, $104.50 being bid and $105.50 asked. Bidders raised their price to $105 and secured a small parcel at the latter figure but holders generally were firm in their demands for the highest figure. Sacramento Electric Gas and Railway 5 per cent bonds were steady at about the closing price of last week, although there were but few sales recorded. Sierra Railway Company's 6's were firmly held at $117 with but few buyers in evidence. In shares Giant Powder was offering freely in large quantities and buyers obtained stock at a marked decline in rates. With this exception prices for the various industrials showed no marked depreciations despite the general inactivity of the market. Slight fluctuations were held back and there was no unloading of stock. There was a slight movement in sugar securities and small blocks of Hutchison. Makaweli and Paauhau changed hands at steady rates. Alaska Packers ruled firm with but little stock offering for sale.

My Honolulu correspondent, one of the best-informed brokers there, writes me as follows: Once again there is some activity on the stock exchange here. There is no doubt but that the fact that sugar is very low now, and that the plantations themselves are counting the cost of manufacture in cents to see what may be saved, has its effect on the prospective investor in sugar shares. There is no reason to believe the market will continue inert once sugar reaches its normal price, but there is a belief among the factors that the result of the depression and the Cuban sugar crop being marketed, will be a period during which these figures will stand. The first sale of Hawaiian Commercial in many months was recorded a day ago when twenty shares were sold at $38. The price of this stock when last dealt in here was $80. The taking of $315,000 of Rapid Transit Company bonds by E. H. Rollins & Sons, of San Francisco, has brightened things greatly. The Rapid Transit Company owns electric lines in Honolulu which are successful. The security is rated at the top in San Francisco. —*The Financier*

A FINANCIAL AUTHORITY.

The *Pacific States Investor* is a new publication that is now in its second month of existence. The April number contained interesting articles on such subjects as Trade with Central America, Copper Platinum and Rubber, Capital and Labor Question, The Napoleons of Finance, Petroleum in California, British Columbia Mines, etc. May topics are Aerial Navigation not Yet Practicable, Beauties and Resources of Costa Rica, Oregon Salmon in Germany, etc. The *Pacific States Investor* is subtitled "A Western Authority on Financial Matters" and that explains the wide scope of its topics. It is published at 326 Post street, San Francisco.

A PIONEER EMPLOYMENT FIRM.

The long established firm of C. R. Hansen & Co. is now comfortably housed in its commodious new quarters at 429 Bush street, directly opposite the California theatre. Their business has increased so enormously that Hansen & Co. have been compelled to open a separate department for men at 12 Berry street where, with a large force of competent assistants, employer and employe are brought together. This old pioneer house has always made a specialty of supplying out of town contracts for labor of all kinds and their connections are so extensive that no contracts are too large for immediate handling. Persons in need of help of all kinds can have their wants filled at once by telephoning Grant 185.

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Never too Late to Mend

Diana sat opposite him for fully five minutes without speaking. Her gray eyes looked directly into his blue ones. It was a gaze big with promise. Harry had asked her, for the third time in as many months, to be his wife.

During the three months of Harry's wooing, their world had looked on with interest mingled with amusement. Some of the men had laid bets on the results. The odds were twenty to one against an affirmative.

Harry was the least promising as well as the richest youth in his golden set. Diana was the prettiest, most fascinating, and the least dowered with dollars in hers. If wagers had been laid by the women, the odds would have been in Harry's favor. Women judge very much by what they would do were the case their own.

But Harry had been in doubt ever since he entered the race. He knew Diana better than her girl friends did. He knew morals cut a greater figure in her eyes than money. Of the former he had a poor stock.

The five minutes of dumb gaze ended.

"I will take you," said Diana, "on probation."

Harry was taken aback. His two refusals had prepared him for another. What he said was:

"You told me you did not believe in long engagements."

"Neither do I. I am ready to marry you this day week if you wish, but—"

"Oh, dash the buts!"

He would have liked to crush her to him and kiss the lips that were pressed so solemnly together. Something in her manner deterred him.

"On probation, I said," Diana went on, "we will be married, you know, and—well, it will be for form's sake. We'll be friends, don't you understand, chums and all that. But before I am really your wife, you must fit yourself to be my husband."

Harry was intuitive.

"Oh, I'll reform," he agreed eagerly, "I'll cut the club and the fellows and—"

"Dash the ands!" cried Diana, laughing, "that's the main part, of course. But, do you really care to have me on these terms?"

Care? Harry would have sold himself to Satan for Diana's "Yes." He agreed to everything and that is how the small odds won their bets.

After the wedding, the young couple went abroad. Then they returned, bought a house and started in to entertain.

"The funniest couple I ever saw," was the verdict of Harry's erstwhile chums, "why, they are just like brother and sister—at least she is. Harry doesn't seem to dare to touch her hand, even."

"'Less than mistress, much more than friend,'" quoted one of the old guard, "they're excessively modern, that's all."

* * * * * * * * * *

"I suppose you'll get a divorce right away," said Diana's bosom friend.

Harry's latest escapade had crept into print. It was just a paragraph at first in a society paper, but the dailies had seized the clue and run the story with names and pictures. And there was a woman in it.

"I see no reason for it," returned Diana, composedly.

A year of matrimony had not lessened her beauty, nor had the *esclandres* to which Harry's transgressions had subjected his innocent wife caused wrinkles to disfigure her smooth brow. She was as girlishly pretty as before her marriage.

"You have no sense of pride," said her friend, indignantly.

"Oh, yes," deprecated Diana.

"You are cold—unfeeling—shameless!"

The cold, unfeeling, shameless woman only laughed. Later, when her visitor was gone, she cried a little, but the tears were dried before Harry's return. There was an affectation of bravado in his manner as he came into her room.

"I suppose this is the last straw," he said, "and now it's good-bye, Diana."

"I don't see why," she answered, in the same words she had replied to her friend's suggestion of a probable divorce.

"I've shamed you," cried Harry, vehemently, nature getting the better of his affected nonchalance, "those damned papers!"

"Don't say anything, Harry," said Diana calmly, and holding out her hand to him. "You know, dear, 'twas in our compact that we were always to forgive. Nothing you could ever do could make me forget that—"

"Oh, God, Diana!" cried Harry, "if you would only love me. It drives me mad—mad—to live in the same house with you, to see you at my table, by my side, and to know that you don't think me worthy of the gift of your love!"

A sad little smile flitted across Diana's face.

"I oughtn't to have tied you to me," she said, "but I was a silly girl—fancy just a year ago I was twenty-one. I am fifty now! I thought if you had me by your side —you know you always said I was your guiding star—that you would—be different somehow. But—"

She couldn't help it. Her brave sentence ended in a burst of tears.

"Oh, Harry," she murmured between her sobs, "we've got to part. I see no other way."

"There *is* another way," cried her husband, "you must *be* my wife. There's enough of this experiment. If you love me, dear, you'll not withhold from me what is mine by right."

He seized her listless hand in his, and kissed the limp white fingers. She had half yielded herself to his embrace. Then she thrust him from her.

He frowned. "You don't love me," he exclaimed petulantly. "I don't believe you could love anybody—you are devoid of passion."

"Oh, no, I'm not," she said and then she blushed. "But you forget what I have so often told you. I know myself. I know that the maternal instinct is stronger in me than mere animal love."

Harry smiled bitterly. "I don't see how you could know that," he said, "you won't give it a chance to develop."

"I'm afraid to. I believe in heredity, and I'll not visit the sins of a father on a child of mine—"

"Now there goes that Woman's Club talk again," he interrupted.

"It's not Woman's Club talk," she exclaimed. "I love you, Harry, but I don't want to abandon my principles. We must part. Go," she whispered, "go!"

In wrathful silence he obeyed her bidding.

A week later society nodded and smiled over the news that Diana had sailed for London and Harry for Hong Kong. Such small things make society nod and smile. The nodders and smilers did not know the contents of that note Harry read so many times in the privacy of his stateroom.

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"My dear: I was not strong enough to stay. I love you too well, dear. But I want my husband to be a man. I want him *fit* to be the father of little children. You did not know, dear, that my father was such a man as you. He broke my mother's heart and to his sons he left the legacy of intemperance, and worse. I remember my brothers. One killed himself for a woman. The other died in a fit of intoxication. Oh, Harry, could you wish—*ours*—to be like that?"

* * * * * * * * * *

A slim, gray-eyed young woman sat on a bench in Hyde Park and gazed with unseeing eyes at the smart throng of passers-by. Her thoughts were far away in a western city by the sea. She pictured a medium-sized, rather stockily built youth with ruddy cheeks and blue eyes.

"He is probably riding in the Park now with Kitty Lawrence. They'll go to lunch together afterwards, and then there'll be a drive, and dinner, the theatre and the rest."

Her thoughts tinged her expression with melancholy. She did not notice that toward her was coming a medium-sized, stockily built youth with ruddy cheeks and bright blue eyes. She did not look up when he sat himself on the bench beside her. But she awoke from her revery with a start when she felt her gloved hand grasped by strange fingers. A smothered shriek burst from her lips as she turned to see the intruder.

"Harry!" she cried, and her arms went around his neck, in spite of the publicity of the place. She put her head down on his shirt-front and cried for joy. All her resolutions of firmness vanished.

"Cheer up, Di," said Harry, "it's all right. I guess I've pulled up for good this time. There's a deal of truth in what those old hereditists claim. There's something due to posterity."

* * * * * * * * * *

It was three years to the hour of their wedding day when Harry and Diana reached home. They were not alone in their trip across the continent. A neat maid with a neater London accent accompanied them, also a valet likewise equipped. And a French *bonne* had been brought along to look after the needs of the plump infant which had its father's blue eyes and its mother's sweet mouth.

"Ah," said the astute member of the old guard, when they told him the news, "I always said they were the ideal modern couple. Anything like undue haste is such bad form nowadays."

"And incidentally," said his friend, "it goes to show how far wrong gossips can get in their speculations. How foolish it is to try to give an explanation of domestic phenomena!"

—*The Materialist.*

FAIRY TALES.

I used to tell her fairy tales in the days of long ago,
As we sat in the waning twilight by the old farm hedge-row;
I used to see her eyes grow bright when the Prince claimed the hand
Of the maiden fair with the golden hair in the dear, enchanted land.

I used to tell her fairy tales as we sat by the ruddy glow
Of the blazing fire of the broad hearthstone when wintry winds did blow.
I used to see her eyes light up with the flame of maiden love,
As the web of fancy's glorious dreams we two as sweethearts wove.

I tell her fairy stories now, oft in the wee sma' hours,
And swear to their truth in the dim gaslight, by all the eternal powers;
I'm used to seeing her eyes blaze up in a wifely, knowing way,
For I know as I tell the tales she don't believe a word I say.

May, 1902. *Frederick O'Brien.*

The well known Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra has re-opened for the Fourth Season, 1901-1902. To guarantee promptness, all engagements must be made at the Studio, 718 Post street. Telephone Polk 1575. School hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m

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Smart women nowadays are taking particular care of their hair, recognizing the fact that it decidedly is "woman's crown of glory." They are dressing it tastefully and artistically, and do not hesitate to visit specialists in hair treatment and artists in arrangement. Miss D. Honig, formerly of the Emporium, has recently established herself at 241-243 Geary street, the Waldorf Hair Parlors. Miss Honig who has had wide experience, is prepared to give her personal attention to all customers. She has no branch parlors and can thus give her entire time to the Waldorf. Her establishment is not wholly given over to hair dressing. There are manicure, chiropodist and facial work departments, beautifying the human form and face being a necessary adjunct now to what were some years ago only parlors for shampooing and hairdressing. Miss Honig's establishment is modern in every respect. The Waldorf Hair Parlors also carry the most complete line of fine shell goods obtainable outside of New York. The Waldorf is well stocked with the latest things in French hair goods, cosmetics and perfumery. Wig making is a specialty. Telephone, James 4471.

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STAGE

The Wrong War Dragged In

John Drew went to Blingum Sunday and then Blingum came to Drew. There is an affinity between Frohman's distinguished leading man and Blingum. It was Monday night last, at the Columbia, that Blingum returned the Drew call. The opening night of "The Second in Command" savored of a swell social function. Mr. Drew's polite and prosperous friends were all over the house. If the actor could have been induced to respond to the curtain calls with one of those professional talks with which so many of the profession are equipped it would have been just as though he were chatting with some of his friends in the Tobin drawing room. But he wisely stuck to his trade, and refrained from inflicting the audience with the familiar blast of hot air which enthusiastic auditors usually inhale with ravenous relish. "The Second in Command"is a highly entertaining play. It has one of those simple, sedative plots that supply dainty diversion without taxing the brain. You follow it knowing whither it will lead, and yet you enjoy every step of the way. There are no cryptic complications that compel close attention. You can miss a line without losing the thread, and incidentally you are amused by the cheap chauvinism which the British playwright employed by way of developing the plot. He sends the soldiers to South Africa to fight against the Boers when he could just as well have utilized some other war in which the impotency of his countrymen evoked less jeers and tears. The martial atmosphere and patriotic exaltation that pervade "The Second in Command" would be more impressive under different circumstances. It is hard to take seriously the fuss and feathers incident to the attempted conquest of a little band of brave but deluded Boers. There is something droll about the heroism which wins Victoria crosses in such a struggle. England had other days and better opportunities for heroics. No playwright should care to immortalize British bungling in the Veldt. Imagine Dave Belasco seeking to stir up patriotic enthusiasm with palaver about the capture of Manila by the California First Regiment. Nevertheless Captain Marshall's play is one that entertains and touches the heart strings, but in spite and not by reason of the misplaced heroism in which his characters are steeped. In Major Kit Bingham, the good-natured chap who gets recompensed with a Victoria cross for all his failures to get the prize just within reach, Mr. Drew has a peculiarly congenial role. He is surrounded moreover by an adequate but not a strong company. Mr. Standing is of course all that could be desired as Colonel Anstruther. His is a fine figure in soldier raiment, with the addition, perhaps, of a pair of corsets. But real soldiers wear those off duty. There is a slight suggestion of a family affair about the company for it includes Miss Drew, daughter of John Drew, and his nephew, Mr. Barrymore. The latter exhibits some of the talent which runs in the family on both sides, but I fear that Miss Drew has gone back several generations for the talent she possesses for it is not of the histrionic variety. She has been with the company all season, but she has none of the sparkle of the ingenue. Ida Conquest is a reliable Frohman leading lady, but as Muriel she seems a trifle out of drawing. She has not the knack of concealing the artificiality of her work.

Anent Leading Women

Annette Marshall is to be succeeded by Fannny McIntyre who comes direct from New York and is said in the advance notices to be "beautiful and versatile." Miss Marshall possesses the latter quality but it was not enough to ensure her a continued place in the affections of the patrons of the theatre where she has been leading lady for some months. She is a good actress, her emotional work is fine, but alas! she lacks the pulchritude that Maxine Elliott deplores as *her* possession. Miss Marshall's increasing avoirdupois also goes against her. If

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By Robert Marshall, author of "A Royal Family"
May 26th—Kathryn Kidder in "The Country Girl"
Prices—Evenings, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, 75c, 50c, and 25c.
Matinees $1.50, $1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c.

Orpheum
O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee May 18th
Eight Picchiani Sisters. Midgley and Carlisle. Lotta Gladstone. Little Elsie. Dooley and Fowley. Lew Sully. Mr. and Mrs. Kelcy. Kelly and Kent, and Last Week of Miss Chester's $10,000 Statue Dog.
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.

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Monday, May 19th. THIRD WEEK
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Coming—"THE TOY MAKER"
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A remarkable setting.
New features every week.
Sixth Week begins Monday evening May 19th.
Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 25 cents Night Prices, 25 and 50 cents
Children at Matinees 10 cents

she were a trifle slimmer she would be a more graceful heroine. It is hard to get an acceptable leading woman nowadays for a stock theatre and no one seems to find that fact more true than do Messrs. Belasco and Tfall. The management of the Alcazar coped for years with the problem and never got it wholly worked out to their satisfaction. Gertrude Foster came nearest to a perfect leading woman, but her talent could not win her the favor that her lack of beauty denied her. Leila Convere, the sister of Marion, was pretty and clever but not remarkably versatile. Her specialty was emotion and in comedy she was not so good. Gretchen Lyons was charming but she did not like the hard work of a stock actress. A new play every week means drudgery. It is good experience for a raw actress but too much labor for the one who has won her spurs. The Grand's best leading woman, all round, was Maud Edna Hall who served several seasons under the old management. She could do anything from Topsy to Camille.

Kathryn Kidder follows John Drew at the Columbia in "The Country Girl." This was a favorite play of Ada Rehan and Florence Roberts had it in her repertory for two seasons. It is hard to fancy the statuesque Kidder as the romping Peggy. Miss Kidder, by the way, has under consideration a play by a Californian writer.

There is really no use in Fischer's trying to put on anything but "Fiddle Dee Dee," which tests the sixteen hundred capacity of the house at every performance. Freda Gallick will next week introduce an imitation of Anna Held and sing the Held hit, "Mollie Shannon." George Clifton, for years with Fanny Davenport, will be Birdie. Myrtle Rosedall, the champion cake walker, and an electric ballet will be new features.

On Tuesday evening San Francisco Lodge B. P. O. Elks will have a benefit at the Grand. Harrigan will appear in "Waddy Googan" and special vaudeville acts will be introduced. On Thursday evening the 1902 committee Knights of Pythias will have a benefit.

Frank Belcher will again be in English opera next season, with a New York stock company. It is a long time since Stanford Parlor's star baritone visited his old home, though many traveling Californians have heard him sing in the East and Canada.

The Mayor's new march, "The Yankee Hustler" will be on the orchestral program every evening next week at the Grand, Orpheum and Columbia.

Lotta Gladstone, who comes to the Orpheum next week, has a "Rube" monologue that is said to be very diverting.

In Henry Miller's company this season are Margaret Anglin, Ethel Hornick, Dorothy Tennent, Mrs. Walcot, Mrs. Whiffen and Lawrence d'Orsay.

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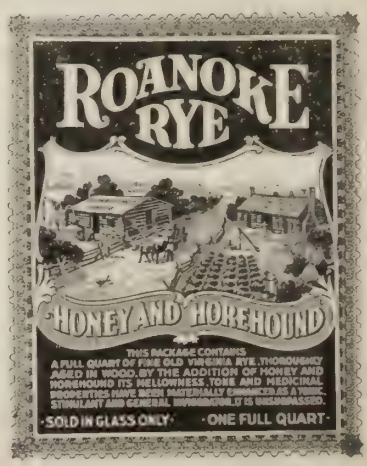

The Latest Musical Hit

"The Wild Rose" is the name of the latest musical comedy. It is by Harry B. Smith and Ludwig Englander. It was produced in New York last week and made a hit. It has several catchy songs which are sung by Irene Bentley, who recently graduated from the chorus into prima donna roles, being a protegee of Mr. Smith. The song that makes the hit of the piece is entitled "She Is No Violet, She Is No Red, Red Rose." It is said that play goers will have to be vaccinated to escape the refrain:

"She is no violet; she is no red, red rose;
And though the lily of the valley's sweet, a sweeter flower grows.
She is no tulip rare in colors bright arrayed;
She's just a wild flower of the forest shade, that little gypsy maid."

Mr. Mansfield is talking about retiring from the stage for two years to write plays. Mr. Mansfield is the premier actor of America, but he is such a whimsical genius that nobody believes him. With all his idiosyncrasies, he has never neglected the box-office, and as he is assured of an income of one hundred thousand a year on the stage it is not likely that he will abandon his art to experiment in play writing.

Laura Nelson Hall, late leading lady at the Grand, is in the cast of "Little Miss Mouse" at Wallack's theatre, New York. The *Evening Sun* says of her: "Miss Hall was the only woman in the cast who possessed the slightest idea of the rudiments of acting. She had dignity, a charming presence and a delightfully sweet voice."

Oza Waldrop, the sweet little ingenue of the Alcazar company, is a Ukiah girl, the daughter of a Methodist clergyman. She is an immense favorite here and her talent will likely carry her on to a wider field of action. The Alcazar, by the way, has generally had good luck with its ingenues. Laura Crews, who was one of the best, now plays leads in a New York theatre.

A daughter of Jennie Lee, who created the part of Jo in "Bleak House," adapted by her husband, J. P. Burnett, is appearing at Wyndham's theatre in London in "The End of the Story." Joan Burnett is her name and she is said to be clever. Jennie Lee's "Jo" is well remembered by old Californians.

Mrs. Fiske's revival of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" has been received at the Manhattan theatre, New York, with a popular enthusiasm as pronounced as that which marked the original production of this play at the Fifth Avenue theatre several years ago.

Julius McVicker, right from New York, is a new addition to the Belasco-Thall stock. He plays juveniles.

At the Show Next Week

COLUMBIA—John Drew in the second and last week of the charming play "The Second in Command."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Edward Harrigan in his fourth and last week. "Waddy Googan," the story of a happy-go-lucky philosophical hackman.

ALCAZAR—"The Brixton Burglary," one of the cleverest farces of the day, which caused London and New York to laugh for many months. On Tuesday the Companions of the Forest have a benefit.

TIVOLI—"The Singing Girl," still a reigning success.

FISCHER'S—Several new features added to the popular "Fiddle Dee Dee."

ORPHEUM—Picchiani sisters, eight in number, acrobats of agility and strength; Sager Midgley and Gertie Carlisle, both favorites here, in "Taking a Tonic"; Lotta Gladstone, the quaint country girl," new to us, in a "Rube" monologue; Little Elsie, the miniature Cissy Loftus, in imitations; Dooley and Towley, black-face comedians, in dialogue, songs and dances; Lew Sully, the Kelseys in "Uncle Phineas," Miss Chester and her statue dog.

The Playgoer.

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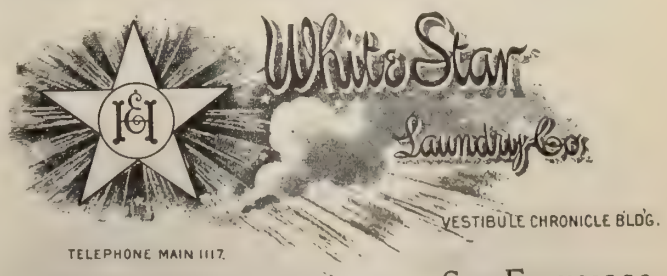

MUSIC

A Notable Event

Mr. H. B. Pasmore has issued invitations for a pupils' concert to be given at Metropolitan hall next Saturday, the twenty fourth. A notable feature will be the participation of students who are pupils of Mr. Pasmore's pupils. About one hundred and fifty students will take part in the rendition of Max Bruch's "Fair Ellen," a cantata for soprano and baritone solo and chorus; Rossini's "Inflammatus" for soprano solo and chorus, and (by special request) H. B. Pasmore's "The Treasures of the Deep." There will also be solo numbers by Mrs. Florence Wyman Gardner, Miss Adelaide Birchler, Miss Beulah George, Miss Lida Benedict (of Napa), Miss Florence Warden, Mrs. Edith Phelps Collins, Mrs. J. Bardilini, Miss Anna Moore, Mr. Thomas W. Nowlan, Mr. A. E. Nowlan, Mr. Will L. Smith and Mr. Don Maclean Those whose pupils will be represented are Mrs. J. Bardilini, Oakland; Mrs. Edith Scott Basford, San Francisco; Miss Lida Benedict, Napa; Mrs. J. Lee Burbeck, Watsonville; Miss Kate Byrne, Berkeley; Mrs. Luella Wagor Coplin, Oakland; Miss Zueletta Geery, Milwaukee, Wis.; Miss Beulah George, Oakland; Miss Virginia Graham, Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. Mary Louise Carr Moore, Seattle; Mrs. Hillman Smith (now a pupil of Wm. Shakespeare), San Jose. Two pupils of Mrs. Smith, Mildreth Spencer and Alice Gussefield, will sing solos, and about forty will come up from San Jose to assist in the chorus, returning by the theatre train.

The Blanchard Recital

An appreciative but far too small audience greeted Mrs. M. E. Blanchard at her first song recital under the auspices of the Channing Auxiliary at the Unitarian church on Tuesday evening. A program of nineteen numbers was rendered, French, German, English, Scotch and Norwegian composers being represented and rendered by Mrs. Blanchard in her usual finished style. Where all were so excellently given it is difficult to individualize, but the "Ruhe Sussliebchen" by Brahms calls for special mention. The coquettish "Reveillez-vous" (Godard) demanded an encore which was graciously given. After the spirited rendition of the "Wild Hunt" (Johns) the singer was recalled to receive the well merited approbation of the audience. Mr. Fred Maurer at the piano accompanied in his usual delightful style. The second recital will be given this afternoon at a quarter after three o'clock, when one would wish for Mrs. Blanchard a larger but not less appreciative audience.

The Philharmonic

Next Friday evening in Metropolitan hall the Philharmonic Society, Giulio Minetti director, will give its second concert of this season. There was a heavy storm on the night of the last concert which prevented many from attending who would otherwise have been there. The Philharmonic concerts are invitational. This organization has been in existence for over twenty years. Organized in 1877 as the Orchestral Union with Mr. William Toepke as leader, it has ever since stood as the leading amateur musical organization of San Francisco. The concert goers of this city will recall the series of entertainments given by the Philharmonic under the leadership of Toepke, Hermann Brandt, Fritz Scheel and others. Mrs. M. E. Blanchard will be the soloist at the concert, and Fred Maurer Jr. will be the accompanist.

The choir of St. Dominic's church, under the direction of Mr. Hamilton Howe, will give a portion of Gounod's oratorio, "The Redemption." The junior choir, which recently gave the opera "The Bohemian Girl," will assist. Members of the solo choir are Messrs. Lillian L. Roeder, Eleanore Joseph and Ella V. McCloskey, Mrs. H. Clark, Messrs. F. Onslow, G. M. Long, Ernest George and G. R. Bird.

At the annual reception of the Associated Alumni of the University of California on Tuesday evening at the Hopkins Institute, an orchestral promenade concert was given under the direction of Henry Heyman. The selections were from ancient and modern composers, and included Moses' College Songs, arranged for orchestra. —*The Music Critic*

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LETTERS

The Authorship Fad

"Dooley" has a good one in the *Century*. "A Little Essay on Books and Reading." Dooley gets it about right, too. "Th' longer the wurrld lasts th' more books does be coming out." I am going to skip dialect and translate: "Day by day I read in the papers announcements of new publications that look like the delinquent tax list. There is a publisher in every block, and in thousands of happy homes some one is plugging away at the romantic novel or whaling a poem out on the typewriter upstairs. A family without an author is as contemptible as one without a priest. Is Malachi nearsighted, peevish, averse to the suds and can't tell whether the tree in the front yard is blue or green? Make an author of him! Does Miranda present no attraction to the young men of the neighborhood, does her overskirt drag, and is she poor with the gas range? Make an authoreen of her." That word authoreen is great, isn't it? "Reading is not thinking. It seems like it, and when it comes out in talk sometimes, it sounds like it. It's a kind of near-thought that looks genuine to the thoughtless, but you can't get anything out of it. Many a man I've known has so doped himself with books that he'd stumble over a carpet tack And do I object to the pursuit of literature? O, faith, no. As a pursuit it's fine, but it may be bad for any one that catches it. Reading is talked about by all reading people as though it was the only thing that makes a man better than his neighbors. But the truth is that reading is the next thing this side of going to bed for resting the mind. With most people it takes the place of work. Carnegie knows his business. He's studied the situation and he understands that if he builds libraries enough and gets enough people reading books there won't be any one left after awhile capable of taking away what he's got. You bet he didn't learn how to make steel billets out of 'When Knighthood Was in Flower.' He learned it by confabulation after working hours with some one that knew how."

Good Advice Which Will Perhaps be Followed

Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "Answers to Correspondents" column is as interesting and entertaining as such departments generally are, when it is read in the proper spirit. Ella does not condescend to go into particulars as to the renovating of old gowns nor the swapping of patchwork squares, but in heart agonies she is to be depended upon. She knows how to prescribe for marriage and divorce and keep clear of either, and can give expert advice in religious crises and business troubles. It need not spoil the fun of the onlooker that one more than suspects a figure of straw set up to be preached at. Not long since a miss of thirteen who was in need of advice and presumably had no relatives nearer than the open columns of the *Examiner* to consult, buttered her parsnips by expressing her great admiration for E. W. W. and asked for autograph copies of books. Even supposing that the precocious thirteen-year-old is non-existent, the advice given to the world through the medium of the correspondent, is sound enough—to buy the books that are wanted and send them to be autographed. Authors are annoyed to the verge of endurance by such unbusinesslike requests, but—canny Ella—we all know the story of the careful mother who counseled her brood not to drink any ink while she was gone.

Some busy discoverer has unearthed what to him is as good as a fact that the Dora of "David Copperfield" was a real character, the first love of the novelist. He comments on the "dreadful Miss Murdstone" who had charge of the childlike Dora, but if the rest of his delving has been no more accurate than this we can afford to pass the whole matter over. Miss Murdstone was the sister of David's stepfather, and was routed from the scene by Aunt Betsy Trotwood when David was yet a child. She did her best to spoil Dora more than ever if any indulgence could have accomplished it, and neither she nor the two little canary-bird aunts who took the full-grown infant into their house after her father's death had anything dreadful about them. Aunt Betsy's appearance may have been formidable, but she was not fearful, and any one who has read "David Copperfield" ought to be in no danger of confounding any other character with either of the Murdstones.

Mrs. Ella M. Sexton's text-book has been accepted by Macmillan & Co. and will be published soon.

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DISHONEST METHODS EXPOSED

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All the leading newspapers have rallied to Mr. George Mayerle's assistance in the annoying circumstances which have been forced upon him.

CALLS IT PIRACY.

The Monitor, the leading Catholic newspaper of the Pacific Coast, in its issue of May third, on page 97, says: "An instance of business piracy unparalleled in this city's commercial history, whereby an attempt was made to rob an enterprising optician of the fruits of his intelligence and experience, has come to light. The offended party is George Mayerle of 1071 Market street, whose ability in his profession has won for him the public encomiums of men enjoying the highest positions in the country. Mr. Mayerle, by reason of his honesty and skill, has won a large and rapidly increasing clientele. His success attracted the envy of certain parties, who secured a store next door to Mr. Mayerle's, and, by making its appearance very similar to his, confused a number of persons. The firm that used this contemptible means of winning success styles itself 'Mayerle & Co.' It has absolutely no connection with the optical institute conducted by George Mayerle, the number of whose establishment is 1071 Market street. Those who intend visiting the latter's establishment should, to avoid mistakes, look for the full name, George Mayerle, and a crown on every window; also the number, 1071."

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History and Novels

F. Marion Crawford defends the historical novel on the ground that most of our histories are such dry-as-dust compilations that they make uninviting reading except to the delver after facts. History, for many generations, has been little more than condensed statistics of battles varied by brief accounts of court intrigues. So far as any book evidence to the contrary, the people below the rank of the nobility were of the happy order who had no history. Greene's "History of the English People" is the best, if not the first attempt to make history anything but a bare skeleton. The historical novel undeniably makes history live, but the great danger is that readers will rely upon it for their facts instead of making it supplementary. The novelist is not bound by considerations of accuracy, such as should confront the biographer or historian, nor is he obliged to make even a show of non-partisanship. The result is not conducive of clear vision on the part of the reader who is apt to be biased and narrowed by the view of his favorite writer. It is perhaps, an immaterial point, since devourers of fiction of any kind are not apt to spend much time in independent thought, while those to whom fiction is a recreation only, will be wise enough to read both sides of a question before coming to a conclusion.

Winston Churchill, the author of "Richard Carvel" and "The Crisis," does not believe an author has the right to go counter to general opinion if he deals with historical characters. He believes that statues should be left on their pedestals and figure heads should figure. Those fortunate fellows who have been set up as objects for worship should be worshiped for all time to come, while those who have not received their due from their own generation need not look to rehabilitation from posterity. He thinks a great wrong would be done in belittling Washington or Lincoln or any other popular hero, but the ones who have not had a fair chance should be left to lie where they have fallen even though proof should be discovered which would lighten the ignominy of one who has been execrated. It would be better not to disturb public opinion. It is pretty evident from this that Charles Felton Pidgin can look for no sympathy from his brother artist in his efforts to create a new Aaron Burr.

The ex-Empress Eugenie recently completed her Memoirs, upon which she had been engaged since the death of the Prince Imperial, but as the volume is not to be published until twenty-five years after her death, the curious-minded will have to possess their souls in patience.

It has been the fashion for lo! these many years to decry the English language as a medium of expression and to point to the French as rich in words indicating delicate and subtle differences of meaning, but it seems that we are not so badly off, after all. M. Boutmy has recently pointed out that the French verb *regarder* has to do duty for look, stare, glance, gaze, glare, gloat, wink and peep. The translator of the Jungle Books has been obliged to use clumsy circumlocutions for trudge, homesick, wobbled, and other simple words, while such longer expressions as "for love or for money," and "singing them home" are lost in the mass of verbiage used to translate them. It is notable that in French books the people of all walks of life speak precisely the same correct language, though it is difficult to believe that they do so in life. There must be colloquialisms in general use, even if they are kept out of print.

Heinemann, the English publisher, is about to try the experiment of introducing some of the unknown American authors to an English audience. It is a truism that the minor British authors are better known in America than their brethren of the same rank are in England, but judging by the preliminary list which Mr. Heinemann has prepared, some of those selected for introduction are as little known on this side of the water.

The London *Athenaeum* gives currency to the story that when William Morris established the Kelmscott press he had never heard of that useful functionary, the proof reader, or as our English brethren will have it, the "printer's reader." It was not until after several volumes of reprints had been issued that Mr. Morris had it pointed out to him that there was any necessity for checking the errors of compositors, but as soon as he became aware of it he supplied the needed assistant. People who set a value on freak productions and poor workmanship are probably willing to pay well for these practical examples of the ignorance of the founder of the Kelmscott establishment.

A New York jury has found that the phrase "book rights" does not cover dramatic or serial publication. Naturally, the case will be appealed and it may eventually reach the United States Supreme Court for final decision.

—*The Bookworm*

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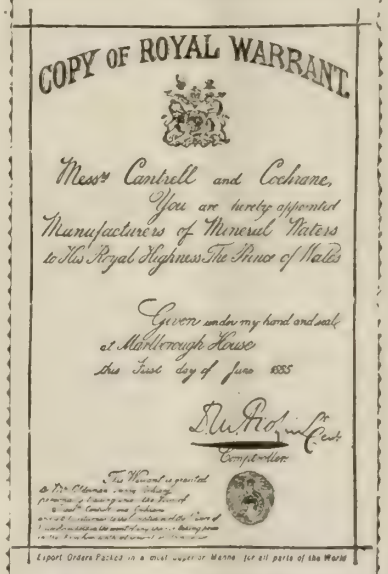

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From "The Conqueror," by Gertrude Atherton:

"Selfishness in public life is a crime against one's highest ambitions."

"The most astute of men, provided his passions be strong enough, can be fooled by any woman at once designing and seductive."

Hamilton: "The complexity of man so far exceeds that of the average woman, complexity being purely a matter of brain and having no roots whatever in sex, that it were a waste of valuable time to analyze its ramifications, and the crossings and entanglements of its threads."

Washington: "Be careful of giving too free and constant a play to your passions and your capacity for rancour, or your character will deteriorate."

Gouvernor Morris: "Don't you realize that no matter how hard a man may labour, some woman is always in the background of his mind? She is the one reward of virtue."

Hamilton: "In the management of men one of the most important things to bear in mind is their proneness to work forward from the weak, and backward from the strong. On the quality of the strength depends its magnetism over the weak."

Hamilton: "We cannot go through life successfully with the bare gifts of the Almighty, generous though He may have been."

Hamilton's idea of the millennium: "Someone to fight. Someone to love. Three warm friends. Three hot enemies. A sufficiency of delicate food and wine. A West Indian swimming-bath. Someone to make love to. War. Athletics. Books. Song. Children. A religion."

Hamilton: "Perhaps the Turks are wiser than we after all, for their wives suffer only jealousy while—most men being Turks on one plan or another—the women of the more advanced races suffer from humiliation, and are wounded in their deepest sentiments."

Hamilton: "Democracy is a poison, just as Republicanism is the ideal of all self-respecting men. * * * If we could suppress the spirit of democracy in time, we should also suppress the aspirations of encouraged plebeianism—a dangerous factor in any republic."

Washington: "Local prejudices have been, and will continue to be, the curse of this country."

"Genius must ever be imperfect. Life is not long enough nor slow enough for both brain and character to grow side by side to superhuman proportions."

"Jealousy and suffering give a woman, in a week, a fill of knowledge and cunning that will serve her a lifetime."

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"For a born leader of men to care little whether he had a few trusted friends or an army at his back, would merely indicate a weak spot in his brain."

Hamilton: "There comes a time in human affairs when one is forced into a position of choosing between two evils; a time when the scruples of delicacy and

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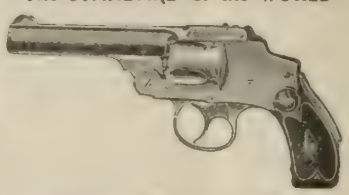

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Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Jno. W. Bourdette, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Elizabeth Schafer deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Jno. W. Bourdette at Rooms 1002-1003 Claus Spreckels Building, corner 3d and Market Streets, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JNO. W. BOURDETTE,

Executor of the last Will and Testament of Elizabeth Schafer Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 3, 1902.

Estate of Myron E. Stanford, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Eugenie B. Stanford, Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix at the office of Edward B. Young, Attorney for said Executrix, Rooms 35 and 36, Number 14 Sansome Street, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EUGENIE B. STANFORD,

Executrix of the Estate of Myron E. Stanford, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 3rd, 1902.

EDWARD B. YOUNG, Attorney for Executrix.

Estate of Ellen Ada Ridley Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Frank R. Neville, the executor of the last will of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Frank R. Neville at Room 620 Parrott Building, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

FRANK R. NEVILLE,

Executor of the last will of said Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, April 26th, 1902.

LEONARD STONE, Attorney for Executor.
Room 620, Parrott Bldg., S. F.

Estate of Elsie Correll Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, Administrator of the Estate of Elsie Correll deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 79 Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,

Administrator of the Estate of Elsie Correll, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, April 26th, 1902.

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OUR OPINION

National Politics

California is such a long way from the centre of the nation's political arena, and our dailies give so much attention to their personal affairs and so little to other things that it is no easy matter for people on this edge of the continent to keep posted in matters pertaining to the situation in national politics. Even the State leaders of the two great political parties hear very little of the gossip in the councils of those organizations, and know scarcely anything of the plans of the machine manipulators. Governor Odell of New York made a flying trip to this city two weeks ago, and he was shown a great deal of attention by the leading Republicans, not merely because of their desire to honor the Chief Executive of the Empire State but by reason of the impression that he is the logical candidate for President of the United States. They hope to be "close up" in the event of his accession to the chair, but the fact is that Odell is no longer regarded as a presidential possibility in the East. It is admitted that he has made a good Governor but he is supposed to have broken away from Platt, and is therefore not considered available. The talk in New York is all Rooseveltian, though the machine is against him. The Republican machine has its headquarters in Wall street and Pierpont Morgan is the Prophet. That great financier thinks that Roosevelt is erratic and he was displeased with the President for forcing proceedings against the merger, and for promoting an uprising against the beef trust. Morgan actually believes that Mark Hanna could be nominated and elected. He thinks that the whole country is enamored of Wall street for giving the people exceptional prosperity, and that Hanna could win on the full dinner argument. He is also of the opinion that Hanna's position as head of the Civic Federation committee for settlement of the strikes would insure him the vote of the workingmen. On the Democratic side the latest most promising leader is Edward Shepard who was defeated by Seth Low for Mayor of New York. Not only does Tammany favor Shepard, but the supposition is that he would be satisfactory to Bryan. The latter has been lambasting David B. Hill in the *Commoner*, and the supposition is that his attacks are designed to advance Shepard's interests. The Bryanites in the Democratic organization of New York are notoriously enthusiastic over the mention of Shepard.

Plain Truths About Missionaries

Governor Brady of Alaska told some plain truths at a meeting of the Presbyterian Union in this city last Monday. He corroborated much that has been said by *Town Talk* from time to time concerning the futility of Missionary work under the present system. But his criticisms are not likely to be heeded. He declared that the men who go into the missionary field have no adaptability for the work which they undertake. Moreover, as a rule, they are encumbered with a wife and family, and they are more devoted to the interests of their own home than to those of the people whom they are expected to uplift. He stated that the seminary graduates who are usually chosen for missionary work know nothing of practical life. "We had one of them up North," he said, "who was a good diner, excellent at that, but lazy at everything else." When the people of an Alaska settlement had smallpox, Governor Brady related, the missionary looked at the sufferers through glasses. He was afraid to go near them because he knew he would be likely to bring the disease home to his family. As the missionaries conduct themselves in Alaska, so do they behave in nearly every other country. They are mainly a pretext for raising money for the support of officers of missionary societies.

The Treacherous Volcano

In future, scientists had better omit "extinct volcanoes" from their classification. It is doubtful if any volcano ever becomes extinct. In 1878 Professor John Milne was studying the active volcanoes of Japan. In the course of his travels he reached Mount Bandaisan which had never been in eruption within the memory of man. Certain suspicious signs led him to put her on the active list although she had never done anything wrong, but was just a beautiful, peaceful mountain, green to the very top. Ten years later, on July 15, 1888, with no warning and for no cause that anybody could discover, Bandaisan, like Mount Pelee, blew her own head off and scattered promiscuously sixteen hundred million cubic yards of rock and earth over the surrounding territory. She poured out a river of mud which in twenty minutes spread to a depth of one hundred feet over a region from twelve to fifteen miles long and from five to seven miles wide. Only four hundred persons lost their lives, because the valley was but thinly inhabited, but everything within the reach of the air blast was destroyed, trees being stripped bare and standing crops flattened on the ground like threads. It is supposed that the eruption of Krakatoa in 1883 was the most stupendous ever known. It might be supposed that this region of the earth,

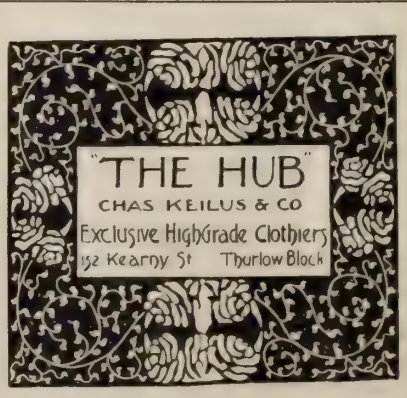
with forty-five volcanoes in the immediate neighborhood, would have proved a fruitful field of study for scientists, but it appears that they had totally neglected their opportunities. For two hundred years Krakatoa had done nothing, but when she chose to wake up she astonished the world, the scientists included. A conclave of local savants declared Mount Pelee harmless notwithstanding recent indications of disturbance, and in all probability learned men of greater fame would have concurred if asked for an opinion. Science is arrogant, but she is a guesser all the same, although she calls her guess-work "hypothesis." It is well to remember that even in the twentieth century we do not know it all and that old familiar Mother Earth retains some of her secrets.

About Fiction

Some of the Eastern papers are finding fault with Mr. Carnegie for his remark that he did not favor the purchase of fiction for libraries until it had stood the test of three years. It is claimed, and truly enough, that many books are good reading at the time of publication, but at the end of three years they are practically dead, so that if the libraries do not supply them when hot from the press the patrons are deprived of the pleasures of perusal until they are like a stale dinner, spoiled by being kept back too long. But it is worth while to note that Mr. Carnegie's ideas as to the functions of a library are somewhat old-fashioned. He does not regard the institution entirely in the light of a clearing house for the latest fiction, nor altogether as a cheap form of popular amusement. He looks back to his own boyhood and early manhood and to the restricted opportunities for study and information that were afforded to ambitious youth obliged to work long hours for meagre pay, and out of his abundance he is bent on furnishing something better to the present generation. Naturally, he does not consider it imperatively necessary that they shall devour "The Crisis" or any other novel, even though it masquerade as history, at the rate of half a dozen a week. He probably thinks there are sufficiently interesting and numerous works of history and biography pertaining to the period which the reader can find ready and waiting. He probably holds the opinion that while Colonial histories abound Colonial novels may safely be neglected, and while the average reader has but hazy notions of the customs and conditions of real countries, there is no especial haste required in familiarizing himself with those undiscovered countries whose bounds lie entirely within the brains of Anthony Hope and his followers. A novel which is not worth reading at the end of three years was not worth it in the first place. The people who are embarrassed at not knowing all about the latest favorite are not the ones who are apt to be at home with Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, or George Eliot. Not to have read "Trilby" in its time was all but worse than not to have gone to church at Easter, but who reads "Trilby" now, and who remembers much about what he did read? Yet the book is as good as it ever was. Who can tell off-hand what were the three most popular books at this time last year? Who feels deprived of a pleasure in not having read one of them? Looking on a library as an institution for furthering the intellectual development of the race, the fewer distractions there are in the shape of catch-penny sensations and bargain counter inducements, the better. Books are not necessarily good because they are old, nor poor because they are new. Many volumes of science which represented the advanced thought of their time become practically worthless because of later discoveries. Works of travel, exploration and kindred subjects become antiquated in the course of a few years because conditions change and development advances, but fiction, whether it be purely imaginative, or built up on a historical background, need suffer only because popular taste changes and style in writing varies from time to time. The essential requirement to make fiction live is that the story shall be good, and a good story is perennial.

Criminals in Their Variety

And now comes another learned professor to tell us that crime is only a manifestation of illness and that no one perfectly healthy can be a criminal. He backs up his argument by citing cases where people of wealth and position, having committed murders and thefts, have been saved from jail and treated in private institutions, with the result that they have completely recovered. He thinks the poor and lowly should be given the same chance, and then according to him there would be neither crime nor criminals. Very nice, but there is nothing new in it. We have all known these many years that when there was money back of murder it becomes mania. Ill-temper in the slums is translated nervous prostration when it reaches Pacific avenue, and old-fashioned colic is appendicitis if one can afford to pay the difference. But all of this leaves effects in the same place. A murdered man is just as dead whether some one slew him in cold blood because he was poor or whether he was the victim of a homicidal mania in a man of wealth. Dealers are just as much out of pocket when Mrs. Rich, suffering from a paroxysm of kleptomania, pockets a few jewels, as if it were a common burglar who had helped himself, and when madame's nerves lead her to fling expensive toilet articles at the maid, they are just as irrevocably gone to smash as when Bridget hurls the stone-china crockery at Michael in the tenements. It may be soothing to the vanity of the well-to-do that they are classed as suffering invalids, and it is a delicate business to draw the line in words when the law is supposed to ignore personalities, so that the lower end of the line reaps the advantage, at least in the name of the thing, but after all, what difference does it make? If we admit that insane people are not responsible, that is no reason why they should be left where their actions can injure others. A man who commits a murder in the heat of passion is not necessarily a bad citizen. He may be a vastly better man than the one he has killed. Yet he is liable to be hanged while another, represented to be insane and irresponsible, incapable of appreciating his act, is placed in an asylum for a few years and then turned loose, and the community must take the risk of another outbreak. A burglar is punished if he has not the means to pay for his acquittal but



the kleptomaniac is pitied and coddled, though in truth it is seldom that a second offense is committed. The shadow of the jail generally effects an instant cure. One might go through the whole list of crimes and felonies, and call them by euphonious names, but in the end we would be back where we began, with no argument against punishing the offenders. There is more reason for executing insane murderers than there is for sparing them or for destroying sane ones. There is infinitely more reason for punishing kleptomaniacs than for enforcing the laws against petit larceners. since need may drive them to disregard the law of *meum et tuum,* while greed is the sole motive that leads to kleptomania. All these theorists and philanthropists, in their eagerness to benefit the poor, abused criminal, lose sight of society in general. They are so absorbed in their ideas of reforming and "curing" that they forget about punishing. Jails and prisons are designed just as much to protect the innocent who are at liberty as to make things comfortable for the reprobates behind the walls. When a band of pickpockets and petty rascals is rounded up the community breathes a sigh of relief, not at the educational and moral advantages which the rascals are about to enjoy but at the safety, for the time being, of their pockets and tills. Police departments, when they learn that some big criminal has served out his sentence and is abroad once more, do not rejoice in his improvement under the humanizing influences of the chaplain and the Salvation Army, but they take a tighter grip on their clubs and prepare for action when they learn that he is heading in their direction. In a word, whether we call it crime or disease, certain classes are a menace to the peace of the community and they are locked up for the varying periods to keep them from committing depredations. The same remark so widely quoted in regard to the aboriginal inhabitants will fit the lawbreakers: A reformed criminal is a dead criminal.

The Saunterer

Woes of the Social Push

When one becomes familiar with the manners, customs, vanities and follies of local swelldom, it becomes a matter of surprise that so many of our gregarious rich content themselves in our provincial swim. I know that many of them prefer to scintillate as stars in their own little firmament than to flicker as tallow dips among the radiant planets of a broader sphere, but at times they must be sorely tempted to break out of the little orbit, confinement to which is so irksome. Last week I related that Mrs. Will Crocker had determined to shift her residence in Blingum because of the proximity of certain neighbors. I shall not be surprised to learn later on that she intends to hedge herself in with a triple barbed wire fence or a stone wall. A prominent Blingumite unbosomed himself to me the other day. "I'm going to move," he said. "It's just like living in a little village. They don't have anything to do down there except gossip. Jealousy is rife all the time and over such trivial matters as butlers and automobiles. One woman will boast that she has the best butler in the settlement, and then all the others will begin to knock. The men get into hot arguments over the relative merits of their equipages, and there is constant turmoil. And the latest thing I hear is that the list of delinquents posted in the clubhouse has become the subject of discussion around town. When such personal matters become the subject of common gossip outside of the club I think it is time to quit."

A Serious Problem

One of the principal causes for irritation in social circles is the bitter antipathy which many members of the smart set have for one another. It is well known, for instance, that Mrs. Will Crocker and Mr. Ed. Greenway do not like each other and exchange the glassy eye on all occasions. There are several well known swells who are *personae non grata* to Mrs. Salisbury, and all down the line there is bickering and there is dissension. Consequently it requires great cunning and diplomacy to give a dinner or any function without also giving offense to somebody. The host or hostess engaged in making up a list of people to invite to an affair has a very serious problem to solve. She may be the friend of both Mrs. Moneybagge and Mrs. Newriche, but they are deadly enemies. It is out of the question to invite both of them to the same dinner, but if one is invited and the other is overlooked there is trouble. Sometimes two deadly enemies are guests at the same function and then there is the ordeal of thawing out the atmosphere. It isn't all easy sailing in the swim.

Heney's Bold Brief

Francis Heney's brief in the Frost contempt case from which I quoted last week has caused no end of comment in legal circles. Attorneys agree that it is a far more bold and daring brief than the one filed by Robert Y. Hayne in the Fair case. Hayne's criticism of the Court was done in covert language. He resorted to innuendo and irony. It was a brief that required interlinear reading to be appreciated, but Heney did not even equivocate. His meaning cannot be misinterpreted. But Heney is a courageous chap, and he is never afraid to say what he means. He does his pleading in open court, and when he believes that opposing counsel enjoys the privilege of whispering into the judge's ear on the side he doesn't hesitate to say what he thinks of that sort of practice. When Heney went before the Attorney-General in Washington to discuss the Frost case he announced that he intended to criticize *Amicus Curiae* Pillsbury in pretty severe language, and that as Mr. Pillsbury was in town he thought it proper to suggest that the gentleman be notified. The Attorney-General thought so, too. The hearing was postponed and no-

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THE WORLD OVER

tice was sent to Pillsbury, whereupon the latter discovered that he had important business in New York. The whole story of the Nome cases will probably never be written, but if it were it would reflect considerable discredit on the methods of the local bar.

An Exhibition of Daubs

This year's exhibition of the work of the students of the Hopkins Art Institute reached the lowest level attained by the young men and women of that Nob Hill barn since the classes were opened. Worse than mediocrity is the rule, and only a few bright drawings and some excellent sculpture relieve the monotonous poverty of the show now on. The Mathews' touch is in evidence on the walls of the gingerbread chateau. Save for the really good drawing of Perham Nahl and George Dammenberg, and the pleasing plasterings of the pupils under Robert Aitken, the sculpture teacher, the dozens of things on the walls are unfit to be shown outside of a kindergarten. It is a pity that in a city where nature seems to have established her workshop for her most beautiful productions, the only endowed art school should be made a home of mere faddism, and the seads of the dead patron wasted in the exploitation of the conceit and whimsical notions of a painter gone wrong. Out of the entire year's endeavor in the still life class not a single picture is shown, and in the entire painting class one canvas only is given to the public. The classes are both small and poor; the students of talent and ambition have revolted against Mathews' domination and the false methods attempted by this would-be dictator. They will not roll his paint puddings nor will they try to see the Thing as he sees it. Gradually in the past three years the number of students seeking inspiration and instruction at the Hopkins' has decreased, and the calibre of the matriculates has even more strikingly shrunk. Certainly the offerings of the Hopkins' classes are the same. The dues have not been raised, the scholarships are more easily gained than ever, and the population of San Francisco and all California has grown. But the continual water-cure administered to budding genius by Mathews, the pseudo Whistler of the West, has had its effect. The work of students speaks for itself and is a sad commentary on the pedagogical capacity of Mathews and a reflection on the keepers of the Hopkins' trust who employ him. Yet one of the dailies has stated that this is the "most important exhibition" in the history of the Hopkins' school. I suspect the coursing reporter of having written that.

The Lewers of Waikiki

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lewers of Honolulu have been spending several weeks at the Vendome, and they expect to remain there for a month or two more. Mr. Lewers is a lumber merchant and one of the wealthiest men in the islands. There is no more magnificent residence in the islands than that of the Lewers' at Waikiki beach, and its reputation for hospitality is unsurpassed in that country renowned for its hospitable people. It was at the Waikiki residence that Mrs. Wall, the charming daughter of the Lewers, was married last October, and the wedding is said to have been the most elaborate affair given in the islands since the heyday of royalty. William Lewers, the actor, who made his professional debut with the Frawleys in this city several years ago, is a son of the Lewers' of Hawaii. He will be a millionaire some day, but acting is his fad and he is indulging it to his heart's content. He is a young man of unusual talent, and especially adapted for juvenile roles which he has been playing with great success in the East. Last season he was leading juvenile with Annie Russell, and he has just closed an engagement with Maude Adams in "Quality Street." Though he has adopted the profession by way of diversion, Mr. Lewers is a conscientious actor, and he is moreover a man of sterling worth and exceptional character.

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Lucky Edna May

Poor Edna May! Only a few weeks ago I heard that she created a sensation in London by appearing in some public place wearing the family jewels of some East Indian potentate. And now the cable tells us that she is the corespondent in a divorce suit in which the Earl De La Warr figures as the gay and giddy defendant. But to be mixed up in the domestic dissensions of the nobility isn't so bad for a girl who a few years ago was doing the best she could in the second row of the chorus. Edna May is comparatively unknown to San Francisco theatre-goers, but she has enjoyed great vogue in London. Indeed no American actress ever thrilled the British chappies as did Edna May. Her rise in the theatrical profession was of the meteoric order. A few years ago she was to have appeared in the chorus of "The Belle of New York" but one day the prima donna failed to materialize at rehearsal, and Edna May was selected to read the lines. The part was that of a Salvation Army girl, and being of demure mien the fair Edna was well suited to it. She read the lines so cleverly that she made a hit with the management, and they decided to give her the role. Her success was instantaneous, and her salary was raised from thirty to five hundred dollars a week. She went to London with the company and scored a tremendous hit. Yet she is far from being an artist. She has little voice and no musical training, but she is an exquisite beauty of the Puritan type. She was born in Syracuse, New York, where her father is employed as a letter carrier. Since attaining prosperity she has been accompanied by her mother on all her trips, and she always has her sister in the chorus.

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To Break Newhall

Echoes of the late street railroad strike are still to be heard. I was told the other day the story of why the railroad directors were suddenly persuaded to grant the demands of the strikers. They were discussing the question of wages, and Messrs. Tobin and Holbrook were supporting the cause of the workingmen, but they were meeting with opposition. Presently in came the news that Mr. George Newhall of the Union street road had made a grand-stand address to his men during the course of which he declared that he believed in high wages and that he would pay them whatever the United Railroads were forced to give. The syndicate directors immediately came to an agreement, it being the consensus of opinion that there was no better way of hastening the bankruptcy of Newhall's road.

The Reason Why

Alvinza Hayward was asked the other day if he had moved his offices into his magnificent new building at the corner of California and Montgomery streets.

"No," he said, "my offices are in the Hobart building."

"Isn't it rather strange," he was asked, "that you should have a fine new building, and not have your offices in it?"

"I don't think it is strange," he replied, "you see, rents are very high in my building."

A Famous Singer in the State

I have seen no mention in the papers of the presence of Emma Thursby in California. Yet from a private letter from New York, I learn that Miss Thursby is now in California on a pleasure trip. The great singer has many friends in San Francisco who would be glad to welcome her, and treat her to some of the dinners and receptions which Mrs. Gertrude Atherton is now enjoying. Miss Thursby's last visit here was during her concert tour of the coast. Before that she had been here with the Thomas orchestra. One of the remembered incidents of the Thomas concerts was in connection with a farewell matinee. Miss Thursby had sung and, as it was her good-bye number, the audience wanted her to respond to an encore. The autocratic Thomas would not allow it. The audience insisted and the scene became almost an uproar before the singer returned to the stage to bow her thanks.

A Californienne, Miss Thursby's Pupil

Among Emma Thursby's pupils is Mabel Custer, a Californian girl who now holds the position of solo alto of Christ Memorial Reformed Episcopal church in Philadelphia. Miss Custer's parents were pioneers of Folsom, but they also lived in San Francisco. Her father, William A. Custer, is an official of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and the family has lived in the Quaker city for some years. They hope, however, to return some day to California. Mabel Custer is a remarkably pretty girl and her voice has been highly cultivated. She studied with Marie Withrow of this city before becoming Miss Thursby's pupil. She is a member of the Caecilian quartet, which has given concerts on the Eastern circuit, and the other members of which are Miss Helen Trautwine, Miss Jeannette Craig and Miss Bella Tomlins.

Mrs. Abby Parrott

It is remarkable how little is generally known of the antecedents of that estimable woman, Mrs. Abby Parrott, whose serious illness was mentioned exclusively in these columns last week. Yet from her has sprung the most exclusive coterie in California's smart set. Mrs. Parrott is of Irish extraction, and she was reared in a purely Irish community in a real Yankee State. She was a Miss Maher, daughter of an Irish farmer of sterling worth, whose family was included in the little Irish settlement in the way-down-East state of Maine. The little village is known as Whitefield, and it is a farming community situated near Gardiner on the Kennebec river. Mrs. Parrott was educated in a seminary at Emmetsburg, Maryland, which was the most aristocratic Catholic school for young ladies in the country. After graduating from the school she became a teacher in the institution, and while so employed she met John Parrott, the Californian banker. He had a daughter by his first wife and he sent her to the Emmetsburg seminary. While visiting her he met Miss Maher, and it was there the courtship began.

The Stork Made Him Quit

An old-timer was discussing my "reminiscences" the other day at the Bohemian Club, and he told a good story about the late Judge Hager. Of course we all know that D. O. Mills was a grocer in Sacramento, that his brother, Edgar, was a drayman, that old "Bob" Hamilton, one of the founders of the firm of Baker & Hamilton, handled freight as a truckman in Sacramento, that Charley Crocker sold newspapers in the streets of Troy, New York, and that his brother, Clark W. Crocker, father of Henry J., Mrs. Van Fleet, Mrs. Bob McCreary and Mrs. Buckbee, worked a small rented ranch in Yolo county until brother Charley forced him into the firm of Sisson, Wallace & Co. and made his fortune; also, that Stanford and his confreres were tradesmen, but it is new to most people that Judge Hager, the

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learned jurist, was once a "doctor" in this State. The old-timer told the story of Hager's medical experience. It was in Yuba county in the early days. Malaria broke out in one of the mining camps, and Hager quickly sent to town for pills warranted to cure. Then he hung out his shingle and did a thriving business for the pills were effective. But a woman ended his medical career. She was the only woman in the camp. Late one night the doctor was hastily summoned to attend a case of stork visitation. He was filled with consternation, but promised to respond at once. He dressed himself, went to his shack stable, saddled his mule, and made haste to Sacramento. He never resumed practice.

The Inevitable

A good story is going the rounds in Oakland about Master Mechanic Mackenzie of the Southern Pacific Company. A short time ago, so the story goes, he gave a boy a job in the shops of the corporation across the bay. After working about a week the boy went to Mackenzie and surprized him by stating that he had decided to quit work.

"Is the work too hard for you?" asked Mackenzie.

"Oh, no, it's not too hard," said the boy. "I like the work, but I don't like the men."

"What's the matter with the men?" he was asked.

"They're in the habit of calling you all sorts of bad names and I don't like to listen to them."

Mackenzie patted the boy on the shoulder. "Oh, don't mind that," he said, with a smile, "after you've worked for me a few years you'll be calling me bad names, too."

A Coincidence

The other day I read that the J. B. Haggins had leased White Lodge, in Newport, for the season. Thereupon I recalled the story of a somewhat remarkable coincidence. Seven years ago Lispenard Stewart, the wealthy bachelor, opened White Lodge to his friends. He gave a house warming there, which function took the form of a dinner, and every man, with one exception, subsequently married the girl whom he escorted in to the dining-room on that occasion. The one exception was Tom McCaleb, the well-known cosmopolite, who spends most of his time of late in this city. The most prominent couples that were enjoying single blessedness in those days, and are now married, were Cornelius Vanderbilt and Grace Wilson, Clarence Mackay and Katherine Duer, Jack Livermore and Josephine Brooks, Harry Payne Whitney and Gertrude Vanderbilt.

Boy Choirs and Dr. Stewart

The word has been passed that the reason Dr. Stewart does not care to remain in Boston as organist of Trinity church is that he is not in sympathy with boy choirs. But this is singular, since it was this very lack of sympathy with boy choirs that recommended Dr. Stewart to the position from which he has just resigned. When the organist's place was vacant, there were two applicants for the stool. One was Dr. Stewart and one Professor Louis H. Eaton, now organist of Trinity church in this city. The rector of Trinity, Dr. Donald, favored Mr. Eaton who was then in New Bedford, Mass., visiting his parents. But Rev. Dr. Hutchinson being consulted said: "If it is a director for a vested choir of men and boys, then have Eaton, by all means; but if it is to direct a choir of mixed voices, Stewart is your man." Trinity's choir being the latter, Dr. Stewart received the call.

Professor Eaton has made his greatest successes with boy choirs, and under his direction that of St. Paul's in Milwaukee become one of the finest in America. But he is very well satisfied to direct a mixed choir. Since coming to San Francisco he has given a number of free organ recitals with a view of spreading that form of musical culture among us. Dr. Stewart and Mr. Eaton both work on very much the same lines, and both believe sincerely in the free organ recital as a means of culture. I have never heard Dr. Stewart advance his views on boy choirs, but then he has always directed churches where there were choirs of mixed voices.

Entertains Political Lights

It is not always the society women who capture the lions and lionessees that drift this way. When Chinese Minister Wu's wife was in San Francisco en route home, not a woman's club managed to get her to grace a function, but she went to Mrs. William Willis' to dinner. And when Governor Odell of New York was here, though he refused invitations right and left, he accepted that of Mrs. Willis. If there is anything like a *salon* in San Francisco at the present time Mrs. Willis' parties may be construed to be it. Her dinners partake of political affairs, for they usually have a politician or two among the guests. Mrs. Willis is a widow and though she is still well on this side of forty and as pretty as she was at eighteen, she shows no desire of taking a second husband. Before Will Haslam of Santa Cruz married W. H. Alford's sister, there was talk of his engagement with the charming widow, but it turned out to be but talk. Mrs. Willis' late husband left her with a fine income. When she is not traveling New Yorkward or on the continent she is entertaining at her California street home. Her niece, India Scott, was married not long ago to Arthur Spear. Mrs. Willis' only child, a son, died some years ago.

Federation Aftermath

The returns are now all in from the recent congress of women's clubs in Los Angeles. The air is full of anec-

Lord Temple cigars are smoked by all clubmen who will take nothing but the best.

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dotes and the broad-minded women are saying smart things about one another. The women who are not broad are just as sorry as they can be for the broad sisters. Mrs. Lowe, who is really a good fellow and has never for a moment, as I am told, claimed partnership with the Divine, has a repertory of excellent stories which she sprang on the Federation, and which are still being talked about. It was remarked by one of the sisters that all Mrs. Lowe's stories relate in some way to her twenty servants. When you hear them you cannot fail to realize that she has a very costly household. A splendid epigram was that of Mrs. Decker whose frequent widowhood and marriages have made her an authority on those subjects. Being told of some sharp criticisms made upon a certain widow she said, "It isn't safe to be a widow. I always marry."

Those that were Shut Off

There was great disappointment among those who failed to get a chance to talk on the negro question. The female slogger, as she is known—the lady who objects because her digestion is no better than her reasoning powers—and those broad-minded beings who stand for the Universe were all primed for the fight on the negro question. They saved their fire for that debate, and when it came, so absorbing were their noble sentiments that they didn't realize that their opportunity had arrived. Every divinely ordained emotionalist longs for the time when she may tell how she and God stand upon some very obscure question, and not satisfied with telling she wants to vote on it. The eternal I is positive of its grounds in proportion to its ignorance. Mrs. Pennybacker of Texas moved the previous question whenever she thought things had gone far enough, and she broke the hearts of hundreds of sisters who had traveled thousands of miles to talk oracularly on the subject of the color line.

Bright Women But Dull Papers

The papers read were for the most part dry and uninteresting but the women were not. They were true sports and clever in daily speech. The goody-goody were outnumbered by the intellectually strong who occasionally dared to be original. The only compensation for the rather dull and respectable sessions was the lively election campaign. Apropos of this, a correspondent writes: "Women are great fools. They have always been and always will be. They clamor for empty honors and use their energies to increase their own nothingness. To see them pull the wires and torture themselves for the purpose of securing an election to some office one would be constrained to believe there was something in it for them. There isn't. There is no salary, no expenses paid; there is only the feminine privilege of working for nothing."

School Commencements

When everything else changes, and each season shows something different from its predecessor, the commencement season remains the same. The sweet girl graduate is just as sweet and girly, the brave boy graduate just as bashful and boyish. This has been a week of commencement exercises. Irving Institute held its annual musicale last week and on the evening after the pretty young graduates received their diplomas. Trinity School's graduation came closely upon that of Irving, and Trinity's boys and Irving's girls danced together at the graduation ball. Mills College's commencement exercises extended over several days this week, the closing concert being given on Tuesday evening. The Hitchcock Academy of San Rafael will hold its commencement and presentation of prizes to cadets next Tuesday evening, the exercises to be followed by a dance.

Of the newest papers the Linen Bonds displayed by COOPER & Co are most effective.

A Prince's Hut

Prince Cupid of Hawaii is adding to the attractions of his magnificent estate at Waikiki a real grass hut, fashioned after the kind dwelt in by his forefathers before the missionary came with the higher catechism and low-proof rum to snare the souls and bodies of the kanakas. Cupid's home is Pualeilani, the old park of the late queen dowager Kapiolani, the widow of Kalakaua. The hut is being made of pili grass from the slopes of Diamond Head and Punchbowl. This grass is very scarce now but its beautiful silky texture and its endurance fit it now as of yore for the thatching of a noble residence.

An Old Landmark Gone

By reason of the Ellis street fire last Saturday, an old landmark went up in smoke. It was the home of banker B. Davidson, the Rothschild agent during the fifty decade. It came round the horn in a sailing vessel and was screwed together. Not a nail was used in the entire structure. It was first erected on the lot now occupied by the Sutter street synagogue, but when the Jewish congregation purchased that property it was cut in two and moved to Ellis street. Davidson was a gay bachelor whose home was the scene of many brilliant stag parties. For years he had a fair housekeeper, a circumstance that rendered him socially tabu.

The Toy Republic

At twelve o'clock Tuesday last, the American flag was pulled down from Morro Castle. There was music, firing of guns, explosion of bombs, ringing of bells, a procession of floats, and a new Republic was born. The Hearst newspapers thereupon pointed with pride to the greatest achievement of yellow journalism. The Hearst newspapers precipitated the war with Spain, and are therefore entitled to the glory of having freed Cuba. But it remains to be seen whether the Cubans are much better off now that they are free. They are a volcanic people, as uncertain as the so-called "extinct volcanoes" that science tells us about.

Two Facts

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It would have been better for them if they had been taken into the Union like Porto Rico, and then they would not have had to depend upon the whims of Congress. But the annexation of the Pearl of the Antilles will not be long postponed. A Cuban who is in close touch with the politics and business of the island told me the other day that his people realize that Cuba can never be more than a toy Republic.

Mrs. Helen Walker Tay is located at "El Nido," Redwood City, for the season.

The Bohemian Bruguiere

Pedar Bruguiere is back from the East looking just as much like a hoosier as ever. Pedar is the most unconventional of the Bruguiere brothers, and even the fashionable atmosphere of New York failed to affect his tastes. His brother Louis, who has the entree to Newport, tried to interest him in society, but without avail. Pedar is of a bohemian nature, and he looks upon people in the so-called smart set as vapid and inane. He is especially contemptuous of those that affect airs, and dislikes nothing so much as sartorial display. Evening dress he abhors, and I have heard that whenever he invited ladies to Sherry's he insisted that they should wear shirt waists. His wife, who was Madeline McKissick, is still in the theatrical profession, but she has not made much progress. Rumors of divorce proceedings are revived every little while, and I heard a short time ago that Mrs. Bruguiere expected to institute suit soon so that she would be free to marry a member of Grau's grand opera company.

"Who loves a first time is a god
Though he should be forsaken;
Who hapless loves a second time
Must for a fool be taken."
Thus Heine wrote. But what of me,
Who's loved not twice but ten times three?
Each sweetheart swore I was her god
As passion's path each time we trod;
But soon she'd say I was a bore
And then would leave me lone, heartsore.
Say, tell me, am I god or fool?
I've poor success in Cupid's school,
Yet I could fall in love today,
I'd love again, and love alway!

What London Calls Originality

It doesn't take very much to set London society to gabbling. The Duchess of Sutherland not long ago started the custom of leaving informal invitations to her dances on her calling cards. Thereupon her friends hailed her as a most original and daring creature, when possibly she was only moved by motives of economy. There appears to the American mind nothing out of the way, or even unique, in sending an invitation to a small-and-early on a calling card. Invitations to afternoon teas, card parties and small dances have been going out that way in San Francisco for years, and nobody thought of anything but its convenience. Now the telephone has taken the place of even the calling card with many. But they haven't reached the telephone stage in London yet. Telephones are not considered necessities by our cousins across the water, who regard them rather as impertinences than conveniences. If the Duchess of Sutherland should take to 'phoning invitations for dances she would no doubt be regarded as inaugurating a new social custom. The Duchess, by the way, is one of the four daughters of the fourth Earl of Rosslyn. She is a beauty like her three sisters.

Mayor Schmitz is reported to have construed the Rea victory in San Jose as a compliment to himself. The Mayor is taking himself more seriously than many people did just before our last municipal election.

The Crocker Scandal

The story of how Henry J. Crocker was frozen out of the San Francisco Jockey Club by his cousin Will Crocker and Prince Poniatowski has at last got into the dailies. I told the story months ago, and at the same time referred to the row between the Crocker cousins. It is an unfortunate family squabble, and it has been the subject of gossip in club circles for a long time. Henry Crocker was frozen out because the directors of the Crocker-Woolworth bank were very much alarmed over their race-track investment. It was bad business from the start—that of bankers engaging in a race-track enterprise. They were glad to get out of it, but they didn't emerge with flying colors. The bank received a black eye the traces of which will long remain. The Crocker-Woolworth bank may be a solid institution but it will long be remembered that it was once heavily involved in the management of a race-track.

It Was a Surprise

Will Crocker, I am informed, was amazed when he learned of the filing of the sensational suit by his hot-headed cousin. It appears that the entente cordiale was restored some months ago, and that Will Crocker believed that Henry J. had been completely reconciled. The filing of the suit was therefore like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. I have also been assured that the Svengali of the stock transaction was Will Crocker's secretary and not

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The most delightfully blended whisky known to the human palate is "Jesse Moore"—the standard for over fifty years.

Prince Poniatowski. Every time a financial loss occurs to one of the Crockers the Prince is blamed. That is perhaps because he is the mentor of the Crocker family, and does most of the thinking for them. The Prince, strange to relate, is the most democratic chap in all Blingum.

Van Dyke on Divorce

Our Supreme Court appears to think it time to call a halt in divorce cases. Divorce has been "easy" in this State for many years; almost as easy as it is in places where judges make a specialty of severing conjugal ties. The grounds upon which people are entitled to a divorce in California are as numerous as they are anywhere, and if no ground exists people who are tired of living together can agree to get a divorce, and get one without the least trouble. But the Supreme Court in a recent decision expressed its disapproval of divorce. Justice Van Dyke wrote the opinion and he said: "The marriage relation is the foundation of all society, and is not to be severed on slight ground or for trivial causes; the policy of the law, therefore, is against granting divorces." The policy of the law may be against divorces but surely our courts have not been, for it is a well known fact that they wink at collusion, and are always accommodating to people suffering from "incompatibility of temperament." But Justice Van Dyke added that "To justify a reversal of the trial court in refusing to grant a divorce, the record should show a preponderance of evidence against the findings." But the fact is that the trial court seldom refuses to grant a plea for divorce, and therefore the Supreme Court seldom has a chance to reverse a judgment in divorce cases even though it were willing to do so.

Death's Constant Claims

The Averys of Sausalito have had rather more than their share of Death's visitations. Two of the boys met their end by accident. Frank was shot some years ago when out hunting and Howard, who received military burial this week, was drowned in Lake Michigan when on a pleasure trip. Allie Avery, the daughter of the family, married Rev. Frank Reed, rector of the little chapel in Sausalito. But Mr. Reed became consumptive and they went abroad, where he died. Lieutenant Howard Avery married Carrie Coit of Belvedere. Russell is the only one of the Avery boys left, and he narrowly escaped drowning in his early youth. Before the Averys moved to Sausalito they used to live in Second street near South Park and the children attended Dr. Huddart's Academy, situated where Lackmann's wine cellars now stand.

It was a King's Gift

Charley Fair came into the possession of a time-piece with a romantic history the other day. I doubt whether there is another watch in San Francisco that cost half so much money. It is of the most exquisite and artistic workmanship, and great patience and labor must have been involved in the fashioning of its jeweled case. But its intrinsic value is hardly greater than its worth as an article of vertu, from the standpoint of the collector of curios. It was made for the King of Bavaria who was infatuated with that fascinating and reckless stage divinity, Lola Montez, and was presented to her as a token of affection. It came to this country as the property of a well known citizen of this city, now dead, a bibliophile, who spent some years in collecting curios as well as books in Europe. Following the example of the Bavarian monarch he presented the handsome chronometer to his *bon ami*, and from her it came indirectly to Charley Fair. He paid five hundred dollars for it, and it was undoubtedly a great bargain. The case of the watch is studded with pearls in artistic design. The pearls are of all sizes, and so thickly are they set that the metal bed is invisible.

From the Citrus Belt

Mr. J. W. Mitchell of Los Angeles has been in town all week. Mr. Mitchell is an attorney who dabbles quite extensively in politics, and he occupies a prominent position among the Democratic State leaders. At present he is the mentor of Mayor Snyder of Los Angeles who is regarded in some quarters as available gubernatorial timber. But Mayor Snyder's boom has not got out of the citrus belt. He foolishly came north without a guardian some months ago, and put himself on exhibition in the Palace hotel courtyard. The impression he made was far from favorable. Some of the "pollies" didn't like the cut of his whiskers, and others objected to the company he kept. The fact is that Snyder is a glad-hand expert and that in extending the warm member he failed to discriminate wisely. A gubernatorial candidate, like other men, is judged by the company he keeps, and the little Los Angeles Mayor rubbed up against some very bad characters. But Mr. Mitchell vouches for him, and declares that the people of Los Angeles will elect him Mayor again if he wants the job. Meanwhile ex-Governor Budd is still being urged to get into the race, but he steadily declines to become a candidate.

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Old South Park

So Daniel Wallace is threatening to plunge South Park into litigation! South Park, now a relic of former grandeur, once the fashionable centre of San Francisco, was laid out by George Gordon, an Englishman. He owned the San Francisco Sugar Refinery which after his death was bought by Claus Spreckels. His widow bequeathed all her property to her brother, a man named Clark, who married Margaret Wallace, a servant employed by Mrs. Gordon. Daniel Wallace, who now claims the South Park property, is a brother of Clark's wife. He is the sole heir to the Gordon estate. A good deal of the social history of San Francisco had its origin in South Park. Only the other day I listened to an interesting chapter from the life of George C. Johnson, the Swedish Consul, who was a neighbor of John H. Redington, the druggist, Isaac Friedlander, Lloyd Tevis, N. C. Masten and F. de Cazotte, the French Consul, in South Park.

Origin of the Johnson Estate

George C. Johnson came to this city in the early fifties, as captain of a bark loaded with United States commissary stores. He sailed her up the Sacramento river as far as Nicolaus, tied her up to the bank, spread out awnings and settled down to take his ease. With a whole cargo of stores under deck, and his salary accumulating, he didn't worry much about the future. There he waited orders for two whole years when inquiry came from Washington as to his whereabouts. Captain Richard L. Ogden was detailed to look him up and the latter found the bark at Nicolaus. The vessel was enclosed with awnings, and going aboard Ogden found Captain Johnson swinging in a hammock, and his wife sitting in a rocking chair. They presented a picture of solid comfort. On inspection the cargo was pronounced worthless for issue. Ogden sold it at public auction. It consisted principally of pork. Captain Johnson bought it in for a dollar a barrel, and after cleaning off the rust and repacking it, he sold it in Marysville for sixteen dollars a barrel. On the capital thus obtained he went into partnership in this city with George W. Gibbs in the hardware business. He became Swedish Consul, was knighted and died worth three million dollars. The wife who in early days had kept a boarding house in Baltimore became one of San Francisco's Four Hundred. Her only son, Robert C. Johnson, became one of our later day capitalists. His wife, Mrs. Kate Johnson, inherited the estate which had its origin in rusty pork. She was a well-known patron of art.

Two of the United States naval officers who will have the good fortune to attend King Edward's Coronation ceremonies are well known in San Francisco, having been stationed here at different times. They are Admiral J. C. Johnson and Captain C. C. Todd. They are cousins and brothers-in-law, too, having married sisters. Mrs. Watson was Lizzie Thornton and Mrs. Todd was Ann Mary Thornton. Both were daughters of Judge and Mrs. J. D. Thornton.

Presidio's Smart Set

There is much rejoicing among our belles over the prospect of an unlimited supply of military beaux at social functions. So large has been the assignment of troops to San Francisco, the Presidio is reported to be cramped for officers' quarters. The newcomers are said to be a "jolly lot," and among those who have been at that post for some time past are many favorites. There are the Rawles, the Girards, the Rethers and the Haydens. Mrs. Hayden, who was Myra Lord, was born, brought up and married in the Army, she being the only child of the late Major J. H. Lord and his second wife. Major Lord was stationed at the Presidio for several years after the war, and the late Mrs. Lord, as Fanny Eaton, was a well known San Francisco belle. She was an intimate friend of Major Lord's first wife.

A problem for the political economists:
"What becomes of last year's shirtwaists?"

Coming with Her Latest Husband

Mildred Ackermann is coming back to California. Old friends of the Ackermann family will have a chance to see the beautiful Mildred's latest matrimonial catch, a diminutive Japanese nobleman who is only nineteen years old and wears the title of Count Goibara. Of all the California girls who have given Paris and London a thrill Mildred Ackermann goes to the head of the class. Three years ago her elopement with Count Vladoski was a three cornered surprise, startling the American colonies in Paris and London, and shocking her San Francisco friends. Immediately after the wedding Count Vladoski took his beautiful young wife to Smyrna and just three months afterward he died leaving his immense fortune to the fair Mildred. She wore the weeds most becomingly for a while and then sought to assuage her grief by sight-seeing. In Cairo the impulsive young Countess met and married a British officer with whom she fell desperately in love. Husband No. 2 was sent to the Transvaal and eighteen months ago a Boer bullet made Mildred Ackermann a widow again. She then went to England and joined some "Cookies" in girdling the world. At Yokohama she met Goibara who despite his youth must have been well skilled in Cupid's art. They did not waste much time over their "august ancestors" and in three brief weeks Goibara won the California beauty.

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A Picturesque Pair

She at once took her "Jappy Jap Jappy" to Paris to show him to her friends there and he was viewed with more interest than a Satsuma vase. Madame Goibara has taken to the kimona and the pair would make a pretty picture for the Mikado's fan. All Paris tiptoes at them as they drive by but Mildred does not seem to object to the notoriety. She is buying furniture for a home in Yokohama where they will live the greater part of the year. Instead of "riding on the water wagon," as the long sea journey from Europe to China is called, the Goibaras will come to America and Mildred Ackermann will tarry in her old home before crossing the Pacific to the Geisha land.

A Dog Cemetery

Burlingame is to have a cemetery for dogs. It is not meet that high bred canines should lie in unmarked graves. A number of the kennels down there have recently been bereaved and the suggestion of a cemetery for the aristocratic dogs has been taken seriously. If the plans mature, the cemetery will probably be a modest miniature of that final resting place of the Parisian canine aristocrats, the Ile des Ravageurs. Eugene Petit, the great French architect, planned and laid out this cemetery and it is one of the show places of Paris. Behind the high stone facade and the iron grille there are gardens, fountains and statues as well as graves. Many of the graves have monuments wrought by famous sculptors. Barry, the famous French St. Bernard, who saved so many lives before a maddened wanderer in the snow mistook him for a wild beast and killed him, is buried at Berne but he has a splendid monument at the Ile des Ravageurs. So has Moustache, who went through the Italian campaign several times and saved the French army from ambush and attack. The inscriptions on the stones that mark the dogs' graves are a curious study. Some are clever, many absurd, and a few really touching. The inscription "I'Amie de son Maitre" is one of the epitaphs famous for its sincere simplicity.

Where Dogs are Pampered

There are a great many fine dogs down Blingum way and appreciation of them is not confined to the masculine gender. Mrs. Joe Tobin, Mrs. Frank Carolan and other women in that set are keen to recognize a fine dog. Of course English women are the cleverest judges of canine value although since American women have gone in for kennel clubs they can talk dog almost as knowingly as their English sisters. It must be said to their credit that the women in our smart set who are "doggy" go in for a healthy, sensible pastime. They have not made their dogs the excuse for extravagant folly as does the average French woman. The Burlingame dogs are not decorated and pampered ad nauseum. When Lurline Spreckels was out here she had a broad flat collar for her terrier, made of pale blue suede with a narrow wreath of gold filigree running around it and tiny gold filigree balls dangling from the collar. "That is nothing," declared Miss Lurline, "why, in Paris my dog would not even be la mode. To be really chic a dog must have anklets as well as collar pendants and their little coats must not only be elegant but strictly good form. There are certain fashionable establishments that cater exclusively to dogdom. They furnish everything that is newest in dog clothes and dog jewelry, dog kerchiefs, dog boots of india rubber and even robes de chambre of quilted silk for his dogship. In all things sartorial your true Parisian has a conscience. She may flirt with the decalogue or wink at Gallic morals but in matters of the toilet she is extravagantly conscientious. She takes her dog's costuming almost as seriously as her own." San Francisco women have not yet reached that stage of dog mania though a canine cemetery is being considered.

A Smart English Club

Fred McNear and Walter Martin, who are abroad with their brides, have been elected members of the Columbia Club, which provides accommodations for members of American clubs when on a visit to London. A number of prominent English society men, among them General Hubert Eaton, Lord Craven, Sidney Greville and Count Ward, conceived the idea of the new club recently, leased Avondale hotel in Picadilly and put the club on its feet. The entrance fee is two hundred and fifty dollars and the yearly dues are seventy-five dollars. These are higher than in most of the London clubs but according to the Californians who have joined it it is well worth while.

Mrs. Joe Tobin has gone to Arcadia, in Calistoga for the early season.

Truxton Beale is back from Washington, and he is being regarded with great interest by managing mammas, for by the death of his mother he is several hundred thousand dollars richer than when he went away. But Beale appears to be immune to Cupid's wiles. Abstruse economical questions absorb a deal of his attention. He is a thinker.

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A Microbe lingers in a Kiss, you say?
Yes, but he nibbles in a pleasant Way.
Rather than in the Cup and Telephone
Better to catch him Kissing and be gay.

Another Bohemian Author

Another booksmith has bobbed up in the Bohemian Club, in the person of Charley Josselyn. It has been frequently asserted of late that the sponge of commerce had absorbed all the bohemianism in that world-famous club, and that nothing was left for the members to boast of but a glorious past radiant with the memoirs of distinguished artists, musicians and representative literati. But the plumbers and insurance clerks have not yet crowded out all the wits and men of genius. Charley Josselyn is one of our mercantile princes, but he does not spend all his time in the busy marts. He is a lover of letters, a most enthusiastic dilettante and not a superficial one. He has devoted a great deal of time to the study of Napoleonic literature, being a most ardent admirer of that great genius, and he has just published a biography which he has entitled "The True Napoleon." I have received an advance copy of the work, and I have found it to be a masterly account of the incidents in the life of the eccentric Emperor. It is a work which everybody who is interested in the character and life story of Napoleon will find instructive, for it contains information of a most comprehensive nature. The author modestly declares that it was not his purpose to write a life of Napoleon, and that the volume is simply a compilation of anecdotes and opinions. He adds that he makes no pretensions to originality but has simply grouped what he believes to be interesting facts. But, as he also states, the work will save many who are interested in the life of Napoleon the trouble of wading through many volumes to find that which they would like to know. It is a dictionary of events but the incidents are presented in a most entertaining manner. It is a notable addition to Napoleonic literature, and though it was labor of love the author is none the less deserving of credit. The volume is handsomely bound, and contains some rare illustrations. It is dedicated to that other well known Bohemian, Joseph D. Redding.

Other Bohemian Writers

Anent the development of a new author in the Bohemian Club, it may be interesting to know that Jere Lynch, the Egyptian scholar, is dabbling in literature again, and that a new lucubration may be expected from his by no means overworked pen in the near future. It may be also interesting to learn that Louis A. Robertson, who has taken the place of poet O'Connell in the affections of Bohemian Club members, is astride Pegasus once more, and that another installment of his verse may appear in the not distant future. His "Dead Calypso and Other Verses" met with great favor, and the volume proved a splendid seller. Robertson is now the Poet Laureate of Bohemia.

An Author's Mishap

M. le Roux, the celebrated French author and composer who was sent out from France to give the special course of lectures at American universities, has had some very amusing experiences in America, which he tells with great unction. M. le Roux speaks English fluently and at Mrs. Hearst's dinner party in his honor he convulsed the guests with an account of his most amusing mishap. Before going to Harvard to give his lectures, the Frenchman accepted an invitation to stay over in New York with some friends. His host was obliged to go to Canada unexpectedly and begged M. le Roux to make the house his own while he was gone. The knights of the "jimmy" were evidently aware of his departure and the first night after his boat left, M. le Roux was awakened by the clanging of the doorbell. The butler not answering, the Frenchman finally ran downstairs in his pajamas expecting to find a messenger boy. Instead two masked men confronted him. The burglars expected to see a cowering servant and had evidently prefered ringing the bell to breaking in. But at sight of the pistol which M. le Roux always carries, they rushed pell mell down the stairs, the Frenchman after them, wildly shouting, "Sergeant de police!" He could not give them far chase in his pajamas, with the snow four inches thick on the sidewalk, and decided that bed was better than valor.

He was Locked Out

To his horror he found that in his haste he had shut the front door after him and locked himself out. He punched the bell vigorously but the somnolent butler slept on. M. le Roux's teeth were chattering with the cold and he threw the door mat over his shoulders but the ice on it melted and trickled down his spinal column. Finally he remembered that the mansion next door was occupied by the parents of his host and he rang the bell there. When the servant opened the door M. le Roux rushed past him into the hallway without stopping to explain matters. He wasn't going to take any chances on having the door shut in his face. Before he could "explanate himself" the butler gabbed him by the collar and flung him into a room, and turned the key behind him. Then the man rushed to his master and told him that a crazy man was in the house securely locked up in the reception room. The gentleman decided that that was the best place for the lunatic and unless the man grew violent they would wait till morning before summoning the police.

So M. le Roux, secretary to the late Alphonse Daudet, author of "La Belle de Nevernaise" and other pastels in prose, foremost of French critics, dozed in a Morris chair, wrapped in the hangings he pulled down from the door. In the morning two burly policemen followed by the master, his wife and all the servants of the household, cautiously opened the door. "If Madame will retire I will come forth," said the pajamed poet, from behind his barricade of satin cushions. Fancy the surprise of the gentleman when he discovered that the man they had locked up for a lunatic was M. le Roux, his son's distinguished guest.

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have an extensive reputation all over the western portion of America. They meet all the requirements of good dressing, fit and durability. They are leaders in fashion and design. Twenty-five years recognition as the ideal shirts have put them beyond criticism—and established their prestige as the perfection of shirt making. Six shirts for $9.00.

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The Fair Fees

The published list of fees paid by the Fair heirs for services rendered in connection with the wiping out of the trust clause in the will of the dead millionaire was incomplete. Legal talent comes high but salving consciences is also expensive and there was a deal of that done in the Fair case. The story of that litigation can never be written with silver pens on ivory pages. One fee that was omitted from the list was the largest paid. But it was in the nature of a family affair. Hermann Oelrichs received one million dollars, half from his wife and half from her sister, Mrs. Vanderbilt. The money was paid for services rendered in representing the interests of the two sisters in this city during all of the protracted litigation.

He scorched along the boulevard,
The scorching, gay chauffeur;
He scorched into a car so hard
That never more he'll steur.

A Bachelor Maid's Marriage

Miss Brice will be the maid of honor for Miss Gertrude Goewey at the latter's marriage with Mr. Havens next Monday. It will be the usual thing in weddings and the bride will wear white satin and a veil. Everybody thought that when Gertie Goewey forswore spinsterdom she would celebrate the loss of her liberty in some unique way. But in spite of her advanced ideas, Miss Goewey is like every other society girl when it comes to wedding. She wants it regulation or nothing. She is a very clever girl and rich by inheritance from her late father's estate. She showed her wisdom in selecting Mr. Havens as her bridegroom. He is not a boy but a man of years and experience. The Havens' will go abroad for a few months and will make their home in Berkeley.

Mayor Schmitz was premature in calling his latest musical composition "The Yankee Hustler," and having it played for the first time in Golden Gate Park. He should have reserved it for the Irish Fair and called it "The Michael Casey Quickstep." A march by any other name would sound as sweet.

The Welch's of Stockton

The engagement has been announced of Beatrice Welch and Mr. Elliott of Stockton. The Welch's of Stockton are quite wealthy. Mr. Welch is the owner of one of the big flouring mills that dot the channel and export flour to the Orient, and he is proud of the fact that he was once a poor man. When his eldest daughter, Grace, was married a few years ago to W. E. Elliott, who by the way is not related to the fiance of Beatrice Welch, a friend of Mrs. Welch hinted that it must have been a disappointment to have her daughter marry a poor man, out of her circle as it were. Mrs. Welch rose splendidly to the occasion, saying that Grace had no need of marrying for money, since paterfamilias had money enough for all. "I married a poor man," she added, "and I never regretted it." The prospective son-in-law of the Welch's is a young man with his way to make in the world. He has been given a position in the Welch flour mill.

For over half a century "Jesse-Moore" Whisky has held its supremacy as the best, purest and most palatable.

Society in the Rose Show

Dr. Harry Tevis is one of the exhibitors at the rose show that opened in the Ferry building on Thursday. Dr. Tevis takes as great an interest in floriculture as his brother Will does in canine breeding. Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels is another exhibitor at this year's show. Her exhibit consists of exquisite pelargoniums.

Mr. J. D. Phelan is in Paris, and writes to his friends here that he is enjoying his trip immensely.

Myles Baird, Dr. Herbert Parrish, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hadenfeldt and F. G. O'Kane were among the arrivals at the Hotel Mateo this week. San Mateo is in the route of the automobilists and nearly all on their way southward stop over at the hotel for lunch.

Few men are so scrupulous as to resent an undeserved compliment.

The pupils of Gottardo Piazzoni are holding their first exhibition this week. The walls of the studio at 609 Sacramento street are covered with their work in drawing from life and still life, and out of door sketches. The sketches from living models are especially good, revealing originality and strength.

Techau Tavern

The most unique resort in San Francisco.
There is not a more artistically appointed cafe in the country. . . . . .
It is a place wherein the guest may feast the eye while dining sumptuously and being regaled with exquisite music. . . . . .
The Tavern is now under new and experienced management, and patrons are assured of the constant attendance of the chief of the establishment, and of prompt service at all times. . . . .
Special attention is paid to luncheon, dinner and after-theatre parties. . . . . .

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Follansbee's Futile Flirtation

Jack Follansbee has always been listed with the ready raconteurs but he is equally facile with the pen. A fellow Bohemian recently received a letter from Follansbee and apropos of a gibe of the clubman Follansbee related an amusing experience he had while down in Mexico. Before he sold out to Hearst, Follansbee spent much of his time in the land of the sloe-eyed senorita. He had occasion to go to a small town where ennui stalked day and night. Jack was really boring himself to death until he discovered that the high window of the house opposite framed a blushing Mexican rose. He tried the language of the eyes but the maiden never quivered a lash. However he made up his mind to get acquainted. He hit upon the plan of boldly knocking at the door and asking whether the senorita would give him Spanish lessons. He was received by Mamma of course, who consented to let her daughter teach him, and the lessons began at once with the mother present. The third day Jack proposed a buggy ride and the senora graciously consented to chaperon her daughter.

Follansbee had to content himself with a lumbering, two-seated spring wagon, a case of Hobson's choice. He comforted himself with the idea that he could stow the mother away on the back seat and enjoy the senorita undisturbed. To his chagrin he found not only the mother but a brother prepared to accompany him. Moreover the mother calmly designated the back seat for her son and daughter and seated herself beside the disappointed Follansbee. The doughty Jack was hesitating between pitching her family into the first ditch or changing seats, when there was a wild clatter of hoofs down the road and four horsemen galloped toward them. It was the girl's father, her uncle and two cousins. "We never allow my daughter to go out alone," explained the senora, and with mounted relatives to right and left of him Follansbee finished the drive without even hinting a rearrangement of the seats. The moral of this story, says Follansbee, is "When in Mexico always take an orphan riding."

Mrs. Salisbury's Summer House

Mrs. Salisbury has taken a house in San Rafael for the summer and purposes giving the resort across the bay a little social prestige by her presence. She will have with her Miss Azalea Keyes and her daughter Margaret whose trousseau is now engrossing the attention of the Salisburys. Miss Keyes, by the way, is one of the great heiresses of society. Her father, W. S. Keyes, son of old General Keyes, is one of the best mining experts in the country, and he has accumulated a large fortune.

While ping pong is flourishing at the Hotel Mateo and in San Rafael, San Jose is enjoying a golf fever. There are several golf enthusiasts at the Vendome. Thaddis Grosscup, son of Judge Grosscup of Tacoma, is one and Mrs. Herbert L. Winn of New York is another.

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Her Royal Appetite

The recent affliction of little Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands aroused the sympathy of women all over the world. The sympathy was especially keen because it was generally supposed that she was the victim of a husband's brutality, but from an occasional correspondent who has been sojourning in Holland comes a different story. He writes that from what is said in the immediate entourage of the two Queens—Wilhelmina and her mother—it is surprising that they are not always in ill health, so tremendously do they eat and drink. It has been said that even Gargantua himself would have shied at the banquets that are served to them daily. They eat six meals every day. To please her consort the young Queen has filled her cellars with champagne, Burgundy, Tokay and other exquisite wines of which everybody partakes heartily. She is an amiable little woman, says my correspondent, always ready to smile, bow and chatter, putting on her dignified manners only when it suddenly dawns upon her that she is a royal personage, but she is an awful gourmand. Whenever she travels she is always supplied with well filled lunch baskets and she seldom passes an inn without partaking of refreshments. The story is told that when she was touring Switzerland some time ago she was asked how she liked the mountainous country with its lakes and beautiful scenery. She declared that it was delightful because it stimulated the appetite.

Edward Wants It Cut Short

This from my London correspondent may interest those who will not have the pleasure of attending the big royal show next month:

King Edward has decided to make it as easy as possible for those who are doomed to swelter in the Abbey during the Coronation ceremonies. By his order the ceremonial is to be greatly curtailed. It will not last over two hours. It usually

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consumes from four to five hours and there is a record of one Coronation that lasted ten hours. But Edward dislikes being bored. He has ordered the omission of the First Oblation, the reading of the Ten Commandments, the Hallelujah, the anthem and final prayer. The Litany is to be reduced by about one-half its length, the Benediction is to be shortened, and the Coronation Oath itself is to be modified by omission of all references to the Church of Ireland. I have also been told that he has hinted to the Bishop of London that a short sermon will be greatly appreciated. Nevertheless it will be a gorgeous spectacle, that of the mammoth assemblage of distinguished personages arrayed in their richest uniforms and robes and jewels. And the ceremonial will be an impressive one notwithstanding the curtailment. According to the program which I have seen, after the taking of the oath comes the singing of the ancient "Veni Creator Spiritu." Then the King will remove his robe and cap of State, and seat himself in a chair near the altar while four Knights of the Garter hold over him a rich pall of silk or cloth of gold, and the Dean of Westminster takes the ampulla and spoon and pours in the oil with which the Archbishop anoints the Sovereign. After that comes a prayer and then while the King kneels he is invested with each of the royal ornaments, the crown coming last. About that time the trumpeters will blare out a fanfare and the guns of the Tower in the park will thunder forth a salute. The King has also decreed that his State procession shall be a short one much to the disgust of people who expected to make big money by renting their windows along the line of march which the Queen followed on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee.

An Unwholesome Atmosphere

An occasional correspondent now in New York writes me that after a brief sojourn there, fresh from London and Paris, he has been forced to the conclusion that the social atmosphere of the American metropolis is as unwholesome as that of the giddy capitals of the old world. "Our preposterously rich," he writes, "are acquiring all the evil habits of the leisure decadents of France and England. Judging from the stories one hears in the clubs of New York, our Captains of Industry are rapidly wasting their energies in seductive dissipations of the character that delighted the old Romans. Intrigues and liaisons abound in our first families. The boldness of wives and the complaisance of husbands are astonishing features of the giddy whirl. Ignorings of the commandment that makes business brisk in the divorce court are so common that it is surprising that scandal is not rife all the time. Affairs between aristocratic married folks are known to everybody and admitted by nobody. Some of the most prominent married women in the swim are known to be the mistresses of some of our most distinguished millionaires who are fathers of families. It appears as though in society a man or woman can rise superior to mere moral law. It is only necessary for them to have money, and to make a bluff at being discreet."

A Characteristic Case

Continuing, my correspondent relates by way of example, the story of a multi-millionaire who is the father-in-law of a Californian heiress, and of a foreign nobleman, and who is identified with large railroad interests. Some years ago he made a superb sacrifice of himself for the sake of his children, by allowing himself to be made the defendant in a divorce suit. His ex-wife is now the wife of another millionaire who was her lover in the days before the divorce suit, and she is in society both in New York and Washington, though everybody is familiar with her past. Well, this millionaire—the one that made the sacrifice—is now essaying the role of Cavalier Servente to a society woman whose husband is his subordinate in a big railroad company's office. This subordinate is an easy-going sort of spouse and it is generally understood that he believes that in swapping a loveless wife for a life-long and lucrative position he's got the best of the bargain. His surname is a distinguished one in railroad circles for one of his relatives recently became the chief of a great transcontinental system and is famous in the world of finance. The woman is handsome. Indeed her picture was recently published in Sunday supplements as that of one of the most beautiful women in society. Even the semi-publicity of her affair with the multi-millionaire who takes good care of her husband has never affected her social standing.

Our French Visitors

That was quite a distinguished party of Frenchmen that arrived in New York last week. They came to assist in the unveiling of the Rochambeau statue in Washington, which ceremony takes place today. Two of the party—Viscomte de Chambrun and Comte de Lafayette, are great great grandsons of of General Lafayette. They are first cousins. M. Croiset is dean of Sorbonne University and comes to this country on behalf of the French Minister of Instruction, to study American methods of education. He will probably come to this coast. Accompanying the party are the Comte and Comtesse de Rochambeau and Comtesse de Chambrun who was formerly Miss Longworth of Cincinnati. The direct lineal heirs of the Marshal de Rochambeau, who assisted in the capture of Yorktown, died out in 1868, and the present head of the family, Comte de Rochambeau, is a descendant of a brother of Washington's comrade in arms. He is the possessor of the chateau of Rochambeau near Vendome where are kept many relics of the Revolutionary war. The statue to be unveiled today represents the French General in the act of directing the movement of troops.

Result of Blunder in Politics

The defeat of the Gage machine in San Jose serves to demonstrate the truth of the statements made by me at the close of the campaign in this city last year, regarding the bungling management of the Gage forces. I have contended for months past that Gage's interests were in unskilled hands, and that the Governor's prospects were being ruined by peanut politicians who though they prided themselves on their perspicacity were of the worst order of incompetents, lacking in tact, and unfit to cope with men of sound judgment. In nearly every instance in which the strength of the Gage machine was tested it was found wanting. And perhaps the worst tactical blunder of which the Gage forces were guilty was the appointment of Johnny McKenzie to

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the vacancy in the Harbor Commission a month or so ago. Though I am not a Gage enthusiast I volunteered the advice to refrain from making the appointment until after the State convention. The wisdom of that advice is now apparent. I have heard that McKenzie said he didn't want the job until after he had beaten Rea and the Hayes combination. Having failed to beat them he would now confer a great favor on the Governor by resigning.

Spooks Did It

Of course McKenzie finds it easy to explain his defeat. He reminds me of the battered plug-ugly of the prize ring who attributes his knockout to everything under the sun except the blow on the point of the jaw that laid him low. No doubt the Hayes brothers spent a good deal of money to further the interests of good government by restoring the uncanonized Rea to power, but the McKenzie faction did not show signs of being poverty stricken during the campaign. Money was spent lavishly on both sides. McKenzie would be nearer right if he attributed his defeat to spooks. It was a spook that directed the mother of the Hayes brothers to the iron mine in Michigan from which they are extracting the wealth which enabled them to purchase two newspapers and make a successful fight against Governor Gage and the machine which is popularly supposed to be operated by that Prince of political bunglers, Colonel Daniel M. Burns of Mexico. The ghostly element is a new one in politics and it is evidently hard to beat.

REFLECTIONS.

With a woman, never insist—persist.

Woman is a willing tyrant to a slave and a willing slave to a tyrant.

The woman too fond of buying can be bought.

Woman is constant but not consistent.

A harlot-hearted virgin is worse than a virgin-hearted harlot.

It pleases a woman to know that it pleases a man to please her.

It is woman's instinct to be virtuous; man's to be otherwise.

Woman is merciful but not magnanimous.

Woman is always better or worse than man.

Woman demands homage but accepts abuse.

A strong woman is only a little less offensive than a weak man.

You can convince a woman through her faith, her emotion, her intuition, rarely through her reason.

Woman is the moral conservator of the world.

R. C. MacDonald.

MRS. NED GOLF'S LUNCHEONS.

Conversation between two of Mrs. Golf's dearest friends:

Mrs. One: I shall never speak to Nettie Golf again.

Mrs. Two: Why?

Mrs. One: You ask why? Read this paragraph in "Miss Gossip's Society Twaddle" in the *Globe*:

The Paragraph: Mrs. Ned Golf, one of Oakland's most happy entertainers, has just ended a delightful series of luncheons at her home on the Heights. Mrs. Golf knows just what menu is pleasing to the feminine palate, and her luncheons were charming. Decorations and everything were renate to a degree.

Mrs. One: Isn't that awful?

Mrs. Two: *I* was not invited.

Mrs. One: Weren't you? Neither was I.

Mrs. Two: There is Nettie now. I shall cut her dead.

Mrs. One: So shall I.

Mrs. Golf wonders why her two dearest friends turned their faces away when she met them in Broadway.

The Innocent Cause :

Mr. Golf (five days previous to the *Globe* paragraph): Nettie, I want you to lunch today two ladies, friends of my brother in New York. They are only passing through and can therefore stand for lunch only.

Mrs. Golf: Oh, Ned, our cook left last night. I got breakfast—but a swell lunch, oh, *no!*

Mr. Golf: Well, come to the Athenian, then—that'll suit them just as well.

At the club a *Globe* reporter is being lunched by an Oakland friend. Spies Mrs. Golf and two ladies.

Reporter: Who's that?

His friend: Oh, Mrs. Ned Golf, very rich and exclusive, fine house on the Heights, splendid entertainer.

Next Day: *Globe* office, Reporter and "Miss Gossip" *loquitur*:

Reporter: Did you ever see Mrs. Ned Golf? She had some ladies at lunch yesterday at the Athenian.

Miss Gossip: Oh, yes, I know who she is. Was it a swell lunch?

Reporter: You bet it was.

And that was all. —The Mathematician.

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With the Money Makers

The Future of Sugar Stocks

Last week I said that Hawaiian sugar stocks bade fair to stay depressed for some time. Yesterday I had a chat with one of the most influential planters in the islands, and went with him over the entire situation. He is heavily interested in several plantations, besides being a leader in Hawaiian commerce, and has perhaps a more thorough knowledge of sugar matters than any man in Hawaii except B. F. Dillingham. He talked plainly, and with no attempt to hide the facts. "We are suffering from an over-production," he said. "That is, not Hawaii's over-production, but the world's. Sugar prices go in waves, high and low. Now the wave is low, and I don't look for a rise until the sugar growers plant less. In Hawaii, sugar stocks will not rise much for many months, perhaps a year or two. Many people have lost confidence in them on account of their meteoric fall in the past year or so. There is apparent reason for this, but I have entire confidence in the future. I think our stocks will never be as high as some of them have been, but there will be ample room for good investments aside from a purely speculative view. The labor problem came on us just when sugar went to the lowest notch. We have had to combat high prices for labor and low prices for sugar. It is marvelous how well Hawaii has stood up under the load she has had to carry. The labor question is slowly answering itself, and will adjust itself fully within a few years. We are not worrying about Cuban sugar at all. We could compete with free Cuban sugar even, until Cuba was able to produce enough to supply the entire United States. This will, however, not be for years, as the estates suffered very much during the years of war in Cuba by neglect and pillage. The worst near feature of the Cuban situation is that Cuba has such an immense quantity of sugar stored, ready to dump in this country when the duty is lowered. This is counted in the reckoning always and helps to keep the price down even at present. The Hawaiian plantations will be more economically administered in the coming years than ever, and savings will be made in directions never considered before. Salaries of head employes will be scaled down and wastes eliminated. Candidly, I would not advise any one to buy sugar stocks unless he could wait calmly for their rising and was not dependent on their returns for an income. I am satisfied to hold my interests and so are the best-informed men in Hawaii" This is a very fair statement from one as deeply interested in Hawaiian sugar as is this planter. However, I must add that a leading San Francisco banker, who made a trip to Hawaii recently has refused to invest any money there, and says he is disgusted with the outlook.

A Short Cut to Wealth

The American Co-operative Association, with offices in "Suit 15," Emma Spreckels building, advertises:

"A patron invested $100 with us; his average dividends were $5.15 a week; in less than five months he had drawn as much in dividends as his principal. Why not do the same yourself? We guarantee you against loss. Dividends are paid every Monday. We have been doing business for years, and never a loss. We accept accounts as low as $10. Write or call for interesting literature."

This reads invitingly. Five per cent a week is good interest, especially when one is "guaranteed against loss." Just how the concern manages to make both ends meet on such a liberal plan is hard to tell. Perhaps some Carnegie incognito is allowing his wealth to trickle through his fingers in this fashion. I would not advise investment until a good bond against loss had been filed.

Gossip on Change

But few securities were dealt in on the Stock and Bond Exchange during the past week, and there were few fluctuations, prices generally ruling steady although buyers were apathetic. Offerings generally were comparatively light as sellers, in anticipation of more extensive business, were not inclined to press their holdings by shading values. Gas stocks came in for some little attention, and San Francisco Gas and Electric Company's shares ruled steady at $44, while several parcels of Oakland Gas and Heat Company changed hands at $03.75, a slight advance. The sharp decline in values for Giant Powder shares noted last week was checked by a better inquiry for the securities and the price recovered a trifle. Awaiting the public announcement of the result of the reported conference between the officials of the Alaska Packers' Association and those of the amalgamated British Columbian canneries, there were but few offerings of the former stock, and these were snapped up quickly at $160. There was a lack of interest in sugar shares and what few sales were recorded were of small volume and at an easy rate. Dealings in bonds were unusually light, and investors showed no inclination to obtain the securities of the favored corporations of a few weeks ago, although offered at a slight decline. The five per cent bonds of the Bay Counties Powder Company were in fair request, and early in the week some $10,000 worth changed hands at $108.75. Sacramento, Electric, Gas and Railway's 5s were neglected at

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$102, while the 6s of the Sierra Railway were steady at $116.75, although no transactions were recorded.

News of the Oil Market.

Investments in oil shares are steadily increasing and business on the Producers' Exchange during the past week has been well distributed among the various stocks listed. Bidding has been quite active and although prices for several stocks were higher buyers showed no backwardness. Considerable activity has developed for the shares of the San Joaquin Oil and Development Company, and the price has advanced and is held firmly. Transactions were closed as high as $8.25, with buyers having a five days' option on the stock. Sterling continued in demand and sold freely at from $1.85 to $1.90, ruling firm at the former figure. The large Hawaiian contract which this company holds begins with the 1st of June, and with the encouraging reports regarding the increased development in its field conditions are most favorable to share holders. Kern has sold readily at $5 and Peerless has ruled firm at $9.25. It is unofficially reported that the Peerless company has absorbed the United Oil Company. The latter corporation was one of the largest distributing concerns on the Coast, and held contracts amounting to 35,000 barrels a month, running from one to eight years, at a price above the current market. Added to Peerless contracts there will be a demand for 90,000 barrels, which will necessitate large outside purchases of oil. The Aubert Oil Company is credited with a big strike of oil on section 13 of the Sunset field. It was made some time ago, but has been held a secret. The location is within 400 feet of the Sunset Queen, which has been the scene of numerous remarkable developments recently.

The price of Mexican dollars in San Francisco has fallen so low and the demand from China is so light that steamers for Mexican ports have carried back Mexican dollars, in order that they might be disposed of to better advantage. China's payments on the war indemnity amount to some $8,000,000 a month. To meet these payments, which must be made in gold, she is forced to market her silver and this more than supplies the demand in the far East for silver. The outlook in consequence is by no means promising for either Mexican dollars or silver and by some local financiers it is prophesied that silver will go as low as 40 cents an ounce. —*The Financier*

AT KITTY SMART'S WEDDING.

Their multifarious Comments.

Mademoiselle Coiffure: Her hair is touched up too palpably.

Madame Beauty Doctor: What a yellow, wrinkled skin.

Jim Shoeclerk: Her ankles are thick and her toes turn in.

M. Terpsichore: She does not walk well. Steps on her heels and holds herself too stiffly.

Miss Corsets: What an enormous waist!

Madame Modiste: Her skirt doesn't hang well.

Mr. Jeweler: Those diamonds look like paste.

Miss Bachelor Maid: A poor scrub of a fellow, that bridegroom. One would be hard up for a husband to take *him*.

Mr. Clubman: What good luck Tom had in getting any girl to have him.

Mrs. Fashion: But what an unattractive girl he won!

Mr. Tailor: I wonder if he's paid for that bridal suit? It wasn't made at my place. I must dun him for that last golf suit he bought.

The Bride's Mother: Thank heaven! Kitty's married, and Tom's money is ours at last.

The Butcher: My bill will be paid next week, I guess.

Jack Jilted: Kitty'll regret this—Tom is sure to make her unhappy, and she loves me, I know.

Mademoiselle Rosette: A pretty penny this wedding cost Tom. I'm glad I got my two thousand checque cashed this morning. He might recall it had I waited.

—*The Mind Reader.*

OUTSIDE

The City

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The Mystery of George de Chateaubourg

One evening towards the end of last winter, Count George de Chateaubourg, the handsome Chateaubourg, as his friends called him, went to the Vaudeville theatre accompanied by his mother and his young wife to whom he had only been married two months. At the close of the performance, they were just about to enter their private carriage, when they suddenly changed their minds and decided to walk home, for the Boulevard Malesherbes, where they resided, was not very far from the theatre, besides the night was superb and the sky magnificently spangled with stars. The Count gave his left arm to his mother, while the young Countess, with a light step, walked on his right as gay and happy as a child, for to her midnight Paris was a wonderful world, which she had only seen from her carriage windows in going and returning from soirees and balls; a fascinating spectacle always even to those who are accustomed to it. This reawakening of the Boulevards at midnight, after an interruption during the earlier hours of the evening; the myriads of lights in the cafes, the sounds of music and revelry, the gay men and women, laughing, talking, chatting, coquetting here, there and everywhere are interesting even to the blase, but to the young and aristocratic Countess de Chateaubourg this glimpse of midnight Paris was a revelation—a world of which she had never dreamed.

After they had passed the Place de L'Opera, the lights and the pedestrians became less frequent. Sauntering leisurely on, enjoying the beauties of the night, they at last reached the extremity of the Boulevards directly opposite the Madeleine; at this hour of the night, this corner of Paris is comparatively almost deserted and in total darkness, and just as they were about to cross over to the opposite side of the street a man suddenly emerged from the deep shadow of a large cart which was standing there and advancing resolutely towards Count de Chateaubourg looked him squarely in the face, and then in a loud voice, as though he were meeting a friend exclaimed: "Parbleu! my friend Francois!"

Monsieur de Chateaubourg and the two ladies stopped abruptly. All were greatly surprised at this familiar salutation uttered by an unknown man, whose appearance was entirely in keeping with his stentorian voice, and as he spoke the young Countess involuntarily clutched her husband's arm, as she glanced at the colossal, athletic frame of the stranger, whose apparel was as little reassuring as his huge person. Restless and with his coarse shirt sleeves rolled up to his elbows, and his enormous frame enveloped in a bloody apron, he struck terror into the heart of the gentle little Countess, who hid her face on her husband's shoulder, while her mother-in-law, more courageous, looked defiantly at the stranger. The Count, disengaging his arm from his mother and pushing the young Countess aside, coolly advanced towards the man and after looking him closely in the face, exclaimed with apparent pleasure: "Ah, Joseph, I am so glad to see you!" At the name of Joseph the elder Madame de Chateaubourg appeared to be greatly relieved and putting her arm around the young Countess she drew her away, at a sufficient distance to prevent her from hearing the conversation between her son and the gruff-looking stranger. Perplexed at her mother-in-law's silence and apparent acceptance of this rough acquaintance, the young wife began to form all sorts of conjectures and persuaded herself that her husband must have belonged, when a very young man, to some terrible secret society such as she had read about in romantic stories, and this idea was strengthened by the parting injunction which the rough Joseph screamed after the Count as he joined his wife and mother, telling him that if he did not come as he had promised that he and the rest of his companions would know that he had lost courage and had turned coward!

Chateaubourg, though somewhat excited, was very gay and appeared to be in high spirits, as he continued his walk homewards,though neither he nor his mother alluded to the strange man with his blood-stained apron. When they reached the hotel, the young wife bade the old Countess good night and retired to their own apartments which were on the floor above, and as soon as the door closed after them, the young Antoinette began to remove her wraps, vexed at the provoking silence of her husband, who made no allusion to the adventure of the evening, and convinced that he and his mother were hiding some terrible mystery from her or feared to trust their secret to her discretion, she felt wounded at their apparent want of confidence and resolved not to enquire into the mystery. So, pleading fatigue, she expressed a desire to retire to her own apartments. The Count gladly assented, and Madame Antoinette noting the pleased expression on his handsome face, to get rid of her, swept out of the room without saying good night. The Count, delighted to be free for the rest of the night, ran quickly into his small dressing-room adjoining his own private apartment and hastily taking off his evening suit donned his street clothes. He then went to his mother's apartment on the first floor, where the concierge opened the street door for him. It was then one o'clock in the morning. Meanwhile, the young Countess, bolted in her own room, became a prey to all sorts of strange fancies and after an hour of restlessness ran to her husband's room, determined to make him solve the mystery. To her great surprise the apartment was empty and the covers on the bed had not been disturbed. Running back to her own room, she slipped into bed, after lighting the taper beside it. Sleep, however, was impossible and thoroughly frightened, she recalled the terrifying words of the mysterious Joseph: "If you do not come as you have promised, I and the rest of your companions will think that you have lost courage and have turned coward!" And why had the mysterious Joseph called her husband Francois when his name was George? Worn out, she closed her eyes in the hope of going to sleep, but sleep was impossible, for the vision of the colossal Joseph haunted her. Suddenly she remembered a narcotic on the dressing-table and jumping out of bed she dosed herself with it, and finally, worn out with fatigue and worry, she dropped off into a deep, heavy sleep. It was past eleven o'clock when she awakened and dreamily rang for her maid. "Ah, Madame," said Celeste as she entered the room and walked towards the windows to open them, "a dreadful crime was committed last night." "A crime!" echoed the young Countess, raising herself from her pillows. "Yes, madame, a terrible crime, but listen, the newsboys are crying it through the streets."

The young Countess sprang from her bed to the open window, and as she stood leaning out, the shrill voice of the boy below echoed through the room: "Horrible details of a triple murder

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committed last night; three women assassinated." The Countess turned from the window and dropped into an arm-chair. "That's quite true, madame," said Celeste, "and the report is that there are three men implicated in the murder. Shall I bring madame's chocolate?" The Countess was in no mood for chocolate. Involuntarily she associated the mysterious Joseph with the crime, and as soon as the maid had disappeared she rushed to her husband's room which she entered without knocking. The Count was in bed and sleeping soundly. The room was still in half darkness, so she drew aside the drapery of the window and opened the shutters and heard once again the newsboys crying in the street below, the terrible triple murder. But her husband was safe and reassured she started to leave the room, when she stopped to pick up the Count's shirt, which he had carelessly thrown on the floor by the couch near the dressing-table, and to her horror found that there were spots of blood on the shirt bosom as well as on the cuffs, which were lying on the dressing-table. Dreadfully frightened, the little Countess ran from the room without awakening her husband, to the apartments of her mother-in-law, for in spite of herself she associated the crime of the night with her husband and the mysterious Joseph.

"Oh, mamma, mamma," she exclaimed, throwing herself into an arm-chair and bursting into tears, "George and that terrible man have committed an awful crime; they have murdered three women!"

"Are you quite sure of it, my dear?" asked the old Countess, dropping her morning paper to listen to her daughter-in-law's exciting tale, and when she had finished Madame de Chateaubourg burst into a hearty laugh. "My dear," said she, "your terrible Joseph is merely a kind-hearted butcher's foreman of la Villette, who wanted to know if George could still kill a beef with a single blow of his club as in the old days of la Villette, and your husband answering in the affirmative, added that if Joseph wished he could prove it to him whenever he desired. 'This very morning,' said the old butcher, and George, finding the idea quite an original one, accepted the proposition, hence his early morning excursion and the blood-stains on his clothing."

"But how did George make the acquaintance of Joseph?" asked the young Countess, settling herself in the arm-chair.

"Your husband," said the old lady, "was almost a confirmed invalid in his youth and his cure being despaired of by some of the first physicians in Paris, I took the advice of an old friend and sent him to live for two years in the abattoirs, the term prescribed for the cure, where he led the ordinary life of a butcher's apprentice, killing, cutting and handling the animals; impregnating himself with their blood and drinking it when necessary—clothed in coarse linen and shod with wooden sabots he worked in the stock-yards. His identity was only known to the largest wholesale butcher of la Villette to whom I entrusted him and with whom he lived during his apprenticeship. To the rest he was simply Francois Dubourg, a provincial. The remedy proved effective and in two years he returned home entirely cured."

"So you have solved the mystery, mother dear," said the Count, who had slipped into the room unobserved and had caught the last of the conversation.

"Indeed, yes," responded the little Countess laughingly, "and don't you ever dare to keep another secret from me."

Adapted from the French by Beatrice Hastings.

SHE LEFT A ROSE.

She left a rose; full well I knew
It was for me; its ruddy hue,
Erst glowing brightly on her breast,
Gleamed now from napkin's snowy nest.
Wet with her kiss, love's fragrant dew.
A fleeting glance at me she threw;
There lay the rose, well in my view,—
And, as to my fond heart 'twas prest,
She left—a rose.

But that quick blush gave me my cue;
I sought her out; and there are few
Who would not joy in such a quest.
Her heart responded to the test,
For on Love's shrine, to prove her true,
She left a rose.

May, 1902. *R. C. MacDonald.*

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Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary E. Brunotte, Executrix of the last will of Jane McDougall, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix, at the law offices of E B. Young, Room 36, No. 14 Sansome Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARY E. BRUNOTTE,
Executrix of the last will of Jane McDougall, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 24, 1902

E. B. YOUNG, Attorney for said estate.

Estate of John Holland, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Josephine Mockler, executrix of the last will and testament of John Holland, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said, Josephine Mockler, executrix of the last will and testament of John Holland, deceased, at Room 411 Parrott Building, No. 855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOSEPHINE MOCKLER,
Executrix of the last will and testament of John Holland, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco, May 24, 1905.

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MUSIC

The San Francisco Conservatory Concert

Each succeeding concert of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music is an examplar of the improvement made by the pupils under Director Bonelli and his thirteen assistants. On Wednesday evening Metropolitan hall was packed to the standing-room point when the Conservatory's pupils' concert was the occasion. There were twenty numbers, but as the rule was "no encores," there was no extension of the program. The first half of the evening was mainly devoted to the junior pupils, and it is not possible to give critical comment in each instance. Miss Agnes and Master Joe Kelleher, who made their debut at a preceding concert of the Conservatory, rendered Kucken's "Swallow" duet with good effect and also appeared in solo numbers. The Rubinstein staccato etude afforded Mr. W. R. Beatty opportunity to show some fine technique. Four sweet little girls rendered Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" very agreeably. Their precision of attack spoke well for the attention and earnestness of the little students. Their names were Madeline Buckley, Rita Lubelski, Grace Litzius, and Eva Johnson. Miss Litzius and Miss Lubelski also acquitted themselves well as solo performers. Miss Maybelle Kelly did remarkably well in the formidable Chopin Scherzo. This young girl has a suppleness of wrist and a force of stroke quite remarkable for one of her years. She also sustained a heavy part as first pianist in the Hummell A minor concerto. The mandolin numbers were prettily executed, their light harmony being enriched by more serious strings. One of the most interesting numbers was the piano and violin duet, Kucken's No. 1, by Miss Bruce and Miss Litzieus. The latter is a very tiny girl, but plays with remarkable intelligence, and exhibits the effects of her careful training. The program in full was: Violin solo, selection Maritana Op. 79, Papini, Winnie Bruce, Ruth Bruce, accompanist; left-hand solo, "Reverie," Maxson, Charlotte Williams; vocal selections, Agnes and Joe Kelleher, Mrs. Kelleher, accompanist; Staccato Etude, Op. 23, No. 2, Rubinstein, W. R. Beatty; "Forbidden Music," Gastolden, Gertrude Gallick, Alfred Kelleher, accompanist; Serenade Espagnole, Thome, Rita Lubeliski; two pianos, eight hands, Invitation to the Dance, Weber, Madeline Buckley, Rita Lubelski, Grace Litzius and Eva Johnson; vocal, Oh, Shining Light, Adams, F. Erlin; Scherzo Op. 31, Chopin, Maybelle Kelly; mandolin selections, Hearts and Flowers, Tobani, Boston Ideal March, Siegel, San Francisco Conservatory Mandolin Club; Tarantelle Op 14, Karganoff, Hilda Scholoh; piano and violin, duo No. 1, Kucken, Grace Litzius, Winnie Bruce; concerto A minor, Op. 85, Hummell, first piano, Maybelle Kelly, second piano, C. Burns, and the San Francisco Conservatory orchestra; vocal "Waltz," Arditi, Miss Charlotte Towle; sonata, two pianos, C. min., op. 13, Bethoven-Henselt, Anna McKay and Edna Montagne; violin solo, La Suedoise Mazurka, Elsen, Gladys Lahl, Charles Rogers, accompanist; sonata, two pianos, C. min., Mozart-Grieg, Josephine Rahlmann and Evelina Beaudet; vocal S. Tewksbury; "Soavi," Tobani, San Francisco Conservatory Mandolin Club. The recital was of especial value as showing what can be done in educating children to comprehend and interpret. The work of the elders marked the contrast between the beginner and the farther advanced st udent. All the performers were remembered with beautiful flowers and well-deserved applause.

The Wheeler Musicale

The Charles S. Wheelers entertained a few of their friends at their home in Pacific avenue on Wednesday evening. The affair was in the form of a musicale, the program chiefly contributed by juvenile talent. The junior Wheelers are all very accomplished and are probably as cultured children as are to be found anywhere. The program on Wednesday night consisted of two quartets, violin and piano solos and duets, and the participants were the Misses Freeman, Pasmore, Olive and Lilias Wheeler, Robert Rehn Weber and Charles S. Wheeler, Jr., with Giulio Minetti assisting.

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The Loring Concert

The fourth concert, twenty-fifth season, of the Loring Club took place on Tuesday evening, May twentieth. The usual choral work of the club was reinforced by an orchestra of nine strings, three winds, cabinet organ and the inevitable piano. I had not the good fortune to hear the opening number but the second, "In Picardie" (Osgood), was a fine piece of vocal work and received a well-merited encore. "The Miller's Daughter," Tennyson's words set to music composed by Arthur Foote, was rendered with the delicacy of shading requisite to bring out the beauty of the dainty little piece. The fourth number, Frithjof's "Return," was full of color, contributed mainly by the orchestra which did some admirable work. Dr. Schalkhammer was the soloist and his fine baritone was never heard to better advantage. Rubinstein's "Morning" opened the second division of the program, an heroic effort for organ, piano, orchestra and voices, after which the nonsense verses in Jabberwocky set to mock-heroic strains were something in the nature of a divertissement. Mr. W. E. Dyer was the soloist in the seventh number, Billeter's "Sunset," and sang a fresh, sympathetic tenor. Grieg's "Discovery" showed good smooth chorus work, Dr. Schalkhammer being the soloist. The club proved itself fully equal to the demands made upon it by an unusually heavy program. Mr. Fyfe accompanied at the organ and Miss Ruth Loring at the piano.

A Classic Concert

The concert of chamber music given by the California Conservatory of Music last Friday evening was greeted by a packed house. The character of the music and the manner of its rendition may be said to lift the California Conservatory concerts out of the usual level of pupils' work into that of the professional musician. In the allegro from the Gade sonate Miss Amy Peterson played the piano part with strength and vigor, overpowering to some extent the delicacy of Mrs. Leon's work on the violin. The Beethoven quartet op. 16 was a well balanced performance, the andante being especially commendable. Mr. Nathan Landsberger's violin parts in the Grieg sonata in G minor and the Raff chromatic sonata were something to be remembered even by those who are familiar with his always excellent bowing. The two vocal numbers, "The Stricken Bird" and "The Lassie I Lo'e Best," composed by members of the 1902 class, were rendered by Mr. J. F. Veaco, and were so well received by the audience that the singer was obliged to repeat them. As compositions they are slightly reminiscent but not more so than might be expected. The most heroic number on the program was the Grieg concerto for two pianos, full string orchestra and lute. Miss Lily Hensen did some fine work at the first piano, fully sustaining her share in this beautiful composition. She has a strong wrist and a sure touch, and her command of difficult passages is wonderful. Miss Anna Mayers and Mrs. Elizabeth Hall Sears deserve mention for their intelligent work as accompanists to Mr. Landsberger's violin in the third and fifth numbers.

Mr. Eaton's Recital

The fourth free organ recital by Mr. Louis H. Eaton, organist of Trinity church, came off on Thursday evening. The organist was assisted by Mr. J. T. Veaco, tenor, and Mr. Hother Wismer, violinist. The program in full was: Concert-satz in C minor, Thiele; Trio in D minor, Bach; recit., "Comfort ye my people," aria, "Every Valley," Handel, Mr. Veaco; Double Theme varied, Rosseau; Canzona, Prayer and Cradle Song, Cantilena, Guilmant; Adagio, Third Suite, op. 34, Ries, violin and organ; Fugue in C major, violin alone, Bach, Mr. Wismer; Symphonie V, Widor.

Inartistic Applause

Apropos of a recent concert in Alameda, Laura Dray Perry wrote, in the musical department of *Tidings*: "I wished the appreciation of the audience would have manifested itself at times in an audible murmur and quiet clapping of hands when the conclusions of some songs were so exquisitely soft and artistically finished that the limit of perfect art seemed attained." This will be appreciated by many, and could apply to other concerts than the one referred to. It seems almost sacrilegious to rush into noisy applause after some exquisite numbers. There should be some other way of expressing appreciation. Obstreperous applause is as out of place sometimes as a bull in a china shop.

Mrs. Perry, by the way, who is editing the musical department of *Tidings*, the organ of Alameda's First Congregational church, is one of the finest amateur pianistes on either side of the bay. She was a pupil of Hugo Mansfeldt for a number of years, and was the organizer and president of the now defunct Ensemble Club that gave such delightful musicales in this city a few years back. Among other members of the club were Miss Fannie Danforth, Miss Mira Burnett, Miss Helen Anderson, Miss Pauline Collins and Miss Phoebe Williamson (now Mrs. Allan Munro of Seattle). —*The Music Critic*

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STAGE

Comic Opera Comedians

Another comic opera comedian has come to the front. His name is Raymond Hitchcock. He is the comedian of the "King Dodo" company which opened in New York last week. "King Dodo" is a Chicago production written by Frank Pixley and Gustave Luders. Chicagoans went wild over "King Dodo" and so did theatre-goers in other towns which are now referred to by the conceited critics of New York as "the provinces." But the new musical comedy did not receive the New York stamp of approval until last week. The first-night audience was skeptical as New York audiences usually are when a company that met with great success in other cities comes in from the road to astonish the bored and blase boulevardiers of the metropolis. They expected to see the comedian try to amuse them with horse-play, and they were sure that the costumes would be tawdry and the scenery cheap and travel-stained. But they were surprised with a first-class show and a piquant up-to-date performance. Comedian Hitchcock was pronounced a great success, but the critics were surprised that when the prima donna was singing at him he stood with his back to the audience. That was of course unusual. Popular New York comedians, and all comic opera comedians who are convinced that they are the whole show, never exhibit a rear view. When one of the characters is singing the average comedian proceeds to mug and grimace over the footlights. He believes it to be his duty to himself to spoil a song by touching the risibles of idiots like himself. When comic opera comedians become stars they insist on songs being cut out when they receive too much aplause. And in the course of time they wonder why they have ceased to be popular. When Mr. Hitchcock discovers that he has made a reputation in New York he will exhibit the same monopolistic tendencies of Francis Wilson, Frank Daniels and—well, other comedians we all know. He will not turn his back to the audience.

One of the great hits of "King Dodo" is "The Tale of the Bumble Bee" song, the music of which is now being played in local cafes. These are the words:

A bold bumble bee, idly roving o'er the lea,
Met a white clover blossom sweet with dew;
He gave her a kiss, and she thought not amiss,
For he swore that he always would be true.

But he looked on the flower as the toy of an hour,
Which a kindly fate was throwing in his way,
And he thought she'd forget, that they had ever met,
But he promised he'd return some day.

Love me, my own, I'll come back to thee.
There's honey in thy heart, guard it safely for me,
Dry the tears in thine eyes, save thy lips for the dew,
Some day again I'll claim thee for my heart is true.

The bee liked to stray, so he gaily buzzed away,
And forgot every loving word he said.
He gives not a thought to the havoc he has wrought,
Tho' he knows why the clover now is red.

'Tis a blush for the bliss of that one stolen kiss,
She is thinking of her lover far away.
Oh, she ne'er can forget for she's loyal to him yet,
And she's hoping he'll come back some day.

Remember, my dear, there is always much to fear
When a maid gives her kisses to a man.
She must be discreet if she'd keep him at her feet,
Love should end where this episode began.

Many men that you see, like this false bumble bee,
Scatter promises and break them in a day.
But beware of the sting, the kiss without the ring,
May you never have good cause to say:

Come back, my own, my love still is true;
There's honey in my heart and it's only for you.
There are tears in my eyes, though the world calls it dew.
I'm waiting for I want you and I want but you.

The Model Couple

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wolcott, who are expected here with the Henry Miller company, signed a contract the other day with David Belasco to support Blanche Bates in the play which he is now writing for her and which is to be presented in New York early next season. The Wolcotts are veterans in the dramatic world of our country and are one of the most devoted of stage couples. They were married over a quarter of a century ago, and they are known as the model couple of the American stage. Charles Wolcott was Adelaide Neilson's leading man and his wife was one of the most intimate friends of that distinguished actress. The Wolcotts were with Frohman for sixteen years.

Female Impersonators

George Clifton, the female impersonator at Fischer's, is not burdened with the excessive avoirdupois that hampered Richard Harlowe, by many regarded as the kingpin in this line. Clifton, as Birdie the ten thousand dollar prize beauty, wears a pink ballet costume cut low in the neck, and his figure is padded out to make the feminine outline. He is tall and muscular and his impersonation does not give the painful impression that would be produced were he less uncompromisingly masculine. Edward Webb, who acts the disguised boy in "The Singing Girl," has a perfect make-up and is the veritable twin except in voice and walk of Annie Meyers. We have never seen any of the Yarmouth type of female impersonators out here. At least I do not remember any, outside of the clubs and colleges where female impersonators are part of the routine of a jinks. In the East there are many actors who do the feminine act so realistically as often to excite invidious comment. Stuart, the male Patti, is the most prominent of these since Harlowe, the Harvard man who first essayed Queen Isabella in "1492," deserted for other fields. Stuart has a shrill falsetto voice, is tall and ungainly in figure, solemn in manner and perhaps not so bad as he might be. George Fortescue, who was the best Catherine Rice's "Evangeline" ever had, is a ponderous, elephantine, deep-voiced fellow. Urdahl, a Swede who sang French and German songs at the Olympia one season, was so realistic that Yvette Guilbert, who was singing at the same music hall, said he shocked her. The Russell brothers, impersonators of Irish charwomen, are among the best I have ever seen.

Viola Allen will sail for Europe on the *Celtic*, June sixth, and meeting Mr. and Mrs. Hall Caine in London, will start soon after for Rome, where she will remain for some weeks "studying atmosphere" for the production of Caine's "The Eternal City." Roma, the heroine, is a Glory Quayle magnified. E. M. Holland will have the strong role of the Pope, E. J. Morgan will be Rossi, his socialist son, and De Belleville will be Roma's protector, Baron Bonelli.

The Theatrical Employes of San Francisco have arranged to give a testimonial benefit at Fischer's on the afternoon of Thursday, June fifth, when the entire "Fiddle Dee Dee" company will give the performance. Kolb, Dill, Bernard, Blake, Hermsen, Amber, Gallick, Hope, Emerson and the male and female chorus have

---

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offered their services for the occasion. There are also some other volunteers.

Peter Dailey, who comes to the Orpheum next week, has never appeared here before in vaudeville. But we saw him in his star farce, "A Country Sport," and he has been here on other occasions. He was in the cast of Jimmie Powers' "A Mad Bargain," and made a hit equal to that of the star. Peter is one of the heaviest weights in vaudeville but his wit is of the light and brilliant order.

It will be but a fortnight now until the opening of Florence Roberts' season at the Alcazar. On June ninth Miss Roberts will appear in "Zaza" and other plays will be given during her engagement. She has beautiful new costumes for all the plays. White Whittlesey will be her leading man.

Miss Vera McCord of Hanford, a graduate of one of Oakland's schools and of the Emerson College of Boston, recently created the part of Manuela in Charles Hawtrey's new play, "The President," at the Prince of Wales' theatre, London, meeting with decided favor.

According to Fischer's press agent, there is to be an interesting event following the performance of "Fiddle Dee Dee" on the night of June third. One of the leading principals will be married to "a well known society lady."

W. H. Crane's comedy, "His Wife's Father," is in preparation, to end the regular Alcazar stock season. M. L. Alsop and Marion Convere will say farewell in "His Wife's Father," but Miss Wycherly (now Mrs. Veiller) remains with the company.

The matinee girls will like William Courtleigh, who is with Henry Miller this year. "The Gay Lord Quex" will be one of the Miller plays.

Maude Fealy, the new star at the Grand, has been playing the leading part in Gillette's "Sherlock Holmes" during the past two seasons.

Lester Lonergan, who adapted "The Country Girl" for Kathryn Kidder, is a San Francisco boy.

All the theatres will have special matinees on Decoration day, next Friday.

Robert Downing has returned to San Francisco, and has resumed his classes in dramatic instruction.

Kyrle Bellew is to tour in a revival of "The Lady of Lyons" with Mary Mannering.

By special desire "Old Lavender" will be given at the Grand tonight and tomorrow night for Harrigan's good-bye bill.

At the Show Next Week

COLUMBIA—Kathryn Kidder in David Garrick's rollicking comedy, "The Country Girl," supported by Norman Hackett, Robert Ferguson and T. C. Hamilton. Prices during this engagement, one-fifty to twenty-five cents.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Maude Fealy, the youngest leading woman on any stage, in the original version of "The Little Minister"; her first appearance as Babbie.

FISCHER'S—Eighth week of "Fiddle Dee Dee." Freda Gallick, the new addition to the company, has sprung into immediate favor.

ORPHEUM—Peter F. Dailey, with his own company in "A Dress Rehearsal"; Stuart Barnes, monologuist in new songs and imitaitons; the two little Pucks, "the brightest juveniles who ever faced an audience"; Sager Midgley and Gertie Carlisle in "After School"; Lotta Gladstone, little Elsie, the Picchianis, Dooley and Fowley and the Biograph.

ALCAZAR—"The Brixton Burglary," second week of the lively farcical success, produced for the first time in this city.

TIVOLI—Another week of "The Singing Girl" which is still doing a rushing business —*The Playgoer*

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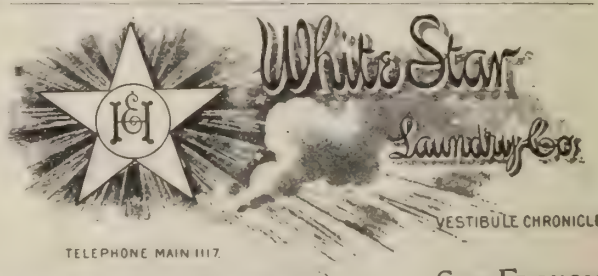

LETTERS

The Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy

"Truth indeed," says Macaulay, "is essential to poetry, but it is the truth of madness. The reasonings are just, but the premises are false. After the first suppositions are made everything must be consistent, but these first premises require a degree of credulity which amounts to a temporary derangement of the intellect." The observation suggests itself in connection with a consideration of the purported revelations made in the bi-literal cypher discovered and elucidated by Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup. If one can grant the preliminary proposition that in addition to his state labors and the works which Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, published in his own name, he also produced not only all attributed to Shakespeare, but those of Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Spencer, Burton, and a good part of what is attributed to Ben Jonson, and a few other odds and ends not acknowledged—if in addition to all this he can add some thirteen plays and a biography or two, and a goodly portion of Homer and Virgil, "infolded" or concealed, by means of this cypher, within the other works, and if, still further, he can persuade himself that the redoubtable Bacon concealed a different revelation in each edition of the works, and moreover set himself the task of formulating a distinct style for each different name which he used, and corrected all his own proofs, as indeed he would have been obliged to do in order to have his cypher correctly set forth—if any one is willing to admit this as a preliminary hypothesis, the rest of the story is a small matter. It is impossible for the ordinary reader or student to check up these so-called discoveries and satisfy himself that the latest story concerning the controversy is to be found in the writings enumerated, since given the necessary time, patience, curiosity and that detective instinct essential to the elucidation of mysteries, there yet remains a fatal lack in not having access to original editions or accurate fac similes, so that the majority must act the part of lookers-on and leave the actual conflict to Mrs. Gallup and that committee of Shakespearean scholars who have undertaken the task. The stupendous claim has scarcely excited comment on this side of the Atlantic, but in England there has been considerable excitement, and sufficient investigation has gone on for those interested to feel themselves justified in pronouncing the authoress of the sensation charlatan. In any case, we must give her credit at least for originality, ingenuity and industry. Hitherto it has been supposed by the Baconians that the reason why he used a name other than his own was that to be known as a writer of plays would reflect on his standing as a lawyer, but Mrs. Gallup sets forth quite a different cause for the concealment. Francis Bacon, acording to her revelations, was the legitimate son of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester. They were married while she was imprisoned in the Tower of London, and again, quietly, but with the necessary witnesses, later on. Francis was given into the keeping of Lady Anne Bacon and her husband, Nicholas. The Earl of Essex was a younger son of the same marriage, also unacknowledged, a favorite who had supplanted "the rightful heir" in the affections of his mother. The discovery of the secret of his origin was made by Francis at the age of sixteen and his virtual banishment to France ensued. There he fell in love with Marguerite of Navarre and planned to marry her when she had secured the necessary divorce, but his cruel mother refused her consent, hence the Shakesperean sonnets and Romeo and Juliet. The treason of Essex was committed in an attempt to force the Queen's hand and secure recognition of his claims, and the elder brother was compelled by the unnatural mother to play his part in the tragedy of the trial and execution. Elizabeth's coquetries, her ill-tempers, and her "eat with mouse" actions in connection with Leicester, are all set forth, albeit with much repetition and reiteration, and considering the somewhat restricted space, with much moralizing and pious comment, which bears little if any resemblance to the sententiousness of Bacon's acknowledged writings. Neither can the deciphered dramas take rank with those we are acustomed to see published under the name of Shakespeare. Mrs. Gallup's theory is comprehensive, and simplifies the controversy which has raged about the name of Shakespeare for the last half century. It has always been easier to prove that Shakespeare did not write the plays than that any one of the other claimants did. Mrs. Gallup has narrowed the field down to one. With one sweep she has annihilated all the minor contestants, and instead of a contest between Marlowe and Peele, Greene and Shakespeare, Bacon and Marlowe, and so on, she claims everything in sight for her champion. Even the most casual of readers must find something of interest in the matter, though in the point of accuracy either in dates, names or facts, it has been pointed out by English investigators into the truth of the records that, granting the existence of the Baconian Biliteral Cypher Story, it is not more reliable in point of accuracy than the average historical romance. [Howard Publishing Company of Detroit, Michigan, American sponsors of Mrs. Gallup's work.]

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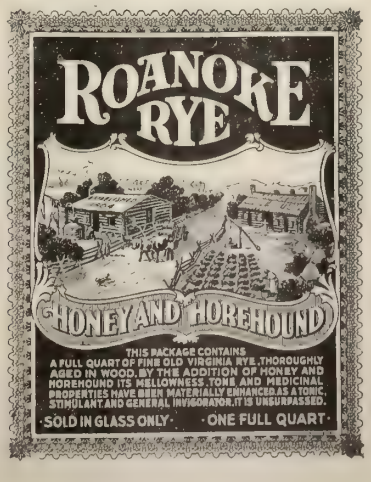

Magazine Stories

Lippincott's short novel, "A Mock Caliph and His Wife," in the May number of that magazine, is both shorter and better than the majority of its class. Edith Robinson tells of the experiences of a young couple, a bank employe and his wife, who are invited by some millionaire relatives to act as substitutes for them in New York society when they are unexpectedly called away from the gay whirl. From a modest suburban flat where the wife keeps house with a single maid they are transported to a metropolitan mansion with a retinue of servants and what is, comparatively speaking, unlimited wealth at their disposal. The list of engagements and guests is already prepared and there is nothing to do but carry out the program. The adventures of the young couple, in their new enviornment, are both amusing and instructive. As they are equal to the position in every respect but one—lack of means, to those with whom they are thrown into contact, this is not a tale of the exalted "wash-lady" but a thing which might easily happen. The story will go none the worse amongst feminine readers because it was the husband and not the wife who fell in love with the glitter and tinsel and needed a sharp stroke to sever him from the delights of society life. Nothing that bears the signature of Francis Churchill Williams will go a-begging amongst readers of "J. Devlin, Boss," and his short story 'The Conspiracy," is a vigorous description of the havoc wrought by a crazed workman in a foundry. Other good tales are by George Moore, Marie Van Vorst and Wolcott Le Clear Beard. Elizabeth Pennell contributes her experience in crossing the Alps by diligence, and Orthon C. Guerlac explains the meaning and make-up of the French Academy. There is the usual amount of good verse, and the best and brightest anecdotes that find their way into print are to be met with in "Walnuts and Wine." *McClure's* begins in the May number the publication of Miss Stone's story of her capture and life with the brigands. No one who has read "A Sailor's Log" can have any doubt of Captain Robley D. Evans' capacity to tell a good tale, and therefore no one who has any curiosity about the impression made upon Prince Henry on his recent visit will be apt to overlook what Captain Evans has written. He goes straight to the point with his pen as well as with a gun. Emmy Lou, the Princess royal of all the little girls who have ever been written about, makes another step forward, into the grammar school, and also into politics. Clara Morris, who seems to be going ahead in the matter of story-writing just as she did on the stage, contributes a bit of fiction in "Sarah Siddons' Tryst." Frank Spearman has a good detective story. Other stories are by William D. Williams, H. R. Martin. J. George Frederick and Ellsworth Kelley. George W. Smalley continues his article on "English Statesmen and Rulers." The May *Smart Set* opens with a novelette by Edgar Fawcett, "The Vulgarians," and there are gentle whispers of "Who?" concerning the prototypes of the principal characters, who are Californian ruralites suddenly grown wealthy. Josephine Dodge Daskam, who is well known for her clever stories, contributes a poem on "The Statue and the Bust," which is as clever as anything that she or any one else has ever done. Other names amongst the contributors are Mrs. Schuyler Crowningshield, Onota Watanna, Francis Dana, Minna Irving, Theodosia Garrison, Zona Gale, Bliss Carman, Edgar Saltus and Frank Lee Benedict. "His Courier," by O. Henry, is strikingly original and describes a situation whose novel features could be very well introduced into a vaudeville sketch. The hero has had a misunderstanding with the heroine, who refuses to accept any explanation from him. They both happen to be in the Park at the same time, and the hero gets a *gamin* to carry a verbal message to the heroine. The manner in which his fine English is translated into Bowery *argot*, and her answer likewise, is clever, and the end mingles pathos and humor most charmingly. Perhaps the article which will attract most attention in the May *Cosmopolitan* is that entitled "Captains of Industry." Two interesting contributions concerning stage land are "Staging a Fairy Play," by Gustave Kobbe, and "The American Invasion of the London Stage," by H. G. Rhodes. Clara Morris has a story, "The Troublesome Woman," and there are others by Seumas Macmanus, Alma Martin Estabrook and F. Hopkinson Smith, who is contributing a series of tales under the general title, "No Respecter of Persons." Brander Matthews writes of books and reviewers and Lavinia Hart of "Women as College Presidents." "The Wreck-Master's Work" takes the story of railroad work

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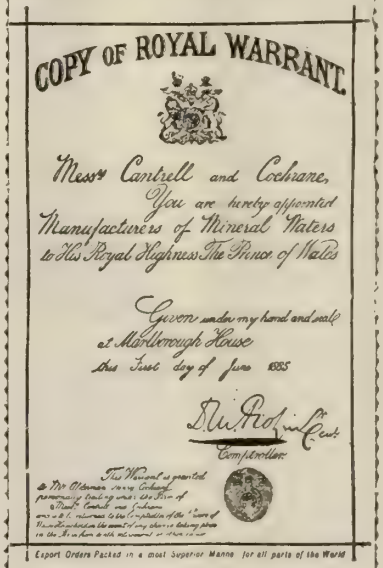

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Frank T. Bullen is ready with another book. This time it is a collection of short stories which he calls "Deep Sea Plunderings." When one considers that Bullen was an orphan waif, thrown on his own resources at the age of ten, and that all the opportunities he has ever had have been such as were open to a sailor before the mast, one is inclined to wonder what great use there is in all our schools and colleges, and cut-and-dried rule and line efforts to teach the art of writing. Mr. Bullen has lived the life of which he writes, and he *can* write, but precious few of the college-bred men, sheltered from hardship and taught how to "take pen in hand" have the same power of putting down in words the things that happen about them. Not since "Two Years Before the Mast" have there been such sea stories written as those contained in Bullen's books, albeit they are not stories in the ordinary acceptance of the word.

A new book is to be brought out in Paris on the apparently inexhaustible subject of Joan of Arc. This one, by Captain L. Campion, promises to be a decided novelty, since it is to deal with the noted heroine not from a romantic or historical standpoint, but will treat of her solely as a horsewoman.

Julia Marlowe has published a little volume under the title "Six Girls from Shakespeare." The successive chapters are devoted to Rosalind, Viola, Juliet, Imogen, Beatrice and Marie.

—*The Bookworm*

OTHER PEOPLE'S IDEAS.

From "Herbert Vanlennert" by C. F. Keary:

"'I don't believe any man is as safe as a house * * * How safe is a house? Houses fall sometimes, don't they?'

"'And men never.'

"'Because they're so low there's nowhere for them to fall to.'

"'It's just the other way with women. They're so high that they tumble down rather often, out of pure consideration for poor men.'"

* * * * * *

From "John Brent," by Theodore Winthrop:

"A horse knows a friend by instinct. So does a man. But a man, vain creature! is willing to repel instinct and trust intellect, and so suffers from the attempt to revise his first impressions, which, if he is healthy, are infallible."

"A man who does not love luxury is merely an incomplete man, or, if he prefers, an ignoramus. A man who cannot dispense with luxury, and who does not love hard fare, hard bed, hard travel and all manner of robust, vigorous, tense work, is a weakling and a soft."

* * * * * *

From "Memoirs of the Countess Potocka":

"There are, alas! two things which cannot by any possibility be reconciled; morality and imagination."

"How enviable is the superiority of character which allows us, without fear of ridicule, to admit freely that there

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are things one cannot explain, especially as it is impossible to deny them! Oh, for the good old days, when people believed in everything!"

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"In the eyes of mankind only a great character or great deeds can justify sudden elevation."

"I do not understand how one can set any value upon existence than by feeling one's self *necessary* to the happiness of others."

"The great are always surrounded by echoes ready to repeat any able thing they may utter."

Prince Pomatowski: "I would not take advantage of the best founded hopes if they had to be bought at the price of dishonor."

* * * * * *

From "The Vulgarians," by Edgar Fawcett:

Gregory: "Self-made men always bore me. One feels that in making themselves they have been so handicapped by inexperience."

Marian: "Men, so much more than women, have their happiness in their own hands. Countless men must drown in silence a sorrow that countless men have the option either to endure or dismiss."

From "The Mist of Suspense," by G. Vere Tyler:

Heathcourt: "The secret of enjoying life is a succession of new experiences."

From "Cardigan," by Robert Chambers:

Sir William: "Remember that a man's first duty is to protect the weaker sex, and his second duty is to endure from them all taunts, caprice and torments without revenge."

"Old faiths fall when hearts question."

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LOCATION OF PRINCIPAL PLACE OF BUSINESS: City and County of San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the New Western Mining and Reduction Company, a corporation, held on the 30th day of April, 1902, an assessment of ten (10) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, issued and outstanding, payable in lawful money of the United States, to the Secretary of said corporation at its office, number 11 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which said assessment shall remain unpaid on the nineteenth day of June, 1902, will be delinquent and advertised for sale, at public auction, and unless payment is made before it will be sold on Monday, July 17, 1902, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

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Estate of Elizabeth Schafer Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Jno. W. Bourdette. Executor of the last Will and Testament of Elizabeth Schafer deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Jno. W. Bourdette at Rooms 1002-1003 Claus Spreckels Building, corner 3d and Market Streets, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JNO. W. BOURDETTE,
Executor of the last Will and Testament of Elizabeth Schafer Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 3, 1902.

Estate of Myron E. Stanford, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Eugenie B. Stanford, Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix at the office of Edward B. Young, Attorney for said Executrix, Rooms 35 and 36, Number 14 Sansome Street, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EUGENIE B. STANFORD,
Executrix of the Estate of Myron E. Stanford, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 3rd, 1902.

EDWARD B. YOUNG, Attorney for Executrix.

Estate of Ellen Ada Ridley Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Frank R. Neville, the executor of the last will of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Frank R. Neville at Room 620 Parrott Building, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

FRANK R. NEVILLE,
Executor of the last will of said Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, April 26th, 1902.

LEONARD STONE, Attorney for Executor.
Room 620, Parrott Bldg., S. F.

Estate of Elsie Correll Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, Administrator of the Estate of Elsie Correll deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 79 Chronicle Building, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,
Administrator of the Estate of Elsie Correll, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, April 26th, 1902.

FRANK McGOWAN, Attorney for Administrator,
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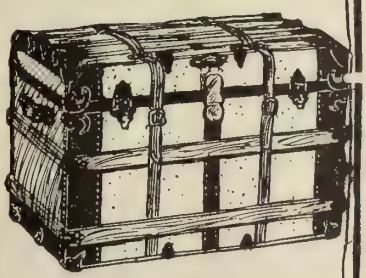

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, May 31, 1902

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OUR OPINION

The Suppression of Miles

President Roosevelt has issued orders the purpose of which is the discontinuance of official relations with Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, the highest officer in direct command of the Army of the United States. It has been evident for some time past that General Miles was intent upon making himself *persona non grata* to the President. The General's conduct bespeaks the demagogue. He has been posing as a martyr to official red tape, and he is a most accomplished poseur. He has made it apparent that he was striving to create a pretext for a quarrel with the President, and Mr. Roosevelt has handled him with greater tact than Miles ever exhibited in the capacity of a soldier. He has gradually shorn the General of those powers which enabled him to keep himself officially before the public, so that now when he talks for publication it will be more apparent than ever that he is lacking in good taste. Everybody in Washington knows that Miles is an aspirant for the Presidency. The tactics he adopted to further his ambition were shallow, and offensive to the dignity of the Army. The War Department is not above criticism, the conceit and arrogance of some of our army officers are disgusting, and the bureaucracy of Washington is a pestiferous element that should be banished from our Government, but Miles is not the man to institute reforms. He rose to power through the same influences against which he now inveighs, and his motives are purely selfish. He is jealous of Roosevelt because the President is seeking to correct the abuses that exist, and is destined to achieve the glory which shall come when the reform is accomplished. Instead of co-operating with the President he has sought to hinder him. The evils and abuses that have been fastening themselves on the War Department for a quarter of a century cannot be wiped out in a day. Even the President must proceed cautiously and with tact and discretion. It is not to the best interests of the army to promote scandal in official circles, and Miles should be aware of that fact. But he is too busy these days booming himself in the magazines. It is too bad that he cannot be suppressed altogether. But he is a great egotist and likes to see himself in print. In one of the current magazines three pictures of the spectacular General appear in two consecutive pages. The caption of one of them is, "Lt. Gen. Miles. A Handsome Figure of a Man, Ready For a Tour of Inspection." Fancy the Commanding General of the Army feeding on that kind of stuff!

Striking Students

The spectacle of a lot of college students on a strike is ludicrous but not sufficiently amusing to warrant encouragement. Mutinies among college students have become so common of late as to suggest the advisability of a combination of college faculties for the purpose of establishing a Black List. Students would not be so eager to go on a strike if they knew that expulsion meant permanent retirement from the academic world. The faculty of Delaware college, in Newark, having suspended a half-dozen students charged with the brutal hazing of a fellow undergraduate, the entire student body of that institution with the exception of the senior class went on a strike. They absented themselves from lectures and refused to take any part in the regular serious work of the institution until the suspended persons were reinstated. The same sort of thing happened recently at Lafayette, and similar insurrections have been occurring quite frequently of late in different parts of the country. Students who show a disposition to injure the institution to which they have been sent to acquire an education should be dealt with promptly and severely. The young man at college takes himself far more seriously than he will ever do after he rubs up against his fellow creatures in later life. When he rebels against academic authority it is because he flatters himself that he is possessed of a finer sense of fairness and discretion than those in authority, or else he is actuated solely by a spirit of mischievousness. In either case he should be dealt with arbitrarily. It is a favorable opportunity to inculcate the virtue of humility. Incidentally he should be taught that the advantages of an education are to be enjoyed principally by those who are fortunate enough to receive it, and that the world at large cares not whether he has received a university training.

The Jordan-Pease Case

One should not be surprised, perhaps, at the insubordination of students. When the faculties of great universities include men of the calibre of those who have been trying to bring discredit on the institution of learning at Palo Alto, it should not be surprising that the students are inclined to take themselves seriously, and to figure conspicuously in ludicrous spectacles. Professor Ernest M Pease of the Chair of Latin at Stanford is the latest asinine academician to bray raucously in the hope of pedestaling himself as an heroic figure, and at the same time with

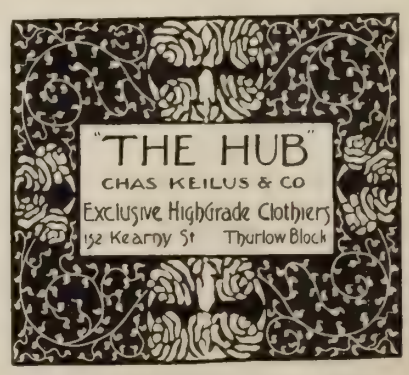
the mischievous motive of disparaging the management of the institution from which he has been drawing a fat salary for ten years. Professor Pease was fired out of the faculty because he incurred the displeasure of President David Starr Jordan. It doesn't matter how or why he incurred the President's displeasure. It is sufficient to know that he did. Having done so he was no longer a suitable teacher, for a university cannot be conducted successfully if there is discord in the faculty. But Professor Pease insists on appealing to the Court of Public Opinion, just as though the people of the whole country were interested in his case. He declares that he lost his job because he failed to stand by Dr. Jordan in the Ross controversy. Admitting that such is the case, Pease has no just cause of complaint. It was his duty either to stand by President Jordan in that controversy or retire from the faculty. Having ignored both alternatives he should have been dismissed. Pease cannot plead in extenuation that Ross was right and Jordan was wrong. The Ross case merely demonstrated that Stanford University is conducted in pursuance of a certain policy. It may be a policy inconsistent with those broad principles which are the boast of the academic fraternity and which are popularly supposed to underlie the scheme of the modern up-to-date university, but where on this broad planet is there a university whose policy conforms with the ideals of the optimistic scholar? The policy of the average university is the policy of its executive, and most American universities are presided over by ordained ministers who have all the prejudices and limitations of their class. The conduct of Professor Pease since his dismissal was that of a petulant spirited fellow, who takes himself as seriously as do the recalcitrant students that go on a strike, and who has as little reason to summon the world to witness his martyrdom. The fact that Professor Pease and Professor Ross have many sympathizers in universitydom who regard their dismissal as a blow to the dignity of American scholarship is of no importance. It merely presages a movement towards a Pedagogical Union for the protection of professors. Perhaps the Walking Delegate is destined to become a feature of university life.

Cruelty to Childhood

A question which has suddenly presented itself for the consideration of London theatrical managers is the dramatic needs of children, and there is some discussion anent the advisability of producing plays which will be attractive to little folks. It seems to be only one more of the devices for shortening the period of childhood and hurrying the infants ahead faster than nature intended them to go. There is no question but that children enjoy dramatic productions, and that it is better for them to be taken to plays which they can comprehend without injury by over-sophistication, if they are to be taken to the theatre at all, but where is the need to take them? Children have plenty of pleasures and amusements suitable to their years, which they must of necessity outgrow, and it seems a pity that they should be driven from these before the natural time for relinquishment, and other things substituted and staled for them when by judicious restraint they could look forward to years of pleasure. The idea seems to have established itself that one of the dramatic needs of children is to see other children act, so we are apt to have an attempt to dramatize children. If there is anything more painful than to see little children taken to the theatre to sit out problem plays and society dramas, it is the spectacle of children on the stage. The poor little stunted creatures are not children but breadwinners, often performing the duties of parents and supplying a means of subsistence for their elders. There is some kind of a vague notion that the babies are endowed with temperament which makes it a hardship for them not to be permitted to act, but more often they are endowed only with lazy and incompetent parents. Not one in a hundred of the precocious stage infants makes more than a mediocre actor in later life. It is a lamentable fact that children, in the old sense of the word, are almost extinct, and instead we have world-worn and sophisticated little cynics.

Hotel Service

It is unfortunate that the Fair heirs have decided to postpone the construction of the big hotel which they planned a short time ago. A little competition in the hotel business would be decidedly beneficial to San Francisco. This is a progressive city, and its inhabitants are fond of the luxuries of life and willing to pay for them, but it is a well known fact that the metropolis of the Pacific coast is far behind the times in the matter of hotel accommodations. We have fine large hostelries, and a hotel grill such as that at the Palace which is unsurpassed and of which we should be proud, but the general service which is vouchsafed hotel patrons in this city is on a par with that which irritates visitors to country towns. We are badly in need of competition. The first hotel that seeks to give its patrons service such as that to which people are accustomed in New York, and even in Los Angeles and Portland, will get the cream of the trade and the highest prices. There is nothing that so impresses visitors as the service which they receive in hotels. If it is bad they immediately conclude that the town is a jay place, and first impressions thus received are hard to remove. Moreover the length of a stranger's visit to a city often depends on the character of the hotel accommodations. Many a person has cut short his visit to San Francisco because of the wretched hotel service. When a person who is accustomed to having every want promptly attended to upon pressing a button, or by announcing it through the phone which hangs in his room, comes to San Francisco and encounters hotel clerks who treat him as though he were an intruder, and experiences delays of all sorts by reason of an inadequate system, he feels as wretched as a shipwrecked sailor. Competition has greatly improved hotel service and has increased hotel patronage by luring people from their homes. When the monster Waldorf-Astoria was thrown open in New York five years ago, everybody thought it would be a failure. But it was crowded from the start and has been very profitable. A great modern fire-proof hotel in Forty-second street has



lately doubled in size and now a twenty-story hotel is building in Fifth avenue. Across the street from it half a block of land was lately bought for another hotel and still another is to be built in Forty-fourth street. Suites of rooms are rented in the New York hotels to tenants by the year for prices from two to three thousand up to fifteen thousand dollars. In one of the new hotels there is a butler's pantry in each suite with elevators warmed by electricity for the better serving of meals. These splendidly equipped residential hotels are solving the serious domestic problem involved in housekeeping, and which is a constant source of complaint.

The Saunterer

That Scott Bonus

Senator Perkins is getting the credit these days of having put up the job in Congress to deprive the Scotts of the big bonus which they have been receiving for building warships. I should like to congratulate the Senator on that coup, but since writing about it some weeks ago I have heard another story. It is another version of the affair which attributes the withdrawal of the bonus to that superb tactician Marcus Aurelius Hanna. It appears that Mr. Hanna has a little bone to pick with the Scotts. According to my informant Hanna wrote to Henry Scott some time ago in reference to the grievances of the men employed at the Union Iron Works, and he suggested a method of adjusting difficulties. With his customary lack of tact Mr. Scott sent on an insolent reply to Mr. Hanna. I believe it was something in the nature of a suggestion that Mr. Hanna should not thrust his nose into other people's business but should attend strictly to his own. As Mr. Hanna is a United States Senator it is his business to see that the Government is not fleeced out of money, and therefore it was quite natural for him to urge the lopping off of the bonus.

Significance of Popular Silence

Nothing ever more clearly demonstrated the unpopularity of the Scotts than this withdrawal of the ship-building bonus. The Union Iron Works is a Californian institution, and we are supposed to be more or less proud of it. We should like to see it encouraged, but nobody has heard of any spontaneous indignation meetings to protest against the action of Congress. On the contrary it has been said that a Californian Senator suggested the bonus-clipping measure just to wreak a petty, private revenge, and instead of being execrated he has been lauded. Indeed, it is not unlikely that if Senator Perkins sought re-election with no other claim to the suffrages of the people than that he dealt the Scotts a body blow, he would have a cinch on the toga.

Origin of the Bonus

The Scotts have been doing a lot of grumbling over the recision of the four per cent bonus. They declare that it is a blow to the shipbuilding interests on this coast, and that it was granted originally for the purpose of developing the industry on the Western shores of the country. That is in a measure true but the fact is that in bidding on a government contract for the construction of a war vessel the four per cent bonus is never considered. It is too trifling an item, but of course the money comes in handy after the work has been done. The bonus was granted by the Government because it was estimated that if a vessel built on the Atlantic coast were needed in the Pacific squadron it would cost a large sum of money to send her out here. So the money thus saved, when a vessel to be assigned to the Pacific was built here, was turned over to the builder.

She Dotes on Blue Blood

So the Queen of Song, the divine Melba, is engaged to marry a British nobleman. That is what the despatches tell us, and there is every likelihood of its being true. The British nobility has frequently been recruited from the stage, and I happen to know that Melba has a longing for the nobility. When she was a choir singer in Melbourne many years ago, long before the exquisite quality of her voice had revealed itself to competent critics, she frequently declared that she never would marry unless she could get a blue-blooded husband. And she did get one in the person of a man named Armstrong, a second son of a noble house. As a husband he was a failure. But it was that marriage that revealed Melba to the world. She went to England with her husband, and when she got tired of him she decided to go on the stage. Meanwhile her voice had thrilled people in some of the private houses of London, and she was easily persuaded to go to Paris and study.

An Affair of Her Past

Armstrong was not the only blue-blooded chap with whom Melba had an experience. She was the *bon ami* for a time of the Duc d'Orleans. All Paris was interested in that affair, and it was thought for a time that the French nobleman would marry the singer, but it never reached such a serious stage. Melba is the daughter of a wealthy Australian contractor, a stern old Scotchman who has never forgiven her for going on the stage. Whenever anybody speaks to him about her he always declares rather gruffly that it would be better for her if she were home behaving herself. She never returned to Melbourne after becoming famous, and it is said that she is sore on the people for not having recognized her talents. Nevertheless she presented the city with a statue of herself some years ago.

THE STANDARD FOR CHAMPAGNE QUALITY IS

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THE WORLD OVER

A Blingum Salon

Madame La Bavarde has a naive way of tickling the tympani of our fashionable folk. The other day she declared that "Every once in a while there is some talk of Mrs. Crocker's establishing a salon." I must confess that I have never heard of any such talk, and I am quite sure that I am not deaf to all that is being said by people in the swim. "Because," adds Madame La Bavarde, with her characteristic naivete, "the lady in question has bright people at her house, that is no proof of establishing anything." Isn't Madame La Bavarde clever and adroit in thus forcing upon her readers the inference that Mrs Will Crocker has bright people at her house? It should be interesting to know who some of the bright people are that assemble at the Crocker house. Do they hail from Blingum? Surely not, for there are no bright people down there. There isnt a man or woman in all Blingum qualified to adorn a salon, unless Jack Asserly be excepted. He said one fairly bright thing in the whole course of his life and though it was in the nature of a faux pas it is still being quoted as a bon mot.

Women Competent to Preside

I have frequently heard it suggested that we should have a salon in this city and I know one or two women qualified to act as mistresses of such an institution, but they are not of the exclusive snobocracy. The salon is a Parisian institution and it has never been successfully transplanted. It has been said that the most indisputable source of feminine culture and development in France was the influence of the salons which were conducted under the auspices of such distinguished women as Mmes. de Stael, Recamier, Roland and Le Brun. They were the resorts of men of letters, artists, musicians and statesmen. How could such an institution be conducted by a woman who has nothing but provincial social prestige to qualify her for leadership? Mrs. Crocker is undoubtedly an estimable and an affable woman, well versed in the conventions of good society, but she is not possessed of that culture which is acquired by travel and by associating with men of wit and of intellectual force and of artistic temperament. Moreover, the hallmark of the socially elect is not the cachet of the salon habitue. If San Francisco were to have a salon I should suggest such a woman as Mrs. Hearst or Mrs. De Young for presiding genius. They are women who have not wasted their time in fashion's full herd, crouching to leaders or cringing to rules. They appreciate genius in claw-hammer or in trousers that bag at the knee, and each has had the worldly experience which should render the task of presiding over a salon a pleasant diversion.

Playwright Broadhurst

Some years ago when Dion Boucicault produced his new play, "The Jilt," in this city, for the first time on any stage, he flattered us by saying that he believed the judgment of San Francisco theatre-goers to be superior to that of patrons of the drama in any other city in the country. The fact was that the great dramatist was merely trying his new play on the dog, and that he didn't want us to know that we were doing the canine act. But we swallowed his pretty compliment and voted his play a great success. It isn't often that San Francisco sees a new play for the first time, but the privilege is to be vouchsafed us Sunday night when Mr. Neill is to produce George Broadhurst's "The Red Knight" at the California. Mr. Broadhurst is one of the successful American playwrights, but heretofore his efforts have been confined to farce comedy, and he has done one or two things that entitled him to rank with Charley Hoyt. He came to town several days ago to supervise the production of his new play, and though he does not seek to cajole with the Boucicault style of flattery, he is a little bit anxious, for "The Red Knight" is somewhat more pretentious than any of his previous works. It is a legitimate comedy drama in which incidents that are usually utilized in blood-and-thunder plays with thrilling effect are introduced to titillate the risibles rather than to harrow the feelings.

About ten years ago Broadhurst was manager of the Bush street theatre in this city, and at that time he never thought of writing a play. When the theatre closed its doors Broadhurst went East, and then he tried his hand at farce-comedy writing. He was successful from the start, and he has made considerable money out of such plays as "What Happened to Jones" and "Why Smith Left Home." He is now recognized by the Theatrical Trust as a successful playwright, and his work is constantly in demand, but he prefers to stage his own plays and put his own companies on the road. He is now writing a play for Willie Collier who recently surprised the theatrical world by quitting the management of Jacob Litt by whom he was being starred, and joining Weber & Field's company. But Broadhurst declares that Collier will start out as a star again in another year under Weber & Field's management, and his reappearance will be in the play now being written.

A Genius of the Army

"Keep your eye on Leonard Wood" said a prominent Army officer to me the other day, during a discussion of the merits of men who were likely to become the head of the Army some day. "No man in the Army has made a more wonderful record in the last few years than Leonard Wood. You haven't heard much about him, because he attends strictly to business and doesn't get touted in the newspapers, but if there is a more eligible man for an emergency than General Wood, I should like to know who he is." It is a fact that Wood has come to the front with wonderful rapidity. After the inauguration of President McKinley in 1899, it was announced in the press despatches that Grover Cleveland had gone duck shooting with Captain Robley D. Evans. It was casually stated that a "Capt. Leonard Wood, an army surgeon, accompanied the party." It was that same Leonard Wood who turned over the government of Cuba to the first President of the Republic the other day. The merit of Wood's performance in Cuba is

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little appreciated outside of official circles in Washington, but if all that he has done were generally known he would be acclaimed a popular favorite.

His Brilliant Record

Leonard Wood first showed his mettle in the Geronimo campaign, when as a surgeon he won the medal of honor for doing the work of a line officer in the most gallant style. As Colonel of the First Volunteer Cavalry at San Juan he enhanced the reputation for intrepidity which he had won in the Indian campaign. His composure under fire steadied his men in the most critical hour of the day. Soon after the battle he was promoted to Brigadier-General. Subsequently he policed the city of Santiago, and when General Lawton returned to the United States, Wood, promoted to Major-General of Volunteers, became the military commander of the province with supreme powers. He cleaned the city, built roads, organized a government, conciliated the Cubans, and when he was later appointed Governor, it was universally acknowledged that he had earned the honor. He had proved himself a man of tact, of versatility and firmness, and a born administrator. As Governor he overcame all obstacles. He established a public school system, improved the sanitary conditions, set the courts in motion, and instituted many reforms. Leonard Wood accomplished a great work, and is entitled to the plaudits of the people.

A Royal Host

A story has leaked out in club circles about a row between Alexander Hamilton of the firm of Baker & Hamilton, and the members of the Hardware Association. The story is that when John W. Gates, the steel wire magnate, was out here, Mr. Hamilton was chosen by his associates to "do the honors." He accordingly took Mr. Gates in tow and entertained him royally. Nothing was too good for Mr. Gates. He had the time of his life in San Francisco, and he went away with the impression that Mr. Hamilton was one of the best fellows on earth. Later on Mr. Hamilton presented a bill to his confreres in the hardware business, for the cost of entertaining Mr. Gates. The bill was for forty-eight hundred dollars. Could anything be more eloquent of the munificence of Mr. Hamilton in the role of host? Surely he did the honors in royal style, but the hardware men shied at the bill. Indeed they refused to pay it. Mr. Hamilton now feels that he has a grievance.

A Misleading Portrait

The moral of a story that I heard the other day in an artist's studio is that if you are bald-headed don't sit for your portrait until after you get a toupee. Some years ago a distinguished citizen of this city had his portrait painted by a high-priced artist who came hither to rake in the shekels of the rich. He turned out a very good job, and for a long time the painting adorned the walls of the distinguished citizen's mansion. It revealed his bald pate in all its resplendent naturalness, and was much admired for its fidelity. In the course of time the gentleman of the portrait decided upon adding a toupee to his other personal ornaments. Presto! the painting no longer resembled the original. As a consequence it impelled inquiries concerning the kind of restorers that had been used. Finally the portrait was sent to Orrin Peck with instructions to put a crop of hair on the bald head. But the thought of tampering with another artist's work is obnoxious to Peck. The name of the artist is on the canvas, and Peck thinks it wouldn't be fair to attempt the work of transformation. The canvas is in his studio but the head is still bald.

The Resurrection of Denis

Denis Kearney has been resurrected. Somebody has blown the breath of life into him for the purpose of starting him out to advocate the adoption of the constitutional amendment providing for the appointment of a commission to fix rates for all quasi-public corporations. There are many things that may be said in favor of the amendment, but none of them can offset the simple fact that Denis Kearney is on the rostrum advocating it. Denis fooled the people some years ago, but he cannot fool them all the time. He posed successfully for a time as a champion of the people's rights, and nobody was more amused than himself over the circumstance of his being taken seriously. He laughs to this day over the success of his chicanery, and yet somebody has started him out again to sway the populace. It seems like a huge joke. But it isn't. Somebody is in earnest. Shouldn't the reappearance of Denis in the role of advocate of the amendment inspire us with greater caution than we should otherwise have exercised?

Annie's Daughter Grace

Though Annie Myers of the Tivoli is one of the most vivacious soubrettes in comic opera, and as young-looking as she acts, she is the proud mother of a daughter who is making rapid strides in the profession. It isn't every young soubrette who can boast of a daughter old enough and clever enough to win applause on the stage. Grace Myers, daughter of Annie, has been on the stage only two years, and it was only a short time ago that she was playing small parts at the Tivoli under the name of Grace Orr. This season she is with the Frank Daniels company, and word comes to me from the East that of late she has been playing the leading soubrette role in "Miss Simplicity," taking the place of Helen Lord, who was ill. Mr. Daniels

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was so well pleased with her work that he is talking of making her his leading soubrette next season. Grace Meyers is the wife of Grafton Baker, a well-known tenor.

Her Heart Still Whole

At the Goewey-Havens wedding Kathryn Dillon had to stand a deal of jollying about when *hers* was coming off. Miss Dillon made a very striking picture in her handsome maid-of-honor costume. She acted her role with dignity and grace. Miss Dillon, by the way, has had experience in the line of attending brides and no longer feels nervous when acting as bridal attendant. She was one of the bridesmaids at Lottie Cunningham's marriage. Fred Greenwood seems to have given up all hope of winning the obdurate heiress, for he has gone East.

A Spanish Midsummer Jinks

Not since Fred M. Somers' Buddha jinks in the woods back of Mt. Tamalpais will the Bohemian Club have had such a midsummer jinks as is now under way for this year's outing. According to what I hear it was Mrs. Gertrude Atherton who gave the committee the idea. The camp will be metamorphosed into a picture of California before the discovery of gold. It will be entirely Spanish, with an old mission, padres, senors and senoritas, and Indians. The transformation will come with the entrance of the Eastern man with his pickaxe and his money. It will be strictly in accordance with history, but when the idea is carried into the low jinks of course there will be some comic features. The club's star female impersonators, such as Dick Hotaling and Charlie Field, are to masquerade as witching Carmens if all the plans go as arranged. The club chefs are practicing on *frijoles, tortillas* and *tamales* so they will be able to add to the general perfection of the color scheme.

A Man Whom Women Adore

The secret of Charles Victor Miller's power over the fair sex is a problem some of our disgruntled beaux are anxious to penetrate. Miller is spending his vacation at Napa Soda Springs, and has hypnotized all the society girls who are staying there. He is a professional clairvoyant and spirit-reviver, and yet there is nothing uncanny in his appearance. He wears jewels of brilliancy and value, and that is all that differentiates him from any other dark man with magnetic eyes. But the girls are all in love with him. When in town Miller occasionally entertains his friends at recherche little dinners. At one of these, where all those around the board were women except the host, the latter wore a Turkish robe, with magnificent jewels everywhere they could be made effective. His home in Bush street is a dream of Turkish luxury and splendor.

Mrs. McCreery Went Alone

Lucille Thornton did not go abroad with Mrs. Andrew McCreery, after all, but stayed behind with friends in New York and let Mrs. McCreery sail without her. When Miss Thornton left here, it was generally thought that she was to continue her travels to the continent. But everybody has the privilege of changing her mind, and rumor credits Mrs. McCreery with being not the most genial of *compagnons de voyage.* Long following of her own sweet will has made her intolerant and whimsical, as her niece Violet Whitney found when she spent some seasons in Italy and Paris with her aunt. Mrs. Bessie Stewart is another who found Mrs. McCreery's whims a cold douche to what had been a long friendship. The latter is hospitable after her own fashion, but lacks the generosity and thoughtful unselfishness that render travel and life *a deux* sweet to both hostess and guest. Miss Whitney is going to be married in the fall to Lieutenant-Commander John Lewis Purcell, U. S. N.

When you ask for Jesse Moore Whiskey be sure you get it. Don't let anyone tell you they have something just as good.

An Ardent Flower Lover

It gladdened the heart of Professor Emery E. Smith to see the thousands who visited the late flower show in the nave of the Ferry building. Mr. Smith is the professor of botany at Stanford university, and his interest in horculture is sincere. His especial hobby is California wild flowers, in which lore he is highly learned. His book "The California Poppy," was a labor of love. He spent a deal of money on the illustrations, which embody every stage of the eschscholtzia's growth, and the history of the flower was traced from its embryo.

The Rare Wild Flower

Notwithstanding the undoubted merits of the roses, carnations, pelargoniums, and other floral beauties displayed at the exhibition of the State society, the gem of the collection was the wild flowers—alas, that we may no longer designate them *common* wild flowers! There were some four hundred varieties on exhibition, but they by no means exhaust the resources of California, though year by year wild flowers become rarer. That but a single one of the school children brought a bouquet to offer for competition is as much owing to the difficulty of finding the blossoms as to indifference on the part of the children. But a few short years ago the Mission hills were a mass of blossoms in the spring time, and instead of being green they presented varying shades of blue and yellow according as the poppies, buttercups, cream cups or lupines predominated. Now one might climb from foot to crown and yet not secure half a dozen specimens. Wild flowers, like wild animals, naturally retreat before the footsteps of civilization, but with this tendency to shrink from man there is also the wanton destruction, which is responsible for the

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wiping out of the antelope and the buffalo and is fast making the indigenous plants rarer than exotics. The generation which is yet to find its first gray hair can recall the time when within a few hours of San Francisco wild flowers were to be found in seemingly endless profusion. Not only were the flowers destroyed and the supply of seed cut off, but no care or restraint was exercised in the matter of uprooting shrubs, breaking branches or scoring bark. No thought or consideration was given to the destruction wrought, and all too late we have awakened to the fact that our wild flowers, the admiration of Eastern tourists, who often pronounced them superior to the choice treasures of conservatories elsewhere, are all but extinct.

"He is one of the most brilliant men at the bar; he seldom loses a case."

"Extremely well grounded in the law, I suppose?"

"No, he doesn't know much law, but he knows all that there is worth knowing about fixing a jury."

Those Nob Hill Palaces

It is again reported that Mrs. Huntington is thinking of deeding the Nob Hill palace which was formerly the Colton home to the Berkeley university. Two of the old Nob Hill palaces erected by railroad magnates have already been devoted to the cause of education and as Mrs. Huntington does not appear to have much use for her home, she will probably give it to Berkeley. The brownstone pile of the Floods is the only one of the mansions belonging to our early millionaires which is lived in. Miss Jennie Flood makes it her home when in town. The Charles Crocker house is opened only when the George Crockers or the C. B. Alexanders visit the city. I was once told the story that when the Crocker house was being furnished, a friend told Charley Crocker where he could get some rare antiques. The old gentleman retorted that he didn't want anybody's worn out old goods. He said he had plenty of money to buy new stuff. Once when he was complimented on the appearance of his library he proudly declared that he had "the finest bound set of books in the country."

A contributor to my chronicle of reminiscences informs me that when Charley Crocker kept a merchandise store in Sacramento, he waited on his customers in a long linen ulster and that Mrs. Crocker was his bookkeeper. They lived in the rear of the store. The same contributor declares that the foundation of D. O. Mills' fortune was a legacy of twelve thousand dollars that came to his wife. He deserted his soda water wagon and opened a bank. Later on William C. Ralston made him President of the Bank of California.

His Feet are Out

While writing of the Crockers I am reminded of the bon mot of a clever society woman which amused the members of the Century Club not long ago. She was arguing that refinement could not be instilled into the blood until at least two generations had enjoyed the advantages of wealth and position. "Now there are the Crockers," she said. "Old Charley Crocker had both feet and his nose in the trough, and now we have Will Crocker—well, everybody knows that he has taken his feet out."

A society bud in Honolulu who wrote to the society adviser on one of the papers there, asking the proper thing to do when her cavalier brings a quintet of native musicians to serenade her at a late hour, was replied to: "Steal softly downstairs and put a bottle of gin on the front porch."

Political Gossip

One hears some very amusing political gossip these days. It is evident that the effect of spring medicine is now being felt in the blood. One of the silliest of rumors is that Abe Ruef, the Mayor's mentor, is seriously thinking of getting into the fight for United States Senator. Of course Abe is too busy handling the Schmitz gubernatorial boom to find time for a contest over the toga. Meanwhile Gage is kept busy preparing a defense in the matter of the attacks against the management of the State prisons. The fight against him is growing more bitter every day, and his enemies are making it impossible for him to withdraw. He must seek a vindication, say his friends, and he will go before the people demanding it. He is going to have another row on his hands over the Yosemite Valley commission. C. G. Clinch, who has been a commissioner for many years, has been notified that he must retire this summer, and it is said that the reason is that he incurred the displeasure of "Ole" Bill Foote. Clinch being a Republican his friends declare that it is an outrage for a Republican Governor to put a commission under the control of a Democrat. Another story on the curb is that ex-Judge Van Fleet wants to go back on the Supreme Bench. In Democratic circles they are now talking of ex-Lieutenant Governor W. C. Jeter as an available man for the gubernatorial job. Jeter has fewer enemies than any prominent Democrat in the State, and during his term of office he had considerable experience owing to the serious illness at times of Governor Budd. Few men have such a clean record as Jeter.

The Charley Fairs are to start in a few days on one of their periodical jaunts to Carlsbad. They will be away about three months.

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Williams-Lilley

There was a pretty wedding at San Rafael on Tuesday last when Miss Juliette Williams and Mr. Alexander Lilly were the contracting parties. Miss Juliette has been one of the belles of our swim for several years past, for a time sharing the honors with her beautiful sister Hannah, now the wife of Walter Hobart. The Williams girls come of an old, well known family. Their great aunt, one of old Billy Neil's daughters, married Governor Dennison who was afterwards Postmaster-General, and the Dennisons' two sons were well known in San Francisco. The eldest son, William Neil Dennison, was an aide on the staff of General McDowell and during his service here figured quite prominently as a high roller as well as a society beau.

A Tragedy in the Family

The second son, Erasmus, was in the Navy, and while his ship, the *Saranac*, was in this port he married Lissette Woodworth, the six months' widow of Commodore Selim Woodworth, whom he had previously met in Europe. Mrs. Woodworth-Dennison was the senior of the two and very wealthy, but as she preferred to hold the purse strings differences arose between her and her handsome young husband. One morning society was shocked to hear that 'Ras Dennison had put a bullet through his brain, in the rooms of Mammy Pleasant in Washington street, where he and his wife had formerly boarded. Mrs. Dennison had begun divorce proceedings against her husband.

A Swell Tailor's Son

In discussing the Williams-Lilly wedding, the dailies have referred to the groom as a rich and fashionable young widower. It is not to the young man's discredit to tell the truth. Indeed it would be snobbish to suppress the fact that he is the son of a swell military tailor of Columbus, Ohio. The senior Mr. Lilly was an estimable citizen. He made money and an enviable sartorial reputation by garbing soldiers and members of uniformed societies. The Lilly firm is well known throughout the Buckeye State for enterprise and fit. I do not think that young Lilly ever handled the tape, but Pa Lilly could take one's measure as quickly as any ninth part of a man ever did. The Lillys were not in society a few years ago, but they are now.

A friend writes from Washington, D. C., that Mrs. Oscar F. Long is having a gay time in the nation's capital and will soon have her hands full of social duties. She is to spend the summer in California.

Loves a Poor Young Man

The rumor of the engagement of Miss Bernice Landers and a certain Jack Johnston of Los Angeles seems to rest upon a sound foundation , judging from the latest advices I have received. The reputed fiance hasn't a nickel to his name, so my correspondent says, but his name is such a remarkably good one that he scarcely needs a dot to back it. He is a real blue blood and his morals are as irreproachable as his breeding. Miss Landers' parents, it is said, are not enthusiastic over the match. But they are rich and shouldn't care. Bernice Landers is a very pretty girl and she has a natural *chic* that is charming. She was one of the "Florodora" sextette that warbled "Tell Me Pretty Maiden" at the Doll Show last winter.

A Charming Hostess

One of the ladies in society to whom the young people are particularly indebted for much pleasure is the very agreeable mother of Miss Jean Nokes, the popular debutante of last season. Her frequent teas, little dinners and luncheons are never failing sources of enjoyment to her friends. Mrs. Nokes is the most charming of all the numerous daughters of Captain and Mrs. A. F. Rodgers. It was while she was employed in the United States Mint, in a brave effort for her family, that an unexpected legacy from an Eastern friend enabled her to take the position in society which she now adorns.

A Male Prude Turns Smasher

Out of the South has come a new "smasher" who may make Carrie Nation look to her laurels. His name is Charles T. Roberts, his home is Mississippi, and he is now sharing the fate of Mrs. Nation—spending a month in jail. Roberts' bete noir is not liquor but lingerie. He thinks petticoats and such frivols should neither be seen nor heard. The rustling of silken skirts is the signal for action with him and the sight of bifurcated linens and laces arouses Roberts' iconoclastic blood. All through the South he has left a trail of broken glass and prostrate forms, for his special task in life is laying low the seductive wax and wooden models which in shop windows wear the feminine things with insidious naturalness. Roberts' latest blow for the cause of modesty was struck at Memphis. He was passing the windows of a big drygoods firm there when his attention was attracted by the glances of a divinely-shaped creature garbed in diaphanous pretty things which only accentuated instead of hiding her waxen charms. Her rounded limbs were enhanced by silken stockings of bright lavender, and she smiled bewitchingly at Roberts. He blushed, stood a moment in silent prayer, and then put his foot through the plate glass. Down tottered the false beauty mixing up with peignoirs and other garments abhorrent

to Roberts, who had his eyes raised to heaven when they were blacked by the shop keeper. In court Roberts offered to pay the damages from a fat purse, and said that he would ever destroy what he thought a menace to the growing male generation. If the Southron ever strikes San Francisco his busy day will have come surely.

Bosh and By-Laws

Mrs. Shafter Howard met the president and some of the leading members of the Century Club at a tea the other day. "You haven't been to the club for a long time," said the president sweetly, "why don't you come up to some of the meetings?"

"I've come to the conclusion," answered Mrs. Shafter Howard, "that women's clubs are all bosh and by-laws. It's only the individual woman who can accomplish anything. A club of women is as purposeless as a band of sheep without a shepherd and a dog."

This sort of sledge-hammer criticism is new in clubdom and club women are shocked at Mrs. Shafter Howard's slap of disapproval.

Smitten with a Widow

Every one who meets William Whittier Sr. wonders at his rejuvenation, for he is whiskerless and he has laid aside his staid, substantial, prominent citizen's broadcloth for jaunty things in tweeds cut like a college boy's, or the young lover's in the play. He seems quite happy when his friends tell him he looks ten years younger, and he assures them he feels so. As is usual people ask the wherefore, and as usual it is whispered that a woman is the cause of it all, and as not infrequently happens the woman is a widow, extremely pretty and chic, and possessing glorious brown eyes. She is Mrs. Laura Roe, the widow of the late George Roe, the capitalist, who is said to have caused a Mount Pelee to burst forth in Mr. Whittier's heart. She is rich, too, and perhaps that is the reason that the capitalist's suit is as yet unsuccessful. At first he thought she rebuffed him because of his whiskers. Then he attributed her coldness to clothes, and now he is a changed man, feeding upon hope. It is not the first time love has been the fountain of youth to a man past middle age. Doctor Robert McLean, the famous surgeon, was stricken with locomotor ataxia, but his second marriage has so revived him that he is almost vivacious. Tom Magee Sr. lopped off ten years when he fell in love the second time.

Huntington Simplicity

San Francisco has long since accustomed itself to the simplicity of the H. E. Huntingtons. When they inherited the bulk of Uncle Collis' wealth there was some hope that they would splurge, but they haven't. Their gowns and their entertainments are still the essence of simplicity, and they are going to live in Los Angeles where you couldn't spend much money even though you tried. And since Clara married Mr. Gilbert Perkins, she has crept into even a more modest shell. When the Perkins' were down South on their honeymoon they were pointed out to a distinguished English woman as relatives of the Princess Hatzfeldt. The woman lorgnetted Mrs. Perkins for a moment and then drawled:

"Well, really, I call that a beastly shame, don't you know. If the girl is the niece of the Princess, why on earth doesn't the Princess do something for the little thing? She could send her over some of her gowns, to make over if nothing else!"

The lady was told that the bride could afford to buy clothes for the Princess, and she was amazed. The story has traveled up from Coronado, and has caused many a laugh. But the Huntington girls are extremely popular, even though they never will set the fashions for San Francisco.

Louis Bruguiere has taken Malborne, Mr. Henry Bedlow's place at Newport, for the summer, and Peter Martin has rented Mr. John Cadwalader's place in the same town.

"Jake" Dressler

After reading the glowing eulogies of "Jake" Dressler that appeared in all the dailies I reflected that perhaps the asperities born of rivalry in journalism were not so bitter as I had imagined. Mutual admiration societies, so common in other professions, are unknown in journalism. The active newspaper man seldom reads flattering notices of himself. But he is abundantly execrated by those who have justly felt the sting of his scorn. "Jake" Dressler was content with the friendships which he established in his own profession. He knew that those were sincere. Conscious of his fidelity to duty he cared not for the opinion of those who were not of the newspaper business. His only ambition was to do the sort of work which was of value to his newspaper. His shortcomings were not such as should grieve either God or his fellow-man. It was by reason of his treatment of "Jake" Dressler that William R. Hearst first commended himself to my esteem. Ten years ago Dressler was believed to be dying of consumption. He didn't have a cent in the world. Mr. Hearst compelled him to take an indefinite leave on full salary, and sent him to Arizona. He staid there until completely recovered.

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A Chapter of Gertrude's Past

How it must amuse that bright and cynical woman, Gertrude Atherton, to be gushed over and lionized by the club women of California! And how it must all impress her with the shortness of the feminine memory! Time was, and not so remotely of the past, either, when the talented authoress made these same club women the target of her pungent ridicule. That was before the world discovered that Gertrude Atherton was a genius. It was also before Mrs. Atherton acquired that tact and commercial instinct which are now deemed indispensable in the literary world. The Ebell women and the members of the Women's Press Ass., as she was wont to dub that organization in the long ago, doubtless bore her now as bathetically as they formerly did but she recently put a new book on the market and she knows the value of booming. In this age of keen competition no literary genius can afford to depend solely on the merit of his work. Pressagenting is an essential accessory to merit.

Her Sensational Attacks

Years ago when Emilie Tracy Y. Parkhurst, the daughter of that pioneer educator, John Swett, put forth her pet project of organizing the women writers of the Coast into a press association, Gertrude Atherton was one of those who responded to her call. In those days Gertrude was known only as a writer of erotics, and consequently there was uplifting of the eyebrows of some of the dear old ladies who felt that her work was scarcely in the same category with theirs. But things went smoothly until Gertrude began writing for one of the dailies a series of sparkling and spicy articles on the subject of her sex. The climax was reached when she discussed the women of St. Louis. The "lady writers" of the Womens' Press Association fumed fiercely at what they considered a libel on femininity. The Executive board held a meeting to consider the propriety of bouncing Gertrude from membership. But Mrs. Parkhurst espoused the cause of Mrs. Atherton and her pacific counsels prevailed. However when Mrs. Atherton learned that her articles had evoked severe and adverse criticism she resigned. Thereafter she discussed the ladies of the association in print, and won the warm approval of Ambrose Bierce, that association being his pet aversion. Together they lampooned the poseurs of the association in a manner that shocked those unfortunate women. But that is ancient history now, and Mrs. Atherton is being properly lionized. Even the members of the Atherton clan —the Macondrays, the Athertons and the Eyres—all of whom frowned when "The Randolphs of Redwood" was published, are now entertaining the gifted woman and worshiping in her limelight.

No Referenc to Hellfire

According to the press despatches when the Presbyterian General Assembly adopted the "brief statement of the Reformed Faith" one of the delegates declared that it was the beginning of the end. This foreboding was received with yells of derision, but many sober-minded people will take it more seriously. The dilution of the Westminster Confession by the General Assembly indicates a lack of positiveness of religious belief. The distinguished theologians handled the subject of eternal punishment with gloves. It is a delicate subject for it is no longer fashionable to believe in hellfire. They amended the Article of Faith concerning the last judgment to read that Christ will come again "to make a final separation between the righteous and the wicked. The wicked shall receive *the eternal* award of their sins," etc. This is indeed vague, yet the article was amended for the purpose of enlightenment. In the original it was set forth that the wicked "shall be cast into eternal torments and be punished with everlasting destruction." There is nothing vague about that. It is almost as plain as the chapter of St. Matthew on which it is founded wherein it is stated that the cursed shall be consigned to "everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels." The amendment is a fair sample of the shallow revision which Presbyterians are asked to accept.

The reporter who had been writing up the Stanford college controversy was fired by the city editor for failing to get certain pictures that his chief had instructed him to obtain.

Thereupon he wrote to the City Editor demanding a written statement of the case so that the whole world might know why he had lost his job.

The City Editor did not deign to reply.

Thereupon the reporter applied for a job as a college professor. "I want a job," he explained, "where a fellow is guaranteed to figure in a front-page story in all the dailies, in the event of his being fired."

The King Corners the Wine

From London the news comes to me that it is impossible to get the finest vintages of champagne there at any price, even at the most fashionable and most expensive hotels, because the King has cornered the market in anticipation of coronation festivities. An ocean of fizz will be consumed by the hundreds of fat and favored guests of Edward VII, to say nothing of the thirsty courtiers and attendants. Some of the good people of America who read a few months ago of Edward's clearing out the port and

Enormous Gain in Importations during 1901

Moët & Chandon

Champagne

Over a Quarter of a Million

Or, more accurately, an increase of 252,432 bottles over the year 1900, ***equal to*** ***than 100 per cent of the combined increase of all the other C*** ***pagne houses.***—*Extract from 'Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular, January*

Moët & Chandon

"WHITE SEAL" and BRUT IMPERIAL

Of the celebrated vintage of 1893. Pronounced by the Bon-Vivant and Connoisseur th of Perfection. Dry, Delicate, Delicious.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.

216-218 Mission St., S. F. ***Pacific Coast A***

Don't worry, but phone Union Transfer Company (Phone Private 83,) They will check your baggage through to your destination.

MONT ROUGE WINES (Vineyard—Livermore Valley)
ARE THE CHOICEST IN THE MARKET
CHAUCHE & BON, Proprietors 17 First St., S.F.

sherry bins in the royal cellars hailed a new temperance leader. One preacher sermonized on the advance of the world in teetotalism. But these folk were mistaken for Edward sold out the port and sherry only because they were unfashionable and he needed the room for champagnes. Queen Victoria had old-fashioned ways and served the heavy, sweet wines after society had declared them out-of-date, but her son lost no time in showing his tastes after his accession. Champagne is today the wine par excellence in London whether for breakfast or banquet, and ever since he auctioned his Spanish and Portuguese wines, the King has been buying the choicest stocks of the province of Champagne. He has had the most skilled connoisseurs in France selecting his wine, and has made heavy draughts on the rarer vintages felt all over the world.

T. E. Schwarz, a prominent mining engineer of Denver, is at present visiting in San Francisco and vicinity. Mr. Schwarz is accompanied by his wife and daughter.

Don Enrique a "Champ"

There appears to be no limit to the ping-pong craze. It is spreading all over the world, and is frowned on nowhere outside of Paris. It is too tame for the Parisians who regard it as an emasculated sport. Nothing emasculated goes in Paris. Enrique Grau the Peruvian Consul who is known as Don Enrique because of his noble Spanish birth has achieved the distinction of being the champion ping-pongist of the Bohemian Club. He has won medals in the tennis court, and ping-pong comes easy.

Why It's Popular

Alice Hoffman, the all-round sportswoman of the smart set, is not suffering from ping-pongitis. Miss Hoffman is an expert tennis player and the parlor edition of the game does not appeal to her.

"Why do you suppose it has taken such a grip on the girls?" a gentleman asked her the other day.

"Haven't you observed how pretty they look when they say, 'Do you play ping pong?' " responded Miss Alice.

Of a truth ping-pong is as puckered as "prunes and prisms" and can be just as shapely mouthed. As a vocal exercise ping-pong will probably send prunes and prisms into the ark. It twists the lips into a more inviting pout and besides one can do this vocalization while playing the game. The naming of the game must have been the stroke of genius that popularized ping-pong.

Mixed His Genders

John Drew told a good story at the University Club just before leaving town. He said that a Frenchman once called on Augustin Daly and tried to persuade the manager to accept a play that he had translated. When he started to go he apologized for taking up so much time.

"I fear I have cockroached on your time, Mr. Daly. I hope you will pardon me."

"Not at all," said Daly, "but that word, my dear fellow, is hencroached."

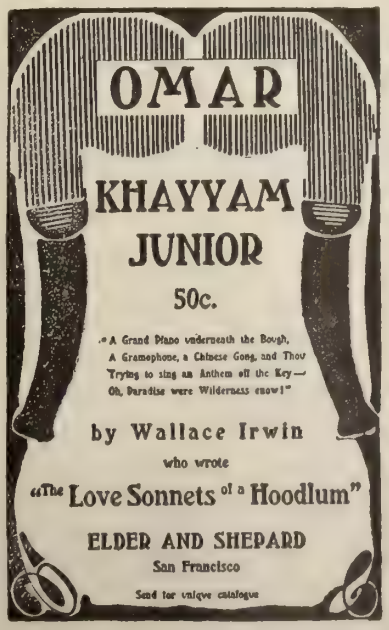
"You are very kind to inform me," said the Frenchman. "I see, I was mixed up in my genders."

Somewhat Exaggerated

Hermann Oelrichs has come to the conclusion that *Town Talk* has as large a circulation as any of the dailies. Last week I announced that the genial Oelrichs had received one million dollars as his fee for services rendered in managing the litigation over the Fair estate. I was told the story by a club man who I supposed obtained it from an authentic source. I have since ascertained that it was as much of an exaggeration as the report of Mark Twain's death some years ago. Every day since the publication Mr. Oelrichs has received numerous letters of congratulation. And the story was no doubt wired East for he has also received telegrams of congratulation.

Junketing Foreigners

Prince Henry of Prussia had such a glorious time in this country that other distinguished representatives of foreign nations are eager to come over and try their hand at cementing the bond of friendship. The visit of the French delegation that attended the ceremony at the unveiling of the Rochambeau statue, is said to have been prompted by a desire to offset that of Emperor William's brother, and now there is talk of the British government soon being represented by a junketing member of the royal family. And only the other day the news came from Washington that the Grand Duke Boris of Russia will reach there late next month to spend a week at the Capital. He is the second son of the Grand Duke Vladimir. His mother is the social autocrat of St. Petersburg, and is said to possess a more powerful influence than the Empress herself. It is somewhat significant that within six months two princes of the great imperial houses of the world will have visited us.



A Microbe ingers in a Kiss, you say?
Yes, but he nibbles in a pleasant Way.
Rather than in the Cup and Telephone
Better to catch him Kissing and be gay.

MOORE'S
Poison Oak Remedy

Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. It has been used successfully for the last twenty years and thousands will testify to its curative quality It is a specific for Poison Oak. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

A Lively Session Expected

Trouble is brewing in the order of the Native Daughters of the Golden West. The Grand Parlor is to hold its annual session in this city next month, and already an ominous rumbling is to be heard. The action of the joint committee which has been arranging for the entertainment of the delegates, in appropriating two hundred and fifty dollars for the purchase of some silverware for Grand President Genevieve Watson Baker, has provoked a deal of comment. It appears that the committee had incurred liabilities to an amount six hundred dollars in excess of the funds raised for the entertainment of the delegates, and that the deficit will have to be met by an appeal to the subordinate parlors. Some of the members believe, therefore, that it was imprudent to increase the deficit by buying a present for Mrs. Baker. Moreover, they suggest that it was an exhibition of bad taste for a member of Mrs. Baker's parlor to make the motion for the appropriation of the two hundred and fifty dollars. They say that the Grand Parlor always presents the retiring president with a ring, and that if it is desired to present anything else the money is raised by personal subscription. Mrs. Baker is a very enthusiastic Native Daughter and some of her friends have talked of urging her to stand for a second term. If they should start a fight for her in the Grand Parlor it would precipitate a very lively controversy. The San Francisco parlors are already being severely criticised for trying to capture all the offices, and the opposition to Mrs. Baker has sprung the story that she once made a speech against the Order of Rebecca and the Order of the Eastern Star. There are representatives of both orders in the N. D. G. W.

It never occurs to the selfish person, when expressing admiration of forgetfulness of self in others, to practice the virtue himself. It is much easier to enjoy the benefits vicariously.

Jordan's Shortcomings

President David Starr Jordan may be a man of splendid executive ability but I am of the opinion that he is not a good judge of human nature. The men that have fomented dissension were chosen by President Jordan to fill the positions that they have occupied, and it is evident that his judgment was seriously at fault. Men holding responsible executive positions should have the ability to discriminate in the selection of subordinates. The conduct of some of the Stanford professors of late was unworthy of members of a university faculty. A good, sound spanking is what some of them need. I fear that Jordan is so much in love with the sound of his own voice that he doesn't devote sufficient time to the management of the institution. He is always ready to lecture, and he doesn't charge high prices for his services. I am told that he will accept a round-trip ferry ticket if people cannot afford to give him more. On his lecturing trips he reminds one of an old-fashioned Methodist minister on a foraging tour.

Vulgarity at Stanford

While Stanford is being bothered with broils everything is running smoothly at Berkeley. President Wheeler and Mrs. Hearst are jubilant over the progress that the university is making, and it is said that they no longer regard Stanford as a rival institution. I am told that when tactless strangers tell Mrs. Hearst how much good she and Mrs. Stanford are doing for the State she does not exhibit pleasure. Mrs. Hearst is a woman of refinement and she would be shocked at the vulgarity that obtains at Stanford where the visitor is shown the trappings of Leland Stanford, Jr., and the gloves that Mrs. Stanford wore when she shook hands with Queen Victoria.

Everybody drinks Gilt Edge Whiskey—Why? Because it is GOOD. WICHMAN, LUTGEN & CO., Sole Proprietors S. F

Napoleon's Degenerate Order

The recent celebration of the centennial of the Legion of Honor recalled to mind that the decorations of that order are becoming quite common in this city. Napoleon established the Legion of Honor as an order of merit to encourage excellence and probity in the State, but its decorations are no longer difficult of attainment. Sylvain Weill was decorated because he happened to be President of the French Hospital. Major Rathbone was put on the rolls for his broad-mindedness when Consul-General to Paris. He exhibited this quality by not blushing at the songs he heard in the Parisian cafes. Turkish Consul George Hall, who already has as many medals as the average crack-shot, is said to be striving for the French honor. George has had his picture taken with all his medals on his breast, a bit of conceit that perhaps should be pardoned in a young man who has so many good qualities to outweigh that almost unpardonable vanity. I should hope that he will get the ribbon from France, if for no other reason than that Napoleon's order has so degenerated the sooner its decorations become commonplace the quicker will they become absolutely worthless as evidences of merit.

Miss Millicent Levenberg writes her friends here that she will probably come West in July to spend her vacation in San Francisco. Miss Levenberg has made a success with her gymnasium in New York.

Just When Mary Came Back

"Oh, the irony of Fate, or rather to put it practically, the uncertainties of Army life," said a charming young matron at a University Club luncheon the other day.

"Why do you say so?" was asked.

"Why, there is Winn ordered off to Utah just as Mary Kip has come home from the East, and *won't* he be missed at San Rafael this summer!" All of which is true. Miss Mary Kip made conquests by the legion, say her friends, during her Eastern visit, but one of the girls of our swim

Keller's Custom made Shirts

have an extensive reputation all over the western portion of America. They meet all the requirements of good dressing, fit and durability. They are leaders in fashion and design. Twenty-five years recognition as the ideal shirts have put them beyond criticism—and established their prestige as the perfection of shirt making. Six shirts for $9.00.

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1028-1030 MARKET STREET, S. F.
(ALSO OAKLAND)

Our $25 00 business suit is the best on earth for the money

vows that "Will Evans" was decidedly in the lead of those who made any impression on the Californian belle. If he should follow her out here Captain Winn might find himself out in the cold, so perhaps it is just as well.

Apropos of Army beaux there is a persistent rumor that one of the pets among the officers who are stationed at the Presidio has been made captive by a prominent belle whose popularity in military circles is well known.

"Mash Notes"

According to Ashton Stevens, Mr. Scott of the Alcazar company is not only a bad actor of the School of Impossibles, but to his sin of acting in defiance of criticism he adds that of flaunting his mash-notes. When such a bad actor as Scott receives mash-notes, shouldn't the average thespian feel that there is no occasion for felicitating himself on his capacity for fluttering maiden-hearts? The conceit that prompted Mr. Scott to exhibit to Mr. Stevens the scented note of a passionate married woman, filled the critic with disgust and impelled him to toss the bad actor on his pen point. But the fact is that most actors accept mash-notes as testimonials, and preserve them just as they do press notices. They do not consider it egotistical to flaunt the evidences of their ability. The average actor doesn't hesitate to tell you that he is a good actor and that he has a big following. He will condescend to be your guest by the hour if you will listen to him expatiate on his professional success. In stock companies mash-notes serve the same purpose as press notices. They are exhibited to the management to prove that the actor has a following. Consequently some bad actors are so bad that they have to write mash-notes to themselves to hold their jobs. Perhaps Mr. Scott is one of them.

Stevens' Fame Spreading

By the way, Mr. Stevens' clever work in the *Examiner* has attracted the attention of the newspaper profession on the other side of the continent. I heard the other day that some weeks ago he received a very flattering offer to join the staff of the New York *World*. But he prefers to remain on the pay roll of Mr. William R. Hearst even though the San Francisco field is somewhat limited for talent such as his. However, I do not think it will be long before he does go to New York. The *Journal's* critic, Alan Dale, does work similar to that of Stevens, and he is the most widely read dramatic critic in the country. He is detested by members of the theatrical profession, and he is also feared by them, but on the first night of a new production in Broadway the management is exceedingly anxious to know what Alan Dale thinks of it. The actors would rather please Alan Dale than all the other critics combined.

Poniatowski and the Brandts

Mr. and Mrs. Brandt, the latter a niece of M. H. de Young, are being royally entertained in Europe where they have entree into the innermost circles owing to the social position of Mr. Brandt's family. Mr. Brandt's father was the foremost surgeon of France and was called into consultation whenever a royal personage was seriously ill. Queen Victoria, the Czar of Russia and all the other majesties have had his services and have knighted him. The son came to California in the capacity of an electrical engineer, a graduate of the famous French School of Engineering. He had letters to the De Youngs and shortly afterward married Mr. de Young's niece. Apropos of Henry Crocker's Sierra railway fiasco, I am reminded that Mr. Brandt suggested to him the value of conserving the waters of the Sierra lakes into electrical power and the Prince saw that the scheme was a good one. According to Brandt's story it was agreed that he should get a plump sum if he accomplished the feat, together with some stock. Brandt did the engineering work and the Prince attended to the financiering. In the end Mr. Brandt was frozen out and he threatened a sensational suit but the matter was compromised. It has been since reported that the Prince afterward sought letters of introduction through Brandt's father but young Brandt curtly replied that he would not undertake to introduce a Poniatowski into European society.

A Titled Chaffeuse from Fresno

Countess Scoletti will this summer attempt an automobile trip from San Francisco to New York. Count Scoletti will accompany his daring wife and as they are both expert chaffeurs they may manage the trip without drawbacks. Countess Scoletti is the daughter of Henry B. Spaulding, president of the Fresno Fruit Growers' Association. Irma Spaulding was expected to make her debut in San Francisco, where the smart set flung wide its doors to the prettiest girl in the vineyard country. But instead Irma went to Europe, and shortly afterward her engagement with Count Scoletti was announced. The gossips at once tagged him another penniless aristocrat, eager to annex American dollars. Much surprise was expressed, as Irma Spaulding was never rated the sort of girl to rummage at the bargain counter of broken down titles.

It turned out that she had not done so in this instance. The Count's individual fortune is larger than the Spauldings'. Two years ago the Scolettis came over from Paris and have spent much of their time at the Spaulding

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And other Stylish Novelties call on
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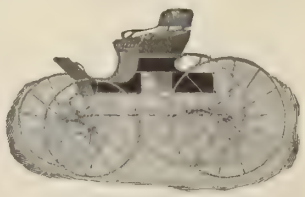

DEWAR'S
Scotch Whisky

DIEU · ET · MON · DROIT

Awarded the Royal Warrant
by King Edward VII

Largest Importations for 1901
Sherwood & Sherwood,
Agents
212-214 Market Street

hacienda near Fresno. They care nothing for smart society. The Countess has won several prizes for automobiling in Paris. She "mobed" at Newport last summer.

Miss Minnie Bley, Miss Camille Bley and their sister-in-law, Mrs. Joe Bley, gave a delightful tea last Saturday afternoon at their home in Eddy street. Fully two hundred callers were received and entertained. A feature of the afternoon was the presentation to the little son and heir who lately brightened the menage of the Joe Bleys.

Philomath Actresses

The Philomath Club's theatricals on Monday afternoon were quite out of the regular order of women's club talent, and revealed a degree of dramatic ability that was scarcely expected. The play was a one-act farce, "The Corner Lot Chorus." Mrs. Greenebaum as Spriggie, Mrs. Triest as Penelope, Mrs. Sloss as Lavender and Miss Esberg as Challie were especially artistic and convincing. Mrs. Kahn's imitations were as clever as anything I have seen done in professionaldom and Mrs. Lewin's singing elicited much applause. Mrs. Sloss and Mrs. Weil gave a *pas deux* that was graceful and original.

The De Youngs are entertaining considerably in London. One of their recent affairs was a dinner in honor of their daughter Helen. It was given at the Carlton hotel, and the guests were Mrs. Chauncey, Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, Miss Neef, Sir John Henerie, Mr. J. Ridgely Carter, Mr. Walter Neef and Mr. Vaughan Morgan.

A Mere Suggestion

An unknown correspondent who thinks that our after-theatre cafes should have dressing-rooms sends me the following:

San Francisco people take such keen pleasure in visiting the cafes after the theatre that it is quite to be wondered at that a few fashion leaders do not institute some reforms; that they do not demand, as it were, more formality in service and reception. San Francisco has more pretty women to the square block than any other city in the country, and these same pretty women have as many pretty clothes andtake as much pleasure in being seen as their more stylish sisters in New York. Strangers from all over the world have remembered our bright cafes filled with beautiful women and their escorts listening to such good music as is not to be heard in any other American city's cafes. But alas! there is a rough and tumble air about it all as if the restaurateurs realized that they must scramble about and make as much money as possible in two or three hours, and so the pretty women in dainty gowns are hurried in and their wraps hustled off and hung over strangers' overcoats or laid on the seats of chairs. In New York in every restaurant that aims at good form there is a dressing room and maid to receive wraps so that the ladies may sit unencumbered in the cafe. San Francisco husbands and fathers are such cheerful payers and willing escorts that there is no reason why their women-folks should not have everything done for them to eradicate that air of provincialism in their surroundings when they spend their evenings in public. And it seems odd, too, that in this land of palms and flowers, public dining rooms should be almost devoid of floral decoration. We have beauty here, beauty which gladdens the eye very often away from the bosom of home; then why not have an appropriate setting while we are about it?

Society in the Summer

Though San Rafael was brought into prominence by the liveliest libel suit that ever gave society material for conversation, it is really a very dull little burg. It is so quiet over there now that the concerts of the toads are the only sounds disturbing the somnolent evenings. There is expected, however, to be a revival of gayety there as the summer moves on. Addie Murphy was over at the hotel this week, and is expected to return there later with her sister, Ethel Biddle, who is now in San Francisco on a visit from Philadelphia. Then the Salisburys have taken the Boardman home for a season, and when Margaret returns from Napa Soda Springs she will go to San Rafael with her mother. The whole Salisbury menage will be transported to the Boardman place. The Harry Mendells have taken the Sidney Smith home.

The Vendome in San Jose is more like itself than it has been during any previous season in ten years. The veranda looks quite like old times, when the Jim Keeneys, Wallaces and J. D. Phelan were always to be seen there on warm afternoons. Mrs. Frank Powers is at the Vendome this year. She is one of the prettiest young mothers to be seen these days, and her beauty has not waned since the days when as Jennie Gallatin she charmed the beaux of Sacramento and San Francisco.

There were thirty-two new arrivals at the Hotel Mateo this week. The hotel cottages are all taken for the season.

THE LATEST STYLES OF

Visiting Cards, Wedding Invitations and Announcements . . . . .

IN OLD ENGLISH, ROMAN OR SCRIPT

AT

Le COUNT BROS. CO.

533 Market St.

Keep "Mumm"

P. J. VALCKENBERG, Worms O|R, Rhine and Moselle Wines.
J. CALVET & Co., Bordeaux, Clarets and Burgundies.
OTARD, DUPUY & CO., Cognac, Brandies.

FRED'K DE BARY & CO., New York
Sole Agents in United States and Canada
E. M. GREENWAY, Pacific Coast Representative

The Coming Fake

The daily papers are giving those two astute plug-uglies, Messrs. Fitzsimmons and Jeffries, a deal of free advertising these days. It appears to be their purpose to magnify the importance of the coming event in ring circles. After almost every prize-fight that takes place in this city the dailies lament that the people of San Francisco are so easily gulled. After each fake the wise sporting editors point out the numerous suspicious circumstances that should have warned people against patronizing the hippodrome, but it is because they treat such affairs seriously that people are lured to the ring-side. They know that Jeffries and Fitzsimmons have come to this city to make a little easy money. Fitzsimmons knows that he cannot win unless Jeffries is paid to lose, and nobody familiar with the history of pugilism has any confidence in either.

When Bob Read Thackerary

Bob Davis is coming to the front in New York as a writer of vaudeville sketches. He finds time to scribble for the stage, on the side, as it were, for he is one of the literary editors of the New York *Journal*. It was about ten years ago that Bob Davis came to this city from the Sagebrush State. He had sagebrush in his hair and a Carson appeal in his innocent blue eyes when he walked into a newspaper office and asked for a job. He could offer no recommendation except that he was a brother of Sam Davis, the Nevada humorist. He was appointed a member of the *Call* staff and he was soon one of the cleverest reporters in the town. He was an ambitious chap, and he formed a co-partnership with Alice Rix and Nankivell the artist who has since made a reputation in the East, and the three started a bright weekly paper called *Chic*. It lived through about six issues. That Bob Davis is now a literary celebrity in New York is surprising news to those who remember his debut in local journalism. One day at the Press Club he picked up a copy of *Vanity Fair* and was soon absorbed in the story. After reading through several chapters he turned to the title page and read the name of the author. Then turning to a friend he asked: "Who is this fellow Thackeray, anyway? By Jove, he knows how to write!"

Our Ambassador's Breeches

SpecialAmbassador Reid declared at a banquet in New York the other night that he intended to wear knee breeches at the Coronation of Edward. He is consequently being abused by indignant Democratic editors who are sticklers for Jeffersonian simplicity. Yet Reid has abundant precedent for knee breeches. Jefferson himself wore them, and they were part of the prescribed costume of our foreign representatives down to 1853 when they were banished by order of Secretary of State Marcy. James Buchanan was the first American Minister to Great Britain who appeared at Court in full length trousers, and when Queen Victoria saw him she could not help smiling.

The Patterson Sisters

When Eudora (Dodie) Patterson marries, none of the Patterson sisters will be left in single blessedness. Grace was the first to wed. She was followed by Kitty, the youngest, and then Josephine, the second sister, who went East to study music, and made a great success with her voice in concert, gave up her career to retire into domestic life. "Dodie" is the third sister and resembles Grace somewhat in complexion and feature. She is to marry Frederick W. Van Meter in August, if present plans do not go awry. The Pattersons reside in Santa Clara avenue, Alameda, all except the head of the family, Captain Martin Patterson, who is in the Emperor's steamship service in North China.

The White House

Genuine Clearance Sale

The first in . . . 12 Years

Being obliged to close the store during the month of July, on Monday, June 2d, at 10 o'clock we will offer our entire stock at

Enormously Reduced Prices!

During sale, store will open at 10 a. m. and close at 5 p. m.
No goods will be exchanged nor sent on approbation.

RAPHAEL WEILL & CO., Inc.

N. W. Cor. Kearny and Post Sts.

Gerald May Win Elena

The Denver gossips are coupling the names of Gerald Hughes, the jilted fiance of Mrs. Baxter-Tevis, and Elena Robinson. There is no doubt, they say, that Hughes is serious in his attentions to the charming daughter of Mrs. Jimmy Robinson. When the Robinsons went South for Mr. Robinson's health, Mr. Hughes joined the party and was very devoted to Elena. It was probably at his solicitation that they decided to try the Denver altitude. Immediately upon their arrival the Robinsons were seized by the Hughes' clan, but Mrs. "Jimmy" is too seasoned a leader to become involved in a social war. So she has accepted the hospitality of the Baxter element too. But Elena spends most of her time with Gerald, and the gossips say that Cupid has his victims hard and fast. Elena Robinson's eligibility has been a theme for the matchmakers ever since her debut a season or two ago. It took place under the auspices of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, for the Robinsons were then living in San Jose for the benefit of Mr. Robinson's health. Elena spent so much time in the Martin domicile in those days that Mrs. Grundy hinted that Mamma Martin coveted her for a daughter-in-law. Then came the rumor of her engagement to Knox Maddox, who recently tried so hard to become a Supervisor. The gossips were again on the wrong scent. If Elena should marry the Denver swain it would be a great strategic achievement for the Hughes' family. It has always been acknowledged that Mrs. Jimmy Robinson was born to be the leader of the smart set. But her husband's ill health has caused the family to be nomadic, and as a consequence the predestined mantle has fallen on other shoulders.

Mrs. Martin's Sobriquet

Mrs. Eleanor Martin is not aware of it, but the wise ones among her friends always send her a dinner or luncheon invitation with the hour given as half an hour earlier than they expect her to arrive. Unless they do so Mrs. Martin is always half an hour late, and as a consequence she has acquired the sobriquet of "The late Mrs. Martin."

California Women's Gowns at Court

Mrs. Charlemagne Tower, who was formerly Nellie Smith of Oakland wore one of the handsomest gowns at King Edward's second Court. It was of yellow satin embroidered with gold, the train of pale blue satin embroidered with gold and yellow floss. Mrs. Richardson Clover wore a blue satin gown trimmed with silver and opals and with a point lace flounce. The court train was of blue velvet. Her diamond tiara was superb and fully equaled in point of beauty those of the titled women present.

Sample Court Gossip

My correspondent informs me that women at Court comport themselves about the same as they do at less pretentious functions. Stately dowagers wag their heads in comfortable gossip in cosy nooks just as do the Madame Grundys in the lower stations of society. In the low murmur of conversation that hummed through the splendid corridors and rooms one caught amusing scraps of conversation. "Her *bodice* will soon come off entirely!" "His attentions mean nothing, I assure you!" "Who is that man: her *very latest?*" "I won a clean hundred at bridge yesterday!" The subjects discussed were as petty as the surroundings were grandiose and dignified.

The most delightfully blended whisky known to the human palate is "Jesse Moore"—the standard for over fifty years.

"AU NATUREL!"

Seductive Grace, though gifted well
With charms most physically fair,
Assumes a method spiritual,
And spends much time in holy prayer.

She makes complaint that her poor knees
Are worn, by kneeling long and oft;
And now declares that, for her ease,
She'll pray on cushions good and soft.

I asked Miss Grace, quite recently,
How worked her plan. With blushing frown
She said: "Full well, sir; for, you see,
I always pray now sitting down."

May, 1902. *R. C. MacDonald.*

REFLECTIONS.

To interest a man get him to talk about himself.

The man who has no enemies, deserves no friends.

When a man rails against Fate be sure he is a failure.

It is more difficult for an honest man to be dishonest than for a dishonest man to be honest.

Man is a gregarious animal, especially in his affections.

Only that man is rich who has more than he needs.

Man likes to be worshiped; the less he deserves the better he likes it.

Man is an optimist concerning his neighbor's benefits but a pessimist concerning his own.

Man's mind is a mirror which reflects himself and he is what circumstances make him.

The more I see of mankind the more respect I have for myself. —*R. C. MacDonald.*

COLORADO CLAY ITS REMARKABLE EFFECT UPON THE HAIR.

Turns white hair black, brown, auburn, or Titian red. Restores gray hair to its original color without changing the natural colors. Peroxide ends made equal to the new hair growing out. Bleached hair will take a rich golden or chestnut. The color is regulated by the number of hours in the clay bath. The strongest shampoo will not affect it, nor does the clay stain the scalp in any particular.

COLORADO CLAY CO.

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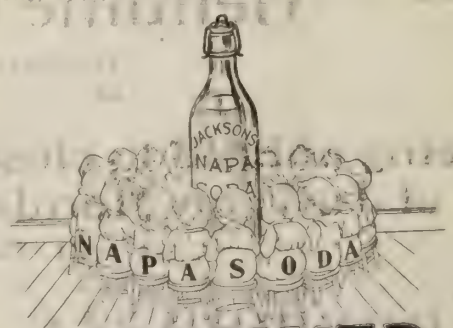

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With the Money Makers

Giant Powder Company Decline

There has been almost a panic in the stock of the Giant Powder Consolidated Company. The stock has been going down steadily for weeks and at the beginning of this week tumbled badly. During April the stock was strong and went up from $78 to $80.25. The dividend of 75 cents a month has made the stock very attractive to investors and it was on rumors that this dividend was to be decreased that the shares slumped. The rumors proved correct and the dividend now will be but 50 cents a month, or $10,000 instead of $15,000. It is said by the company that the former dividend was too much and that the wisdom of increasing the surplus urged the reduction. The increased price of nitre has had something to do with the drop. Nitre went up from $1.36 to $1.85 per 100 pounds but has since been reduced to $1.73. Giant has always been a good local security and the fall in its shares created something of a sensation on the rialto. There is no reason to believe that the lowered dividend will not be regular, and there should be no further slump in share prices.

Hawaiian Situation Improving

Certainly the most information to the average San Francisco investor and speculator is about Hawaiian sugar stocks, for a vast sum of San Francisco money is tied up in Hawaiian securities, and the situation has been critical and depressing for many months. I have received, by the last steamship from the Islands, authoritative news of affairs there and am able to write at some length. My correspondent says: "With sugar down to a low price and a tight money market depressing us, it is very pleasant to know that the conditions of labor on the various sugar estates are reported to be more satisfactory than at any time since annexation. Wages have been gradually reduced from time to time until the present scale is but a few dollars higher than the scale in vogue during contract service. One plantation manager on the island of Oahu reports an over-supply of labor. A feature of the stock market is the sale of a block of 350 shares of Honolulu Rapid Transit and Land Company stock belonging to Millionaire Alexander Young, who is now in Oakland, the purchasers being Honolulans. A number of small blocks of Ewa Sugar Company changed hands at $24. There were transfers of Hawaiian Sugar at $25, although trading at present is slow at this figure. Considerable Kihei Sugar Plantation stock has been bought by one broker at $10.50. McBride Sugar Company sold readily at $6.50. Olaa Sugar Company assessable stock is offered at $5 and paid up at $13. This stock has been dull since the announcement by the agents that the remaining assessment of $8 will be called for in four equal installments of $2 every two months, beginning June 20th, making the entire stock paid in by December 20th. Sales of Waialua Sugar Company shares were offered at $65, the closing quotation being that figure bid and $67 asked."

Honolulu Traction Stock

The Honolulu Rapid Transit & Land Company has held two important meetings, at which meetings it was decided to increase the present bonded indebtedness of $460,000 to $1,000,000, to be used at any time in the future in the further development of the system which is required. The capitalization was also increased to $1,000,000, not to be issued at this time. The large bond brokerage house of Rollins & Sons, of New York and Boston, have taken $315,000 worth of bonds. Of this amount but $106,000 was in the treasury of the Rapid Transit Company, the remaining $209,000 being exchanged through local holders, for 6 per cent preferred stock, to be transferred at any time at the option of the holder into common stock of the company.

Oil is Confident

Transactions in oil shares started in well during the early part of the week, the aggregated sales being extensive and the prices held well in hand on a substantial basis. During the last few days, however, buyers have been rather backward and an easy tone appears to have got a foothold on the market. While prices have not declined materially there has been less disposition to meet asking figures and a slight decline has been the result. Holders, however, appear to be very confident as to the future of the market and as they are making few concessions business has been largely curtailed during the last two or three days. Sterling was fairly steady at $1.89 and Monte Cristo finds buyers at $1.35. Junction is held quite firmly at 25c. and Sovereign brings 35c. There have been a few sales of Imperial at $16 but this stock is held in few hands. Advices from the oil fields announce the opening of new wells in several districts, some of which are unusually large producers. Well number 36 of the Santa Fe Oil Company in Fullerton district has turned out to be a veritable gusher, having produced 1,200 barrels of oil per day for several successive days. The oil at times spurted over the top of the derrick. The Clairmont Oil Company has several good wells in the Kern oil fields, one of which during March yielded nearly 10,000 barrels. The Santa Ana city trustees recently ratified an agreement with Orange county by which the latter agrees to install a plant to prepare oil for road sprinkling, the city to

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furnish steam for heating the oil when required and the necessary power to load the oil on the sprinkling wagons. At the end of three years the city is to own a half-interest in the plant. Work on the pipe line of the Standard Oil Company is progressing steadily and from present indications the line will be completed to Point Richmond and ready for transporting oil within the next twelve months.

Stock and Bond Exchange

Dullness ruled on the Stock and Bond Exchange during the week, and prices while rather easy showed but few fluctuations from day to day. Sales generally were of small volume and were confined to a few securities. The shares of the Giant Powder Company Consolidated were very weak and with the opening of the 10:30 session on Monday brokers began to unload the holdings of many of their clients and the price in consequence receded sharply. By the closing session $70 was the best price bid with more stock offering than buyers wanted. On Tuesday morning the stock dropped to $68 but subsequently recovered to $69.75 and some 400 shares changed hands between these prices. At the afternoon call further gains were made and sales were recorded at $70.25, with that price bid for more. Up to about two weeks ago the stock was one of the favored offerings and was in good demand at from $78 to $80.25 a share, generally ruling steady at $79. There was but little business in water shares, Spring Valley selling as low as $90.50 and slowly at that figure. San Francisco Gas and Electric shares were slightly firmer, buyers bidding $44.12 1-2 against $44 last week. Other light and power shares came in for some little attention and while transactions were limited the steadiness noted last week continued quite pronounced. There were but light offerings of Alaska Packers Association's shares and these were held steady at $160, with bids at $159.50. Several fairly large blocks of shares of the California Wine Association changed hands at $100.75, a slight improvement over last week's price. In bonds trading has been narrow and prices have not varied materially. Spring Valley 4s, third mortgage sold in fair quantity at $102, as did the 1910's of the Southern Pacific of Arizona at $114.75. Government bonds came in for some little consideration at maintained figures.

Metal Men Advancing

Sales of mining stocks during the week have made a very good showing and prices have been steady with indications of considerable strength in some of the leading stocks. In some instances the fluctuations have covered a wider range than for some weeks past. Caladonia has been selling freely, the price varying as much as 7 cents in one day. At the beginning of the week this stock sold at 75c. and 82c., gradually hardening so that the ruling figures were 82c. and 83c., and then easing off towards the close of the week to 73c. and 74c. as current figures. Consolidated California and Virginia also came in for a good measure of attention. The price varying from $1.45 and $1.55 with the first named figure prevailing at the close. Ophir has been very steady and the same may be said of Mexican and Confidence. Potosi has fluctuated but slightly and has been quite a favorite at 34c. and 35c. Generally speaking the market may be said to be in a better condition than for some time past, for although there has been no marked advances values generally appeared to be well sustained. The Mountain Copper Company which has a large operating plant at Keswick, Shasta county, has recently re-incorporated in London with a reduction in capital stock from $6,250,000 to $1,250,000. The shares of the original company had a par value of $25 each. In the new corporation there are 250,000 shares at $5 each and the remainder of the capitalization is taken up in $3,750,000 in debentures of $15 denomination bearing 6 per cent interest. It is arranged that these debentures are to be paid off gradually, thus finally reducing the capital to the amount named in the new corporation. The company is in first class condition and has a reserve fund of $2,500,000. *The Financier*

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The Loves of Felix

[*Translated from the French of M. Neant.*]

When wine is in, wit is out. When more wine is in, either the man falls under the table or else he tells big stories of his amatory conquests. Most men are liars when it comes to that. The men who have never had any *affaires de coeur* are the worst in this respect. I thank God I have never been one to boast of my success with women. When Paul and Charles and George and the rest of them brag over their fourth bottle how Madame This and Mademoiselle That, and Hortense and Marie and Therese have fallen victims to their charms, I have ever been silent. Perhaps it is to my discretion that I owe my good luck with *les femmes*. "Great souls have wills; feeble ones have only wishes." Many men waste their time wishing, when if they only willed they could easily have their desires for the mere prusuit of their advantage. But men are fools when they meet a woman. I am a poor weak fool myself. But I do not boast of my favors—that exhibition of weakness I am spared by the merciful Providence that has endowed me with a mind.

* * * * * * * * * *

There are ways and ways of winning women, and ways and ways of dealing with them after they are won. "*L'un qui aime, et l'autre qui se laise aimer.*" Except your women of commerce, and widows of a certain age, I have found that most women prefer to love rather than be loved. They take the latter for granted, and like nothing so well as to lavish the strength of their affections upon their lover, be he ever so cold. I have at this moment four women in love with me. I drive them four-in-hand, but three are always invisible to the other one, while the one is leading. What would happen were the invisible cloaks to fall, I do not know. It might be calamitous. But as I do not love any one of the four, the calamity would only cause me a little annoyance. My heart is bestowed elsewhere.

* * * * * * * * * *

I dined with Hortense today. She is a tropic flower and she spends all the fervor of her passionate heart upon me. She is not extravagant in her whims. An occasional diamond, a new gown once in a twelvemonth are all she exacts. I am not the only one she receives at her home. But I am not jealous. Why should I be? She loves me, and not the others, while I do not love her at all. When I am wearied of the Faubourg Germain in l'amour, her Quartier Latin passion is as rejuvenating as an ice-cold plunge followed by a Manhattan.

* * * * * * * * * *

But give me Madame d'Orsay for passion. If she had not been born in the aristocratic quarter she would have been a successful rival of Hortense in her own field. She is a widow, young, rich, not beautiful but with the indescribable quality we call fascination—the magetism *de diable*. She is a tigress for jealousy, yet I disarm her by telling her of all my loves. She rallies me on Miss Harcourt, the American heiress who was at one time erroneously reputed my fiancee. She bids me "make the dear girl happy." But if I did, I would not give my bride a month of undisturbed happiness. Madame d'Orsay would soon chase serenity from that unruffled white brow. Miss Harcourt is not one of the four-in-hand. I do not yet count her as mine. She is one to be worshiped at a distance. A charming girl, sweet, unaffected in manner, if she loved me I would count myself among the immortals. Madame always loves to give me good advice. "You must marry, *cher* Felix," she says, "and you must not go any more to see Hortense." Of course she knows all about Hortense. She fancies she knows all my heart secrets. "What you should do is to settle down. Some nice girl—"

"But why girl?" I ask, "why not a woman of the world—a widow, say?" and then she always turns the conversation. But I do not think I shall ever marry. Why should I?

* * * * * * * * * *

Mrs. Dexter is a pretty Englishwoman, and her flirtation with me began some years ago in a country-house where we were both staying. We have kept it up intermittently, whenever we happened to be *chez* the same people. Then she came to Paris last year while her husband was in China. What were men put into the world for if not to minister to women's whims? She asked me to look up an apartment for her. I did, and then naturally I fell into the habit of dining with her occasionally. Sometimes there were others there, but more often we were *a d eux*. I thought it would be but

"A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing—and so, good-night!

"A little fun, to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—and so, good-morrow!"

But it seems she took it *au serieux*. She took it so seriously that I became a trifle frightened. I balked at the fence and turned my steed back. I did not call for a fortnight. Nor did I answer, except verbally, one of the dainty little *billets doux* that came to my apartment every day. Perhaps it would have been better had I done so. My valet was just preparing my bath one morning and I was sitting in neglige costume smoking a cigarette. "*Monsieur, une femme*," announced Jacques, and without waiting to find whether I was ready to see her Mrs. Dexter burst into the room. "Oh, Felix," she cried, "my husband is on his way to Paris. What shall I do?" "Do?" I replied, "why, return home immediately." But she threw herself into my arms and wept, and cried: "Oh, darling, my Felix, I can't—I can't. He'll kill me if he knows." "Knows? My dear Mabel, there is nothing to know." In spite of her sobs—I have no desire to be brought into a divorce suit as co-respondent—I bade Jacques see her to her automobile. And that afternoon I was speeding on my way to London. When I returned, I called on the Dexters and was very genially greeted by the Major, who thanked me for all my kindness to his "little Mabel" during her stay in Paris. "She says she cannot fancy what she would have done if you had not been so kind," said the Major. I don't fancy she would. However, I still visit Mabel. She is one of the most high-strung and least to be depended on of my four-in-hand.

* * * * * * * * * *

I saw Gwendolyn Harcourt today. We rode in the Bois for an hour. Ah, what a girl is that! What would I not give to kiss those sensitive lips? But I have tried every wile in my book of love upon her, and all that results seems to be frank friendship.

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Gwendolyn evidently likes me, but she doesn't place me on a pedestal. Therefore she will never love me, for women like her can never love men. They must have gods.

* * * * * * * * * * *

After all, I am not fitted to be the husband of a virgin soul. I would probably be bored after the glamour of the *lune de miel* had worn off. I would sigh for Hortense, or Mabel or Madame d'Orsay, or perhaps Folly, the high-stepper of my four-in-hand. Folly is a little danseuse at Les Varieties. She is chic, piquant and unlettered. She calms me when I am angry, amuses me when I am sad, and no one knows better than she how to order a dinner. Folly is the antidote when the passions of the others turn to poison.

* * * * * * * * * *

George had a dinner today in honor of Madame Lepages. She is a quiet, rather pretty little woman. Her reputation as a heart-breaker and man-slayer had led me to fancy quite a different kind of a person. I was almost moved to add her to my collection. George introduced me as "The man who does not care for women." Afterward, he told me Madame Lepages, who is not a widow but a divorcee with a tri-husband experience, had desired to meet me. She had long been interested in me and had come to Paris this winter solely for the purpose of meeting me. I wonder why—Cleopatra having a fancy to cross swords with Don Juan?

* * * * * * * * * *

My physician told me today that I was on the verge of a mental collapse. "Cigarettes?" I asked. "No, women," he answered. I had never thought of it before. It is true, Hortense has been rather exacting on my bank-book lately, and Mabel has been unpleasantly indiscreet. Madame d'Orsay looks at me with eyes aflame, and when she bids me "reform," I feel that such a course could mean but one thing—give up the others for her. But constant passionate embraces, warmth without the realization—could I stand it? I asked the doctor what must I do for a cure. "Get married," he said.

* * * * * * * * * *

I have made up my mind. I shall ask Gwendolyn Harcourt to marry me. In no other way can I cut loose from all these entanglements. Perhaps she will not have me. But I will ask her anyhow. If she were only capable of feeling the passion that moves those others! But no, she looks for an ideal.

* * * * * * * * * *

On my way to Miss Harcourt's I met Madame Lepages. She is a woman who gains one's heart slowly but surely. I have dined with her several times, but she never permits more than a hand pressure. She seems to be colder in her indifferent way than even Gwendolyn Harcourt is. Oh, is it worth while resigning my liberty—to give up all I love in life? But yes, I must remember what my doctor said.

* * * * * * * * * *

Gwendolyn loves me. My pulses thrill with the rapture of that first kiss. She says she has always loved me. We shall be married immediately. Gwendolyn is not cold—she has if anything an exuberance of warmth. These young girls have not been taught by experience to temper their passion.

* * * * * * * * * *

Apres, le deluge! Gwendolyn is now Madame Felix. Hortense was the most rational of the four-in-hand. She wrote her congratulations, thanked me for my liberal donation to her exchequer, and bade me come in and see her now and then "when Madame is away or indisposed." Madame d'Orsay has written nothing—I feel that her wrath slumbers. Mrs. Dexter wept bitterly, threatened me with all sorts of things and then—consoled herself with Pierre. As for Folly, the poor child killed herself—drowned herself in the Seine. I had not thought Folly would care so much. Madame Lepages met us in the street a few days after the wedding. "I'm awfully glad," she said, "and I know you will be awfully happy." Such is the heart of man that, up to the brim in bliss that I am, I found myself wishing Madame Lepages had been by my side instead of Gwendolyn. I wished she had looked sad, instead of indifferently joyous.

—*The Translator.*

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THE ANGEL IN EXILE.

I.

Many, many, many,
Were the tears she shed,
Tears that were fair as any
Fair roses white or red
Or lilies in their bed,—
Pale lilies, rare as any
That now bloom o'er her head.

II.

At last the heart was broken;
Like a golden shell
It spilt its life—the token
Proclaiming all was well
With her where seraphs dwell,—
Where only Love is spoken,—
A tongue we cannot spell.

III.

With love brought down from Heaven
Her evil hap began,
That love to God once given,
Was cast away on man.
Yet a milk-white lustre ran
In flame through skies at even,
When God removed his ban.

May, 1902. —*Herman Scheffauer.*

Etta Butler will spend her vacation in San Francisco but next season she will star in a play of her own. Etta Butler has risen rapidly since she graduated from amateurdom. Her first hit of any moment was made in vaudeville with her imitations of Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Carter, but she can do other things quite as well as imitation.

Maude Fealy has made an excellent impression this week at the Grand as Babbie in "The Little Minister." But next week one will have a better opportunity to judge of her capacity in "My Lady Dainty."

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STAGE

The Country Girl

In the old days when John Drew, James Lewis, Ada Rehan and Edith Kingdon were members of Augustin Daly's company, "The Country Girl" was regarded as one of the most charming comedies in the repertory of that superb organization. Its drawing capacity was equal to that of "Love on Crutches," "A Night Off" and "Dollars and Cents," but after seeing it presented by the Kathryn Kidder company one marvels that it should ever have afforded entertainment. Have we become too blase to enjoy such simple comedy and mild horseplay? Or is it because Mr. Lonergan ruined it in adapting it for an up-to-date production? I am inclined to think that Mr. Lonergan, whom I remember as a very bad actor, should share the responsibility with Miss Kidder and her company. It is not pleasant to feel that one's earlier judgment was so faulty, and it is safe to assume that Mr. Daly was a better hand at adapting plays than Mr. Lonergan, and that the members of his company were less likely to jar on one's feelings than—Mr. Monroe Salisbury for instance. Mr. Salisbury comes to us heralded as a blood-relative of the Salisburys of the Fortnightly Club. I am surprised that they did not persuade him to conceal the fact. Mr. Salisbury acts right out before everybody in a manner that proves him innocent of the vice of self-consciousness. If he were conscious of the figure that he cuts he would desert the stage and become a cotillion leader, or join a Living Picture show, for he has a knack for posing that might be perfected. Miss Kidder is scarcely suited to the role of the country girl, for she imparts to the character a grotesque air. The simple maiden was of the hoydenish type, but she was alluring withal and winsome. The Peggy of Miss Kidder is a caricature. The Harcourt of Mr. Hackett is pleasing to the eye but it is not artistic. Mr. Hamilton's Moody is unnecessarily noisy. The other members of the company do fairly well. The story of "The Country Girl" was recently woven into a comic opera libretto and set to music under the title of "Dolly Varden," for Lulu Glaser, and it has made a hit. The play has a comic opera flavor and should be relegated to the realm of music.

Gorky Writing Plays

After scoring such a success in the field of fiction, Maxim Gorky, the young Russian writer, has turned his attention to the drama, and has been almost equally successful. In "Mestchanie" (the Small Bourgeoise) he makes use of the same theme chosen by Tourgueneiff in his novel "Fathers and Sons," but while Tourgueneiff has placed his scenes amongst the wealthy and upper class, Gorky takes those just above peasants and wage laborers. His drama is an illustration of the family life of a small tradesman. The father is ignorant and tyrannical, the mother a colorless inanity, and the children ill-bred and superficial. There is a son expelled from the university for participation in political intrigue, and an adopted son, a half-educated mechanic, while the daughter is a teacher. They quarrel in pairs and in trios, with occasional variations when the whole family takes a hand. They marry against the wishes of the father, or die by their own hands from disappointment in love, and there are lapses into insanity—just such a picture as we have been prepared to expect from the author of "Foma Gordyeeff" and "Twenty-six and One." Translations of criticisms from the Russian press state that though the individual scenes and pictures are good, on the whole the drama needs development.

A New Leading Lady

Fanny McIntyre has settled down to enjoy her sojourn in San Francisco as one of the Belasco-Thall company's leading ladies. She has domiciled herself and her souvenirs of travel in a cosy little apartment at the Van Nuys, just diagonally across the street from the Cumberland where lives Marion Convere, the other Belasco-Thall leading woman. Miss McIntyre made a most favorable impression in the play last week, and she promises to become one of the best loved leading women a southside audience has ever applauded. She is a handsome woman with the charm of perfect femininity. Her voice is capable of fine grades of expression.

The actors at the Theatre Francaise are clamoring for an allowance for clothes. They complain that the class of plays they are required to produce requires so much dressing that their salaries are inadequate, and they demand the same recognition which is accorded to the actresses.

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IT'S FUNNY how so many men act. They toil, and labor, and struggle,

AND NEVER for a moment think of rest, or recreation, or pleasure.

AND HOW FOOLISH for those residing in this vicinity, when right at their door lies the playground, quickly and cheaply reached.

IF YOU WILL NOT occasionally give up the daily grind,

DO NOT make your wife and children continually walk the treadmill,

AT LEAST give them a chance for a little change of air that will bring some color to their cheeks.

PERHAPS then you will find time to visit them over Sunday,

AND FORGET yourself as your children poke grass down your neck, and in your nose, eyes and ears,

GET OUT once in a while and romp,

BREAK AWAY and give your family a chance to get acquainted with you,

AND CALL or write for

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A little book issued by the California Northwestern Railway Company, (The Picturesque Route of California) giving Camping Locations, Hotels, Mineral Spring Resorts, and a long list of Country Homes where board for the Summer can be secured at from $6.00 to $8.00 per week.

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Lorraine Hollis' "Du Barry"

In a popular price Brooklyn theatre, Loraine Hollis last week produced a new version of "Du Barry," Mrs. Leslie Carter's great success. The Hollis version is called "Jeanne du Barri" and judging by the caustic criticism given it by New York's professional carpers it is utterly without merit. The characters are all jumbled up and the plot becomes so incoherent as the play progresses that it is impossible to follow it. Loraine Hollis always had a penchant for producing "her own" versions of plays. I remember when she put on "The Clemenceau Case" at the Bijou. I believe Lester Lonergan was in the cast, the same Lonergan who adapted "The Country Girl" for Kathryn Kidder. Loraine Hollis is one of those actresses who, given every opportunity to rise in their profession, never manage to do anything worthy. When she first went upon the stage she was given a position by Augustin Daly. But she did not like to play small parts in New York after having been featured in San Francisco. She preferred being a big toad in a small puddle, and so she returned here to star and tour with her own company—a very mediocre one gathered from the byways of the Rialto. Loraine Hollis is a daughter of Laura D. Fair, the heroine of Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner's novel which brought the immortal Sellers into existence. Loraine, or Lillie, Fair was married quite young to an equally youthful husband named Andrew J. Hynes. He was a newspaper man and the only son of a Southern couple of aristocratic feelings but reduced fortunes. The young people, being both spoiled children, disagreed after a time and separated.

Robert Downing is largely centering his ambition these days in the dramatic career of his daughter. Minnie Downing made her debut here last year as the slave girl, in that powerful Biblical drama "The Voice of the Wilderness." Her sweet, plaintive voice, unaffected manner and graceful posings made a remarkable impression on audience and critics. She is very young, not yet seventeen, but is studying hard and there is reason to believe she will become an actress of note. Mr. Downing's ex-wife, Eugenie Blair, also has a daughter on the stage, Eleanor Montell, who lately made her first appearance in the East. Eugenie Blair's first husband was Forrest Robinson.

Peter Dailey is as good as he ever was. His comedy is not of the intellect but it is sparkling. He is the real thing in American humor. He gives us twenty minutes of good fun that makes the most dejected man forget his pessimistics for awhile. His amusing nonsense is effective and it would be well if we had more of that sort of thing in vaudeville. Dailey, by the way, was for three years one of the best comic men on the variety stage, so vaudeville is not really a new venture for him. His humor is as much his own as his avoirdupois. He doesn't need other wits to manufacture clever lines for him, because he can get them all out of his own head. If you do not laugh at Peter Dailey's jokes, you are either stupid or a prig.

Mrs. James Brown Potter and Kyrle Bellew gave an adaptation of Dumas' "Francillon" at the Baldwin some years ago. It is a comedy with a decided emotional interest, the way a wife took to win her husband back to her being the keynote. The *motif* is not unlike that used in "The Masked Ball," in which Maude Adams made her first great success. The adaptation made by L. Du Pont Syle is entirely new, and the play will probably differ in many particulars from that we saw Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew in.

At the Show Next Week

COLUMBIA—Kathryn Kidder, for the first time on any stage, Professor L. Dupont Syles' adaptation of Dumas' "Francillon." This is a society drama of deep heart interest, with a bright comedy element.

ALCAZAR—"His Wife's Father," the first time in stock of W. H. Crane's delightful comedy. This will be the farewell appearance of Marion Convere and M. L. Alsop, and the last week of the present stock season.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Maude Fealy in "My Lady Dainty," by Madeline Lucette Ryley, one of the greatest successes at the Madison Square theatre, New York, last season. Miss Fealy will be seen as Jemima Jeffrey, the role created by Effie Shannon in the New York production.

TIVOLI—"The Toy Maker," with Ferris Hartman in his old success the title role and Annie Meyers as the doll. New mechanical effects are to be introduced.

FISCHER'S—"Fiddle Dee Dee," still packing the house so the management cannot take it off. Maude Amber and Freda Gallick in new songs.

ORPHEUM—Walter Le Roy and Florence Clayton, renowned Irish comedians, their first appearance here, in George Cohan's "Hogan of the Hansom"; Irene Franklin, character singer and dancer, in her latest songs and imitations; F. Wilbur Hill and Willette Whitaker, new to us, in a refined musical interlude; Murphy and Slater, colored comedians, also new; Stuart Barnes, Lotta Gladstone, Peter F. Dailey, the two little Pucks and the biograph.

AMUSEMENTS

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LE ROY AND CLAYTON. Irene Franklin. Hill and Whitaker. Murphy and Slater. Stuart Barnes. Lotta Gladstone. Two Little Pucks. The Biograph and Last Week of PETER F. DAILEY AND COMPANY.
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
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June 9th—Announcement Extraordinary—FLORENCE ROBERTS, California's Favorite Actress, in David Belasco's Great Play, "ZAZA"
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Matinee Saturday Only
KATHRYN KIDDER
appearing for the first time on any stage in Alexandre Dumas'
"FRANCILLON"
adapted by L. Dupont Syle of this city
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Prices—$1.50, $1.00, 75c, 50c & 25c.

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MUSIC

A Great Choral Concert

The Pasmore concert last Saturday evening was more than a success, it was an event. The stage of Metropolitan hall was like a flower garden, crowded as it was with row upon row of daintily-costumed women, against a background of sombre-clad men. There must have been at least one hundred and fifty voices in the chorus. The body of the house was likewise well packed with an audience whose interest was manifested by close attention to a long program. The opening chorus was Mrs. Hemans' "Treasures of the Deep" set to music by Mr. H. B. Pasmore, and with Mr. Fred Maurer at the piano. The chorus was in good voice and rendered Mr. Pasmore's eloquent music with fine feeling. Mr. Maurer has been fast making a name for himself as an accompanist, but he never appeared to better advantage than on this occasion. He accompanied all the choruses and several of the solo numbers and did most effective and intelligent work. This was particularly marked in the Weber number. Miss Warden's solos, which were set down for number one, were postponed until later in the evening, and Mrs. Charles C. Hughes took her place upon the program. Her number was "Should He Upbraid" (Bishop) and was admirably rendered. Mrs. Edith Phelps Collins succeeded well in Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor," that stumbling block for many an ambitious vocalist. Her voice is smooth and flexible. The Brahms number was also well done. It would be unfair to criticise Miss Gussefield's "Sancta Maria," as the young lady was evidently suffering from a severe case of stage fright and did not do herself justice. Mr. Maclean's Wagner solo was also a source of disappointment. The gentleman's voice was hardly equal to Wolfram's song. The "Inflammatus" was splendidly rendered by Miss Mildred Spencer, pupil of Mrs. Hillman-Smith, her beautiful soaring tones being fully adequate to the music. She was well supported by the chorus. Mrs. Mary Bardilini was set down for two numbers, but as Mr. Pasmore had forgotten to bring the music of Chaminade's "Summer" it had to be omitted and Miss Bardilini repeated the little song "The Only Voice," by W. J. McCoy, words by Oscar Weil. This tiny gem was one of the delights of the evening. It is a little sigh of tenderness and regret rendered to perfection by the vocalist who, contrary to all precedent, did better in the encore than in the first rendering. "The Only Voice" was heard on this occasion for the first time, but deserves to be well known as it certainly will be. It should be unnecessary to add that Mr. McCoy and Mr. Weil are residents of our own State. Mr. Nowlan's two songs, "O That We Two Were Maying" (Nevins), and "Ostination" (Fontainelles), were given with sentiment and grace, accompanied by the little cellist Miss Dorothy Pasmore. The audience demanded an encore, which was sternly refused by the obdurate director. "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster" (Weber) was one of the great efforts of the evening. Miss Lida Benedict, soloist, and Mr. Maurer, pianist, between them vanquished its difficulties. Mr. Maurer's work in this number was particularly fine. Mrs. Smith's class next did some excellent part singing, followed by Miss Beulah George in the Bell Song from "Lakme" (Delibes). This selection was well adapted to display the brilliant qualities of Miss George's voice, and in its execution she did herself full justice. Miss Adelaide Birchler was suffering from a cold and was also nervous, but in spite of these drawbacks her rich contrallto interpreted with much feeling three selections, "Von Ewigen Liebe" (Brahms), "My True Love Hath My Heart" (Randegger) and "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice" (Saint Saens). Miss Florence Warden was heard in two Chaminade songs, "Ritournelle" and "The Silver Ring." The latter with its haunting refrain, "Oh the little silver ring that once you gave me" is exquisitely tender and was rendered with grace and delicacy by Miss Warden. Mrs. Florence Wyman Gardner has a crystalline soprano, well adapted to the Mozart arias, "Ah lo so" and "Gli and dui d'inferno" ("The Magic Flute"). The program closed with Max Bruch's cantata "Fair Ellen," Miss Anna Moore and Mr. Will L. Smith soloists, assisted by the chorus. The dramatic exigencies of the cantata were fully met. The music is fine and thrilling, particularly the choral finale. The concert was given by pupils of H. B. Pasmore and their pupils and of Mrs. Hillman Smith of San Jose, assisted by Miss Grace Barstow, violinist, Dorothy Pasmore, cellist, and Fred Maurer, Jr., accompanist. Those whose pupils were represented were Mrs. Blanche Ashley, Mrs. J. Bardilini, Oakland: Mrs. Edith Scott Basford, San Francisco; Miss Lida Benedict, Napa; Mrs. J. Lee Burbeck, Watsonville; Miss Kate Byrne, Berkeley; Mrs. Luella Wagor Coplin, Oakland; Miss Zuletta Geery, Milwaukee, Wis.; Miss Beulah George, Oakland; Miss Virginia Graham, Seattle; Mrs. Mary Louise Carr Moore, Seattle.

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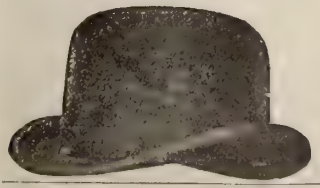

HATTER

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Mr. Pasmore conducted and also accompanied many of the numbers.

The violin department of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music gave an interesting recital on Wednesday evening, pupils of Mr. T. D. Herzog rendering the program. Those taking part were: W. R. Beatty (piano); Maude Easton and Alfred Lamb, with Daisy Jacobs at the piano; Beulah Graham, accompanied by Edith Lincoln; Mary Lutz; Leroy Clark; Gladys Lahl, accompanied by Charles Rogers; Mary Conlin, with quartet accompaniment by Ada Conlin, Mrs. Judson Davis, A. Schwartz and R. Harrison; Hubert Hill and Gladys Couth. A quartet by Beethoven ended the program, the performers being Mary and Ada Conlin, Mrs. Davis and R. Harrison.

The Philharmonic Concert

A very large audience enjoyed the second concert, new season, of the Philharmonic Society. The society is doing admirable work under Giulio Minetti's direction. On this occasion the society were assisted by Mrs. Etta Bailey Blanchard, who rendered three numbers. The program in full was: Rossini's overture, "La Gazza ladra"; Schubert's Symphony in B minor; Brahms' "Liebestrau" and R. Strauss' "Water Lily Serenade," Mrs. Blanchard; Bolzoni's Minuet for strings; Massenet's "Scenes Pittoresques"; "Air de Salome" (Herodiade), Mrs. Blanchard; Meyerbeer's "Coronation" march.

Miss Eleanore Joseph, the pianist and dramatic soprano, of St. Dominic's church choir, sailed on the *Belgenland* for Europe. She will spend the summer in Paris, studying vocal with Madame Laborde, Calve's teacher. Miss Joseph expects to return here in the winter.

Dr. Schalkhammer, one of the baritone soloists at the last Loring Club concert, gave a song recital in Heine hall last week.

—*The Music Critic*

LETTERS

Major's Dorothy Vernon

Sir George Vernon of Haddon Hall, possessed of an iron will and only daughter for whom he has arranged a marriage which suits himself, has a quarrel with his nearest neighbor, Lord Rutland, which Sir George thinks can be wiped out with blood alone —the blood of Lord Rutland and his only son, Sir John Manners. The situation is elemental. Of course, the offspring fall in love with each other on sight. Dorothy takes the initiative and does all the courting. She arranges the meetings, initiates the correspondence, inveigles the rest of the household into helping her schemes, fibs unblushingly when she is caught, masquerades in male costume to keep her rendezvous, and defies Sir George even to the point of the whiplash and dungeon. Needless to say, Mistress Dorothy gains her point and marries the man of her choice. Sir Malcolm Francis de Lorraine Vernon, cousin of Sir George, and first choice of the pater as a husband for his wilful girl, in order to keep his estates in the family name, is the narrator of the story. He is wise enough to see that Cousin Dorothy is kittle-cattle, and contents himself with her blind cousin, Madge, whose quieter disposition promises more chance of peace in a household. Sir Malcolm, whose mother was French, and who had spent his early manhood at the French court, enamored of Mary, Queen of Scots, had followed that ill-fated queen to Scotland where he remained in her train, at times a favorite, and again cast aside. At the beginning of the story, just as he had about decided that his wisest course to pursue would be to desert the fickle royal lady entirely and marry his cousin Dorothy and her broad acres, he is secretly notified of the need for flight. The regency of Murray has been decided upon. Mary has been seized and such of her friends as hands can be laid upon will be summarily dealt with. Under these conditions and provided with a purse of gold by Mary's friends, Sir Malcolm stands not on the order of his going, but makes straight for Haddon Hall and his relatives, knowing nothing of the feeling in England that has arisen against the Scotch Queen. It is during this hasty flight that he meets Sir John Manners, a courtier of Elizabeth, who has pledged himself to assist in the plot of liberating Mary from Loch Levin and giving her sanctuary in England. Sir John knows

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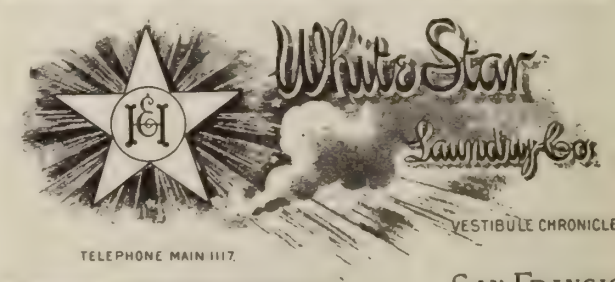

nothing of the plot within the plot, to depose Elizabeth and elevate Mary to the English throne. Like over confident lovers since the beginning of time, he lets his tongue run away with his discretion, and Dorothy, like the jealous woman, gratifies her spleen of a moment by telling all she knows just where it will do the most harm, and then does penance in trying to repair the mischief she has wrought. Both Mary of Scotland and Elizabeth of England, as well as the Earl of Leicester, and minor historical characters, are introduced, but they are wisely subordinated to the actors in the double love story, who are on in every scene. Sir Malcolm, as narrator, tells the story forty years after the occurrences are supposed to have taken place. There is no attempt to reproduce the language and speech of the time, and we are spared the usual array of Elizabethan oaths and the inevitable anachronisms, but Sir Malcolm's observations are often as modern as his speech. Whistling girls were still under the ban long past the last half of the nineteenth century, and some of his apologies for over indulgence in wine would better fit a later period. Likewise, his reflections on religious tolerance would have been out of place. "I shall probably die orthodox and mistaken" was not the spirit of the Elizabethen era. Religion, like patriotism, may lie dormant in quiet times, but when heads may pay the penalty for mistakes, whether in the holding of opinions or the free expression of them, people are more cautious of their utterances. On the whole "Dorothy Vernon," by Charles Major, is a very fair specimen of the historical novel of the day, or rather the novel with an historical background. The parental prerogatives of Sir George are not one whit exaggerated; fully a century after his time it was no uncommon thing for noblemen to lash the females of the household into compliance with their wishes. The reader will lose nothing by plunging at once into the story, without stopping to investigate the page and a half of preliminary "Black Magic." [The Macmillan Company, New York. Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy.]

Nancy's Misdemeanors

"The Misdemeanors of Nancy," by Eleanor Hoyt, with dainty illustrations by Penrhyn Stanislaus, has just been published by Doubleday, Page & Co. Nancy is an entrancing young society belle with bohemian tendencies. Her adorable adventures have already appeared serially in *Everybody's Magazine* and in the New York *Sun*, but it gives one a peep into the sunshine land where a happy, wholesome, luxury-surrounded young beauty lives; and whether you are a fascinating young thing like Nancy herself, a flesh and blood beau with a heart to be captivated by a woman's wiles, or a delightful old daddy which the first chapter describes Nancy's own to be, you can't help being glad that there are such dear girls in the world. There is not a serious moment in the eleven stories but every now and then one finds oneself seriously trying to analyze the particular quality of fascination that draws all men to some women—Cleopatra for instance, and Josephine de Beauharnais, and—and Nancy. By the way, the scene of one of the Puritan Circe's adventures is laid in the New York bachelor flat of two ex-Californians, a son of J. C. Stubbs and J. O'Hara Cosgrave. These two prosperous young men have a charming home in Washington Square where often are entertained clever people from the two worlds, art and society.

SUNSET FOR MAY.

Gelett Burgess contributes the first part of a new novelette, "A War Story," to the current number of *Sunset*, and the tale promises well. "Horses of California" are treated by the veteran turf authority, Joseph Cairn Simpson. Other articles are by Katherine A. Chandler, H. L. Wells and George H. Maxwell. The illustrations throughout are superb.

A little brochure called "Electric Lighted, or Dollar for Dollar" has been issued by the Southern Pacific Company's department of publicity. It cleverly explains the evolution of the system of lighting travelers across the continent which has resulted in the present perfected electric lighting of the Overland Limited. The entire train of this splendid special is supplied with electrical appliances.

The well known Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra has re-opened for the Fourth Season, 1901-1902. To guarantee promptness, all engagements must be made at the Studio, 718 Post street. Telephone Polk 1575. School hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m

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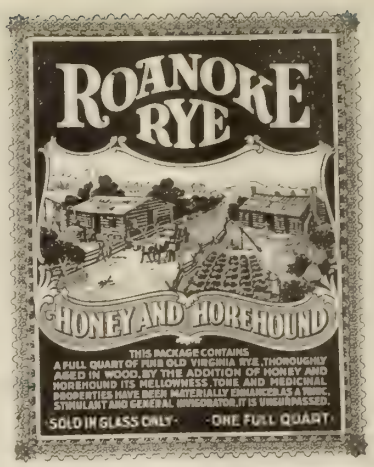
Short Novel

The shortest novel on record consists of two hundred and fifty words. The necessary two copies have been placed on file at Washington and copyright has been secured for this unique work, which was written, set up, printed and dispatched to its distination within six hours. It contains thirty-three chapters, divided into four books and printed on pages three by four inches in size. There are twelve pages in addition to cover, title page index of chapters and book headings similar in every respect to the three hundred and fifty-page book it represents except in size. Of course there is a history back of the production. **Francis A. Adams, deep in the** work of superintending the publication of his novel, "The Transgressors," discovered that a pirated edition had been built up from a synopsis of his production surreptitiously obtained. Not having the two completed copies necessary to file in order to protect his work, he immediately condensed it into the smallest posible compass, and by his prompt action headed off the scheme which had been hatched. Without the two complete copies in the hands of the Librarian of Congress an author can protect his title only. The body of his work may be stolen and published under another name and he has no redress. This is the first time that this means of protecting literary work has been made use of, but it is simple, speedy and effective. The work in question, "The Transgressor, a Story of a Great Sin," deals with the trust problem and the fortunes of a presidential candidate.

Some of the Socialist leaders have discovered "The Octopus," and are inclined to make it a tract in favor of pub lic ownership of railroads and a dia tribe against capitalists. It is just possible, therefore, that Mr. Norris may find himself fitted with the cast-off shoes of Edward Bellamy. "The Octopus" did not receive the attention which it deserved from the mass of readers, whose minds were taken up with the love adventures of mythical Revolution ary heroes, but it is a book that will keep. Long after the "Philip Winwoods" and "Richard Carvels," and all the rest of the ragged regiment are forgotten "The Octopus" will make good reading. It is not the Socialists alone who have discovered the book, for from quite a different quarter there comes a tentative suggestion that other descriptions of growing fields of grain be compared and collated with Mr. Norris' work. The author is hard at work on the second volume of his trilogy, "The Pit." It cannot fail to prove interesting though it will be no light task to equal, much less to surpass the earlier volume.

Shall Quotation Marks Bo?

Bernard Shaw wants quotation marks abolished. He can see no necessity for the inverted commas and is willing to head a crusade against their use. The wretched things have not been foisted upon us for much over a century, and though they appear to be firmly fixed they have never been really welcome. If Mr. Shaw can convert others to his views he will remove a potent source of profanity from the path of ye intelligent compositor, who has no joy in needless points. English usage has somewhat simplified the usage by reversing the American plan and using single marks for an ordinary quotation and doubles for a quote within a quote, but there is no good reason for their use at all. The context generally makes it plain when the words of another are used. When it does not the remedy to be applied should be a recasting of the whole expression. There is not a single mark of quotation throughout the Bible, and yet, in all the endless controversies and contentions which have centred round Biblical expressions and meanings, not one has arisen from any doubt as to who the speaker might be, or where the speech begun or ended. It might take a little courage to be the innovator of the custom of printing matter without quotes, but surely not so much as to be a pioneer in spelling reform.



"Love Letters of an Englishwoman" are having a great vogue in Paris, where, however, they are thought rather dangerous and inflammatory. This bears out the statement that the lurid French romances which all the rest of the world reads and is shocked thereat are unknown in France. Like a good many other commodities, they are manufactured for their market and are not known outside the limits of the factory and only handled by those who deal in them.

Popular Authors

The English society of Authors has recently held its annual meeting and reports itself as in a flourishing condition. One of the acts of the society was to grant its first pension, sixty pounds a year, to J. H. Ruddell. He was a popular and successful author a generation ago though practically forgotten now, and some surprise is expressed that he should need assistance. But a popular author in the '60's did not sell his books by the quarter million, nor was there an international copyright law to protect his interests. Popularity did not spring up over night, nor were there a half hundred magazine editors vying with each other to obtain contracts with the latest favorite. A "new" book might have been on the market a year or two instead of as many hours and an author did not count on tricks and antics to keep his clientele. Perhaps, too, an author in those benighted times was satisfied with a moderate compensation and did not expect to vie with royalty in his expenditures. But it is, after all, only the few who belong to all time, and of these, not all of their books can last forever. Authors, like other workers, must

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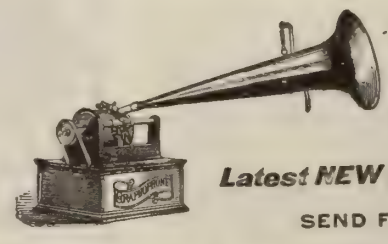
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husband their resources and prepare for rainy days. If writing books will not support them they must supplement that employment or give up.

A. E. W. Mason, whose "Miranda of the Balcony" furnished Mrs. Fiske with a play for last season, is to complete "The O'Ruddy," the novel left unfinished at his death by Stephen Crane.

Albert Bigelow Paine is at work on "The Commuters," which will be a chronicle of the further tribulations of the "Van Dwellers."

The indefatigable Marie Corelli is at work on still another novel. It is given out that the subject which engrosses her is one never before treated of in fiction. It is pretty hard to conjecture in these days anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth, which has not been exploited. Marie herself found one world too confined for the operations of her genius.

—The Bookworm.

OTHER PEOPLE'S IDEAS.

From "Middlemarch," by George Eliot:

"If youth is the season of hope, it is often so only in the sense that our elders are hopeful about us; for no age is so apt as youth to think its emotions, partings and resolves are the last of their kind. Each crisis seems final, simply because it is new."

"Ardent souls, ready to construct their coming lives, are apt to commit themselves to the fulfillment of their own visions."

"Nettle seeds need no digging."

"What do we live for if it is not to make life less difficult to each other?"

"There is a man's character to speak for him beforehand."

"Character is not cut in marble—it is not something solid and material. It is something living and changing, and may become diseased as our bodies do. * * * Then it may be restored to health."

"People glorify all sorts of bravery, except the bravery they might show on behalf of their nearest neighbor."

From "Romola":

"One of those lawless moments which come to us all if we have no guide but desire, and the pathway where desire leads us seems suddenly closed * * ready to follow any beckoning that offered an immediate purpose."

"Marriage must be a relation either of sympathy or of conquest."

"She who willingly lifts up the veil of her married life has profaned it from a sanctuary into a vulgar place."

* * * * * *

"From "The Mind of the Master," by Ian Maclaren:

"A million needle points pressed together make a smooth substance, but one is unbearable."

"If we knew more we should sin less; if we knew all we should sin not at all."

"Sin is the preference of self to God, and assertion of human will against will of God."

* * * * * *

From "A Roman Singer," by F. Marion Crawford:

"Now, therefore, I say, Love, and love truly and long—even forever; and if

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you can do other things well, do them; but if not, at least learn to do that, for it is a very gentle thing, and sweet in the learning."

Baron Benoni: "It is only a man of no imagination who has no vanity. He cannot imagine himself any better than he is."

"There is a point when dreaming gets the mastery, and appears infinitely more real than the things we touch."

"I think that when a man loves he cares very little for what he does. The greatest success is indifferent to him, and he cares not at all for failure, in the ordinary undertakings of life."

"For jealousy is the forerunner of love, and sometimes its awakener."

* * * * * *

From "The Mysteries of Paris," by Eugene Sue:

Fleur de Marie: "It seems to me there is a double charm in music without words; not only is it played with excellent execution, but we can in a moment apply our own thoughts to the melodies that we hear, and which become, so to speak, their accompaniment."

Germain: "I feel that it is sometimes cowardly to refuse certain sacrifices; it is to acknowledge that one is unworthy of them."

"A woman will risk her peace and honor for a man: but she will never forgive him for having placed her in a ridiculous or humiliating position."

* * * * * *

"Sometimes a man has that rare and all-embracing good fortune to find himself mated to the woman who, of all other women, is suited to be his aid and second in the battle of life. Sometimes, too, a hard fate by the hand of what the Arabs call the 'sunderer of happiness' severs the ideal connection."—N. Y. *Town Topics*.

* * * * * *

From "The Under Secretary," by William Le Queux, now running in the New York *Evening Sun*:

"When, however, a woman really loves, it is difficult to deceive her. She reads a man's innermost thoughts as clearly as though they were written upon an open page. The wavering of the eyes, the twitching of the lips, the slight movement of the muscles of the face, and the almost imperceptible swelling at the temples, although entirely unobserved by the woman who is not in love, are to her whose lover he is plain and open declarations of the truth. Truly the intuition of the eternal feminine is inexplicable and marvelous."

—*The Gleaner*.

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Any stock upon which said assessment shall remain unpaid on the nineteenth day of June, 1902, will be delinquent and advertised for sale, at public auction, and unless payment is made before it will be sold on Monday, July 17, 1902, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

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Estate of Elizabeth Schafer Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Jno. W Bourdette. Executor of the last Will and Testament of Elizabeth Schafer deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Jno. W. Bourdette at Rooms 1002-1003 Claus Spreckels Building, corner 3d and Market Streets, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JNO. W. BOURDETTE,
Executor of the last Will and Testament of Elizabeth Schafer Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 3, 1902.

Estate of Myron E. Stanford, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Eugenie B. Stanford, Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix at the office of Edward B. Young, Attorney for said Executrix, Rooms 35 and 36, Number 14 Sansome Street, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EUGENIE B. STANFORD,
Executrix of the Estate of Myron E. Stanford, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 3rd, 1902.

EDWARD B. YOUNG, Attorney for Executrix.

Estate of JANE McDOUGALL, deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary E. Brunotte, Executrix of the last will of Jane McDougall, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix, at the law offices of E B. Young, Room 36, No. 14 Sansome Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARY E. BRUNOTTE,
Executrix of the last will of Jane McDougall, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 24, 1902

E. B. YOUNG, Attorney for said estate.

Estate of John Holland, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Josephine Mockler, executrix of the last will and testament of John Holland, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said, Josephine Mockler, executrix of the last will and testament of John Holland, deceased, at Room 411 Parrott Building, No. 855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOSEPHINE MOCKLER,
Executrix of the last will and testament of John Holland, Deceased

ated at San Francisco, May 24, 1905.

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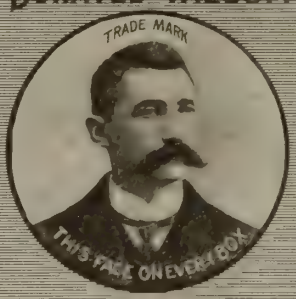

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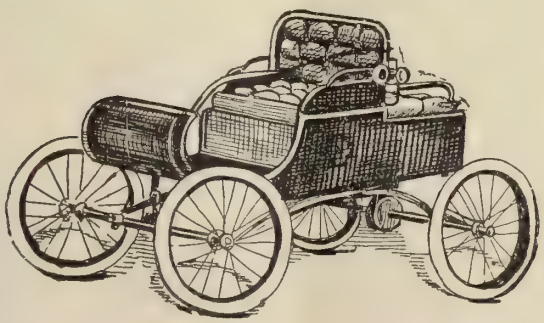

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OUR OPINION

Blocking a King's Game

As the time for the formal crowning of King Edward approaches the troubles of that fat and frivolous monarch appear to be crowding upon him most unpleasantly. A more unpropitious time for the unloading of court scandals there could not be, and it bespeaks a spirit of rank disloyalty in the breast of the subjects of the merry monarch that they should at this time, just as he is preparing for the proudest moments of his life, seek to drag his peccadilloes into the light of day. We all know that Albert Edward had a strenuous and picturesque past, abounding in episodes in which *la femme* played a prominent part, and it is not to his discredit now, wearing though he does the robes of State, that a lively sense of gratitude impels him to generous deeds. During his philandering days as Prince of Wales, the gay Albert incurred many obligations in the pursuit of amatory diversion. Many beautiful women of elevated social position and many brilliant women of comparatively lowly station contributed to the gaiety of his princely pastimes. He has never shown a lack of appreciation of their favors, nor has he ever assumed, as some of his predecessors have done, that his royal condescension was paramount to all other considerations. In his new role of monarch of all he surveys he views with gracious eye the fair ones that danced attendance in the lighter hours of a dreamy past, but in the fulness of a sense of gratitude the rarest of kingly virtues, he is eager to bestow on them such little tokens of his royal favor as may compensate them for losses that may have been sustained in a social way. Some are in need of social rehabilitation, and some crave that social prestige which was their birthright but which they forfeited by a disregard for the conventionalities. And there are husbands who earned the gratitude of King Edward by a complaisance born of loyalty to the heir apparent. All these are expectant of honors as the Coronation Day approaches for that is the day on which the King bestows the cherished baubles on his loyal subjects. But there are sticklers for the proprieties high in Court circles who decline to connive with the King in his efforts to give prestige to those that won his favor in the purple hours of a pampered past. The despatches tell us that Lord Salisbury objects to recommending a complaisant husband for a peerage, and that the Duchess of Buccleuth declines to obey the behest of her King because it was in the interest of one of his feminine favorites. The obstinacy of the Lord and the Duchess was unfortunate, for it provoked gossip and scandal of a most deplorable character. It is a miserable plight for a gallant King to be in. Whoever heard of a King being powerless to reward his favorites? Edward presents a miserable spectacle to his subjects. He has never done anything in his life to command their admiration except as a sportsman and a gallant. His record as a sportsman is clean, and all the world knows that as a gallant he perjured himself like a gentleman, but now comes the opportunity for him to prove himself a model lothario, and he is estopped by a brace of meddlesome cranks suffering from a spasm of virtue.

Roosevelt's Defense of the Army

President Roosevelt's Memorial Day address was a manly and dignified reply to the criticisms of the Army in the Philippines. He did not contend, as many Republican statesmen and partisan newspapers have done, that the charges of atrocious cruelties were utterly without foundation, and that no military crimes had been committed. He declared that he deeply deplored the fact that representatives of our army had practiced cruelties on the Filipinos, and that determined effort would be made to punish every person guilty of barbarity. Of course he argued that there was much to be offered in extenuation of the cruelties of our soldiers, and that the Army in the Philippines was no worse than the armies of the North and South during the Civil War, but he did not seek to excuse those that had shown contempt for the limitations of military authority. President Roosevelt knows that there is foundation for the severe criticisms of the so-called anti-imperialist organs, but he considers it unjust to condemn the whole army for the shortcomings of a few. And he couldn't resist the temptation to take a smash at some of the blustering, bombastic spellbinders from the South, for he declared that there was "far less justification for a general condemnation of our army than the lynchings afford for the condemnation of the communities in which they have taken place. In each case it is well to condemn the deed, and it is well also to refrain from including both guilty and innocent." The criticisms of the partisan carpers have undoubtedly roused the ire of our leading Republican statesman, but they invited the investigation in the hope of achieving political glory, and they have themselves to blame for its disastrous results. Some of the stories that have come from the Philippines are revolting, and the Army cannot escape responsibility. When a lynching occurs in a Southern village, it is a disgrace to the community, and you cannot condemn the deed without charging the

community with responsibility. Lynchings occur only in those communities that are impregnated with a sentiment of a brutalizing nature. Atrocities would not be committed by men of the Army if the spirit of brutality was not more or less rife in the Army. It is absurd to offer in defense the history of other wars. War is undoubtedly demoralizing, and the soldiers in the Philippines have become demoralized. Nevertheless the nation is disgraced. Our whole course in the Philippines has been disgraceful. We should never have been there. We took possession of the Islands for commercial and selfish purposes, and it is rank hypocrisy to contend that we were actuated by a desire to enlighten and free the natives. Our soldiers know that they are conducting a war of conquest, and in their hearts they feel that they have no more occasion to be pleased with themselves than are the British soldiers in South Africa. Demoralization easily proceeds from such a state of feeling as our soldiers are in.

The Surrender of the Boers

The rejoicing in London over the signing of the peace terms was greater no doubt than the enthusiasm aroused by the surrender of Mafeking. Yet the gladness of the people did not proceed from a sense of triumphant achievement. There was no glory for British arms in the surrender of the Boers. British statesmen brought the war to a close because it was a severe drain on the national treasury and was becoming more unpopular every day. They would have preferred, no doubt, to have persuaded the Boers to quit immediately after a big British victory, but there was no longer a prospect of any such achievement. They were therefore glad enough to end the conflict upon any terms, so long as they should be the dictators and it should appear that the Boers acknowledged defeat. The terms of peace were consequently quite liberal, and it may now be asserted that British statesmen sometimes deem it expedient to be generous. Among other things they have guaranteed the right to teach the Dutch language in the public schools of the Transvaal and Orange River colony. That was a concession which it was very hard for them to make. They have also promised the Boers self-government, and granted them the privilege to bear arms. Surely the surrender of the Boers was free from every aspect of humiliation. Their fighting was not in vain. They fought until their vitality and resources were exhausted, and though they surrendered it was not until they had humbled one of the most powerful nations of the earth.

An Important Church Problem

To the layman and looker-on there is something almost laughable about the efforts of the clerics to fill up their church pews, and the discussion of ways and means by which one class or another can be wheedled or driven inside of the church edifices for a few hours one day in the week are as ludicrous as they are pathetic. It appears to have just occurred to the good men that the thing to do is to catch their congregations young and train them up in the habit of church-going. Suddenly it has dawned upon the ministers that the Sunday school is not a feeder for the church; that out of all the children who attend classes in their infant years, only a small proportion become communicants, while the great majority are lost completely, so far as even a perfunctory attendance at church service is concerned. The reason is not far to seek, provided it is sought in the right direction. Children attend the Sunday schools where they are told pretty stories, taught to sing hymns and recite verses. So far all well enough, but they are not instructed in the doctrines of their denomination. They do not know of any reason why they should attend one school more than another, unless because their playfellows do, or perhaps, as one child remarked, she had read all the books in the Congregational library, and they had some new ones in the Presbyterian. Sunday school classes are maintained by the process of amusing the children. Their minds are kept on the alert for festivals and good times. There are the Christmas tree, and the Easter Egg festival, the picnic, the Harvest Home, the tableaux, the New England Dinner, and one or another more or less theatrical spectacle, and these things follow each other in quick succession. There is hardly a week that some Sunday school is not holding some sort of a celebration in which the children take part, and there are all the heart-burnings and jealousies which attend similar affairs when not given under church auspices. Any congregation can point to whole families who have deserted in a body because of some ill-feeling engendered by a social. The children do not regard the Sunday school as a "little church." It is not a place where they learn to worship, but a place where they go to be amused and entertained. When they have outgrown the amusement stage they do not feel that they belong anywhere. When the religious reformers exulted in having established their independence of the Pope they quite lost sight of the fact that they had set an example which others would follow in declaring their freedom from any dominion whatsoever. The Puritans, the Calvinists and others looked forward to being themselves the dictators and nothing was further from their contemplation than the idea that a time would come when they could no longer stand in the pulpit and call the heads of families to task for the absence of some child or invalid. Freedom of conscience was the last thing they admitted, unless it were the freedom of their own consciences to dictate to all else. Unlike the Jews and the Catholics, who provide doctrinal instruction for their juveniles, and admit them to full membership as soon as they show a proper understanding of what they have been taught, most of the Christian denominations demand some "experience" on the part of the applicant for membership, and very few children, if indeed any, pass through religious crises. They do not know what it means to "come under conviction of sin," or whatever form of expression happens to be in use in their particular denomination, but hold aloof, waiting for something exceptional to occur to them as a mental experience. Without it they do not feel that they can become church members, so they drift away because there is no cord of attachment. Ian Maclaren scored the "chicken dinner and candy pull" methods of the churches, in reference to that form of inducing or holding adult membership, but the festival and Christmas tree plan of keeping up Sunday-schools, and letting the children drop off when they have outgrown

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or become surfeited with these pleasures, is quite as bad. Amongst the Catholics and the Jews, where attendance at services is obligatory and not voluntary, and where the children are expected as a matter of course to become recruits and are instructed in the doctrines of their denomination, with a view to having them take their places in the congregational membership with full duties and obligations at about their fourteenth year and often much younger, there is no complaint either of falling off in adult membership, or of the children who are "lost."

Gifts That May Revert

Now that the Carnegie libraries are pretty well under way, some one who has been bold enough to look the gift horse in the mouth has called attention to the fact that the communities which have availed themselves of the offerings of the benevolent millionaire have bound themselves to expend large sums annually, and that in default of their doing so at any time the property will revert to the Carnegie heirs. While there is not the slightest probability that Mr. Carnegie is contemplating the enrichment of his remote descendants at the expense of the communities which have solicited gifts of libraries, it is not improbable that some such thing will happen in more than one instance. Hardly a week goes by that suit is not brought somewhere for the restoration of funds or property alienated from the use which the donor or testator had in mind in making the gift. We have here in San Francisco, at present, an action for the recovery of South Park which was given to the city under conditions more than fifty years ago, also the claim of the Sutro heirs for restoration of Balboa boulevard. A congregation on Long Island is called into court to show cause why the church and grounds should not be surrendered to the descendants of the man who donated the site and erected the building two generations ago, to be held so long as they were used as a place of divine worship for the denomination to which he belonged. Today his grandson lays claim to the place on the ground that the building is made use of as a place in which to hold church suppers, fancy fairs, lectures and other entertainments which are not acts of worship within any meaning of the term, and distinctly opposed to what his ancestor would consider such. Instances without number could be cited of similar occurrences, and it is just as well not to be too rash in undertaking to answer for the future conduct of unborn generations. Just as the social side has dominated the religious in churches, the athletic may take the place of scholasticism, and fifty years hence the buildings erected for libraries and stocked with books may be turned into gymnasiums, and the books used as fuel with which to furnish light and heat to the coming race. We cannot know what conditions will prevail even ten years from now, much less fifty or a hundred. Old methods become cumbersome and old buildings inconvenient and ruinous. Many a well-intentioned man has left his property so tied up, in his desire to act with the greatest wisdom for the benefit of his heirs, that they have been prevented from acting for their own advantage when other times brought other manners. Communities and municipalities are not more gifted with foresight than are individuals, and it might not be altogether edifying to the wandering shades of those good people who are so anxious to obtain a share of the Carnegie loaves and fishes, to find that those for whom they are so busily taking thought for the morrow neither thank them for their solicitude nor value the gifts secured for them. Opportunities are valued not according to their profusion but in accordance with their rarity. Compulsory education does not make scholars. Free libraries and reading rooms are as much of an evil as they are a benefit. They furnish warmth and shelter to idlers who might be making better use of their time in hunting for an occupation by which to support themselves, instead of loafing through the day turning over the pages of magazines and newspapers. Reading, as "Mr. Dooley" says, is all right as a diversion after the chores are done, but as a substitute for active work and real thinking it is not a success.

The Saunterer

Gage and the Call

When Mr. Gage was running for Governor of this State it was vaguely hinted that he had once been engaged in the sheep stealing business. The voters either believed that that was a campaign lie or admired Mr. Gage for having kept out of the penitentiary, for they gave him a handsome majority. From recent publications it appears that he has been spending a good deal of his time in the penitentiary, and that he has diverted his attention from sheep to furniture. He scorned to notice the sheep-stealing story, but the yarns about the purloining of furniture have aroused his indignation, and his friends declare that he will not be content until he has secured the conviction of John D. Spreckels for criminal libel. Mr. Spreckels has had considerable experience in libel suits, but they do not appear to have inspired him with fear. He has made some very bold charges against Gage, and as the campaign is approaching it behooves the Governor to seek vindication.

A Dangerous Practice

It may be hard to convince people that the Governor of the State was engaged in the practice of receiving stolen goods as the *Call* has alleged, but it is evident that as a politician he did not exercise due caution. He knew that several of the leading journals of the State were on the qui vive to obtain material that could be used against him for campaign purposes. He should have been on his guard. It is dangerous business accepting presents from State institutions. Some of his predecessors avoided being similarly involved. I believe that there is a very handsome table in San Quentin which was made for Governor Markham, and it is pointed out as "the table that Markham was afraid to carry off." Markham was a cautious statesman. Nothing could ever tempt him to be caught "with the goods

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on him." When Jim Budd appointed General Dimond Major-General of the National Guard that gallant militiaman sent the Governor a very handsome and beautifully inscribed watch as a token of gratitude. Governor Budd sent it back with thanks. It would not have been wrong for him to have accepted it, but Governor Budd was a man of experience and he took no chances.

A Bitter Feud

It does not make much difference whether Governor Gage accepted a whole set of bed-room furniture, or only a foot-stool made in the penitentiary: whatever he received served the purpose of a peg to hang a campaign story on, and it remains to be seen how the people feel about it. The fight has become a most bitter one, for Gage has begun to strike back in his usual aggressive fashion, and there is no telling where it will all end. When Editor Garrett of the *Post* was brutally assaulted on the street by hired ruffians, the gossip promulgated from the Gage camp was that the thugs received their blood-money in the *Call* office. Peter Dunne, the railroad attorney, was employed for the prosecution, and the knowing ones immediately declared that he was expected to trace a relationship between Garrett's assailants and the *Call*. The *Post* threw out hints to the effect that the sponsor of the thugs was known, and it is an open secret in newspaper and political circles that it is the theory of the *Post* people that the editor of the paper was the victim of a conspiracy hatched in a rival newspaper office, in the furtherance of a bitter political feud. The *Call* people doubtless know what the *Post* people are saying, but they affect a contemptuous indifference. The facts as to the Garrett assault may never be determined judicially, but that it has served to intensify the bitterness of an already acidulous and virulent political feud there can be no doubt. And it is certainly startling enough that it has been even seriously suggested that the assault was prompted by a spirit of revenge growing out of political differences.

Not since the Heath case in Fresno has anything occurred to better aid one to a conception of the bitterness engendered in factional strife. Of course the *Call* has not taken cognizance of the gossip set afloat by the Gageites. No definite charges have been made. There has been nothing but innuendo, and nothing tangible to be taken as a pretext for a reply. But meanwhile the *Call* is pumping hot shot into Gage, the Governor hopes to retaliate by libel proceedings, and incidentally Baron Von Schroeder has been induced to accept the services of Peter Dunne as his attorney in his famous libel suit against Mr. Spreckels. The case that was to have been dropped a few weeks ago is to be prosecuted with renewed vigor, and the air is full of ominous rumors.

More of the Frost Case

A copy of the report of Attorney-General Knox made to President Roosevelt, in the matter of the application of Claude Frost for pardon, has been received by me. It was sent from Washington. Frost was the officer of the Department of Justice who was convicted of contempt of court by the United States Court of Appeals of this district and sentenced to one year's imprisonment. It was in this case that Attorney Francis Heney filed a brief severely criticising the judges of the Criminal Court for their treatment of Frost. Attorney-General Knox's report is hardly less severe than Heney's brief. From his brief summary of the case it appears that Frost was convicted of the charge of interfering with the process of the court, on the unsupported and uncorroborated testimony of a man named Vawter, who was United States Marshal at Nome, and who was compelled to resign because of a report made by Frost of conduct entirely inconsistent with personal and official integrity.

The Silence of Pillsbury

The more I read of this Frost case the more am I surprised and shocked at the conduct of some of the people involved in the Nome mining litigation. I have no doubt that the Federal judges of this district had reason to believe that there was a deal of corruption in official circles in Nome, but how they were convinced that it was all on one side in those mining cases I am at a loss to understand. Perhaps they were impressed by the zeal and aggressiveness of Amicus Curiae Pillsbury, but if Mr. Pillsbury was the hired attorney of one set of litigants what right had he to pose as the friend of the Court? The presumption is that an attorney who appears in court as an amicus curiae is a disinterested party who has only one interest and that the interest of the Court to observe. Undoubtedly he went too far in the Frost case, and the wind-up must have been a bitter pill for the Court of Appeals to swallow. If Mr. Pillsbury is truly a friend of that Court I am surprised that he does not now step forward and say something in defense of that tribunal. Of course the good faith of the Court is not questioned, but the Heney brief comes dangerously close to the line, and yet Mr. Heney is still practicing law and is apparently still in good standing.

Excessive and Unusual Punishment

And when one reads the Knox report which undoubtedly had great weight with President Roosevelt, for he pardoned Frost, one's amazement at the silence of the distinguished friend of the Court grows. "In any event," says the Attorney-General, after discussing the weakness of the

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testimony against Frost, "the punishment imposed is excessive and unusual." Continuing he called attention to the fact that McKenzie, the arch-conspirator, was sentenced to only six months' imprisonment on each of two charges, that Noyes and Wood were sentenced from four to six months, that the lawyer who counseled the disobedience of Court was the only one involved who was not convicted, and that "Frost, who was unquestionably the least implicated of any, received much the severest punishment." Strange things indeed are done in the name of the law.

He Has "Arrived"

George Lask has returned to town for the summer, this being the off season in New York theatrical circles. George Lask has "arrived," as they say on the Rialto in New York whenever a stranger scores a hit. San Franciscans have been "arriving" with great frequency in the puffed up metropolis of late. They have not only won laurels on the stage but they have gone to the front in other activities. Lask has jumped into the first rank of stage managers. He left the Tivoli about two years ago, and since then he has staged some of the big successes at the Casino and Hammerstein's Republic. Like Dave Belasco, who is now the premier stage manager of America, he had his first experience behind the scenes in this city. It was not so many years ago that he was producing melodramas at the original Morosco theatre in Howard street. He now devotes the most of his time to comic opera and musical comedy and he has exhibited exceptional capabilities in handling big spectacular productions. During his sojourn here he may stage the Frawley pieces at the Grand.

Neumann's Adventurous Son

Paul Neumann, son of the famous Paul Neumann, banker, bohemian and soldier of fortune, has started out to make a career for himself as interesting and romantic as was his father's. He went to Edinburg three years ago to study medicine and at the end of the second term was seized with the military mania. He enlisted in the medical corps and was shipped to South Africa. He did not find patching up wounded soldiers exciting enough and he relieved the monotony by potting Boers whenever the chance offered. On one of these little sorties he dragged back to cover, at the risk of his life, an equally venturesome confrere who had wandered too far afield and received a bullet in his hide. For this Neumann received distinguished service orders and the little silver medal so highly coveted in the British army, which is sometimes given with the orders. Upon his return to England he found it impossible on account of his health to go on with his medical studies, and he is now in New York doing newspaper work.

Rumored Naval Engagements

Some of the smart folks are discussing a rumor that was set afloat during a reception on board the *Wisconsin* just before her departure, of two Navy engagements. In view of the frequency of Service weddings of late, it has been remarked that our business men are somewhat slow compared with our gentlemen in blue. Our choicest maidens are rapidly being recruited for domestic purposes by our Army and Navy, and according to the *Wisconsin* rumor, when that vessel steamed away two of the young officers aboard felicitated each other over the success of the suits they had prosecuted in the local swim.

Will Study Art in Paris

The friends of Therese Morgan are inconsolable because that popular society girl writes that she does not intend to return to San Francisco for many a long year. Her interest in art, which many hinted was only feigned because of her liking for the blond artist who coached her, is a real one. Her idea is to join the hard-working young women of the Students' Club in Paris, and see what she can do with her talent. Except Kate Clement and Laura McKinstry there is not a girl in the swim who will be more sincerely missed than Therese Morgan. She is a girl of remarkable independence and, though she is not so unconventional as the Loughborough girls and others in their set, she was always shocking the tabbies. She openly confessed that she could mix a cocktail and that there was no nerve composer like a cigarette. The young boys adored her for she never snubbed them but treated them all with as much consideration as if they were the seasoned club wits who also delighted in her conversation. But Miss Morgan, fond as she is of society, never intended to fritter away her life in the social whirl. She has always said she intended to do something better some day, and now she seems about to fulfill her prediction. By her father's death she came into a nice little independent income. Mrs. Morgan and Ella will return from Paris in a few months, but Therese will remain abroad until her ambition is achieved or dies.

New Ideas in Dining

The Oakland *Tribune's* "Meddler" wrote some interesting paragraphs about dinner giving in last Saturday's budget. Among other things she told of a hostess whose purse is not elongated but whose brain makes up in fertility for the pocket-book's lack. This hostess is giving

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a series of national dinners. She began with an Italian dinner at Sanquinetti's and took her guests to the Italian theatre afterwards to see the marionettes. The next was a French dinner at one of the lesser *rotis Francais* with an afterpiece of one of M. Le Roux' lectures. The next is to be a Chinese restaurant dinner with the Chinese theatre for the *apres,* and then a German affair and, last of all, a "health food" dinner. She has the souvenirs, name cards and flowers correspond with each dinner's nationality and the idea is one that can be easily imitated or enlarged upon.

San Jose's Swagger Event

San Jose's smart set is once more suffering from a volcanic eruption. Dissensions are always rife among the swagger folks of the Garden City. Whenever one of the elite attempts to do something on a grand scale the afterclap is always of the heart-burning variety. The other night Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Barker opened their new home in the Alameda and it was "the event of the season." The house was gorgeously decorated for the occasion, and the broad porch was transformed into a floral bower for the musicians. The society reporters of the San Jose dailies were spurred to "fine writing" by the spectacle. They told of the "cut-glass vase filled with carnations" which occupied the centre of the dining room table, "standing on an exquisite lace centrepiece." They told how "red roses in the window ledges harmonized with the tints of wall and ceiling" and they proudly proclaimed the fact that the refreshments "included individual ices moulded in various forms"; also that Mrs. Barker "received her guests in a gown of white chiffon with yoke of white handmade renaissance lace and black velvet trimming." The guests were no doubt highly pleased at being received in a gown, and like the reporters they must have remarked that Mrs. Barker wore diamonds.

And the Coachman was There

The guests included, as most affairs in San Jose do, the elite and the bourgeoisie. The butcher, the baker and candlestick maker were there, but, horror of horrors! in the midst of the guests was the Barker coachman and his good wife. They are estimable people and in this democratic country there is no reason why they should not have contributed the glow of their presence to the house-warming. But society was shocked. Even the shoe clerks and dry goods clerks thought it bad form for the coachman to be included among the invited guests. That reception will be the theme of discussion in San Jose social circles for many moons.

When Miles was Here

The news that the sword of Damocles is hanging over General Miles' head has not caused any weeping or wailing on the Pacific coast. When General Miles was stationed at the Presidio he roused the ire of the smart set by trying to run things in the Army and out. At that time it was necessary to drive in from the Presidio and the roads were very bad in winter. One night General and Mrs. Miles were invited to a large dinner party in town and upon their non-arrival at the appointed time the other guests sat down to dinner. An hour later the Miles party drove up. The General's full dress glory was mud-smirched and he had a bad pain in his temper owing to his tardiness due to the fact of his carriage catching in a rut. Instead of eating humble pie as a late guest, when the General found that the host had not waited for him, he turned on his military heel and angrily escorted his supperless wife back to the carriage. General Miles had evidently expected to be the *piece de resistance* of the feast and that they should have gone on as far as roasts without him curdled his appetite. The affair was discussed to tatters in society and military circles and the General's retreat was pronounced contrary to all tactics.

His Arizona Triumph

General Miles is especially disliked in Arizona where he was sent just at the close of the Indian wars. General Crook, best beloved of Indian fighters, had all but put the finishing touches to the redskins, and on the eve of his triumph he was ordered East, and Miles was put in command. It was a clear case of official wire pulling, but if Miles was given official credit for subduing the Indians, every one in Arizona knew that Crook had done the work. When the last pipe of peace was smoked with the Indians, Prescott, at that time capital of Arizona, gave a fiesta in honor of General Miles. General Miles was a notable figure in the parade, his gold-besplashed uniform making even the gayly dressed Mexicans look tame. When the procession halted in front of the plaza, Governor Tritle, of Comstock mine fame, presented General Miles with a sword sheathed in a handsome case. General Miles drew out the sword and to the surprise of no one but himself and the Governor a shiny tin sword scintillated in the sun. The people had objected to the fiesta as planned by the government officials and when they heard that Miles was to be presented with a sword in their name they determined that it should be one that betokened their opinion of the soldier. So the real sword was stolen just before the exercises and the tin one substituted by a man chosen at the secret mass meeting of the townspeople. It placed Governor Tritle in a very uncomfortable position and his southern instincts suggested but one remedy—a duel. However Miles refused to take satisfaction in that manner and furiously rode back to Fort Whipple. He had his revenge on Prescott as soon as he came into command of the army. He at once ordered Fort Whipple, which is a mile from the town, abandoned. This meant a serious loss to the merchants who had fur-

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nished supplies to the army and for a long while business was crippled. President Roosevelt has evidently heard the tin sword story for he has ordered several companies sent to Fort Whipple and it will be reinforced later. This fact makes General Miles' retirement even harder to bear.

Isn't It Blackmail?

Mrs. Craven has accepted fifty thousand dollars from the Fair heirs and retired into obscurity. From the stories in the dailies it appears that several of her attorneys accepted fees out of the money which the bold widow was paid by way of inducement to quit. What a splendid topic this denouement in the Craven conspiracy affords for discussion by the eminent gentlemen of the Bar Association. The attorneys for the Fair heirs have declared that they paid the money to Mrs. Craven not because they believed she had a just claim but in order to hasten the end of the litigation. They estimated that it would cost about fifty thousand dollars to litigate the claim, and therefore they advised their clients to part with the money. Evidently Mrs. Craven had no confidence in her claim, for she was willing to accept a very small fraction of the amount involved, and at the same time to abandon all prospect of vindication. It is generally believed in legal and judicial circles in this city that Mrs. Craven was a bold and shameless blackmailer. Yet she had no difficulty in engaging legal talent to assist in the furtherance of her schemes. Moreover her lawyers did not scruple at pocketing some of the money which was extorted from her victims.

It is only the women with round arms and pretty wrists who dare espouse the new fashion of elbow-sleeves. So the elbow sleeve will never be popular.

Mr. Welch of Hawaii

The horse show at Burlingame was a success notwithstanding the rain and the disappointment of Mrs. Henry T. Scott. Mrs. Scott made a very poor showing. Mr. Andrew Welch, who was referred to by one of the dailies as an "Hawaiian sugar planter," carried off the honors with his road team and his high-steppers. Mr. Welch is the owner of horseflesh that would attract attention even in a New York horse show. Mr. Welch is such a well known resident of this city that I am somewhat curious to know why he should be vaguely designated an "Hawaiian sugar planter." It would be equally accurate to dub Jack Casserly a Chicago butcher because it happens that he derives his income from a slaughter house in the windy city. The only difference is that Mr. Welch is a member of the sugar firm while Casserly has only a marital interest in the butcher business.

The Coming Glad Hand

It appears to be the consensus of opinion among newspaper correspondents that no British statesman is eligible to succeed Lord Pauncefote unless he is the husband of an American woman. Every man mentioned by them as likely to succeed Pauncefote has an American heiress for a wife. Though they appear to be very anxious in England "to cement the ties of kinship," I seriously doubt that they are so ill-advised as to American sentiment as to believe that we are interested in seeing the husbands of our expatriated daughters honored. The successor to Pauncefote will be chosen for his ability as a diplomatist, and not for tact in acquiring an American fortune. But it happens that several of the leading lights in the British dplomatic service have annexed American wives. The Washington mission has grown in importance of late years. When Lord Pauncefote was sent to Washington thirteen years ago, the post was inferior in prestige to those of Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg. To-day, so far as Great Britain is concerned, it is of vastly more importance. Through the war with Spain we became a world-power, and our commerce has grown so enormously that the nations of Europe now regard us quite seriously. Just now they are doing a lot of squabbling among themselves for precedence in our affections. They are presenting us with statues, and sending over the best blood of their royal families to convince us that they are friendly. Under the circumstances Great Britain may be depended upon to send us over the most expert glad-hand in the service.

The Vaudeville Widow

Mrs. Hugh Tevis has bought a beautiful home in Denver and intends to wipe the San Francisco smart world from her map. Pretty Mrs. Hugh doesn't think much of us and she doesn't care who knows it. Society has christened her the "vaudeville widow" and the sobriquet has reached her ears and roused her ire. "Popinjays!" Mrs Tevis is reported to have said, "they should remember that clothes must be seen and not heard." This slap smarts some fashionables who wear loud clothes at all hours, but they retort that they have never combined diamonds and widow's weeds as Mrs. Tevis has done. Mrs. Tevis evidently found it too hard a wrench to let her rings hibernate and she has worn them independent of mourning precedent. Her crepe has really been most becoming with its frill of white softening the veil, and a full soft bow tied pertly under the chin. Down Monterey way, whenever the carriage of a distinguished New Yorker was drawn up before the Tevis hacienda they sang:

> "Tying her bonnet-strings under her chin,
> She tied a young man's heart within."

However it was not alone her bonnet strings but the bunch of saucy scarlet jacqueminots which the charming widow always carries that gave the wags their final cue, and "vaudeville widow" she will probably be called to the end of the chapter. The house which she has bought is a model one for entertaining on a large scale and when she needs wear the weeds no longer its doors will swing wide.

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John is in Good Health

John Breckenridge, I have heard, shocked some of the friends of the Tevis family by appearing at the theatre four days after the death of Mrs. Tevis. But then John, it was reported, was afflicted with melancholia, and the theatre was perhaps prescribed by his physician. But since his return it has been said that if ever he had the holdrums they surely have been routed. He has full heritage of the Breckenridge good looks, and also a certain diablerie of manner that makes a hit with femininity. Now that Mrs. Grundy has seen, with her own eyes, that John is not in need of a keeper, she has begun to think that perhaps Florence Breckenridge has emerged from the slough of despond.

Mary McLean of Butte

The local book-sellers have not yet received that strange volume in which Miss Mary MacLean of Butte, Montana, known as "the Marie Bashkirtseff of the West," sets forth certain salacious details about herself, but one of them told me the other day that advance orders were coming in very fast. The authoress has been exploited in a way that has advertised the book, and it will no doubt have a large sale. I have received an advance copy, and do not hesitate to assure my readers that it is trash designed to quicken the prurient fancy. Somebody has discovered that this vicious virgin of Butte is only a sublimated concentration of Henry James' Daisy Miller, and there is much in the book to remind one of the sizzling sensuality of Amelie Rives, but it is commonplace and feeble compared with the panting passionateness of that feverish female. I am inclined to believe that Mary MacLean is a fake; that the book was written by a man who hopes to attract the attention of the morbid seekers after glimpses of the naked female soul. Mary MacLean tells you that there are nine cambric handkerchiefs cunningly distributed in the front of her shirtwaist, and she explains that while she has a pretty figure it is not well developed. Wouldn't that jar you? "Likewise," she says, "by an ingenious arrangement of my striped moreen petticoat I contrive to display a more evident pair of hips than nature seems to have intended for me at this stage." And it is this sort of tommyrot which a respectable publishing house has put upon the market. If a newspaper dealt in that sort of trash to the extent that Mary hands it out, it would be excluded from the mails.

Her Litany

Mary MacLean, or whoever the perpetrator of the fake is, also sets forth a litany which is not so bad and which runs something like this: "From women and men who dispense odors of musk; from little boys with long curls; from the kind of people who call a woman's figure her 'shape'—kind devil, deliver me. From all sweet girls; from 'gentlemen,' from feminine men—kind devil, deliver me. From lisle-thread stockings; from round, tight garters; from brilliant, brass belts—kind devil, deliver me. From insipid sweet wine; from men who wear moustaches; from the sort of people who call legs 'limbs'; from bedraggled white petticoats—kind devil, deliver me. Kind devil, if you are not to fetch me happiness, then slip off from your great steel key-ring a bright little key to the door of the glittering, gleaming bad things, and give it me, and show me the way, and wish me joy.

"I would like to live about seven years of judicious badness, and then death, if you will. Nineteen years of damnable nothingness, seven years of judicious badness—and then death. A noble ambition! But might it not be worse? If not that, then nineteen years of damnable nothingness, and then death."

Louis Sloss

When Louis Sloss passed away last Wednesday night, San Francisco lost one of her most public-spirited and best beloved citizens. There is so much perfunctory praise for the departed these days that even the most sincere and deserving seems hardly worth while, for eulogies are so indiscriminately bestowed that they are almost as much a matter of course as the undertaker's sadness of countenance. As to Louis Sloss, however, his deeds have so often proclaimed his worth that eulogy would be superfluous. No resident of San Francisco ever enjoyed the universal respect which Louis Sloss so well earned. The name of Sloss has long been a household word in San Francisco. It will long be remembered as that of a man of sterling character, a genial, big-hearted, kind, self-sacrificing mortal, whose cardinal virtue was modesty, and whose sympathy for the unfortunates was evidenced by a bountiful generosity.

At the Vendome in San Jose are at pesent domiciled, among other San Franciscans, Mrs. James M. Goewey, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac H. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schroeder and Miss Eugenie Hawes, Mrs. A. N. Drown, Mrs. W. J. Dutton and Miss Dutton, Mr. Thomas Brown, of the Bank of California, and his daughter. Society has taken a great fancy to San Jose this summer

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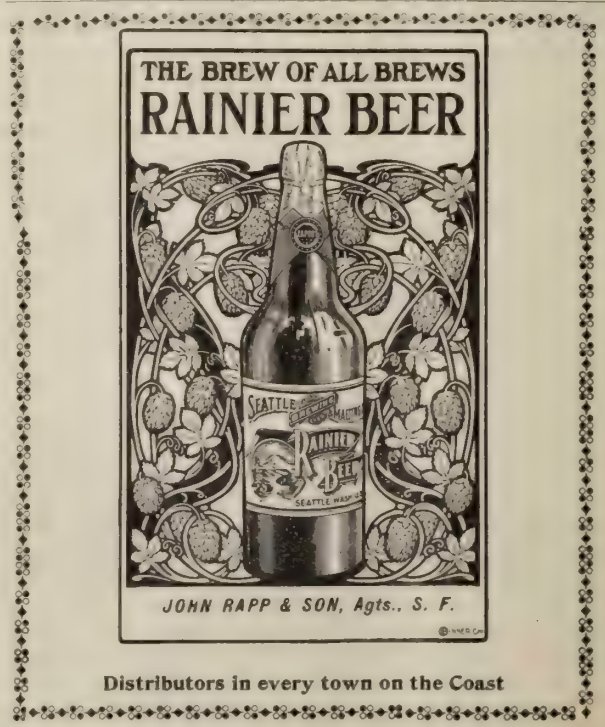
Mr. and Mrs. Sam L. Allen and Miss Allen of Philadelphia were among the Eastern arrivals at the Hotel Mateo this week.



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Men as Maids

Smart women, I am told, are substituting valets for maids, especially in traveling. The argument is that the man can do all the woman can, and a great deal more. He is a better packer, uses more common sense and so often acts independent of specific instruction. He is not so likely to be sick on train or boat, and is more reliable as escort or in making arrangements. In a word, he is maid and man combined. Smart women are but doing in this what they have been doing for years in their gowns—copying the women of the stage. They had Johnstone Bennett with her valet as a mentor. But what a roar went up in San Francisco a few seasons back when it was learned that Mrs. Neville Castle had a man dresser! But when women criticise the most they are the more likely to do, later on, the thing they criticise.

The Engagement of the Week

Until Wednesday, when Harry Scott gave the secret wings, only suspicion pointed to the engagement that is now stamped as a fact. Before that there were rumors dripping over the teacups that Pearl Landers and Harry Scott were engaged, but the rumors were not loud enough for the papers to get hold of them. Mrs. Henry Scott asseverates her entire approval of the match, though Harry Scott is just of age, and it was expected that his elder brother, Prescott, would marry first. Young Scott's attentions to Miss Landers were active and began with her entrance into society last fall. But as the season ripened and no engagement was announced society's interest in their affair died out and was only reawakened by the present announcement. It is hinted that Pearl Landers will be only too glad to change her name for she has always been confounded by strangers with Pearl Landers, the little actress who made her debut with the Frawleys. The gossips say that Mr. Landers paid the pretty ingenue a plump sum to program herself Lillian Pearl Landers instead of plain Pearl.

Poor Mrs. Henry Scott! With all her high English aspirations, she must feel dreadfully cut up over the inroads the Irish are making into her royal family. But it was an Irishman who gave the Scotts an opportunity to shine financially.

Another Rumored Flitting from Blingum

And now They say that the Charley Baldwins will be the next to follow the Hobarts' example and shake the dust of Blingum from their feet. Charley Baldwin is credited with a desire to sell his ranch, and there will likely be a buyer for it as soon as it is formally put on the market. Several reasons are given for the rumored sale. For one thing, Mrs. Baldwin's health, though it has been somewhat benefited by her several stays at Colorado Springs, is by no means robust. The climate of the ranch is not the right one to bring back the roses to her pale cheeks, and a higher altitude is deemed necessary by her physicians. Another alleged reason is that with her brother and sister no longer near neighbors, Mrs. Baldwin is not happy in her present home. But the real reason, I am told, of this desire to move is that Charley Baldwin has never recovered from his resentment at the Blingumites' treatment of his sister. When Mrs. Deacon was visiting him not a Blingumite outside of the family extended a welcome to her. Memory is still fresh of the pointed snub of the Burlingame Club members on a certain occasion. Now that the Duchess of Marlborough has made a protege of Gladys Deacon, and is introducing her to the smartest of smart London society, perhaps the Blingum Anglomaniacs may regret the cold looks they gave the young girl's mother when she was in their midst.

Walter and Peter at Home

The Walter Martins arrived on Wednesday night, much to the surprise of the uninitiated who expected them to stay in London over the Coronation. But their intimates have known for some time that that thoughtless bird, the stork, has been flapping his wings over their chimneys, so their jaunt in Europe had to be parted in the middle. Though the busy bird may be responsible for the homecoming of the Walter Martins it is not so easy to account for the unexpected return of Peter. I had supposed that arrangements for Peter's marriage were completed, but since his return the gossips are saying that there has been a hitch. No betrothal of recent years has excited one-half the speculation and comment that have been indulged anent the Oelrichs-Martin engagement. It was first reported that the Oelrichs' clan objected to Peter Martin because of his wild, Western ways. Then came the story of a lover's quarrel, and finally I gave the facts concerning Mrs. Martin's refusal to put up the dot. The repeated postponements of the marriage began to read like a serial story when finally the news came out that everything was fixed, Peter was furnishing a Newport cottage, and the goose was at the proper elevation. But Peter is with us once more and the wedding is still hanging fire.

Ross Valley is in the throes of a sensation resulting from the opening of a very select country club. A cold frost appears to have settled down over the homes of some of the prominent families. But Ross Valley is too dignified a place for a scandal. If some of the matrons are emulating the example of those in the Fish-Belmont set of Newport, why not?

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The Hawaiian Doles

There is considerable mystery enshrouding the domestic affairs of the Doles of Honolulu. The marriage of Miss Gallagher, a school teacher of this city, and E. P. Dole, Attorney-General and brother of the Governor of Hawaii, took place last September, and a few months later the bride returned to this city. With her came rumors of a separation. These were indignantly denied by Mrs. Dole. She returned to Honolulu, and last Monday she came back to this city, and once again came the report of marital differences in the Dole family. A second time a denail was made in behalf of the wife. Yet all the newspapers in this city have received letters purporting to have been sent by Dole's attorney, warning the press against publishing the statements of Mrs. Dole concerning her trouble with her husband. From these letters it appears that Mrs. Dole is intent upon airing her grievances in the San Francisco papers, but that lady maintains a dignified silence while her mother declares that there has been no trouble.

Denials by the Gallaghers

Immediately after Mrs. Dole's arrival the reporters rushed out to interview her. She was too ill to be seen, but Mrs. Gallagher, and the five Misses Gallagher, were interviewed and they flouted the story of a separation. "Eleanor at outs with dear Edmund! Utter foolishness. Why when she came away from Honolulu a few days ago her husband and his relatives escorted her to the steamer, covered her with leis, the Government band played 'I'd leave my happy home,' and 'Come back to Erin.' Why, there was a great crowd to see her go, and Edmund wept." Which is all verity. The band was there, the wreaths were bestowed, and the Attorney-General of Hawaii did wet his cheeks. He also wet his whistle immediately afterward. The parting scene was all in keeping with the time-honored traditions of the Missionaries, and even Governor Dole—he of the bifurcated whiskers—could not have exceeded his cousin Edmund in his attempt to observe the proprieties.

Letters from Dunne

But the fact is that Dole and his attorney anticipated Mrs. Dole. Mr. Dole's attorney is J. J. Dunne, formerly of this city. He is a prolific letter-writer. I have received three letters from him, all on the subject of the Dole case. He informs me that Mrs. Dole openly declared her intention to use the press of San Francisco as a means of annoying "a very worthy and high-minded gentleman." He says that it is unfortunate that the Doles, though married only a short time, have developed a case of "incompatibility of temper, to express it mildly." And he continues as follows: "It is not, of course, for me as counsel for Mr. Dole to recite the series of events which led to this unfortunate marriage, but now that the end has come, it is, I think, my duty to seek to protect Mr. Dole, so far as my personal influence can do so, against guerrilla attacks." It is evident that Mr. Dole believes that his wife has some very sensational stories to tell, for his attorney, Mr. Dunne, who, by the way, is a very good press agent, anticipates damaging statements by representing his client to be a man of such exalted character as to be entitled to the presumption of innocence no matter what may be said against him.

Dole Apotheosized

This is a sample of Mr. Dunne's work in the role of apotheosist: "I beg of you to believe, and I say this quite without the spur of partisanship, that Mr. Dole's antecedents and personality will bear comparison with those of any other man in the country. For a long time past his family has been one of prominence in different parts of the country, notably in New England, and it has contributed to the various professions men who have become distinguished by unusual excellence in the law, in literature and in the church. In this Territory the name of Dole stands as high as it is possible for anyone to stand. His relatives have always held high positions, and have been invested with grave trusts. The present Governor of this Territory is but an illustration of what I am trying to say about the characteristics of the Dole family, and thus you see that an antecedent probability arises tending to support the theory that Mr. E. P. Dole, as a member of this distinguished family, is scarcely the man to origniate serious difficulty or disagreeable quarrels with a woman whom he thought enough of to make his wife." But the facts are that Mrs. Dole isn't saying a word, and that her distinguished husband is tooting his own horn vociferously and in a way calculated to cause the inference that his wife is unworthy of him, and incidentally unworthy of belief.

A Sinister Smash

I have not quoted all of Mr. Dunne's letter. His laudation of Mr. Dole is so extravagant that I have begun to suspect that the Attorney-General is working me for a little free advertising for political purposes. The Doles are accomplished politicians. Mr. Dunne has assured me that the Attorney-General has a character without stain, and that in all the relations of life he has lived "as a clean, pure-minded and highly-bred gentleman." The foregoing was no doubt intended to silence the stories about the little Kanaka Doles said to be in the islands. Mr. Dunne adds, magnanimously, that he has no desire to make "any statements concerning the antecedents of the lady whom Mr. Dole married," and he naively declares that "she has lived too long in San Francisco to render such a course necessary." In conclusion he says that the lady will be somewhat indiscriminate in her criticisms of Mr. Dole's friends, and suggests that if she should include Judge Estee and his wife and the Hon. W. L. Stanley, I may take the circumstance as a standard by which to measure the reliability of her statements concerning other people. Surely the high-minded Mr. Dole has some strange ideas about the rules of conduct that should govern a well-bred gentleman.

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The Real Dole

Another version of the story that comes from Honolulu is to the effect that trouble has been brewing in the Dole family almost in from the beginning of the honeymoon. There has been considerable gossip about the Doles in Honolulu, but it never got into print. Edmund Dole wooed the handsome and ravishing Eleanor Gallagher amid the palms of the Royal Hawaiian hotel and in the waves at Waikiki. He is fat, fifty and bald. He can give Billy Barnes and Colonel Kowalsky lessons in snoozing in an office chair; he has a hurdle in his speech, and he is the prosiest talker I know. He has no wealth, gets only a living salary, and is not a brilliant lawyer. But he is a Dole, the cousin of the former President and present Governor of Hawaii, and in the islands he has social prestige. He lived at the leading hostelry, where at night on the broad, embowered verandas the dusky-blonde natives make passionate music, and the soft breezes sigh through the monkeypod trees; where the gin-fizz has seductions never dreamed of in a temperate zone, and the very surf sings of love all the days and nights. Such was the scene of their trysts. Though he has naught of the Romeo in his outward appearance, Dole is a poetaster and a novelist. He has written and published "Hiwa, a Tale of Old Hawaii," and other tales, some of which make plain that Cupid shares with Bacchus in the holding of his heartstrings.

Why Honolulu is Agog

While one son of Millionaire Alexander Young of Honolulu was being divorced by his wife this week another son was making ready for a matrimonial leap. The divorced Young is Alexander, Jr., the oldest son of his father, to whom the latter gave a hundred thousand dollars as a wedding present. The wife charged him with "mental cruelty," and averred that he outraged her refined sense of decency and courtesy by his coarse actions and brutal language. The son about to be married in Honolulu is Archibald Young. If his bride is of the same delicate and sensitive nature as that of the divorcee she may have a rude awakening, too. Archie Young is no hot-house plant. He is red-haired and freckled-fisted, and he has never done any nimble capering in boudoirs and drawing-rooms. But he is a good fellow and the son of a multi-millionaire, and he has spent some time studying the role of the society dawdler under the tutelage of Robert Shingle, a young stock-broker of Honolulu. Shingle made money in sugar after finding himself a failure as a newspaper reporter, and now he leads cotillions and bathing parties. He has pointed out to Young the trifles that distinguish the haut ton from the polloi, and now Young is to marry Miss Maud Gilett. Honolulu is agog over the affair, and they are laying even money that the groom will walk up the aisle without a train collision. Shingle will be best man.

There is no doubt whatever that the stork is expected at the home of the Rudolph Spreckels', and his advent will be made the occasion of general rejoicing in the family. Since the death of her son, little Rudolph, Mrs. Spreckels has never seemed like her old happy self and this new arrival is expected to bring back some of the lost content to the young mother's heart.

Blessedness of Giving by Proxy

The very reverend rector of St. Luke's gave his fashionable congregation something to think about last Sunday. But the thoughts his remarks impelled were not complimentary to the rector. His text was: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." He cited by way of illustration the case of a young missionary of the Episcopal church, whose field of work is in Southern California. The missionary has to travel from place to place on his circuit, holding services in school-houses, barns or wherever practicable. As the distances are great he cannot always tramp so, said the rector of St. Luke's, he makes use of a bicycle. But as the roads are bad and the dust almost intolerable in some places the missionary's travels are necessarily difficult. "If my young friend had a horse and buggy," said the rector, "he could cover the distances easily and pursue his duties with greater speed," and after the sermon it was suggested by some of the people in the congregation that the reverend gentleman should not lose such a splendid opportunity to achieve a blessing. He receives a big salary, they said, and could well afford to help his less fortunate brother. St. Luke's is the smartest Episcopal congregation in San Francisco, but it includes many knockers, and its rectors have ever been the subject of criticism. St. Luke's is wholly out of debt, and it has a fat treasury.

"Lovely woman in the game of life always calls hearts trumps," said the young lover.

"Bosh! Diamonds are what most women deal," said the *blase* clubman.

"Wait until you've had my experience," said the old married man, "you'll find clubs trumps."

Mrs. Grace Morei Dickman has discontinued her afternoons at home until after the summer vacation. She has been very ill and will recuperate in a sanitarium.

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BEST ON EARTH

Mrs. Atherton on London

Though Gertrude Atherton has not had occasion to complain of ennui since her return to her old home, she has no desire to prolong her stay. She has enjoyed being lionized by our cultured and our smart folks but she longs to be back in "deah old Lunnon." It was in London that her genius was first authoritatively proclaimed, and she can no longer content herself in the provincial atmosphere of an American city. Speaking of London the other day she said she preferred it as a place of residence to any other city on the globe. She likes the people of London because of their freedom from sham and hypocrisy. "They know," she said, "that the world is not perfect, and they don't get shocked when they hear about the shortcomings of people. They are not eager to visit the penalty of social ostracism upon those who are so unfortunate to have been found out. There is no affectation of superior virtue among them. Consequently they are never blackmailed by their servants. They know they need not fear being condemned on the revelations made by their help." Mrs. Atherton also states that though it is cheaper to live in London than in New York the temptation to spend money is greater across the water. Luxuries are so accessible that you cannot ignore them. "I always ride in a hansom in London," she said, "and I never get into a street car in New York without execrating Thomas Jefferson."

A Coming Mirror

Apropos of Mrs. Atherton's views of the indifference of the British to exposure of their peccadilloes, it is that very indifference which has made them impervious to criticism, and made immorality easy. In this connection it may be interesting to know that the social life of London finds a mirror in Mr. Pinero's "The Gay Lord Quex," which Mr. Miller is to produce at the Columbia. It is a play which illustrates the exquisite development of the intellectual faculties of the British, and of the atrophy of their morals. It is a new message from England on the eternal sexual problem, written by the most brilliant of British playwrights. You should go to see it because it foreshadows the sort of plays which will be written by our dramatists long before the Nation has become as old, as vicious, as sensual and as unscrupulous as England is in Pinero's hour.

A Leaf from Her Past

Many people who have met Mrs. Atherton for the first time since her return to San Francisco are surprised to learn that her favorite topics of conversation deal with economic questions and that she takes a deep interest in trusts. Being somewhat familiar with the fervid sentences that burn like coals of fire in the chaste pages of "Hermia Suydam," they expected to find her quite a different sort of a woman from what she is. The fact is that Mrs. Atherton has grown more grave than gay. But there was a time when her temperament was as romantic as her novels. Years ago I heard a story which will serve to illustrate the unconvential character of this brilliant woman. It was the story of her epistolary relationship with Julian Hawthorne, the novelist. It started shortly after the publication of her novel "What Dreams May Come." They had never met, but for Hawthorne's writings Mrs. Atherton had an impassioned interest. He lived in New York, and the new aspirant for literary honors in San Francisco. They struck up a correspondence. It began in a cool, matter-of-fact way but gradually, as correspondence usually does, grew warmer and more personal. Each confided in the other thoughts of a deep and impassioned nature.

The Meeting was Indefinitely Postponed

This went on for many months. Then, after her husband's death, Mrs. Atherton went to New York. Of course one of her first ideas was to look up Julian Hawthorne, and she forthwith despatched a note to his club inviting him to call upon her at her hotel. Julian at that time lived out of town, and his mail was therefore forwarded from the club. Hawthorne was out in the fields when Mrs. Atherton's missive came, and his wife opened the letter. She did not like it, and without consulting her husband she answered it. And I do not believe the two novelists ever met.

Joe Ward, Author

Joseph M. Ward, who was city editor of the *Examiner* in the eighties, and who has been doing newspaper work in Denver ever since he left this city, has written a book entitled "Come With Me Into Babylon." Professor Sayce of Oxford commends it highly for its accurate Assyriology Ward was a harum-scarum fellow at the wind-up of his local career, but he was always an extremely popular newspaper man. After going to Denver he mended his ways, and of late he has done some brilliant newspaper work.

John Graham, author of "The Great God Success," is really David Graham Phillips, a New York newspaper man. His second novel, "Her Serene Highness," is published under his own full name, and he has a third about ready. Mr. Phillips ought to be remembered as the man who secured the "beat" some years ago, when the *Victoria* was rammed and sunk by the *Camperdown* on the northern coast of Africa.

The Duke of Newcastle liked California so well that he is coming here again. He will, however, go to Los An-

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geles, which pleases his fancy better than does this city with its insistent representatives of the press. Newcastle is a brother of Lord Hope, the ex-husband of May Yohe, the sloe-eyed songstress. He is impecunious like his brother, and his house in London is said to be in an awful state from lack of repairs.

Family History in which Cupid Figures

The death of John Rosenfeld recalls the many vaudeville episodes that punctuated his career. The virus of speculation was thick in his blood and his deals were always spectacular. But the pranks that Cupid played with the Rosenfeld family were even more sensational than the head of the clan's wheat coups. Virginia City still remembers a sensation of the Comstock days of which "Johnny" Rosenfeld's sister was the heroine. She married a man named Armer, and their divorce suit was sparkling in its charges and counter-charges. Before the smoke cleared away, Mrs. Armer went to Europe. She never returned here. All of Mr. Rosenfeld's three daughters made unhappy marriages and are divorcees. They are estimable women, but somehow fate has been unkind to them in the matter of matrimony. Mrs. Mackay officiated as matchmaker for one of them, but even she could not mascot it on the road to happiness. A frequent visitor at the Mackay chateau near Paris, where Miss Rosenfeld was a guest was a Mr. Rosener, one of the brothers Rosener of Virginia City, old friends of the Mackays. In course of time Miss Rosenfeld and Mr. Rosener were married, in Mrs. Mackay's house, and the future stretched rose-colored. It was not long, however, before their marriage bonds were broken in court.

John Rosenfeld himself once held the centre of the stage in a tangled affair of the heart with Miss Block, the buxom secretary of the Park Commissioners, as leading lady. Though Rosenfeld was a widower supposed to be immune to feminine charms, Miss Block asserted that she was his fiancee. The old gentleman denied the allegation, and there was some lively comment in the papers at the time. It was all forgotten, though, until John Rosenfeld Jr. and his wife, Agnes Smedburg that was, stepped into the divorce court the other day. Then people began to reminiscence about the hard luck of the Rosenfelds in deals with Cupid and Hymen.

Rosenfeld's Coup

It was in the famous wheat deal in the days when the "big four" manipulated the markets, that Rosenfeld first became prominent. He drew on the Nevada bank to the amount of fifteen million dollars and plunged in wheat. When the bottom fell out of things Flood announced that the cashier had advanced the money without his knowledge, and for a day or so the bank affairs looked panicky. Men could not credit that such an amount of money could be advanced over Flood's head. Mackay and Fair rushed out from New York and helped the bank settle up. Rosenfeld sold his beautiful home and furniture to add his drop to the bucket.

Another Sensational Theory

Since writing the paragraphs which appear on a preceding page, on the subject of the political feud in which Governor Gage is playing a star part, I have learned of another theory that is being promulgated by the Governor's friends. It relates to the alleged frauds at San Quentin which threaten to develop interesting libel suits, and it imparts to the ramifications of this most sensational feud another of the glowing tints of the stirring melodrama in which the plot is constantly thickening. This theory has an act all to itself. It introduces in his own *propria persona* that distinguished crook "Happy Jack Chretien," the erstwhile clubman and bon vivant, who perforce, comes on in a striped suit, for Jack is doing time. He is discovered as the curtain goes up in the Commissary Department of the penitentiary. It was there, according to the theorists, that a certain voucher was falsified, for that there was one falsified there is no doubt, and that is what the *Call* has charged against the management. According to the Governor's theorists, who of course are intent upon exculpating the Warden who is the Governor's friend, that voucher was falsified by one of the convicts employed in the Commissary Department.

The Why and Wherefore

"Which one,' is the question, which proceeds on the assumption, of course, that the Warden is innocent; that he did not order the falsification of the records. And it was the presence of Jack Chretien that suggested the sensational solution of the problem. Jack is a politician. He was sent to the penitentiary for being implicated in a plot to rob an estate. What more likely, say the theorists, than that Jack put up the job to implicate the Governor in a manner calculated to render him politically impossible. If you ask the motive, the theorists will tell you that there are several motives that might have actuated him. They wink knowingly while refreshing your memory concerning certain politicians who were threatened with being implicated in the robbery of the estate. The whole argument of the theorists is fraught with sensational suppositions, and if they were not intelligent men you would pronounce them wild and incoherent dreamers. But it all goes to show that the politicians believe one another capable of furthering the most damnable conspiracies to attain their ends. However, if the Governor insists upon prosecuting libel suits the truth will probably come out. Neither Mr. Spreckels nor General Otis has betrayed any evidence of fear. They appear to be well fortified with facts.

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A Leader of Long Ago

The return of Mrs. John McMullin after a long absence will no doubt be followed by a series of entertainments in honor of that popular lady. Mrs. McMullin was a Miss Morgan of Kentucky, where she was a prominent belle away back in the early fifties. It was during a visit here she met John McMullin, who had the reputation of being the most accomplished horseman in the United States, and became his wife. Mrs. McMullin's residence in California street was the scene of many gay functions, the Southern element largely predominating among her guests. Her four pretty daughters were always the centre of an admiring circle of beaux. The eldest, Lilo, married Dr. Perrine. The second, Susie, was Tom Williams' first wife. Later she married a Kentucky gentleman and died soon after. The third of the McMullin girls is the wife of John C. Hays, son of the noted Texan Ranger, and the youngest, Becky, married William Wayne Belvin, from whom she was divorced. She is now known as Mc-Mullin-Belvin

---

The Rockefellers are doing a lot of moralizing these days. Until they follow the example of Andrew Carnegie by making liberal contributions to a Conscience Fund, I shall believe them insincere. It was Bacon who discovered, some centuries ago, that a certain lack of scruple was the most valuable of all qualities to him who was resolved to become rich. The founder of the Rockefeller fortune wants us to believe that he acquired his ridiculous fortune through an abundance of scruple. He protests too much.

Is Mrs. Pullmann Affianced?

The gossips at Blingum are saying that Mrs. Frank Carolan's latest trip to the East was superinduced by the report that her mother was threatening to enter the married state again. When I last heard of Pullman *mere* she was in very poor health, and efforts were being made to induce her to enter a sanitarium. Old Californians remember Mrs. Pullman as a woman of strong will. They knew her as Miss Hattie Sanger of Sacramento. She was the only daughter of Col. James Sanger, a railroad man, and was at one time supposed to be engaged to Edgar Mills but that gentleman transferred his attentions to Miss Swift, whom he subsequently married, and Miss Hattie soon after became the bride of Geo. M. Pullman, the wealthy car-builder.

One of the prettiest brides of the past two years who belongs to the Burlingame set is expecting a visit from the *ciconia alba,* and her friends say that she is not pleased.

The Last Chapter

I have authentic information that May Hoffman and the Reverend J. Le Baron Johnson are married and are making their home in Italy. They passed several months in England, where the wedding took place. Now Mr. Johnson is studying dramatic art, and within a few years he will make his debut on the stage. This is a very proper ending to what was one of the biggest sensations that ever startled San Francisco society. But it is no doubt the ending that both May Hoffman and the clergyman had in view when they took the step by which they forfeited everything for love. Some thought the elopement was premeditated when Miss Hoffman first went East to enter the New York hospital as nurse. Others thought it was only an impulse of two people passionately in love. I was the first to chronicle the news of their sojourn in Italy after the mad rush over Europe in search of a place where no one knew them. May Hoffman that was was such an amiable, big-hearted woman that her escapade aroused nothing but sympathy among those that knew her.

What a merry old world that of the New York swim must be when they get up parrot funerals by way of diversion!

Of the Swearingen Fold

The engagement of Miss Violet Whitney to Lieutenant Purcell, U. S. A., adds another to the list of California girls who, during the past few years, have married into the Army. Miss Whitney, who was born and raised in Oakland, was a frequent visitor to Washington during the life of her Aunt Sue, who was the wife of Justice S. J. Field. Miss Whitney's mother was the second of the Swearingen sisters who flourished here in the late fifties. The third sister, Sallie, married Mr. Condit-Smith of Washington, D. C., to whose several grown daughters she seemed more like a sister than a stepmother. Belle Swearingen, now Mrs. McCreery, who recently paid us a visit, was the youngest of the quartet and the one who made the wealthiest marriage.

If seventeen is too young to love, and thirty-five too old, pray tell me what is the proper poise in Cupid's tilting court?

The pretty young widow, Mrs. Philip Lansdale, who as Miss Helen Smith was such a favorite among the girls in our social world, bids fair to be equally so as a young matron, for she never seems happier than when devising some means of enjoyment for the young people.

THE LATEST STYLES OF
Visiting Cards, Wedding Invitations and Announcements . . . . .
IN OLD ENGLISH, ROMAN OR SCRIPT
AT
Le COUNT BROS. CO.
533 Market St.

Off to Scotland

Mrs. Norman McLaren nee Ashe, who recently went East on a visit, has taken her two sons to Europe to introduce them to her husband's relatives in Scotland. Her sister, Miss Betty Ashe, who studied to become a professional nurse and lately won a diploma and gold medal, will spend a part of the summer with her sister, Mrs. Harold Sewell. The latter was formerly Miss Milly Ashe, well known in our swim when she and her friend Belle Wallace—afterward Mrs. Mervyn Donahue, and now Mrs. Richard Sprague—were the centre of attraction at every social function.

They'll Miss the Doctor

The girls are all pouting over the prospective departure of Dr. C. C. Collins, U. S. A., who has been so indefatigable in his efforts to give them a good time at those delightful dances yclept Presidio hops. The gallant medico has been ordered to the Philippines, and one more black mark against that "beastly place" is registered by our belles. The dance at the Presidio on Monday night was in the form of good-bye to the Doctor, and his many city friends took advantage of it for a "last waltz."

Edward's Troubles

My London correspondent writes me that King Edward is doing a lot of worrying these days by reason of the pressure being brought to bear by some of his old flames to induce him to bestow honors upon them during Coronation week. "One or two complaisant husbands of titled ladies are being urged for Dukedoms," says my correspondent, "and the King has decided to stop short at Marquisates. He explains that he wishes the ducal caste to remain as exclusive as possible, because he has one Duke for a son-in-law and another for a brother-in-law. The most interesting bit of news that I have heard is that Miss Jeanne Langtry will be one of the pretty debutantes at the next Court. She is the daughter of the 'only' Lily, who as everybody knows was the pet of Albert Edward for several years. The gossip of the clubs is that Edward VII has decided to placate the insistent Langtry by admitting her daughter to the Court. What do you think of that? There has been so much disagreeable gossip that Edward has suddenly become more attentive than ever to his Queen. Their Majesties attended the opening performance of the opera season at Covent Garden, and also the two following performances. It was the first time in many years that the Sovereign of the Realm was seen at the opera. 'Lohengrin' was the work chosen for the opening with Madame Nordica as the star. A new tenor made his appearance in the person of Herr Pennarini, and he was well received. The second performance was Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette.' The King and Queen saw Suzanne Adams as the ill-starred heroine. M. Saleza and M. Plancon were also in the cast. 'Tannhauser' came next with Frau Lohse as Elizabeth, and Herr Kraemer-Helm as the latest exponent of the titular role. He is a good actor but there is room for improvement in his singing."

Must be Exclusive

The paper chases at San Rafael this year will be under the supervision of Judge Ward McAllister. It is generally believed that paper chases to be a success must be very exclusive, and they were always that in the Baron's time in San Rafael. Anything that is exclusive is always sure to go, and in the old days to be in the paper chases in San Rafael was equivalent to being in the swim.

To Purify the Swim

Society people are much amused at the recently announced determination of Mrs. Monroe Salisbury to purify the San Rafael swim—eliminate "nobodies," and organize a sort of Friday Fortnightly daylight clique. Whatever her plans are it is certain that her advent into the little village will be followed by the formation of a definite set of fashionables whose duty it will be to frown down ambitious outsiders. With the backing of the Boardmans, Kips, Allens and Mendells, she will have a strong position from the outset.

She's a social missionary
Leader of the ton and very
  Anxious to elevate society.
By judicious expurgation
She'll achieve the elevation
  And she'll do it with propriety.

So it behooves young maidens fair
Of gay Pastoris to beware,
  If the Salisbury brand you'd achieve.
Let no Baron's gay diversions
Lure you on to mad excursions,
  Merry-making often causes maids to grieve.

She Knows the Label

My remarks about the impossibility of a Crocker salon aroused the indignation of a San Mateo correspondent, who declares that Mrs. Will Crocker is eminently qualified to preside over such an institution. "She speaks correct English," says my correspondent, "and she has a keen appreciation of literary genius." I am willing to concede that she has even greater qualifications than a knowledge of English and an appreciation of genius, and yet I do not believe that she could make a success of a salon. She lacks the temperament. Mrs. Crocker does not believe there are any bright people here, but she recognizes genius when it

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come properly labeled and accredited—Gelett Burgess, for-instance. He has been vouchsafed the privilege of breaking bread at her table, but he has been stamped in foreign parts. Moreover, he is quite tame. No one has entertained Mrs. Atherton more than Mrs. Crocker. M. Le Roux was also entertained by the Crockers while here, and so were M. and Madame de Regnier. However, Mrs. Crocker does not care to go into Bohemia. She prefers Bohemia Blingumized. Even the Prince and Princess Poniatowski, after bringing out the de Regniers, declined to mix with the polloi at Berkeley. They were billed to receive the guests at the de Regnier reception, but the Princess sent word at the last moment that she couldn't leave the babies. Later on the de Regniers went to Blingum.

Entertaining Celebrities

Last week I suggested Mrs. De Young as a woman qualified to establish a salon, and I learn that she is now doing the role of peripatetic salon leader in Europe. Scarcely a week passes without the De Youngs entertaining some of the top-notchers of the Continental swim or of the political and art worlds. In the Paris edition of the *Herald* of May nineteenth is an account of a dinner given by the De Youngs at the Carlton restaurant, London. Among their guests was M. Santos-Dumont, who has temporarily usurped the place of Marconi in the glare of the calcium. There were also present Mrs. Ronalds, one of the most distinguished of British social leaders, Lady Parker, Mrs. John W. Mackay, Mrs. Parkinson Sharp, Mr. Morton Mitchell, Count Cini and Mr. William Gibson. I know that some of our provincial society snobs have sneered at my suggestion. Mrs. De Young is not of Blingum, and Blingum is very exclusive, you know. So exclusive are some of its residents that its confines circumscribe their social sphere. They couldn't move outside of it. but they revel in a sort of social self-ostracism and flatter themselves that they have attained the Mecca of the Elite. The temperament of the cosmopolite which nas always marked the salon-leader is not to be found at Blingum. Mrs. De Young possesses it in a high degree. Its absence is *prima facie* evidence of provincialism.

The *Bulletin* having called attention to the fact that the Blingumites are the arch and artful tax-dodgers of the State, the San Mateo *Times* inaugurated a campaign to force Burlingame into the corporate limits of the town. And now there is consternation among the landed gentry of our exclusive suburban resort. The thought of being classed with the citizens of San Mateo—the butcher, the saloonkeeper and the rest—is harrowing. The *Times* is confident that it will win its fight.

Cork with a French Accent

Colonel Egan of embalmed beef fame is back in town as snug and debonair as before his Spanish-American commissary records had to be deodorized. A story is going the rounds anent the pronunciation of Egan as mouthed by himself. The other day Colonel Egan—accent on the last syllable, please—and some friends were sampling the work of a Market-street mixerologist who had known Egan when he was a vealy lieutenant in Montana.

"Here's to your health, Colonel Egan," proposed one of the group, giving the name the proper French twist.

"Egan is it now?" said the barkeeper; "shure and its 'Aigen' his grandam was called back in Cork!"

Mrs Louise Catherwood La Montagne and her little son are enjoying the early summer in a novel way. They are taking a driving trip through Lake county. Mrs. La Montagne has been visiting her mother at the Darlings' ranch in Rutherford.

'Rah for the Veteran Firemen. The boys that ran with the "old machine," and that are intent upon keeping alive memories of the dim past are to have their annual picnic Sunday at Schuetzen park. The Veteran Firemen's Association is a worthy organization, the purpose of which is to maintain a burial fund out of which to defray the funeral expenses of deceased comrades. In the annals of San Francisco's history no chapters are more interesting than those relating to fire laddies and their brave deeds.

Bohemian Medicos

The Sunday breakfast adjunct of the Bohemian Club has a rival in the physicians' branch, which has inaugurated a monthly dinner. Those gathered at the round-table on the first Thursday in every month include nearly all the medicos of the club. They forget their patients' woes for a few hours while they feast on a simple but appetizing menu, punctuated with wit and humor.

No brand of whisky is more popular than Argonaut "O. K." It is recommended by physicians and epicures. E. Martin & Co., 54-56 First street, are proprietors of Argonaut "O. K." whiskies, rye and bourbon.

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George Mayerle

THE OPTICIAN

Thanks the Press and the Public

I, the undersigned, beg leave to heartily thank the press and my customers in this city and vicinity for the confidence and moral support given me during the annoyance and irritation forced upon me by the so-called "Mayerle & Co.," who unscrupulously opened an office next door and covered its front with signs almost identical to mine, and also by the use of false statements and specious arguments endeavored thus to deceive. With the assistance of the Press and the public their dishonest practices have been exposed, which, reacting upon themselves, have compelled them to close their doors and depart. The people of San Francisco have once again evidenced the fact that they will not stand for underhand dealings, but are always ready to support an institution that has honesty and thoroughness for its motto.

I have been a resident of San Francisco for many years, and upon the reputation I have built must rest my future success. To all my old patrons and prospective customers I beg to assure the same honest and straightforward treatment that has characterized my past professional conduct. Respectfully,

GEORGE MAYERLE, Optician
1071 Market Street

Love of the Mountains an Inheritance

The Tom Williams' intend to spend part of the summer at their lodge on the McCloud river. Mrs. Williams is as fond of sports as her husband, and intends to be an adept at the rod before she is many moons older. She inherits her love of out-door life from her father, the late E. L. G. Steele, who was as fond of the gun and rod as any of William Black's heroes. Mr. Steele owned a place up in the Sierras which was an ideal spot for sportsmen. Every year he used to invite a party of Bohemian Club friends to spend a month or so at his little nest in the mountains. It was furnished with every luxury, and an ideal time was enjoyed by the guests. Mr. Steele was immensely rich, and possessed generosity and hospitality in keeping with his wealth. Mrs. Williams takes after him in more than her love for country life and sports.

They're Not Broke

When the *Post* changed hands a short time ago there was much regret over what was regarded as the financial collapse of Hugh Hume. It was thought that he would have to go to work again as a reporter. Expressions of sympathy were heard as late as last Saturday when the Humes sold their furinture. Mrs. Hume is a sister of De Forest Brush, one of the world's great artists, and she has artistic talent and a rare taste for antiques. The work of collecting her household effects occupied her for years. But she didn't have to sell them. The Humes are not in dire distress. Mrs. Hume owns some valuable mining property in Trinity county, and the Humes are going up there to spend the summer. Later on they are going abroad for two years, and they contemplate building a house boat on the Erie canal when they return.

The engagement was recently announced of Miss Mabel Lichtenstein and Mr. A. L. Gump, vice-president of the S. & G. Gump Co. Miss Lichtenstein is very well known in Jewish society in San Rafael and this city. She is the daughter of the B. H. Lichtensteins.

From a Club Philosopher

A club philosopher evolved these the other day and assures me they are bright:

Without experience one is apt to be fearless. With the former come modesty and humility.

God made man and the tailor makes his clothes, but he is more often judged by his tailor's work than by that of his Maker.

Good blood isn't everything. Cain and Absalom were of good family.

When a man makes a failure in public life it is often because he was too honorable to succeed.

Those who seek don't always get what they want; witness, William Waldorf Astor's peerage still in the air.

THE EYE WITH A CROWN

Mr. George Mayerle, the distinguished German optician, at last finds himself relieved of an annoyance. He is again sole monarch of the field where he has been eatablished for nearly five years. Some time since his brother set up a rival optician store next door and attempted to mislead the patrons of Mr. George Mayerle. But those who had long known the merits of Mr. George Mayerle's glasses were not deceived. The opposition attempted in vain to successfully rival their distinguished neighbor. They have now gone out of business and Mr. George Mayerle at 1071 Market street is without a rival.

FLIRTATION A LA MODE AT THE SEASIDE.

At the Seaside.

She.

He's captivated, quite,
Greatly to my delight.
It took some time to snare him—
I had to almost dare him.

He.

Dash all that white moonlight!
The devil's in the night.
Her fiance I am;
That's part of the program.

Later—In Town.

She.

Heavens! We're going to meet.
Now, Dorothy, be discreet.
He looks quite pale, poor fellow—
Or is it only yellow?

He.

The deuce! Now there is Dot.
By Jove, but she looks hot.
She's crossed, to keep from meeting.
Thanks be, *that* dream was fleeting.
She (regretfully), sotto voce.
Good-bye, you dear old honey!

He (ditto).

It cost me scads o' money!

—*The Liar.*

COLORADO CLAY—ITS REMARKABLE EFFECT UPON THE HAIR.

Turns white hair black, brown, auburn, or Titian red. Restores gray hair to its original color without changing the natural colors. Peroxide ends made equal to the new hair growing out. Bleached hair will take a rich golden or chestnut. The color is regulated by the number of hours in the clay bath. The strongest shampoo will not affect it, nor does the clay stain the scalp in any particular.

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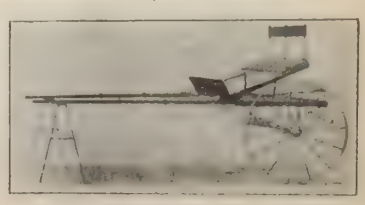

On the Same Hearth

I.

Card received by Mr. Lancelot Duane.

To meet Miss Mildred Curtis.

MRS. REGINALD COURTNEY BROWNE.

AT HOME
SATURDAY, JANUARY SIXTH,
THREE TO SIX. THE HEIGHTS.

II.

Letter from Miss Curtis to Mr. Duane.

My dear Mr. Duane.

It was such a pleasure to see you at Mrs. Browne's last Saturday. You have not changed a bit since the last time I saw you—three years ago, was it not? I would have liked to have had more opportunity to talk over old times. Come and see us some evening, will you not? Auntie and I are at home always on Thursday evenings.

Very sincerely yours,

Mildred Curtis.

III.

Letter from the same to the same.

Dear Mr. Duane,

Wasn't it a shame that those horrid Smith boys and that Greene girl should have called on Thursday, the very evening I had hoped we could enjoy our chat undisturbed? But perhaps it would be more agreeable to all if you would call next time on a less formal occasion. The best thing, to ensure a quiet evening, would be for you to 'phone Auntie—any morning that is convenient to you—and then we'll see to it that there are no other callers. Very cordially yours,

Mildred Curtis.

IV.

From the same to the same.

My dear Lancelot,

Auntie thinks you are the nicest man we know, and begs that you will dine with us *en famille* on Sunday. Wasn't that a nice little talk we had the other night? I can just fancy the three years past were all a dream and we had never said "good-bye forever." Oh, Lance, didn't we enjoy that little experience of ours—now, didn't we? *I* wouldn't wish it hadn't happened. Would you? Don't forget Sunday.

Your old friend, *Mildred C.*

V.

Wire from Mr. Duane to Mrs. Curtis.

Regret can't come to dinner to-morrow. Called to country. Business.

VI.

Letter from Mr. Duane to Miss Curtis, written but destroyed by the writer.

It was a matter of precaution, my dear Mildred, that made me leave town so suddenly. I shall stay away while you are there, for if *you* can feel unmoved when you are talking about old times, *I* cannot. Why, Mildred, you women don't know the turmoil that goes on in a man's mind when he knows that he ought to be doing one thing, and is doing the other. It's simply impossible for me to be friends with you. There it is. So I must go back to "Miss Curtis" and forget you ever asked me to call you "Mildred" again. *Lancelot.*

VII.

From Miss Curtis to Mr. Duane.

What in the world do you mean, my dear Lance, by this long silence? I hope you are not ill. Why, I would fly to you did I know you were. Do you remember what you said to me as you left me at the theatre door, that last night before you went away? I was just about to join Auntie, and you said something about "forget"—I didn't quite understand it. What in the world did you mean, Lance, dear? I have *never* forgotten and never wish to forget. Why, as sweet on my lips as when you first showed me the meaning of love are your kisses. When that misunderstanding arose, and you were so cold and cruel, and I went away to Europe, and you never answered my letters explaining, I tried to forget. I thought I had forgotten—until I met you at Mrs. Browne's tea. Oh, why did you come? Why did you look so kind and handsome and altogether dear if you didn't mean that we were to be l—friends again? Good-bye, dear, if you say so—good-bye.

Millie.

P. S.—But I don't *mean* this to be good-bye. When you return to town, I *must* see you, just *once.*

VIII.

Comment of Mr. Duane on receiving same.

She made a fool of me once—she shan't do it again. But dash it! what am I to do?

IX.

Telephone from Miss Curtis to Mr. Duane.

Green, 6982. Is that you, Lance? This is Millie. What? Oh, I must see you today. Very important. What? No, Auntie is out of town. Dinner? Oh, yes, if you like. Yes, call for me at seven. Good-bye.

X.

Miss Curtis and Mr. Duane at dinner, Room nine at Pierre's.

Miss C.: This cocktail is delicious, reminds me of those we used to make in Paris.

Mr. D.: Oh, so you enjoyed cocktails in Paris.

Miss C.: Oh, yes, of course.

Soup, salad, fish.

Mr. D.: What wine do you wish?

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There's STYLE in a Bathing Suit, just as in ANY of your wearing apparel. For years BATHERS have looked to US for the STYLES, and now we are recognized as AUTHORITY. This year we are showing many new creations and smart combinations. If you want to wear the "correct" in Bathing Suits, SEE US. Our goods vary in price to suit all purses. For instance:—

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Girls' Bathing Suits from . . .	1.25 to 5.00
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Just Received—New Supply of "PING-PONG," $2.50 to $10.00

Miss C.: Anything suits me.
Mr. D.: Champagne?
Miss C.: Oh, of *course*—how sweet of you. We never *used* to have champagne, did we?
Mr. D.: We're older now.
Miss C.: And richer?
Mr. D.: In money, perhaps.
Miss C.: And experience.
Mr. D.: But less happy.
Miss C.: I'm not. I'm awfully happy tonight.

Hor d'oeuvre, entree, piece de resistance.

Miss C.: How changed you are, Lance.
Mr. D.: Older, Miss Curtis.
Miss C.: Miss Curtis! I am Millie tonight.
Mr. D.: It's no use. You can't get a blaze from ashes in which no life remains.
Miss C.: You are so changed I'd never know you. What did you mean by leaving town so suddenly without a word to me, and never answering my letters?

Champagne, more champagne, dessert, fruit, cafe noir, cheese, Curacoa.

Miss C.: Ah, *now* you're something like the old darling Lance!
Mr. D.: Oh, those three long years!

XI.

In the cab, en route home.

Miss C.: So you can't get a blaze from ashes—three years dead!
Mr. D.: No, dear, but there's such a thing as lighting a new fire with fresh kindling!

—*The Sentimentalist.*

THE DINNER.

By One Who Has Sampled All Kinds.

There are dinners and dinners.

There is the society dinner, given by a hostess who aims to pay off her dinner debts, at which the guests include the unsophisticated bud, the clubman who is expected to tell stories with the point very plain, the dull middle-aged woman and her bored husband, the seasoned belle who is expected to contribute her wealth of repartee to the feast of reason and rally the bores from their wine stupidity, a menu not out of the ordinary and wine whose pedigree rests in mystery like the host's cigars.

There is the political dinner with a dessert composed of long-winded speeches and guests who are looking for political preferment.

There is the public dinner to a visiting great man, with a dessert just one degree removed from the dulness of the political dinner.

There is the round-table bohemian dinner, where wit sparkles and humor gleams and dull care is forgotten in the wine cup.

There is the dinner *a famille,* where paterfamilias growls and materfamilias chides her obstreperous olive branches to the detriment of harmony and digestion.

There is the dinner *a l'hotc,* where the new boarder ogles the pretty daughter of the hostess, and steals sly glances at the young married woman across the table and tries to forget in the contemplation of such beauty the paucity of the fare offered his palate.

There is the dinner at his friend's house, where the host tells stupid stories and the hostess yawns and looks at the clock.

There is the dinner one takes with one's stenographer, where the feeling of pleasure inspired by the perfect menu and her happiness is spoiled by obtruding thoughts of what one's wife will think when she discovers what one is doing in her absence.

And, above all, there is the dinner *a deux,* where both love or one hopes to be loved, where one takes less delight in the meat than in the wine, and less delight in the wine than in the kisses that punctuate each course, and with one eye out for the *garcon's* entrance one feasts the other on the charms of one's vis-avis, hoping the while that the dessert may come up to expectations.

—*The Gourmet.*

THE GRANDEST THING.

When hope was young and my blood ran rife,
When homage sweetened the cup of life
And pride was a flame well fed,
They asked me what was the grandest thing
That life could hold or a fortune bring;
As quick as flashes a swallow's wing,
"To conquer men," I said.

But now the pale of the after-glow
Reflects experienced years of woe
And sorrow bows my head;
"Come, tell us now, for we ask again
The grandest, holiest task of men."
Submission answered where pride had been—
"To conquer self," I said.

June, 1902. *Mabel Porter Pitts.*

Of the newest papers the Linen Bonds displayed by COOPER & Co are most effective.

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With the Money Makers

Southern Pacific Finances

The Southern Pacific Company's finances are especially interesting as we look upon it as a home concern, though as a matter of fact it is controlled entirely from New York, and is a leading factor in the New York stock market. The Company has just made public its statement for the period of July 1, 1901 to March 31, 1902. It shows that the gross earnings were $63,435,970, an increase of $6.255,148 over the same period of the year before. Operating expenses and taxes were $41,887,559, an increase of $4,531,851. The net earnings amounted to $21,548,411, an increase of $1,723,297. The total net income was $22,407,144. Now deduct from this sum, $12,154,770 of fixed charges and $8,033.389 of betterments, and we have left a surplus of $2,218,984. An immense sum has been put into improvements under the Harriman regime, and I look for the credit of the Southern Pacific to improve immensely in the next few months. Certainly Wall street is fast acquiring confidence in the new management, and what with the economies in operation, extensive betterments, and the marvelously-increased travel westward over the old Huntington line, there is a vast revivification of S. P., and a prophesy of better things to come. The Southern Pacific and its proprietary companies have a total indebtedness outstanding of $353,062,029 on which the annual interest charges are $15,991,754.

The Gray Gander after Geese

The Gray Gander Oil Company announced some days ago that some of its stock had been sold for twenty dollars a share. A morning paper made the same astonishing statement. A broker who was mentioned as having made the wonderful sale corroborated the story. If the sale was a legitimate one, the stock of the Gray Gander Oil Company is the most valuable stock in the local market , and it should cause a sensation in the financial world. The Gray Gander owns a piece of land in the northwestern part of the Kern River field but has raised no excitement there. A well drilled by the Gander went to water and not to oil. Gander sold the water and took in some money, but not enough by a long sight to encourage any one to pay more than a few cents for the stock. I understand that some agents of the Gander have been selling the stock in the small towns of California and nearby States for several dollars a share. This is highway robbery for there is a broker here who would be delighted to dispose of a thousand or two shares at ten or eleven cents a share. This is but another example of the methods which have given California oil stocks a black eye in the East and which have made it impossible for legitimate oil companies to sell stock. The rash and impossible promises of the ganders and "gold bonds" concerns have killed the goose of honest investors, and created distrust of even solid corporations.

King of the Oil Crowd

President C. F. King of the King-Crowther corporation is extolled in an Eastern magazine, and in it he makes the statement that his company possesses a newly-discovered field of oil in Southern Texas, covering an area of 142 square miles. Mr. King also asseverates in cold type, "at so much a line," that his company "has caused to spring into being within six months a corporation of enormous wealth and responsibility, the brilliant prospects of which dazzle and bewilder even old-time men of finance." The *Mining and Engineering Review* says: "Now that just goes to prove that a man is not always what he seems to be, for when C. F. King was in San Francisco at the head of a syndicate of grafters who were supposed to represent Eastern newspapers, we thought he was a dead failure. In fact he might have been compelled to make a mathematical calculation of the ties between San Francisco and his home town were it not for a local mining man's generosity. And now!—we wonder what the King-Crowther corporation 'ground floor' stock is worth?"

The Mercantile and Trust Company will open subscriptions on the fourteenth of this month, for $3,500,000 worth of bonds of the North Shore Railroad Company. This includes expenditures for betterments aggregating $1,375,000 and $1,500,000 to refund

Frank E. Young, one of the proprietors of the Russ House, San Francisco's pioneer hostelry, and Lieutenant of Co. "K," National Guard, State of California, was married recently. The bride was Miss Blanche Flowers, one of the belles of Helena, Montana society circles. Mr. and Mrs. Young have just returned from their wedding trip to the southern part of the State.

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the North Pacific Coast Railroad Company bond issue maturing in 1912. The issue bears interest at the rate of five per cent, payable semi-annually, the principal payable May 1, 1942. The contemplated improvements include a new ferryboat, already contracted for; twenty-five miles of new track, a large steam electric generating station, and the building of a two and a half mile cut-off.

Ceneral Stocks Steady

Rather a stronger tone developed on the Stock and Bond Exchange during the past week, and prices were slightly firmer although sales were rather moderate. With the return of the officials of the Alaska Packers' Association from their annual inspection trip to the northern canneries values hardened a trifle and sales were recorded as high as $160.50, but the stock generally ruled steady at $160 bid. A report of one of the returning officers is to the effect that conditions tend towards a better opening in all respects this year than last. More fish was packed last year by 2,000,000 cases than was ever known. Four new canneries are being built by the association. Three hatcheries are maintained by the association in Alaska, and each year more young fish are liberated than the number of salmon packed. Labor, with the exception of Chinese, is plentiful. The 102nd consecutive monthly dividend of the company is payable on the 12th instant. Gas shares generally have ruled steady at the firmness noted during the preceding week. The present strength is attributed to further rumors of a consolidation of the leading companies in the bay counties. Several sales of San Francisco Gas and Electric shares were recorded at from $44.50 to $45, and Pacific Lighting securities were firm at about $49. In the budget for the coming year just passed by the Board of Supervisors, $275,000 is appropriated for public lighting against $257,000 last year. The city street lights will be lighted 341 nights in the coming year against 305 nights during the current fiscal year. The lighting is practically all done by the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company, which corporation will naturally receive the greater portion of the increased appropriation. Bank shares came in for some little attention, and 50 London, Paris and American Bank sold at $168, the last sale was made at $166 in April. A block of 105 shares of the Mutual Savings Bank changed hands at $80. Bank of California shares were strong, $430 being bid for five shares but bringing out no stock. Giant Powder securities were traded in rather sparingly and values showed slight fluctuations between $69.50 and $70.50. Water shares were easier, Spring Valley declining to $89.75 with more offers to sell than there were buyers. Sales of bonds were of moderate proportions but values generally were well sustained. San Francisco & San Joaquin Valley 5 per cents became suddenly popular and several thousand dollars' worth were sold at from $122.50 and $122.75, a sharp advance. Bay Counties Power Company's 5s were also a favored security and sold fairly well at $108.50.

Spring Valley Affairs

The last of the Spring Valley Water Company's third mortgage bonds, amounting to $300,000, have been issued, making the total bonded indebtedness of the corporation $13,975,000. Of this amount $4,975,000 is in first mortgage 6 per cent bonds, due September 1, 1906, $5,000,000 second mortgage 4 per cents, due May 1, 1917, but subject to call at par on September 1, 1906, and $4,000,000 third mortgage 4 per cents due September 1, 1906. No more bonds can be issued under these mortgages and as the first and third mortgages fall due in 1906, and the second can be called at par at the same time, it is probable that before that time a bond issue will be made for a sufficient amount to refund existing mortgages, and leave an ample amount unissued to provide all necessary capital to complete improvements now contemplated. The authorized capital stock amounts to $16,000,000 in 160,000 shares. Of these only 140,000 have been issued, so the company can at any time issue the remaining 20,000 shares which at the present prices ruling on the Stock and Bond Exchange would realize somewhere in the neighborhood of $1,800,000.

Hawaiian Sugar Stocks

My Honolulu correspondent writes me that confidence in Hawaiian sugar stocks is growing there. The chief bugaboo is assessments. He says: "One of the most significant features has been the buying of Olaa paid-up stock. There was a total of 400 shares sold, and there is demand for more at $13. While this is the market price, there lies behind the transactions something more. The buyer was a tourist who had not a single dollar in Hawaiian securities, one who came here on a pleasure trip, and simply looked about him and bought what seemed a fair investment. The sales recorded are 400 Olaa paid-up, 50 Olaa assessable,, 100 Kihei, 53 Oahu, 45 McBryde and 160 Ewa. The sale of McBride was at $6, which shows an advance of a half over the previous selling price. The stock is not strong, though the street is of opinion that the immediate result of the issuance of the bonds as authorized will be to place the stock on a better plane. The sales of Oahu, Kihei and Ewa were at the old prices, and the shares show little demand except Ewa, which can find a ready sale at the price, $24.

AMUSEMENTS

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Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 25 cents Night Prices, 25 and 50 cents
Children at Matinees 10 cents

"Outside the selling stocks there were prices made which show the better feeling in the market. For instance there can be no Kahuku brought out by the most persistent offers of $23.50. The last sales of this stock were at $24, which was some time ago. The plantation is now in the hands of Alexander & Baldwin, and the prospect is understood to be for a crop of 8,000 tons next year. The plantation under Willow Baldwin and Andrew Adams has been coming out well and with its small capital, a half million, is looked upon as a sure one per cent stock in the near future. Some of this stock has been exchanged for Ewa on even terms. The most promising feature, however, was the offer of $75 for Waialua. This stock was sold down to $53.50 and then gradually forced up to the present bid, which found no takers."

—*The Financier*

HER ARTIFICE.

Benedict (just returned from honeymoon trip and settled in new apartment): There's our phone, dear. (Kisses his bride.) Wait till I answer it. (Later, returning with feigned annoyance on his face) Isn't it a pity? The 'phone was from Tom, at the club. I must go down immediately (gets hat and raglan and kisses bride). Now dont wait for me, dear, I may be late.

Mrs. Benedict (not exactly a novice for she has three married sisters and knows the ways of men): All right, dear. Of course I'll be lonely, but will try and console myself. I guess I'll go to see "Fiddle Dee Dee." They say it's fine.

Mr. B. (pausing in hall on way to door): Better wait until tomorrow and I'll take you myself. I prefer you not to go alone.

Mrs. B. (going to telephone): Oh, I don't intend to. I fancy one of my sisters will be only too glad to get out (takes down receiver). Hello, Carrie. Not Carrie? Oh, Mr. Benson, how lovely. I wanted Carrie to go to the theatre with me. *You?* Why, yes, if you like. I'll be ready in fifteen minutes. Oh, no, *he* won't care!

Mr. B.: Who is that?

Mrs. B.: Charley Benson, don't you know? I was engaged to him when I was sixteen. Have known him for years.

Mr. B.: Well, I don't think it proper for my wife to go out with another man.

Mrs. B.: But Charley Benson is just like a brother. He lives at Carrie's, you know.

Mr. B. (taking off hat and raglan): I guess I won't go to the club.

Mrs. B.: Well, what will you do while I'm away?

Mr. B. gives her a kiss.

Mrs. B. (going to 'phone): Well, I think I'll stay at home, too. I'll just have time to catch Charley before he leaves. We'll go another night instead.

—*The Eavesdropper.*

AU CONTRAIRE

'Twas woman's way—she laughed at him,
Made jests upon his name,
His clothes, his walk, his feet, his speech—
Yet she loved him all the same.

He didn't know—he thought her cruel,
When she called him slow and tame,
And before she knew he went his way—
Yet she loved him all the same.

—*The Mindreader*

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STAGE

Broadhurst's Latest

"The Red Knight" is a curious conceit and is worked out with a naivete that is refreshing in these days of problem plays, bedstead dramas and decollete social studies. It is odd enough to be mistaken for rare art, and though we have seen it under unpropitious circumstances it has all the earmarks of a successful drama. When Mr. James Neill is able to sustain the interest of an audience in a play on its premier presentation there must be merit in it. Mr. Neill is at his best when he is imitating an actor of genius. He lacks the creative talent. In his interpretation of the role of the Red Knight it is evident that the subtleties of the character are beyond his conception. Mr. Broadhurst's new play is in the nature of a satire on the romantic drama. He did not intend Robert, the Crown Prince of Morantea, to be taken seriously. That rollicking chap is inspired by a desire to josh the heroes of fiction. At times Mr. Neill appears to catch the idea, and at others he lapses into the seriousness of the romantic hero. It is not wise to play an unconventional hero with all the little tricks of the conventional stage. But Mr. Neill's acting is of less importance to this review than the play, for we are familiar with the actor's shortcomings. The play is a novelty and the frank simplicity of the author's method, and the adroitness with which he adorns an elemental theatrical tale, are amazingly charming. It is a strange sort of a play with which to amuse the patrons of modish theatres in these degenerate days, but there is wit in it, and satire and sarcasm, too, and more human nature than many masters contrive to put into their profound problem plays. The coach-halting episode is a very clever conceit. The idea of a Prince, disguising himself as a real highwayman, stopping a coach, and then fighting a duel with the genuine knight of the road for the privilege of robbing the passengers, is daring and unique. And there is humor in the incident of the coachman being compelled to cover his master whom he had declared he was willing to risk his life for, in order to render that gentleman harmless. The scene has a comic opera flavor but it is funny, though perhaps attenuated. Indeed that is the main fault of the play. There is too much dialogue, but the story is not lacking in substance and therefore it may be easily improved. New action should suggest itself. I am quite confident that Mr. Broadhurst is capable of strengthening his play. No playwright is ever satisfied with his play when he first sees it. A feature of the performance was the work of Gertrude Keller of Los Angeles. It was the second play in which she ever appeared, and in an ingenue role she showed unusual cleverness.

Syle's Ponderous Style Mars "Francillon"

If by some odd perversity of fate one occasionally sees a good actor in a good play, at the present stage in our dramatic affairs one is profoundly grateful. We get any number of good plays—produced after a fashion by the change-of-bill-every-week stock companies—but they are not always well acted. The star with a repertory is a rare thing nowadays. Henry Miller is one in a hundred, and he only plays repertory, I believe, when he comes West in the summer. In the enterprise, therefore, that moves her to add to her repertory,Kathryn Kidder is greatly to be commended. I regret that there are not more able actresses with her ambition even if, as in "The Country Girl," it is sometimes misplaced. In the part of Francine, which she essays this week in the adaptation from Dumas' "Francillon," she has a role widely removed from that of Peggy, which she gave us last week. The role is one that we saw Cora Potter in years ago, in an adaptation called "In Society." Miss Kidder has none of the seductive charm of Mrs. Potter, none of that slow, witching grace and convincing passion that made the latter's impersonation so lifelike. But her interpretation is a well thought out one. She misses no points and represents from her point of view a strong picture of the young wife torn by humiliating jealousy who uses diplomacy and deception to regain her rights. This version of "Francillon," while it brings out the story very plainly and has a certain power in some of the scenes that impresses the auditor, lacks brilliancy. Professor Syle, in translating, has failed to grasp the light and airy cynicism of the Frenchman. He has made a strong play but not a clever one, and in these days we are so used to bright dialogue that when we get heavy sentences instead we can't stand for it. The company shows to much better advantage in "Francillon" than in "The Country Girl. If wanting in the indigenous characteristics of the Dumas types shown they are nevertheless careful and intelligent in their protrayals. But for "Francillon" as a whole I think the perfect adaptation of it is yet to come. The original dialogue has a nimble *diablerie* that requires a translator not only familiar with classical French, as is Professor Syle, but with idomatic everyday Parisian. It is a play that lacks hackneyed features and a perfect presentment of it in English would mean an enduring popularity.

When you ask for Jesse Moore Whiskey be sure you get it. Don't let anyone tell you they have something just as good.

The "Youngest" Leading Lady

Maude Fealy, the new star playing at the Grand, is said to have held the record of "youngest" leading lady on the American stage longer thanany others that enjoyed the distinction. The inference is that Miss Fealy is no longer young. But she is. She may be in her twenties but she has not been in them long enough to have forgotten her 'teens. She is a talented young woman and is destined to attain great prominence in her profession. The other day Richard Mansfield dismissed his leading lady, Isabel Irving, and there was some talk of Maude Fealy becoming her successor. She has had some experience with Mansfield, and it is therefore surprising that she did not learn to pronounce such words as "world" and "work." She gives them the sound which

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A Suggestion

When the new Tivoli matures I think it would be an excellent plan for the management of the opera house to hold a revival of old comic operas. While it has been very pleasant to see the more modern works so well presented, I am sure there are many in our population who would enjoy a revival of the old. The company is now, with the exception of the lack of a prima donna soprano, as strong as it ever was in its palmiest days. I can fancy its giving remarkable productions of "Erminie," "La Mascotte," "Olivette," "Dorothy," "Nanon," "La Fille de Madame Angot," "Girofle-Girofla" and some of the old German comic operas such as "Die Fledermaus," etc., with perhaps some of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Then there are the light operas, "La Fille du Regiment," "The Bohemian Girl," "Martha," "Lurline" etc., that would be acceptable. In years past, the Tivoli used to give us these things, and there is no reason why we should not have them again. But of course the management knows its own business best.

During the summer season at the Alcazar Sunday matinees will be discontinued. The Alcazar lobby and the front of the building have been redecorated and re-painted, and everything will be spick and span for the opening of the Florence Roberts season on Monday night. White Whittlesey will receive as warm a welcome as the star, and Georgie Woodthrope will also get the glad hand. Among the new ones to appear in Miss Roberts' support will be Mr. Charles Wyngate, late of the Lafayette stock theatre in Washington, D. C.

For the special accommodation of the public the Columbia box office during the Miller-Anglin season will be open Sunday between ten A. M. and two P. M.. There will be no Sunday night performances. Matinees are to be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Annie Meyers, as the doll and the daughter in "The Toy Maker," is as clever as ever, and Hartman in the title role repeats his remembered success. He is singing Francis Wilson's topical song of "The Toreador," "He Ought to Have a Tablet in the Hall of Fame."

For the better telephone service of patrons the Orpheum management has had a private exchange installed, and now it is only necessary to ask Central for "Orpheum" when communication with the theatre is desired.

The support given Miss Fealy by the Grand stock company is worthy of special mention. Herschel Mayall and Gardner Crane have done exceptionally good work, and Miss Benrimo scored a positive hit as Felice in "The Little Minister."

Murphy and Slater are by all odds the most original and clever colored comedians the Orpheum has ever presented to us.

Prices are not to be raised to the New York standard for the Miller season at the Columbia. One-fifty will be the highest.

At the Show Next Week

COLUMBIA—Henry Miller, Margaret Anglin and company, Pinero's "Trelawney of the Wells," the hit of the New York season of '98-'99. Quaint costumes, a charming atmosphere and delightful comedy are its features.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Maude Fealy in Jerome H. Jerome's comedy "Miss Hobbs." This was one of Annie Russell's greatest successes, and is a comedy of fine texture, full of sentiment, wit and philosophy.

ALCAZAR—Florence Roberts in "Zaza." The house is practically sold out for the first week, such is Miss Roberts' wonderful popularity here.

TIVOLI—"The Toy Maker," which has repeated its former success and is drawing larger houses than ever.

FISCHER'S—"Fiddle Dee Dee," still flourishing like a green bay tree and opening on its tenth week.

ORPHEUM—The Motogirl, the latest Eastern and European mystery; Sadie Cushman, Sam Curtis and Herbert Holcombe in "Swells at Sea," a new nautical comedy; Barton and Ashley, in a new and amusing specialty; the twin Nices, versatile singers and dancers; Irene Franklin, Murphy and Slater, Hill and Whitaker; Le Roy and Clayton and the biograph. —*The Playgoer.*

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MUSIC

The Dow Pupil Recital

A very interesting song recital was given last Saturday afternoon by the pupils of Mr. Percy A. R. Dow at his studio, 1511 Larkin street, when the following was the program: Prologue (Aus Field und Fiord), Grieg, Night-Thoughts, Cornelius, Epilogue, Grieg, Andrew Y. Wood; An Orchard Cradle Song, Denza, Naught to My Heart, Dvorak, Gather Ye Rosebuds, Rogers, Miss Grace Hipkins; Pur Dicesti, Lotti, The Bird's Noel, Chaminade, In the Woods, MacDowell, Mrs. Richard H. Robb; Lasciali Dir, Tosti, At Parting, Rogers, Love Me if I Live, Foote, Miss Wilhelmine Koenig; A Lover and His Lass, Morley, Autumn Sadness, Nevin, Thou Brilliant Bird, David, Mrs. Margaret G. Best; Feldeinsamkeit, Brahms, Roccoco Standchen, Meyer Helmund, Mr. Wood; Confidence, MacDowell, The Princess, Grieg, Journeyman's Song, (Danish), At Twilight, Nevin, Nymphs and Shepherds, Purcell, Miss Corinne Gyle; Winds in the Trees, Goring-Thomas, Oh! Thou Cruel Sea, Delibes, Miss Hipkins; Villanelle, Dell' Acqua, Mrs. Robb. Miss Julia Levinson and Miss Ethel Marrack were at the piano. Last evening a choral recital was given in Sherman-Clay hall by Mr. Dow's pupils, too late to be reviewed here.

Miss Goodsell's Recital

A song recital was given recently by the pupils of Miss Dorothy Goodsell in Assembly hall at Redwood City when those taking part in the program were Mrs. Hanson, Dr. Meek, Mrs. Rugg, Miss Cook, Mrs. Maar, Miss Beeger, Miss Goodsell and a choral of twelve voices. Mr. Walker acted as accompanist. The Redwood *Democrat* speaks very highly of the affair and of Miss Goodsell herself writes, among other things: "Her good work is noticeable in the clear enunciation of her pupils, which was noted and commented upon by all who were at the concert." There was a very large audience present on the occasion. Miss Goodsell, by the way, is meeting with much success. Mr. Charles Young, one of her pupils, is bass soloist at Plymouth Congregational church.

A New Two Step

Mrs. W. P. McDermott (Leila France) has written a new two-step, which she calls "El Salero." It was played at the german given by the new dancing club at the Mission last Saturday night. The club's name is El Salero, and it is composed of the juvenile smart set of the Mission, very much what La Jeunesse is to the Pacific Heights clique.

Mrs. F. E. Willson will spend the summer in San Francisco, and will be the guest of her mother, Mrs. Philip Heuer, 2117 Taylor street.

Mrs. Marriner Campbell and Miss Mary Elizabeth Widney left on Sunday en route to Europe.

Miss Esther Mundell will spend her vacation at Shasta Springs. —*The Music Critic*

Illy Directed Criticism

To judge by the sneering manner in which a writer in *Black and White* (London) refers to Mrs. Catherwood's "Lazarre," it would appear that his impression is that she is a precocious school girl egged on by the injudicious flattery of admiring friends and relatives. It is not improbable that Mrs. Catherwood's name is unknown in England, since her romances deal with topics not apt to be attractive to Londoners. She has found her inspiration in Colonial history, that of French Canada, and she has dealt sparingly with the loves of kings and lesser royalties. "Lazarre" appeals to a wider interest than most of the other and shorter tales, but while the "average reader" is devoting himself to Colonial romances, it would pay to read some of the old ones as well as the new. "The Romance of Dollard," to mention only one of Mrs. Catherwood's, is well worth while hunting up. It is an old book, as books go in these days, when the popular favorite of last week is forgotten next, but it is not a fac simile of ten thousand others, written to "make the market." Mrs. Catherwood began to write young, but she has not turned out two books a year, as much like each other and like others of their grade as sticks of cordwood. The writer in *Black and White* may prefer an English theme in his fiction, but that is no reason why he should decry the author of a book he has evidently not read.

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LETTERS

A Mudie Idea

The Mercantile Library has made a new departure which will be for the benefit of its patrons who contemplate leaving town for the summer. Those who are planning an absence from the city for a period extending over four weeks can take with them a sufficient number of books to carry them over until their return. This, of course, does not include the new and popular books which are on the special or registration lists. These can be had in the usual way and returned by mail, express or private messenger. A payment of fifty cents in addition to the regular quarterly dues will enable a member to take ten books at one time, to be returned altogether at one time, from May first to October first.

Another Evans Novel

Augusta Evans (Mrs. Wilson), whose novels were the favorites of school girls and women with school girls' minds in the seventies, has just completed another, after a literary silence of sixteen years. "The Speckled Bird" is apt to meet with something of a warm reception, since the generation who wept salt tears over "St. Elmo," "Infelice," "Vashti," and others of the old list, has not yet outgrown novel reading, and even if we leave out of account those who still insist that these were the books of their day and will be overjoyed to find a new one from the pen of the same author, there are others who will be curious to note not only how Augusta Evans fits in with these later times, but what effect her books will have upon them personally. Novel reading thirty years ago was not recognized as a legitimate occupation, and girls who smuggled their "St. Elmo" into the house, or read it under cover of some text book in school are sometimes not yet quite certain whether it was the story which enthralled them, or the delightful risk of doing some thing which was forbidden. At all events, all that was preached by "those in authority over us" against Miss Braddon, Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Henry Wood, Mary Jane Holmes and Augusta Evans and their sensationalism was as ineffectual as the present day tirades against Marie Corelli and Hall Caine. Girls seemed to take the disease at a certain age and the epidemic ran its course as certainly as the measles, the mumps or the whooping cough. Augusta Evans had a way of cramming her pages with obscure and learned references which often led under educated parents to imagine that her stories represented sound learning, though no reader was ever known to look up a single name or allusion. It was a fashion not confined to Miss Evans by any means, and was in all likelihood a deep laid plan to win recognition, or at least ward off objections from parents and teachers, just as the moral platitudes of the juvenile story books are intended to do. But it is a very conscientious youth of either sex which does not quickly learn the art of skipping, and all the goody-goodiness goes to waste while they rush through the exciting incidents.

Good Proof Readers Needed

Daily the complaints grow more frequent of the number of careless and ignorant errors which find their way into books, and daily the offenses accumulate. It is rarely now that a book comes through the press without at least one aggravating blunder, and the question, Why is it? exercises the patience of older readers who remember better things. The causes are many, but chiefly the lack of attention to rudimentary branches in school. Orthography is relegated to the background in order to make time for other things, and neither the ordinary proof-readers nor the average compositor can tell at sight whether a word is correctly spelled or not. Accuracy and thoroughness have gone by the board, and the tendency to trust to luck and take chances that "if it isn't all right nobody will notice" grows daily. The National Educational Association, which sets itself at the head of affairs in its line, is an open advocate of go-as-you-please orthography, and is doing its level best to reform backward. Men, in addition, every writer on historical or geographical or biographical topics seems to feel called upon to exercise his originality on the spelling of names. It is enough for him that some one else has followed a method or that it has hitherto been in common if not universal use, that he shall exercise his ingenuity in providing something original, so that at times appearance is no guide to what a name is meant to stand for. Add to this machine composition, where a whole line must be discarded in order to correct the most trifling error, and it will be readily seen that the same care applied now which prevailed when type was set by hand would frequently double the cost of composition. Errors in orthography are irritating to the generation who were taught that bad spelling was a disgrace, and grammatical blunders will jar those who, brought up in the age of parsing and analysis, still transpose their sentences and mentally note the cases of their pronouns and the moods of their verbs, but that will die out with the generation, and the younger readers, who have been left to "hurry up" and skim over surfaces in the quickest way and without thinking of anything deeper than words, will not be finding flaws in their printed books. Proof-reading will join the list of lost arts and forgotten industries ere long.

That best of all book-lovers' periodicals, the *Book Lover*, which removed its publication office from San Francisco to New York a few months ago, has absorbed the *Home* magazine. Originally the *Book Lover* was a quarterly, but it is now issued bi-monthly, and its table of contents in each issue is a veritable feast of good things. It is not endeavoring to cater to what is known as "popular taste," but for those who are genuine book lovers, whether their taste runs to handsome bindings, rare editions, good books, or information concerning books and the makers of them, the *Book Lover* is far and away the best literary publication extant.

A Glossary

The nonsense verses entitled "Jaberwocky," written by the late Louis Carroll, which were sung at the last Loring Club concert, are amusing enough as pure nonsense; still a little interest may be added by applying to their elucidation a glossary which was found amongst some boyhood papers of the author.

Bryllig (derived from the verb to bryl or broil), the time of broiling dinner, i. e., the close of the afternoon.

Slythy (compounded of slimy and lythe), smooth and active.

Tove, a species of badger. They had smooth white hair, long hind legs and short horns like a stag; lived chiefly on cheese.

Gyre, verb (derived from gyaour or giaour, a dog) to scratch like a dog.

Gymble (whence gimblet), to screw out holes in anything.

Wabe (derived from the verb to swab or soak), the side of a hill (from its being soaked by the rain).

Mimsy (whence mimserable and miserable), unhappy.

Borogrove, an extinct kind of parrot. They had no wings, beaks turned up and made their nests under sun dials; lived on veal.

Mome (hence solemome, solemone and solemn), grave.

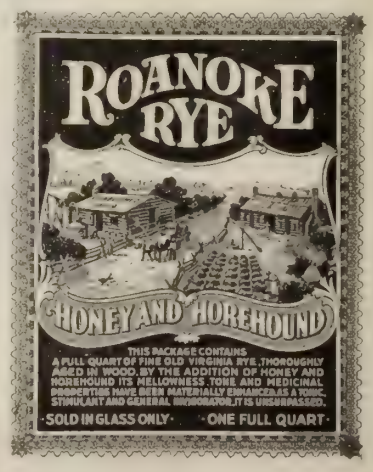
Rath, a species of land turtle. Head erect; mouth like a shark; the fore legs curved out so that the animal walked on his knees; smooth green body; lived on swallows and oysters.

Outgrabe, past tense of the verb to outgribe. (It is connected with the old verb to grike or shrike, from which are derived shriek and creak.) Squeaked.

Mr. Collingswood, the biographer of Louis Carroll, thus translates the first verse of "Jaberwocky," which reads thus:

"'Twas brillig and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogroves
And the mome raths outgrabe—"

"It was evening, and the smooth, active badgers were scratching and boring holes in the hillside; all unhappy were the parrots, and the green turtles squeaked out."



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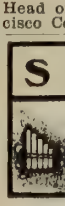
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Josephine Dodge Daskam's "Fables for the Fair" have caught the fancy of English readers, who, however, do not appreciate the style in which the book is gotten out so much as they do the subject matter. They object to the profusion of capitals, and that fashion, by the way, is apt to injure the sale of books of any but the most ephemeral character. It does once in a way, as a novelty, but the book buying world has no permanent use for freaks.

Dorothy Dix has collected her "Fables for the Elite," and they will be issued in a volume with illustrations by Swinnerton from one of the Eastern publishing houses.

—*The Bookworm*

OTHER PEOPLE'S IDEAS.

"It's the clever women who are taken in by men—it's the silly women who take men in."—Coldstream, in "The Idle Born."

"I believe that the tie of blood must exist to create such intimacies between people who the day before were ignorant of each other's existence."—Pierre Loti, in "Romance of a Child."

"Many women are stoves with marble tops."—Max O'Rell.

"When you can't get the man you love, do your best to love the man you can get."—The hostess, in "At the White Horse Tavern."

"I have known no more perfect union than that one friendship. * * * We were two who thought alike, but saw differently, and never quarrelled because the shield was to him gold and to me silver. Such a friendship justifies life. All bad faith is worth encountering for the sake of such good faith—all cold shoulder for such warm heart."—Theodore Winthrop, in "John Brent."

* * * * * *

From "A Comedy of Masks," by Ernest Dowson and Arthur Moore:

"When a man has made a fool of himself, the best thing he can do is to clear out, and not return to his folly like the proberbial dog."

"Sincerity is very trying. A decent hypocrisy is the secret of good society. Your good, frank people are very rude."

* * * * * *

From Peter Robertson's "Old Gentleman," in the San Francisco *Chronicle*:

"Any man who says he never was deceived by or in a woman lies. What would we learn, if we did not go through some experience? Why do we enjoy love stories and plays? Sympathy, my boy, of fellow-feeling; we've been there! That's why we cry over the fellow when the girl throws him over. And our sympathy goes out to the woman in such a case just the same. They all suffer alike, as we have done. That's why I say that the possibility of inconstancy is a wise dispensation of Providence. If we could only love once, where would

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most of us be? Fancy the number of men who would be going through life without any fun! Fancy the number of women who would be spinsters and old maids and, even with men marrying them—sometimes one man marrying two or three—they keep overcrowding the population! Yes, we can say: 'Not quite the same as I loved her,' and yet be happy. And between you and me, it is just the same, only a man likes to make a pretense of having some constancy. * * * "When does love come? At what age? It is not love between boy and girl; not always between young man and maid; seldom between the man of thirty or even forty, and the woman who is passing out of the twenties. Age does not always seek youth. Women think they are old at thirty. And yet the women who have won the greatest men, wielded the greatest influence, commanded the most lasting love, have been most of them over the third decade and —some of them far over. I doubt if a woman can love till she is thirty. I am not speaking of that excitation we all call love when we are young or the world is yet before us. But I wonder how many people have found their real first love at middle age and have never known before what feeling could be—between men and women! More than you think. More than most people would believe. Ah! We keep finding out things—until we reach the limit of years—and we die, wondering how much there was in life we never knew at all!"

"The sins of the fathers (and the mothers) may be visited on the children to the third and forth generation, but their clevernesses seldom are."—The "Meddler," in Oakland *Tribune*.

"It looks like a waste of life, that mowing down of our best years by a relentless passion which itself falls dead on the top of them. But it is not so. Every year I live I am more convinced that the waste of life lies in the love we have not given, the powers we have not used, the selfish prudence which will risk nothing, and which shirking pain misses happiness as well."—Hester, in "Red Pottage."

—The Gleaner.

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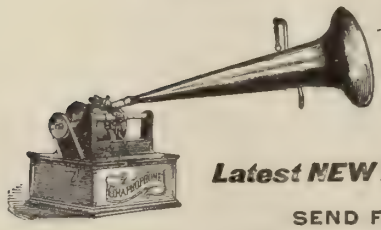

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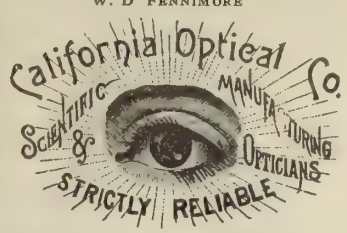

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Any stock upon which said assessment shall remain unpaid on the nineteenth day of June, 1902, will be delinquent and advertised for sale, at public auction, and unless payment is made before it will be sold on Monday, July 17, 1902, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

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Location of office: 11 Montgomery Street, San Francisco

Notice to Creditors

Estate of JANE McDOUGALL, deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary E. Brunotte, Executrix of the last will of Jane McDougall, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix, at the law offices of E B. Young, Room 36, No. 14 Sansome Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARY E. BRUNOTTE,
Executrix of the last will of Jane McDougall, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 24, 1902

E. B. YOUNG, Attorney for said estate.

Estate of John Holland, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Josephine Mockler, executrix of the last will and testament of John Holland, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said, Josephine Mockler, executrix of the last will and testament of John Holland, deceased, at Room 411 Parrott Building, No. 855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOSEPHINE MOCKLER,
Executrix of the last will and testament of John Holland, Deceased

ated at San Francisco, May 24, 1905.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Executrix
Parrott Building, San Francisco, Cal

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VOL. 10—NO. 511 SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 14, 1902 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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San Francisco, June 14, 1902

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OUR OPINION

National Legislation

Some very important business is being transacted in Washington these days, and there is more to come. The Philippine bill being disposed of, the isthmian canal question came up for consideration, and it promises to promote some very warm debates before Congress determines which route should be selected. In connection with Philippine affairs, which are always of great interest to this coast, it was interesting to note that the Secretary of War ordered the reduction of the strength of the army to the extent of eleven thousand men. This is proof positive of the improved condition of affairs in the islands. The order cuts down the army from its present strength of seventy-seven thousand two hundred and eighty-seven men to sixty-six thousand four hundred and ninety-seven. The present strength of the army in the Philippines is about thirty-one thousand seven hundred men. The changes made by the order will reduce it to about twenty-five thousand, or more than one-third of the entire army. In December, 1900, when the Volunteer regiments were serving in the islands, our forces reached the maximum, about seventy-five thousand three hundred men. The Philippine bill, which passed the Senate the other day, is a sensible measure which establishes civil government and provides for the development of the islands with safeguards calculated to prevent sordid exploitation. The commission established by Congress and answerable to Congress only will now proceed to organize a popular representative government. The bill contains some good clauses regulating franchises. The friar lands are to be purchased, not confiscated, as some bigots demanded. The trade of the islands will now grow by leaps and bounds.

Judge Cook's Latest

Judicial scandals are becoming quite common in San Francisco. If we were to give ear to one-half the gossip of the bar concerning the doings of the judiciary it would be hard to avoid the conviction that the Bench is rotten to the core. *Town Talk* has frequently discussed the affairs of the legal profession, and pointed out the looseness of its morals, the elasticity of its conscience and the flabbiness of its ethics, and we have predicted that some day would occur a scandal so revolting as to evoke an earnest and imperative popular demand for the purging of both the Bench and Bar of this city. But the evil is not one to be easily uprooted. The most eminent and successful members of the profession are its biggest crooks, and they are hard to reach. The reform crusade should be started in the profession, but the conscientious and upright lawyers are not always the most learned and powerful. They are in the minority, and their influence is weak. It is only when such a man as Garret McEnerney finds that one of his clients is about to be made a victim of one of the jobs that are so common in up-to-date legal practice, that there appears to be some likelihood of a purifying upheaval. Mr. McEnerney's position at the bar is unique. He is the premier lawyer of the Pacific Coast, but he is as distinguished for his fine scruples and integrity as for his great ability His record is untarnished. He has soared so far beyond the reach of envy that nobody ever heard even an adversary hint at "sharp practice" on his part. He is that unusual lawyer who tries cases on their merits, and no other way. There are lawyers who would not "fix" a jury but who would not make strenuous objection if an associate did so. Of Mr. McEnerney it has been said that he would not argue a case before a jury if he believed that one man in the box had been improperly influenced in the interests of his client. And this is the gentleman who withdrew from the Board of Health case the other day because Judge Cook insisted against his objection upon presiding at the trial. The reasons advanced as to the impropriety of Judge Cook's sitting in the case should appear somewhat cogent to the most unsophisticated layman. To any person familiar with recent political and judicial history, and with the tricks of the pot-house politicians who are interested in the case, Judge Cook's attitude is remarkable. His courage is surely greater than his discretion. So much has been said against the members of the Board of Health whom Mayor Schmitz is trying to oust, that, perhaps, he thinks the people will stand for everything providing the job is accomplished. He knows that the *Examiner* is behind Schmitz. He is mistaken, however, if he thinks that the *Examiner* is also behind Abe Ruef and Abe Ruef's methods.

About Trade Schools

Since Ella Wheeler Wilcox has taken to oiling the wheels of the universe she is ready with a prescription for every ailment, and though her theories are often sound enough, it is just as well that she is not accountable for the practical working out of them. One of Ella's latest fads is trade schools, in which the children of the public schools are to be taught to make a livelihood. Theoretically, children can be taught trades in connection with their regular schooling, so that by the time they leave school

mentally equipped with a garment made up of the shreds and patches of all human knowledge, they will also be accomplished housekeepers, seamstresses, milliners, carpenters and metal-workers. According to Ella it is merely necessary to add the new fad to the course of study, and there you are. Well, now, let us have a look at the practical workings of the machine. Ignoring the kindergarten, which often adds two or three years to the length of school life, the average child enters upon his education at the age of six, and with good fortune in the way of perfect health and no interruptions, he leaves the grammar school at fifteen or sixteen. From the first day that he enters a schoolroom he is given instructions in writing, reading and numbers. Whatever other faults may be found with teachers, there is no question about their capacity in the way of acquired scholarship, and the least that can be expected of our grammar-school graduate is that he will be able to write legibly, read intelligently, express himself correctly and perform operations in mathematics, yet it is the exceptional one who can stand the test. Meanwhile, there have been added unto him bits and scraps of all arts, sciences, and one might add diseases. Does he know a single intelligible fact concerning them beyond the names of the books he has been obliged to look into? He has heard of botany, chemistry, philosophy, astronomy, physiology and all the rest, but they mean only one more book to buy, or one more blank book to fill with unintelligible notes. They begin nowhere and end at a blank wall, and instead of inspiring him to go on and investigate things for himself in later years, the mention of the name of a science is enough to turn him from it with disgust. Ordinary school teachers are not inspired oracles. They do the best they can with the material they have to work on, and if they fail to make a chemist of the boy naturally destined to be a carpenter, or to turn a teamster into a botanist, the cause should not be charged against the method of teaching. When we come to add mechanical trades to the ordinary course of study, is there any reason to believe that there will be greater success? In order to be of any value, instruction must be practical and not theoretical. Boys who were taking a course in carpentry would, if Ella's ideas were carried out, learn to make jig-sawed gimcracks and fancy ornaments, but not to hang a gate or put up a shelf. The embryo blacksmiths would learn in theory, but in all likelihood their instructor would object to scorching his fingers, and find that the clang of hammer and steel gave him a headache. The English board schools make a great specialty of sewing for their girls, but as one visitor expressed it, so far as any value in the instruction went, they might as well have been put in the treadmill. It is all mechanical and unpractical. Instead of teaching the girls to cut and fit common garments, and do such sewing as falls to the lot of every housewife, they are set to work making microscopic stitches and darning rents in bits of rag, and such other tasks as never come into the busy lives of ordinary women. The only way in which a trade can be properly learned is with a view to mastering it so as to earn a livelihood by it. Nothing yet has taken the place of the old-fashioned apprenticeship in which parents or guardians paid a premium to a master mechanic and youths of both sexes were regularly indentured. There were evils in connection with the system, but the advantages outweighed them.

The Crystal Baths

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, on Bay, bet. Powell and Mason Sts., terminus of all North Beach car lines.

The Hooligan Girl

When one looks back over the fiction and drama of the last half-century one of the points that impresses itself is the disappearance of the hoyden and the entrance of the Hooligan girl. Long ago we had the unconventional romp who shocked the dowagers and was the despair of the "prunes and prisms" spinsters, but she was lovable, warm-hearted and unspoiled. She was adored by the children, and when she settled down she made as proper a matron as one could wish for. Now, instead of the hoyden, we have the Hooligan, the glorified tough, who cares for no one and nothing but her own good time. She has a tongue like a fishwife, and though the bravest of our realistic fictionists has not dared to allow her to swear often in the course of a novel, we all know well enough that the damsel who drinks and smokes and stays out till it suits her to come home is not satisfied with merely "strengthy slang." We all know the damsel in real life, but the change from one type to the other has come so gradually, that no one could rightly say when it began, and it is only when we are brought face to face with a comparison that we realize how the Hooligan girl has dominated us. There is a great difference between unconventionality, the result of ignorance of conventions, or innocence of their need, and defiance which is the outcome of a desire to "look fast" whether or not there is real evil at the root of it. It is rarely now that a heroine is such that her own grandmother could have any pleasure in meeting her. Indeed, for that matter, pretty manners are out of date in society, and parents are either wilfully blind to the faults of their children or else so dominated by the young masters and misses that they dare not suggest improvements with any expectation of their being adopted. We all know the noisy, loud-tongued, pushing, squabbling, and generally unpleasant children that we meet in trains and on cars, and at whatever form of public entertainment they attend. We know the imperious young damsel who escorts her nominal escort and demands and takes for granted every service, not in a gracious, matter of course, ladylike manner, but in an aggressive and domineering style which suggests to the onlooker her own doubts of her deserts. On the occasion of some public function when both the Empress Eugenie and Queen Victoria were present, an observant onlooker made note that when about to seat themselves, Queen Victoria did so without preliminary, while the Empress glanced behind her to make sure that the seat was provided. It may have been entirely automatic and involuntary, but it brought out the subtle difference between the two—the one who was regnant by birth and *knew* that all her rights were there as a matter of course; the other exalted to rank and uncertain that she *might* not be overlooked. As long as we have children brought up without training in manners, and young girls

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educated to Hooliganism, we must expect to find them in our books. As long as women make demands in a bold and aggressive fashion, they will find them granted grudgingly and gracelessly. That the female Hooligan is abroad in the land is patent to every one who walks a block in the street or enters a street car. Indeed, the Hooligan monopolizes the platform, so that entrance is denied unless at the expense of a mild tussle with her ladyship. She is a type whom we could comfortably dispense with, both in life, in literature and on the stage.

A Presbyterian Protest

When one recalls the hysterical excitement of some of our good religious citizens a few years ago lest "Rome's red hand" should seize upon the government and all pertaining to it, and the loud outcries for non-sectarianism, it is interesting to see the Presbyterian Women's Board of Home Missions attempting to dictate to Congress. The good ladies are very much excited lest Congress, in its ignorance of conditions in Arizona, and New Mexico, should make the mistake of granting statehood while so large a proportion of their inhabitants are as yet unconverted. The Home Board takes it upon itself to deplore the ignorance, degradation, and general worthlessness of the communities, but offers no evidence as to facts. It is simply the usual "holier than thou" attitude of the churchly body, which in spite of its verbal expressions of humility believes itself to be the one genuine brand of Christianity, and all others imitations. One of the counts against the territories is that few of the inhabitants in proportion to the whole population are sufficiently intelligent to exercise the duties of citizenship, and yet, one would like to understand how the Presbyterian Women's Board of Home Missions is qualified to instruct them. Upon what do they base the complaint? Small membership in Presbyterian churches? Small donations to missionary funds, or have the good ladies been reading too many of the Wolfville variety of stories, to the neglect of their Bibles? It is true that both Arizona and New Mexico have a large proportion of Indians, but reservation Indians are not citizens. They cannot become citizens, and they can exercise none of the rights of citizens. The other inhabitants are drawn from all sections of the union, and they are as good citizens in their adopted community as they were at home. They have courts and schools and churches as well conducted and as well attended as are to be found in any other part of the country, and it is not improbable that if the antecedents of their "bad men" were inquired into, it might be found, as in the early days of California, that many of them were offshoots of pious New England deacons. It is not to be expected that the Missionary Board will recognize the impertinence of its meddling in this matter. Indeed, religious bodies in general seem to imagine that Congress is only a sort of committee to take joint action with themselves, and though their petitions and protests are politely ignored year after year, they will continue to importune and dictate as long as the sun continues to shine.

The Saunterer

The Mayor's Attorney

Immediately after the election of Mayor Schmitz, a letter was published in the dailies which had been addressed by that gentleman to Mr. Abe Ruef. Its tone was of such amazing frankness that practical politicians declared that it could have been written by none but an unsophisticated man. In their opinion Mayor Schmitz was so unskilled in the arts of the politician, and so inexperienced that he was incapable of realizing that the letter was susceptible of interpretation far from flattering to the author. But there were certain pessimistic chaps who winked the other eye, and remarked that it was evident that we were to have an administration for revenue. It was a most indiscreet letter, for it appeared to have been written for publication, and for the purpose of acquainting those whom it concerned with the fact that if they had any business to transact with the Administration it would be wise and expedient to employ Mr. Abe Ruef's legal services. Indeed, so strongly did Mayor Schmitz express his unbounded confidence in Mr. Ruef and his readiness to show his appreciation of services rendered that there appeared to be no escape from the inference which some people adduced. In newspaper offices where Mr. Ruef is well known the letter provoked considerable merriment. It was suggested to him by one newspaperman that he wrote the letter himself, and he did not resent the mild impeachment.

He is a Handy Man

But whatever was the purpose of that much-discussed letter it is evident that people were not slow in taking the hint which they believed it contained. Mr. Abe Ruef's legal practice has grown considerably since Mr. Schmitz became Mayor. Whenever a police officer is caught sleeping on his beat he hires Mr. Ruef to prove that he was wide awake. When a school teacher finds her job in jeopardy she suddenly discovers that the legal ability of Mr. Ruef is pre-eminent. If the Police Commissioners determine that a certain saloon-keeper should not have his license renewed, the talented attorney, Mr. Ruef, is retained in his behalf. Mr. Ruef appears before the Supervisors for petitioners, and that he still retains the confidence of Mayor Schmitz is a fact that is given emphasis by his appearance as counsel for the Mayor when the latter has instituted proceedings to remove somebody from office.

Why It is Unfortunate

So it is apparent that Abe Ruef's friendship for Mayor Schmitz is a remunerative investment. And considered in the abstract, there is nothing immoral in the rela-

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THE WORLD OVER

tionship. Being a member in good standing at the bar the presumption is that Mr. Ruef depends solely on his legal ability when exerting himself in behalf of a client. It may be that his past—politically and professionally— has not been above suspicion at all times, but he is still entitled to the confidence of his clients. What I wish to submit is that it is unfortunate that his friendship for Mayor Schmitz, not to speak of his high sense of honor, and the good taste which, according to Mrs. Astor, is to be presumed to be the possession of a university graduate, should not repress the professional zeal which has rendered him so active in the interests of people who have business with the present Administration. It were vain and absurd to affect the belief that members of municipal commissions are not more or less influenced by the circumstance of Mr. Ruef's intimacy with Mayor Schmitz.. If they are not they are exceptional men. If they are their official acts should be severely criticised. That there are many people who believe that that intimacy is one of Mr. Ruef's valuable assets is evident from the character of Mr. Ruef's clientele.

A Guardian Needed

If Mr. Ruef has nothing more than his legal ability—great as his talents may be—to recommend him in cases before municipal commissions, then I am of the opinion that many of his clients are being deceived, for the supposition of many of them is that he has "a pull with the Mayor," and that that "pull" extends throughout the city government. In view of the Schmitz letter their supposition is not unwarranted. Certainly if Mayor Schmitz were an attorney, he would not accept a fee to defend a police officer before the Police Commission. And yet his attorney, his acknowledged political mentor, the man who is training him for the gubernatorial job, the manager to whom he is deeply grateful, does not hesitate to deal extensively in municipal business. Unquestionably, Mayor Schmitz, in whose honesty I have absolute confidence, sees no wrong in Mr. Ruef's attending to his business, but I hope it shall not be taken amiss if I suggest that if the Mayor seriously expects to become Governor of this State he should have a guardian as well as an attorney. I do not believe that even Mr. Ruef pretends that his new clients are paying him fees because of their great confidence in his legal ability. Nor am I lacking in appreciation of his talents. Mr. Ruef was in some big cases even before Schmitz was elected Mayor, notably the Fair case. With Martin Kelly he warmly espoused the cause of Mrs. Craven.

A "Countess" with a Past

About a year ago the son of a well-known San Francisco family went to Europe to study medicine. Six months later his delighted mother informed her friends that her boy had married a French Countess. The photograph of the beautiful Countess was proudly displayed, and the many connections of the family were almost as jubilant as the parents themselves. The young man came into a snug fortune when he was twenty-one, and is in line for several large legacies. His father doubled his allowance so that he might keep his Countess in style, and his mother began to take French Before Breakfast that she might read her titled daughter-in-law's scented missives. Last April the parents decided to go to France and surprise their "dear children." They found them living in an ideal chateau in the suburbs, and the Countess, though a bit older than they had fancied her, was very charming. They were growing very fond of her, but one day the gossip of the San Francisco coterie in Paris reached their ears, and they were shocked.

The essence of the gossip was that the Countess had been a stage divinity and had a past; that she was not a real Countess, but assumed the title while enjoying the patronage of a gay old Count. Though she was accepted by the smart bohemian element of Paris, and was making her young husband an exemplary wife, his parents were dissatisfied and urged him to divorce her, but he refused. His father cut off his allowance and went to Italy to spend the summer. The surgeons of the hospitals in which the young man is studying say that he is very clever. Not long ago he wrote to a prominent society physician here saying that after making the rounds of the London hospitals he will come to this city with his wife to settle down and practice. As his family and relatives have always ranked with the conservatives here their attitude toward the "Countess" will be watched with interest.

Gossip from Stockton

Stockton is on the alert to learn when the beautiful Miss Wilhoit, whose engagement to Sidney Hodgkins was recently announced, will become a bride. Even her most intimate friends don't seem at all sure of the date, though orange-blossom luncheons and other bridey functions have been given in her honor. As a drowning man catches at straws the gossips catch at the remark of Dr. Hodgkins that he will return to England in October after the marriage of his brother. But then that's pleasantly indefinite.

Maybe it is because men have more sense than sentiment that they do unconventional things which a woman wouldn't dare do. Stockton would hold up its hands if a widow of less than two months' growth of "weeds" should appear at the theatre, but it only gasped the least little bit when J. Jerome Smith, a widower of most recent bereavement, walked in alone the other evening to forget his loneliness in a play. Nobody said "How heartless!" and it has never been charged that the gentleman who used to be plain "Jimmie" Smith was ever anything but most kind and affectionate to the well-to-do widow who took his name, after it had been revised, and endowed him with nearly all her worldly goods. I heard a young Stockton widow in heavy black weeds say that the widower's way is the right way. "Why should it be considered better form to stay at home and nurse this particular kind of sorrow when in all other trouble the palm is given to the one who successfully puts it behind him or her?" asks the widow.

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The British Way

The stage is held responsible for many sins. Among them is that of instilling a fondness for the London accent and the British idiom. I hear that since Louise Drew went to Blingum "English as she is spoke" across the pond has become more popular than ever, and that the efforts of some of our Anglomaniacs at imitation are highly amusing. Some of the Blingumites are likely to give the impression that their British ideals were found in the provinces. It may be well for them to know that the words "nasty" and "beastly" are not so common among cultured English people as some imagine. To be strictly English in his speech the Anglomaniac must call his father "The guv-nor," he must always be "ill," never "sick" unless troubled with nausea, must order his "man" to bring him a "jug," never a pitcher, of water, and must say "coals" for coal and "railway" for railroad. And he must never speak of riding *on horseback*. Riding always means on a horse's back to the Briton born and bred. When he drives he drives, but when he rides he rides on a horse.

What They Say

You never talk of taking a bath down Blingum way—you "have a tub." The cars are "the train," baggage is "luggage" and the depot is never anything but the "station." They haven't reached the point of calling the conductor the "guard," but they may get to that later on. It doesn't make a Blingumite "mad" when he meets with failure at polo or golf but he is sometimes "angry." He is "fit" when he is well, "seedy" or "knocked up" when his health is not up to the mark. When confronted with a difficulty he is "up a tree" or else he finds it "hard lines." Whisky is always "spirits" and to be properly British he fills his glass to the brim with water. As Pomona's Jone said, in Frank R. Stockton's account of that interesting pair's travels in England, the English people take their climate as they do their spirits—climate and water, with a good deal more of the latter. And, another thing to remember, the educated Englishmen do not drop their h's, except when *h* follows *w* in which, where, when, white, whether, what and whisky. His *r's* must never be sounded in finals. That is left to the Frenchman and Irishman.

Rings for Lily

The real reason of the latest postponement of the marriage of Peter Martin and Lily Oelrichs is that the Oelrichs family was plunged into mourning when the uncle of Peter's fiancee died. Peter is no longer tossed on the waves of uncertainty. He has a plethoric purse and is sure of his conquest. The other day he was in a local jewelry store buying costly presents for his bride-to-be. I have received an inventory of his purchases. From it I should judge that Miss Oelrichs is very fond of pearls. He bought one ring with a black pearl set between two diamonds and another with a white pearl similiarly set.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

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Magi's Influence on George White

Death brought to Cattle King George White the surcease of domestic agony that "Magi" was never able to give him. "Magi," speaking through Medium Whitney, gave White advice about his private business as well as about his spiritual wives. When "Magi" began to take an interest in the cattle king the latter was evidently finding life dull. At any rate he was willing to spend several hundred thousand dollars to liven up matters. "Magi," through Mrs. Whitney, introduced the old man to his first spirit bride and after that to others, White cheerfully paying for the introductions. It was about seven years ago that White's first worldly wife brought suit for divorce against him. That was the time such a how-de-do was made about the cattle king's property. Mrs. White wanted to ascertain its exact amount, but Magi persuaded him to conceal it. The lawyers finally rooted out a part of it, in a safe deposit box to which only Magi and White had access.

His Second Worldly Marriage

Mrs. White No. 2 was wedded to the cattle king in rather a romantic manner. She met the old fellow through a matrimonial bureau. She was about twenty and he was fifty but he fell desperately in love with her and nothing would satisfy him but an immediate marriage. He was very generous to her and also to her relatives, all of whom hail from the other side of Market street. The only one that objected to the match was Magi, who hated to let so much money go out of the spirit family.

Evolution of the Duster

Linen dusters are in again and the smart man and woman are adding them to their summer wardrobe. It is the same old duster our fathers and mothers used to wear thirty years ago but they don't call it a duster any more. It is a linen raglan now, or a linen newmarket. We used to think them ugly garments in the days agone, but their necessity was conceded when traveling over dusty roads. Now their necessity comes from another reason—they are *a la mode*. I remember two rich old pioneers who were distinguished for their wearing of linen dusters long after

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the garment was out of date. One was a Mr. Marshall and the other was Peter Dean, who died last year and left his sons and daughter a fat fortune.

Opposed to His Own Camp

Governor Gage is having some of the experience that filled his predecessor with woe. The ingratitude of job-chasers is harrowing his vitals. When Budd was Governor he distributed the loaves according to his best judgment but toward the end of his administration he found that many who had received favors at his hands were his bitterest enemies. They did not get the jobs they wanted, though they accepted what was given them, and then proceeded to "knock." Governor Gage appointed Charley Spear a Port Warden, but Spear wanted to be a Harbor Commissioner, so he is against the man who provided him with a fat salary. Lew Brown, who is a member of the Board of Equalization by the grace of Governor Gage, is not allied with the opposition forces, but he does not hesitate to tell about the strong opposition of the interior to the administration. That is the "whispering" process of doing up an enemy in the game of politics. It is very effective.

Budd Retaliates

Though Budd was hammered strenuously during his term by sore-head politicians he is having lots of fun these days retaliating. John Gaffey of Los Angeles had the velvet off his hammer when Budd was Governor, and last week Gaffey came to town with brother-in-law Hicks of San Jose to make a fight in the Democratic State Central Committee for Santa Cruz, which sought the honor of entertaining the delegates to the State convention. Budd was inclined to be for Santa Cruz because it is the home of his friend William T. Jeter, but when he learned that Gaffey was leading the forces for the city by the sea, and expected to swell himself by achieving a great victory, he joined the element that was for Sacramento and won out for the capital. Budd is making no pretensions to leadership, but he is a dangerous foe in a fight of any kind.

The Cause

Budd's antipathy for the man from Los Angeles developed shortly after he became Governor of the State. He learned that a newspaper which Gaffey was managing during the campaign had not published any of the campaign literature which had been distributed to the interior press. Upon inquiry as to the reason he learned that Gaffey had devoted the columns of the paper to the interest of a candidate for Congress. Gaffey frankly explained that he thought there was not the slightest prospect of Budd's election. Hence the failure of Budd to give him recognition when the loaves were being distributed.

Cupid in Naval Uniform

Within a short time the United States battleship *Philadelphia* is expected to reach this port. Before the vessel arrives there will probably be an interesting engagement announced. The fiancee in the case is Miss Viola Kleineberg, daughter of Dr. C. Kleineberg, whose family belongs to the smart German-American set of this city. The fiance is Ensign Charles Huff of the *Philadelphia,* and a very gallant officer. Miss Kleineberg and Ensign Huff have been engaged for a year past, but no formal announcement has yet been made. Some of the Ensign's friends among the Army and Navy set will be surprised, perhaps, to learn of his betrothal as his name was more than once coupled with those of two society girls who expressed a preference for his company. Ensign Boyd of the same vessel is also said to have lost his heart to a San Francisco girl.

Rumor says the stork is hovering over the pretty flat of the Harleys. Mrs. Harley was Florence Deming, and her marriage was one of the events of last fall.

The Aftermath

There has been an aftermath of regrets to the Burlingame Horse Show. The friends of Mrs. Gus Taylor were dissatisfied with the award of first prize to Mrs. Laurance Scott. They declare that Mrs. Henry Scott rooted for her daughter-in-law with the aggressiveness that begets blue ribbons and silver cups. Neither Mrs. Taylor nor Mrs. Scott is in a hair-pulling mood over the decision, but their friends have organized rival anvil choruses. The friends of Mrs. Taylor declare that when she was driving Mrs. Joe Tobin's high-steppers she was a sight for old Kentucky. With her distinguished air she surely captured the eye of the onlookers if not the votes of the judges. By way of reflection on Mrs. Scott's slenderness it was stated that she carried rocks in her pockets to keep from blowing off the seat, but I think she drove with superb dash and spirit. Caro Crockett Scott has a genius for winning prizes. The experts declare she is not the best golf player in the swim, and yet she has carried off all the best trophies. The fact is, that she has the best nerve, and that is a quality which counts more than skill in contests. There are two women who lead her in practice games, but they go to pieces in a formal test. Mrs. Scott now refuses to play in the matches with those she has beaten.

The "Inseparables"

Now that Mary Scott Martin is home and Harry Scott is going to marry Pearl Landers, the "Inseparables" will

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probably be divided into two distinct coteries. Before the chiming of their wedding bells the Hopkins girls, Caro Crockett and Mary Scott were as intimate as sisters. They are still friends, but the old-time heart-to-heart chummyness has evaporated. It is said to have been affected by the report that one of the three carelessly remarked one day that it was Croesus and not Cupid who played one of the leading roles in the marriages of her bosom friends. Whatever the cause, the Inseparables are no longer invited. It will now be the Martin-Scott-Landers contingent, and the Hopkins-Taylor-McNear set.

A Mistake in Brothers

It was Prescott, not Harry Scott, whose attentions to Miss Barber, the martyred President's niece, made the local matchmakers fidgety. Simmered down, those talked-of civilities would not make sauce for Cupid. Prescott Scott has a habit of rushing girls in a torrid fashion and then cooling off below zero. The fact of turning Her room into a bower of roses would not convict Prescott of serious intentions. Harry's marriage will probably take place after he is a happy uncle. Not coming on the heels of a President's visit the public will be saved the columns of print that were lavished on the Scott-Martin marriage. The Henry Scotts profess to abhor newspaper notoriety, and Mr. Scott delights in being rude to newspaper representatives except when he is looking for favors.

Harry Scott is scarcely known socially. When he was quite a little fellow he met with an accident on a railway train going East, and it was not thought that he would live. Since then he has not been especially robust. Pearl Landers has been visiting her mamma-in-law elect at Blingum for a fortnight. Mrs. Scott is said to look kindly on the union, and Mrs. Fred Tallant is delighted at her little sister's good fortune. As the social manager of the family she is happy at the pleasing ending of Pearl's first society year.

Young Johnston of Los Angeles

John Griffin Johnston, the fiance of Bernice Landers, is said to be a nice eligible fellow even if he hasn't a bank account. And perhaps he isn't so poor as reported. General Albert Sidney Johnston, his grandfather, was not absolutely impoverished when he died. He left his widow and children a piece of real estate that should have increased in value. When the family went to Los Angeles to live, it was well known that they owned valuable land in Texas. The old General had located on six hundred and forty acres of land near the head of the Brazos river. This land had on it a valuable coal mine. Mrs. Johnston had many opportunities to sell the land but she always refused, as she knew of the mine which, thirty-five years ago, was valued at one hundred thousand dollars.

Just a Little Friction

Writing of General Johnston I am reminded that the most blissful harmony does not prevail among the local Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. Van Wyck, who is a very ardent Southerner, intent upon keeping alive memories of the days befo' the wah, withdrew from the Albert Sidney Johnston chapter a short time ago and organized a chapter named in honor of that distinguished rebel, Jefferson Davis. Mrs. Van Dyck is a born leader and if she isn't permitted to rule the roost she won't play. So now she is the head and front of the Jefferson Davis chapter and the members thereof are priding themselves on its exclusiveness.

Now for Bernie and Sam

Now that Danforth Boardman is engaged the gossips are busy marrying off his brother, Sam, who is a great chum of Laurance Scott. He is one of the most desirable young men in society. I have been told that shortly after the June season his engagement with Miss Bernie Drown will be announced. Both are prominent socially, and the match will be regarded as eminently satisfactory all around. Mr. Boardman always expected Sam to make a big match and marry at least a million, but Mrs. Boardman preferred social advancement, though she is well hedged in socially. Miss Drown is interested in work at the Children's hospital and in church charities. She is tall, svelte, with high color and fine brown eyes and hair, and she dresses in perfect taste. Her father is a well-to-do, eminently respectable attorney, more renowned for his integrity than for his brilliancy. Sam Boardman is with Balfour, Guthrie & Co., and is regarded as one of the rising young men of that big firm.

Actor McAllister

I am not surprised that young Hall McAllister quit the bar for the stage. As a lawyer he was expected to live up to the reputation of his father, and that was more than he could do. He inherited many of the fine traits of character that distinguished his eminent parent, but the latter's genius was not the heritage of the son. Yet young Hall McAllister is by no means lacking in ability, and he may develop into a very fine actor. If he is able to play the gentleman on the stage with that same felicity which has always marked his deportment in real life he should be a great success in society drama. But there are many actors that do the gentlemanly stunt well on the stage, whose conduct off is a tribute to their mimetic ability.

His Social Pull

Cutler McAllister was referred to by the dailies as the first circuit judge in these parts. They no doubt meant Judge M. H. McAllister. His son Cutler was the clerk of the court. He was the uncle of the young actor. The latter's mother, by the way, was one of the trio of beautiful daughters of Sam Herman. She was a native of New

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Orleans. One of her daughters, Marion, was married to E. E. Wise, and later to Dr. Henry Wagner. Another daughter, Edith, is the wife of Congressman Frank Newlands. The present Mrs. Chauncey Depew is the daughter of Mrs. McAllister's sister, Alice, who married Henry Palmer of Paris. So it is evident that Hall McAllister has considerable social influence to give impetus to his rise in the theatrical profession.

A Royal Contretemps

The press despatches failed to mention an amusing contretemps of the ceremonies incidental to the "swearing in" of King Alfonso. The story comes to me from London, it having been told there by the Duke of Connaught, brother of King Edward, who attended the Spanish ceremonies as the representative of Great Britain. He was deputed by King Edward to invest Alfonso with the insignia of "the most noble Order of the Garter," and he did so. But after investing the stripling King with the collar, the ribbon, the star and the other decorations, he stooped to fasten the garter to the young sovereign's leg. To his amazement he found that Alfonso was in a cadet uniform with long trousers. The situation was embarrassing and the court officials stood aghast. The ceremony had to be interrupted while Alfonso retired hastily and substituted knee breeches after which the garter was adjusted. It is needless to predict that there will be no such contretemps at King Edward's coronation. There are many noblemen that are expecting the garter and they will go prepared. It is a curious fact that the proudest dignitaries of Europe are eager to be decorated with the insignia of an order which had its origin in an accident that befell a certain gay and unconventional woman. It was at a function at the court of Edward III when the Countess of Salisbury dropped an article of her attire which is not usually on exhibition. Some of the nobles winked significantly, whereupon the king picked up the garter and by way of rebuke to his nobles made the remark which is now the motto of the Order—*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Apropos of the Duke of Connaught's mission, it was perhaps somewhat strange that Edward should have thought of investing him with the insignia of the Garter order, for it is an ancient courtly theory that the Spanish monarch has no legs. I presume though that it applies only to the female members of the most jealously guarded of thrones.

Edward in the Altogether

My London correspondent has written to me the additional information that they are saying in the clubs that King Edward has decided to go to the Abbey to be crowned in an extremely light-weight costume. Edward abhors heat. Being extremely stout he perspires easily; and a perspiring fat King is not the most impressive spectacle in the world. He must wear a heavy robe and various trappings into the Abbey, but it is said that if the robe should fall off the King would cause a stampede. He has probably been thinking of the case of George IV who became fatigued from the heat during his coronation ceremony. During the sermon he retired into a private apartment. He remained away so long that several court officials went to look for him. They found his anointed Majesty fanning himself in the altogether, and he swore like a trooper because he had to don the heavy robes again.

To Publish His Lectures

H. Weinstock of Sacramento, whose lectures on "Jesus the Jew" attracted considerable attention some months ago, has put them into book form. The volume is on the presses of a New York publishing house and will appear some time this month. Mr. Weinstock discusses the relations of the Jews to the Gentile world. While writing from the standpoint of the Jew, he advocates the newer and more liberal views by which the middle wall of partition that has kept the Jew isolated from the rest of mankind may, he thinks, be removed. He prophesies that even Russia will soon cease from its anti-Semitic intolerance. He disapproves altogether of the Zionist movement.

"He must have a remarkable memory; he appears to know something about everybody."

"It isn't his memory that's remarkable. He's been through all the chairs in the Grand Lodge of the Order of Infamous Liars."

Miss Phelan's Innovation

An innovation in "feeds" was instituted by Miss Mollie Phelan at her tea last week. Instead of the usual light refreshments Miss Phelan provided a repast equal to the usual luncheon. I question whether the change was noted with pleasure by the smart dames among the guests. The afternoon tea has usually been considered among our society women as a cheap way of disposing of social obligations. Tea and chocolate, ices and cakes, with perhaps punch and sandwiches, are considered the proper menu among tea-givers. Last winter Mrs. Eleanor Martin introduced egg-nog and Charlotte Ellinwood and others of the reception givers followed suit. But Miss Phelan, whose tea marked her reappearance as an entertainer, belongs to the old style of hostess. She believes in giving her guests substantial fare. Therefore only a few of her old friends

were invited to the function, but these were treated royally. Miss Phelan is the sister of our ex-Mayor and she is one of the richest heiresses in this part of the world. She recently spent a large part of her income in remodeling her old home in Valencia street.

At the Resorts

The contingent of pretty young girls at the Hotel Vendome this year is a large one. I should advise young men looking for buds with dots to spend the early summer in San Jose. But there are also dots and buds to be found in San Mateo. The Mateo is sheltering more guests this year than has been the case since the hotel was built.

"Mrs. Gayley is looking very much depressed."
"Yes, her husband's suit for divorce was denied."

Mrs. Bradbury in the Calcium's Glare Again

On dits in Los Angeles are to the effect that Mrs. John Bradbury intends to divorce her husband. Young John has fallen upon hard lines. Not being able to support his wife, she has been living with her mother for some time past. The gossips say it will be another McKeown affair, for John Bradbury calls on his wife and they seem to be fairly good friends. But she is packing her trunk preparatory to a trip to Paris with her mother. The latter is in funds once more, the Bannings being on financial velvet just now. If Mrs. Bradbury sues her husband for divorce she will be less kind to him than he was to her some years ago. When his wife ran away with the Englishman, Warde, John Bradbury forgave her everything. He took her back to his heart and home and during their subsequent sojourn in Mexico he treated her as well as if she had never left him.

In Shrine they discussed matters hot,
But after adjournment *pro tem*
They sought the oasis' cool spot
To discuss a little *zem zem*.

Fathered By Billy Florence

It is a remarkable fact that comparatively few of the Mystic Shriners know anything about the origin of the order. Moreover, very few people are aware of the fact that it was introduced in America by Billy Florence, the actor, who was a great favorite in this city for many years. He was initiated into the order in Algiers, and he was received into the inner temple under the domain of the crescent. He collected a great deal of the Oriental history of the order and the manuscript of memorial ceremonials. He received authority to introduce the order in America. The order was instituted by a son-in-law of the prophet Mahommed at Mecca, as a Vigilance Committee to dispense justice and inflict punishment upon criminals who escaped justice through the tardiness of the courts. In the Orient it is more exclusive than in America, its membership being limited to the cultured classes. The ritual now in use is a translation from the original Arabic found in the archives of the Order at Aleppo, Syria.

Notable Incidents

One of the most hospitable of the local Shriners greeted his visiting brethren at the Ferry and handed out his business cards. He is in the restaurant business. The fraternal feeling is strong in some people. There were many amusing incidents of Shriners' week. One of them was supplied by Adam F. Gunn of the American Book company when he tried to ride in the night parade. He thought he could ride but his horse didn't agree with him, and after making an amusing spectacle of himself he discreetly dismounted and retired.

When Max Became Courageous

When last heard from Max Popper was talking to the redwoods in the Santa Cruz mountains, and the trees were drooping. Max still takes himself seriously. He fears that the Budd boom is growing so rapidly, despite the ex-Governor's protestations, that the next convention will insist on nominating him. Therefore Max has gone into the interior to harangue against Budd. If Max had a keen sense of humor he would enjoy himself hugely.

"When did Popper get out against you?" Budd was asked the other day.

"When I was Governor," was the reply. "Just as soon as he discovered that the Statute of Limitations had begun to run, and that there was no longer any fear of his being put to the necessity of invoking the pardoning power of the Executive he got out his hammer."

(Saturday night at the Springs.) "Mrs. Romp is in high spirits tonight."
"Yes, her husband missed the train."

To Marry a Major

From an occasional correspondent I learn that Miss R. M. Isaacs, a foster sister of Father W. D. McKinnon, of this city, has arrived in Manila, and that she is there to become the bride of Major Fraser of the Medical Department of the army. She was accompanied to Manila by Father McKinnon, from Yokohama, whither he went to meet her. The newspapers of Manila have dubbed Father McKinnon "the Guardian Angel of the Boys in Blue."

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In Cultured Chicago

The aesthetic pretensions of Chicago are attracting attention all over the world. The city famous for its greed, dirt and slaughter-houses is not content with the laurels of acknowledged supremacy. A few weeks ago it was gloating over a judicial decision that Samuel Eberly Gross, a real estate dealer, originated and is therefore the owner of the dramatic possibilities of "Cyrano de Bergerac," and the other day a Chicago jury decided that the purchaser of a "set of Balzac" need not pay for the books because the fiction of the great Frenchman is unfit for unrestricted reading in a respectable home. It appears that the book-agent represented that Balzac was "just the stuff for children." And it was in cultured Chicago that he found a man to believe him. Paris hasn't heard about the condemnation of Balzac, but it has discussed the case of Cyrano. According to the *Journal des Debats,* a copy of which I have received, Rostand has been convicted in Chicago of the crime of plagiarizing a nose, and it should be a warning to theatrical men who might be disposed to put upon the boards some personage with a prominent nose. "Americans," says the writer in the French paper, "have been reproached for not showing proper respect for literary rights, but evidently they have mended their ways, since they have extended literary property to the nose."

Back from Germany

Mrs. Lilly Layman has returned from Germany on a visit to her mother. She is accompanied by two of her children. Mrs. Layman was Miss Tompkins, a companion to the late Mrs. William Sharon, wife of the millionaire, before her marriage to Fred Oppenheim, who will be remembered as quite a society beau during the middle of the seventy decade. After her marriage they went to Hamburg to reside, and not fancying the name of Oppenheim her husband was induced to change his name to Layman. He died soon afterward and left his wife a comfortable income. She has many friends who will welcome her to her old home.

A Nasal Incident

The characters in up-to-date fiction accomplish some remarkable feats. I find this in a review by Mr. Carl Hovey in the *Bookman*:

"The gentleman of Craford melts like wax. He pressed her nose to his mouth, crushing it, breathing in its scent, trying to possess himself of the touch her mouth had left upon it."

The young woman who can touch her nose with her mouth is somewhat rare, and I cannot fancy her being prepossessing enough for the role of heroine in a popular novel. Neither can I admire the taste of the young man who imprints his kisses on such a nose as the one possessed by the heroine.

The Jaw-Fighters of Oakland

If blood were shed every time a man is called a liar and a thief in Oakland, it would soon be possible to float a ferryboat up Seventh street. But nobody ever thinks of resenting an insult in Oakland. Frank Moffitt gets mad once in a while and hits somebody, but having established a reputation for himself it is now difficult for him to provoke a row. He called Editor Daniels a thief the other day, and offered him five hundred dollars to institute libel proceedings so that he could get an opportunity to prove the charge, but Daniels was too foxy to get caught in that sort of a trap. Some years ago Warren English, who is one of the most ferocious men in Oakland, threatened to shed the blood of John P. Irish, but he was compelled to suffer a disappointment. He halted Irish in the street, and flourishing a cane menacingly demanded to know the journalist's authority for a statement that he had made. Irish agreed to reveal his authority if English would lower the cane. Warren complied, and Irish said that his authority was the late Creed Haymond.

"Damn you," said English, "you have to go to the grave for your authority," and there the incident ended. The "Ole Bills" have been camping on Irish's trail for years, but whenever Irish looks over his shoulder they all rush to cover.

The Debutante Didn't Debut

San Francisco girls are so uniformly successful in the theatrical profession that it is to be regretted that one of them who recently contemplated making her debut lacked the courage to achieve her ambition. I refer to one of the stunning Hadenfeldt sisters, who was on the point of becoming a member of the Neill company. As the tale comes to me she made preparations for her debut, rehearsed with the company, had some smart gowns made, and then changed her mind. Mr. Neill was no doubt greatly disappointed, for Miss Hadenfeldt would have been a great card. She is a beautiful girl with a figure for a sculptor's model, and I hear that in rehearsal she showed considerable talent.

A Professional Proxy

This is surely an unconventional era. The rules of etiquette have curiously relaxed of late, but in a way that should command the approval of sensible people. Many of the iron-clad rules of etiquette are in the nature of an affectation, and should therefore be abolished. Society has cringed to no more absurd rule than that which prescribes the dinner-call, and I am pleased to predict its early abolition, for it is now being perfunctorily obeyed in a way that renders it ridiculous. The dinner-call implies that the caller wishes to acknowledge an obligation, but surely no host or hostess feels that a guest owes something for the grub that was supplied. It is a queer hospitality that imposes an obligation. The modern dame should rejoice at the prospect of being released from the wearisome round of calls which, unless entirely oblivious to social prestige, she has been obliged to go through each season with unwavering regularity. Not only a dinner but every grand function demanded by a strict social law, like unto that of the

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Medes and Persians, a prompt personal call on the hostess. In England, a correspondent informs me, the professional proxy has stepped in to relieve the smart matron of her duties as a caller. The professional proxy is the beginning of the end. The professional proxy goes the round of Lady de Smith's friends and deposits milady's cards at each house. In this country many people have made it a practice to send the footman to the door with the cards, but the professional proxy is a new institution and will undoubtedly bring the obnoxious social rule into ridicule and disrepute.

As to the Bachelor

Of course the modern young man cannot successfully plead the same excuse as the overworked twentieth century matron for his negligence as a caller. But as it has no doubt occurred to him at times that his presence at a function is nothing short of a boon to the hostess who secured his presence, it is rather disagreeable to feel that his acceptance of her hospitality entails the obligation of a formal call. The lapses of the modern bachelor in the matter of the duty call is evidence of his freedom from conventionality, but it is usually attributed to his decadence and lack of good manners. Yet if hostesses knew that by abolishing the rule requiring the call they could more easily entice bachelors to their functions they would gladly wipe it out.

Syle's Job in Jeopardy

Poor Professor Syle! Two weeks ago he awoke to find himself damned by the critics, and now he finds that to hold his job at Berkeley he must exert his Chiv. pull to its fullest extent. When DuPont Syle was a mere professor of literature at Berkeley he drew his salary in peace and nobody bothered about him. True, it was understood that he was retained in the faculty out of respect to George Washington being, as he is, a decendant of a remote relative of the Father of his Country, but he might have prospered in obscurity indefinitely were it not for his o'erleaping ambition. He wished to achieve fame as a dramatic critic, and he found it so easy to roast plays and players for a daily newspaper, that he concluded that it was his duty as a pedagogue to instruct. He proceeded to point the way, and he essayed an adaptation from the French. It was a failure, and now President Wheeler thinks that he should hunt for another job. A man incapable of writing a successful play is, according to Professor Wheeler, incompetent as a teacher of literature in Berkeley.

San Jose Startled

Somnolent San Jose was awakened the other day by a sensational street episode, in which two prominent women figured. It was the sort of an affair that sharpens the edge of curiosity and gives impetus to the tongue of gossip. It was a busy afternoon in First street when two well-dressed women met, glared at each other and then entered upon the favorite feminine mode of warfare. They gave a most exciting hair-pulling exhibition, and by the time Dr. Gus Bennett, a young dentist, interfered in the interest of the peace and dignity of the polite and conservative community, both ladies presented a somewhat disheveled appearance. One of the combatants is a resident of Los Gatos, where she enjoys considerable social prestige. Her husband is a man of prominence. The other is also married. Her husband is a prominent dry goods man of San Jose. The gossips say that it was a case of jealousy. The San Jose lady is spending a little time out of town now, but Madame of Los Gatos struts the streets as though she were quite proud of her achievement.

John Markham, who made a million out of sugar and ice in Honolulu, is rusticating in San Jose. He received a letter last week informing him that Mr. Cunha, principal owner of the Moana hotel at Waikiki, had been stricken with paralysis and was not expected to recover. Cunha has a large fortune. His eldest son graduated from Stanford last year.

Drawing the Line

Apropos of the coachman episode related last week, I recall the sequel of Mary Scott Castle's attempt to reform San Jose society. When Mrs. Salisbury's niece was a bride a new club was being formed in the garden city. At one of the meetings she proposed that all shopkeepers be barred out from the club, and only ladies and gentlemen be permitted to join. The "shopkeepers" were furious, and their wives and daughters begged them to refuse to give Neville Castle any legal practice. The result was that Mrs. Castle was obliged to entertain thereafter on borrowed money and borrowed furniture. At which one man remarked: "Well, I don't mind, so long as they invite me to their dinners, which are very good. But if they borrowed my money and did not invite me, I should draw the line."

Mary Ann's Reply

A member of "The Family" is responsible for this story. He went home at a rather unusual hour of the day last week, and as his wife was not there he said to Mary Ann, the family servant:

"Can you tell me of my wife's whereabouts?"

Mary Ann appeared to be somewhat embarrassed, but after a few moments' hesitation she replied:

"Faith, to tell ye the truth, I really believe they are in the wash."

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He Knew Mme. Humbert

Charles Fittock, who was in the British consular service in Paris some years ago, and who is now in this city, tells some interesting stories about the Mme. Humbert who was the head and front of the greatest fraud of the century which was recently brought to light in Paris, and who is now a fugitive from justice. The dailies told about the exposure of the fraud the other day, but the remarkable story of the wonderful career of Mme. Humbert in Paris was but briefly sketched, and contained scarcely any of the glittering details. None but a Frenchwoman could have accomplished half that Mme. Humbert is credited with, and yet the heroine of the strange and almost incredible story is a woman entirely devoid of physical attractions. She is old, unattractive and vulgar, but she became a leader of the fashion and luxury of Paris, and she succeeded in perpetrating the most gigantic swindle of the century, in deceiving and robbing the most cunning and cautious financiers and money-lenders, in toying with the most astute lawyers and statesmen, and in maintaining her lofty social sition for a quarter of a century with nothing but fraud to sustain her.

Her Romantic Story

The story with which Mme. Humbert regaled her victims before fleecing them was a romantic one, and appealed to the vivid French imagination. She told them that she nursed a dying American multi-millionaire, and that out of gratitude he bequeathed her all his property which yielded her an annual income of three hundred thousand dollars a year, until one day his two nephews turned up with another will purporting to be of the same date as the one which she had filed. According to this will he left her only one-third, and divided the remainder between his nephews. But they were rich men, too, and didn't care so much for the money. One of them wanted to marry Madame Humbert's younger sister, and they entered into a formal agreement to put all the deeds and securities into a safe which should be locked and sealed until the girl attained her majority, when the heirs mentioned in both wills should come together and enter upon an amicable settlement. Thus was started the legend of the mysterious safe. The wills were filed, and so was the written agreement, and with those spurious documents and an empty but sealed safe Mme. Humbert started on the longest and most gigantic fraud of the age.

The Tragic Consequences

That safe was supposed to contain many millions of dollars' worth of securities, and it stood sponsor for I O U's by the thousands that the clever swindler distributed over Paris. It enabled her to hold a box at the opera for which she paid five thousand dollars a year. According to Fittock she could always be seen in the box on a great night. She bought valuable real estate with I O U's and sold for cash. Her credit was scrutinized, and the court records and the safe with its fortune in securities swept away doubt. She went down the Rue de la Paix, the street wherein are the stores of the great jewelers and fashionable dressmakers, and she bought most expensive goods. The list of her creditors shows that she swindled Parisians out of more than ten millions of dollars. And her frauds were responsible for many tragedies, for several of her victims finding themselves reduced to beggary through their mad confidence in this woman, blew out their brains. Yet this accomplished confidence operator, the Queen of Crooks, was a poor milliner's daughter with scarcely any education and barren of all the evidences of refinement.

Not the Hardware Business

The officers of the Pacific Coast Hardware and Metal Association disclaim having received a bill from Alexander Hamilton for the cost of entertaining John W. Gates, the steel-wire magnate. The story came to me from what I regarded as an authoritative source. But the information given me was somewhat inaccurate. It was not the Pacific Coast Hardware and Metal Association that delegated Mr. Hamilton to entertain Mr. Gates. Consequently Mr. Hamilton did not present a bill to that association. I have also been told that it was not forty-eight hundred dollars that Mr. Hamilton spent, though he was a royal host.

"I hear that Tom has overdrawn his bank account."
"Well, you heard something untrue."
"I'm glad to hear that, for I like Tom."
"It was his wife's bank account that he overdrew."

A Prospective Frost

One doesn't hear much these days about the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons fight, except occasional scraps of speculation as to whether Jeffreys is "going out" or merely lose on a foul. It actually appears as though a long-suffering public had been duped once too often. Even the dailies appear to have given up hope of arousing public interest, for the sporting editors have been repressed. The fight promoters will soon begin estimating the amount of their probable loss for there does not appear to be any likelihood of their paying expenses. Whatever the arrangements between the big bruisers may be, there should not be the slightest doubt of Fitzsimmons' inability to whip the young Californian giant. Jeffries is undoubtedly the champion of his day, and while he fills the role of champion there cannot be much sentimental interest in the brutal sport, for he is incapable of winning that morbid admiration which is usually vouchsafed the hero of the prize-ring. He is merely a freak whose bulk safeguards him against defeat. He has never had to exhibit courage or powers of endurance. What little skill he possesses is exercised only for defensive purposes.

A Society Favorite

Margaret Anglin is to be the guest of honor at many social functions during her season at the Columbia. The actress is a great favorite with smart society folks of the cities she visits. And society is very fond of stage celebrities. Miss Anglin was a society girl herself before going on the stage. She came from Toronto, where she lived in a beautiful home in University avenue.

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Mrs. Weller a McMullin

My attention has been drawn to the fact that in mentioning the four daughters of Mrs. John McMullin I omitted reference to a fifth, the fourth in point of age. This is "Bettie," the wife of Attorney Charles Locke Weller. Mrs. Weller is more like her mother than are any of her sisters, but she is less known than they because she has never cared much for society. Mrs. Weller has traveled quite extensively, and if she has any hobby it is a love of art, which she shares with her husband. Their home in Leavenworth street contains many valuable souvenirs of travels abroad. The Wellers own a summer home in the mountains, on the McCloud river.

A Retired Political Magnate

Until Chris Buckley began investing heavily in real estate a few weeks ago few people had ever made an approximate estimate of the extent of his wealth. The defunct blind boss realized about two hundred thousand dollars from the sale of his street railroad stock and he invested it nearly all in business realty. Buckley is possessed of considerably over a quarter of a million dollars' worth of property. Nearly all that wealth came to him when he was acting as the "attorney" for people who were doing business with the city government in the days when he was recognized as the ruler of the Democratic machine. A little over fifteen years ago Chris Buckley was a saloon-keeper, and at the same time he was in the heyday of his career as a boss. When a corporation wanted a franchise Buckley was retained as "attorney" for the company, and he always charged a big fee. He had no license to practice in the courts such as the bosses of the present day possess, but he did just as effective work for his clients. He would probably be doing business yet, at the old stand, if a grand jury hadn't forced him to leave town.

Bosses in Court

While on the subject of a boss in the role of an attorney, I am reminded of the fact that in the Board of Health case before Judge Cook there is an attorney on each side who is also a boss. I refer to Gavin McNab, who is associated with Mr. McEnerney for the old Board, and Mr. Ruef, who is the attorney for the Mayor. Mr. McNab's objection to Judge Cook as the trial judge was based on the ground that the judge is going to seek renomination this Fall at the hands of a convention which may possibly be dominated by Mr. Ruef. Nobody is better able to testify to the weight of advantage which an attorney is likely to have under such circumstances than the same Gavin McNab. He has controlled a convention or two in his time, and like Mr. Ruef he has been employed in cases by people who were wise enough to appreciate the weight of that influence. Indeed I strongly suspect that the members of the Board of Health were not unmindful of the importance of Mr. McNab's prestige as a boss when they hired him. With his prestige and McEnerney's knowledge of the law they were well fortified until they ran up against Cook with the presumption of his appreciation of Mr. Ruef's pres[illegible]

Law and Politics

After encountering such a snag Mr. McNab was eager to go before some disinterested judge, but as Mr. McEnerney remarked, it is pretty tough if litigants are to be deprived of a square deal unless they can get their cases tried before some judge who isn't out for renomination. Mr. McEnerney is an optimistic lawyer with lots of confidence in the integrity of the Bench, but he is not entirely unaware of the fact that there are judges who, while trying cases on the law and the facts sprinkle those factors with a little of the salt of politics. And it is evident that he believes Cook to be one of them.

Robert Aitken is engaged upon a piece of sculpture that will adorn the monument Charles Rollo Peters will place over his late wife's grave. Louis A. Robertson will write the inscription. Aitken, by the way, is making a bust of the poet.

The Rumor Quashed

I am authorized by a correspondent from Honolulu to deny positively the report of a disagreement in the menage of the Harry Macfarlanes. They were present at a dinner given not long ago by Archie Young in honor of his fiancee, Miss Gillette, and they appeared to be the most congenial couple there. The sight of their bliss, it was suggested by one of those present, was enough to send every bachelor in the company a-wooing. "And," added another, of the guests, "give nerve to our host when his wedding day arrives."

King Edward's resolution to tabu Wagner and thereby render that distinguished composer unfashionable should be condemned by the Musicians' Union. The memory of Wagner should be revered by musicians, his works give so many of them employment. He was great on numbers.

The marriage of Mabel Holmes and Mr. Enright took place last Wednesday at the home of the bride's parents, the Melvin Holmes' in Oakland. The young couple went to Del Monte for the honeymoon. On their return they will occupy a home in Oakland, the wedding present of the groom's parents.

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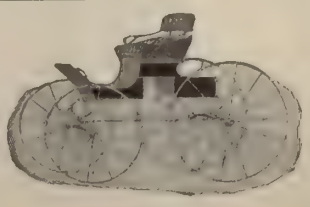

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Heroic Quesada

Gonzales de Quesada, the Cuban Minister at Washington, is well known in this city. He is an interesting character. He spent several months in this city as the attorney for Antonio Ezeta, ex-President of San Salvador, who was on trial in the Federal court. His Government was anxious to obtain his head, but he was not delivered over to his people, owing to the efforts of Mr. Quesada. He borrowed ten thousand dollars from Marion Wells, the sculptor, a year or so later, and went on a filibustering expedition which ended in his death. Mr. Quesada will no doubt add to the gaiety of social life in Washington. When here he posed as a single man, though he had a wife and baby in New York. He told the young girls he met in society here that a big revolution was to be pulled off in Cuba and that he believed he would be the first man killed. They begged him not to be too reckless. When the revolution took place Quesada was in New York, and he staid there.

Dr. Kierstedt of the army, who contracted a betrothal and the measles at the same time, is convalescing, and has gone to the Colliers' country place to round into form. No one appears to know when the marriage of Miss McBean and the doctor is to take place.

Too Many Queer People

I heard a society bud declare the other day that the Army was no longer what it was "cracked up to be" in a social way. "Army officers," she added, "are a discount since the Spanish war. Sons of politicians now wear the stripes, and there are all sorts of queer people in the army." She attributes the failure of Dr. Collins, U. S. A., to win a rich bride while here to the decadence of the army socially. Dr. Collins sought debutantes with a dot religiously. The Navy has not lost prestige.

Dr. H. J. Stewart and Miss Frances Stewart have returned from the East. Dr. Stewart has opened a studio at 1105 Bush street.

Gossip of the Frohman Co.

Walter Allen, of the Miller-Anglin combination, who is so refreshingly obtrusive as the prompter of the Pantheon theatre, was one of the leading comic opera comedians of the country some years ago. He was stage manager and comedian with the Emma Abbott company for a long time. He comes from a theatrical family. Lilian Thurgate is the wife of E. Y. Backus, who plays the butler. Mr. Backus is the stage manager of the company. Mrs. Backus was once upon a time a ballet-dancer in London. The part of Sarah in "Trelawney," played by Grace Elliston, was done in the original American production by Blanche Keller, a Californian girl who, by the way, is a niece of Miss Whiffen. She scored a hit in the part which in the hands of Grace Elliston falls somewhat flat. Margaret Dale, who will appear later on, occupied a loge Monday night at the Columbia.

Cards were received last Saturday, by the friends here of the bride and bridegroom, announcing the marriage of Mrs. Charles Tudor Wing's daughter, Lilian, and Mr. Lawrence York Spear, Naval Constructor, U. S. N. The wedding was celebrated at 201 West Fifty-fifth street in New York, on Monday of last week.

An Ambitious Educator

Miss Jean Seymour Klink, who has gone to Chicago to take a course in sociology at the university, is one of the most ambitious teachers in the San Francisco public school department. She graduated from the Berkeley university last year, having decided that she was not too old to keep on learning, after several years of teaching in our department. Miss Klink is a sister of George Klink of the Southern Pacific company. Some years ago there was a rumor of her engagement to Dr. Dresbach Smith but it proved to be empty gossip. She belongs to the Mills College alumnae. Miss Klink is an authority on palmistry, though she does not read talms professionally. Her study of Durrant's palm was pronounced remarkable by experts in hand deciphering.

Will Be the Next

There are some reasons to believe that Miss Azalea Keyes will be the next of her family to marry. From various quarters the report comes to me that Miss Keyes is affianced to an officer of the *Wisconsin*.

Ping-Pong at the Morgue

Ping-pong will pass as have a score of fads, such as archery, battledore and shuttlecock and a score of others. But while ping-pong is, it is more violent than any other of the witcheries which have possessed the world in these

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latter days. All over the world one may hear the sing-song of the racquet and ball and the stridulous sound of the tables, to say naught of "love-15" in a dozen tongues. Ping-pong is played in palace, cabin, saloon and tent. Aboard ship it has as many devotees proportionately as ashore. Even the Chinese have succumbed, and in the local Chinatown many champions have arisen who could give three in a set to the average American. The leading hospitals have tables for convalescents; the police stations echo with the shout of the ponger, and now the morgue has gone ping-pong mad. The Coroner challenges the Police Judges, the Deputy Coroners spend all their spare time, bat in hand, and the clang of the dead wagon's gong is the signal for forsaking the strenuous activities of the reigning favorite.

The coronial game is not played on the slabs in the charnal-house, as has been hinted, but on the jury table in the inquest room. One may hear between the count of the game the inquiries of the reporters and undertakers who haunt the morgue:

"What 'de die from?"
"Thirty-all!"
"Do the cops think it murder or suicide?"
"Deuce!"
"Has the body been brought in?"
"My vantage!"
"What undertaker gets the corpse?"
"You've got me skinned. Set apiece."

First Clubman: I hear that King Edward is bored by all Wagnerian operas but "Tannhauser." Wonder why he likes that?
Second Clubman: Oh, Tannhauser's adventures with Venus probably bring back tender memories of some of his own affairs.

Doesn't Read Her Mother

Mrs. Albert Russell appreciates, no doubt, the distinction of being the daughter of such a brilliant woman as Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, but her appreciation is not so keen as it would be were she familiar with her mother's books. She was asked recently what she thought of "The Conqueror."

"I haven't read it," she replied. "I tried 'Patience Sparhawk' to see what it was like, and I couldn't stand it, so I threw it away."

The Albert Russells are at Blithedale for the summer.

Minnie—I hear that Maud is engaged.
Clara—Yes.
Minnie—Is he handsome?
Clara—No.
Minnie—Is he blue-blooded?
Clara—No.
Minnie—Is he rich?
Clara—No.
Minnie—I must write her a letter of congratulation.

Hotaling a Preacher

They are saying at the Bohemian Club that Dick Hotaling is seriously thinking of deserting the liquor business, forswearing feminine stunts forever, and taking to the pulpit. Hotaling is the last man in the world to be suspected of harboring designs on the ministry. He has always looked well in skirts when doing his clever female impersonating act, and now his friends say that he thinks that clerical robes would be becoming. According to Bohemian Club gossip Hotaling was seized with religious fervor when he saw a sermon which he recently delivered, in an Eastern paper. The sermon was delivered in a little chapel in Yosemite Valley, whither Hotaling went for an outing a short time ago with Charley Dickman, W. B. Hopkins and several other merry Bohemians. The pulpit in the chapel was vacant and Hotaling was asked to preach. He did so and it is said that his discourse was a most impressive one. Somebody took it down in short-hand and sent it East for publication. And now there is a possibility of Dick Hotaling becoming a revivalist.

Clunie's Retreat

Since the trip of the merry Bohemians to the Yosemite, a new point of interest has been located. It is called "Clunie's Retreat on Wilson's Ridge." Stage drivers now point it out to tourists, and when there are no ladies present they tell the story of how it came to be named after General Tom Clunie, who was a member of the party of Bohemians. The General has had the misfortune to get himself into some very embarrassing positions, but the plight in which he found himself on Wilson's Ridge when he beat his now famous retreat right into the glare of the calcium was a sorry one.

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To explore Death's gloomy glade
'Til you've restitution made
Of the pelf
You extracted from the toil
Of the men who sweat and broil,
Keeping nearly all the spoil
For yourself.

You imported hordes of Huns,
And with clubs and gatling guns
Drove our working native sons
From your mills;
While the Congressmen you paid,
On the armor-plate you made
A protective tariff laid
In their bills.

You find balm in the belief
That the most colossal thief
May repent and get relief
For his soul;
But the law of God declares
Eere he climbs the golden stairs
He must pay the rightful heirs
All he stole.

Now the men who earned your gold,
Rapidly are growing old—
Weak from hunger and from cold,
They can't work.
With old age fast creeping on,
With their loved ones starved and gone,
They are waiting for the dawn
At the kirk.

While they beg their daily bread,
With no place to lay their head,
And no hope 'til they are dead,
'Neath the mould,
You are splurging with their means
'Mid attractive foreign scenes,
And you'll buy the Philippines—
If they're sold.

You are building everywhere
Homes for books and pictures rare,
While these men die of despair;
And I'm told
That you hope to write your name
On the world's great roll of fame,
And expect to gild the same
With their gold.

Now, I have a better scheme—
It's no poet's idle dream,
And it would your soul redeem
At the last:
Give your millions to the ones
Whom you drove out for the Huns
At the muzzle of your guns
In the past.

If you'll take my scheme in hand,
Every one in this broad land
Will declare your project grand
And sublime.
Peace of mind you'll then secure;
God will bless you, I am sure,
And your fame it will endure,
For all time.

June, 1902. *Sam C. Dunham.*

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Is the King of Pain, and "Balm of Gilead"
That has cured THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE. . . .

The Song of the Statue

When Barnaby Jones was a baby,
He stared with his big round eyes,
His sisters and aunties caressed him,
That always silenced his cries.

Chorus:

For oh! he was fond of the ladies,
A glance from one made him her slave,
For only a glance from a lady,
He'd love her from cradle to grave.

When Barnaby Jones was a school-boy,
He never looked at his books,
All day he stared at the maidens,
Who'd throw him smiles for his looks.

When Barnaby Jones left the school-room,
A clerk he became in a shop,
And as he measured off ribbons,
He studied new ways how to "pop."

But Barnaby tired of clerking,
He tired of all kinds of work.
He spent all his time now in flirting,
His loves were like those of a Turk.

To keep Barnaby dressed in fine linen,
Took money, which he could not get.
His mother then took in fine washing,
For Barnaby still was her pet.

Now Barnaby loafs on the corners,
Of all the most frequented streets,
And all that he does to pass away time,
Is to bow to the girls that he meets.

Chorus:

For oh! he is fond of the ladies,
A "masher" he calls himself now.
He thinks he is perfectly killing,
As he takes off his hat for a bow.

—*The Boulevardier.*

Reflections

We are all foolish, but others are more so.

No woman tells the truth about her husband—she knows him too well.

One temptation resisted is worth more than many virtues.

Woman desires admiration; man approbation.

Curiosity causes more evil than passion.

That which we hope to get we prize the most.

The other side of the road always seems better.

"Virtue" is a matter of temperament.

One may be innocent without being virtuous and virtuous without being innocent.

Sex attraction is too often mistaken for love.

Self-deception is the basis of life.

R. C. MacDonald.

Of the newest papers the Linen Bonds displayed by COOPER & Co are most effective.

A Plain, Unvarnished Tale

When Harry Vanstone married May Robinson his people did not like the match. They were newrich, were the Vanstones, and they thought that their sons and daughters should wed blood or at least equal wealth. May Robinson had neither. Her parents were of the "poor and respectable" class. She was pretty and charming and Harry, who lacked the snobbish characteristics of the other members of his family, believed in following the instincts of his heart. Therefore, he married May and was thenceforth ostracized by the Vanstones.

He went to live on a ranch which was all his possession, and for a few years he was as happy as any man can be in this world. His wife bore him a son and the boy was for a time idolized by the father as well as the mother. But Harry was a weak man. His ranch did not pay. He brooded over his family's harshness and, as weak natures so often do, drowned his megrims in drink. From drink he went to dope, and his final ruin was foreshadowed.

On the neighboring ranch lived a young man who was Harry Vanstone's friend. His friendship for Harry was extended to Harry's wife, and from friendship a great admiration for the poor little woman readily ripened. When admiration is joined to sympathy for a pretty woman afflicted with an intemperate and unfortunate husband results are readily forecast. Len Dixon was always at the Vanstone ranch when the Vanstones were not visiting him. By and by the neighbors began to talk. They talked more diligently when, during Len Dixon's various drives to the county town, they noticed he was accompanied by Mrs. Vanstone. Sometimes little Harry went along, too, but oftener Dixon and Mrs. Vanstone were by themselves.

Of course the gossips could not know that it was Harry Vanstone himself who insisted on his wife's accompanying his friend. They could not know that he, in his opium-crazed mind, had conceived the frightful idea of so compromising his wife and his friend that only one course would remain to him.

But so it was. The Vanstones, when they heard of "poor Harry's wife's awful actions," urged their relative to sue for a divorce. Degraded as the young man was he would not do this for a long time. But, egged on by his sisters and brother, confronted with the loss of his ranch and financial ruin, he finally agreed to their demands. He brought suit for divorce and named his friend, Len Dixon, as co-respondent.

It was a terrible blow to the young wife. She had stuck by her husband through thick and thin, had worked like a slave for him, had insisted on his native goodness of heart when others had begged her to leave him—and it was he who turned against her.

She made no response to his charges. Her heart was broken. The wealth and influence of her husband's parents were tremendous and she knew it would be vain to oppose them. They had fortified the husband's case with perjured testimony. But she never thought that they would rob her of her child. They had intimated that if she would not contest the case, they would permit her to take the boy, but that if she opposed the suit they would separate her from the child. She decided that it was better to be branded as a shameless woman than to take chances involving her offspring.

When it was too late she discovered that she had been horribly duped.

The custody of the child was awarded to the father.

The modest home of the Robinsons is within the shadow of the Vanstones' mansion.

From the rear of the Robinsons' home may be seen the spacious lawn of the Vanstones'. Almost every afternoon a sad-faced woman may be seen standing on a porch in the rear of a house in Haight street. Her tear-dimmed eyes are intent upon the lawn across the street that forms right angles with Haight. She watches the gambolings of a little boy upon the lawn. There is no other pleasure for her in life. The little boy is the son of Harry Vanstone. The woman is the child's mother. —*The Tragedian.*

Alfred Ollivant, author of "Bob, Son of Battle," is about to publish a new book the title of which is to be "Danny."

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JUDGE EMIL NUSBAUMER

The Young Republican Leader Who Seems to Have His Oakland Political Opponents on the Run

With the Money Makers

Southern Pacific Statement

Commenting on the report of the Southern Pacific Company for the period of July 1, 1901, to March 31, 1902, I said last week that there was a prophesy of better things to come in the great betterments being made by President Harriman. I now have the statement of the company for April. It contains significant items and indicates the policy of the company in charging heavy amounts each month to betterments. The gross earnings show a decrease of $26,674, compared with a net gain in March of $82,-431. This is the first loss in many months. Of equal importance is the deficit of $885,916, due in part to heavy betterment charges. The gross earnings in April were $6,810,180, decrease $26,674; operating expenses and taxes $4,923,513, increase $420,695; net earnings $1,886,667, decrease $447,329; other income $105,565; total income $1,992,233; fixed charges and betterments$2,878,150; deficit $885,916.

Despite the deficit and decrease, I have confidence in the earning capacity of the Southern Pacific under the present management. Certainly Harriman believes in the road's future to an unlimited extent, for in the past few days he and his associates have increased their holdings to more than $90,000,000. Harriman represents the Union Pacific Railroad Company. This company bought the Speyer and Huntington Southern Pacific holdings for about $75,000,000. These additional buyings are inspired by Harriman's confidence in his management and by the desire to get an absolutely secure hold on the Central and Southern Pacific. Payment for the recently acquired $15,000,000 of stock is supposed to have been made by the issue of additional 4 per cent convertible bonds of the Union Pacific, completing the authorized issue of $100,000 of these bonds. The aggregate amount of Southern Pacific stock outstanding is now over $197,000,000. I believe it has a bright future.

Dillingham Likes McBryde

Two million dollars in bonds will be issued by the McBryde Sugar Plantation. Of this amount $1,250,000 will be offered for sale to the investing public. Most of this amount will probably be taken by bankers and capitalists. McBryde is one of the newer plantations of Hawaii, and is now on a firm footing. The report of the treasurer made in Honolulu a few days ago showed that there had been expended on the property $3,473,446, of which $2,200,000 had gone to permanent improvements. All the old bonds and every indebtedness of the company will be retired by the new issue. The plantation will be producing 15,000 tons of sugar a year by next January. The bonds will bear interest not to exceed 6 per cent, payable semi-annually, net above all deductions and taxes. B. F. Dillingham, the leading financier of Hawaii, who is heavily interested in McBryde, says. The bonds represent but forty per cent of the value of the plantation and should find ready takers. Dillingham said the future of Hawaiian sugar was absolutely secure, no matter what action was taken by Congress relative to Cuban sugar.

General Hawaiian Stocks

My Honolulu correspondent writes me: There is a belief that there will be a better feeling in the market very soon, when the economies which are promised by the introduction of fuel oil are apparent. The reports now are that the bringing into use of this fuel by the leading estates will be expedited, and there are being made preparations for the universal use of the fuel, once it becomes certain that there will be a constant supply at rates which are low enough to guarantee the shaving of the price now paid for coal. The expression of Mr. W. G. Irwin that the saving will amount to practically one-half the price of the present fuel, has caused some inquiry for the shares of the plantations which are to put the liquid into their mills and pumps, and there is considerable strength in the demands for shares.

It is felt by some of the brokers that not for long will there be offerings of this stock at the present rate. Before leaving, B. F. Dillingham said that only his engagements in other directions prevented his absorbing all the stock offered, and he hoped to be able to get more of it at the rates prevailing. His faith in it, he said, was unbounded. McBryde went off a half to $6, and two hundred shares were placed at that price. The stock is not in the market in large blocks, but is rather closely held. An offering of 20 shares of Kihei developed that the stock was held at

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the usual rate and the price realized was that of the last previous sale, $10.50. Ewa still holds its own and the sixty shares offered in two blocks found ready purchasers at the standing rate of $24. The prospects of early use of oil and the reports of the good condition of the cane and the excellent state of the labor market have helped to keep the nerves of the holders of the stock steady.

United Railroads

My New York correspondent writes me as follows: As the time for the securities of the United Railroads of San Francisco approaches, quotations on them on the Curb market have risen sharply. Just how much of the preferred and common stock and bonds are on the market is known only to the inside interests. the shorts are hoping that the syndicate will continue to unload blocks of stock for some time to come, while the bull faction argues that the real value of the securities has not been reached. The bonds were sold to the syndicate at 92. The total mortgage indebtedness of the lines is $13,091,000.

Sales on the Oil Exchange during the week have been few in number and dullness has ruled the market. Petroleum Center has generally led in point of demand but with the liberal offerings of the stock and the announcement of the levying of a 5c assessment the selling price dropped to 2c a share. Sterling still claimed some attention and commanded from $1.52 to $3.35. The weakness in this stock is attributed in a great measure to a suit filed in the Superior Court at Fresno, assailing the title of the Home Company to the land. So far as the financial standing of the corporation is concerned there is no ground for uneasiness, as there is money enough on hand to provide for dividends for some time. Peerless, it is claimed, will pay a dividend of 6c a share on July 1st, and will on August 1st pay dividend Number 4, of 6c per share, an increase of 1c per share on that paid June 1st. The company has finished well number eight at 1,132 feet, and produces 300 barrels a day. A new well about 200 feet from number one is to be called number four. The financial showing of the company is claimed to be most satisfactory. The Southern Pacific Company is reported to have purchased a tract of 40 acres near the terminus of the Sunset Railroad, which will be developed for fuel purposes. During May the Kern River Oil field shipped 3,500 cars of oil, or 16 per cent more than for any preceding month in the history of the field. From the McKittrick Oil district 15 cars of oil are being shipped daily.

The June number of the *Pacific States Investor*, being the third monthly issue of this successful paper, is just out, and consists of forty pages. It is full of information for investors and all desiring pointers on mining, oil and other speculative propositions. Although special attention is given to propositions and new enterprises on the Pacific Coast the *Pacific States Investor* covers the national field and has articles of great interest on Mexico and Central America, with up-to-date reports from American investors, mining firms and corporations which have embarked in the southern field. The industrial future of the great northwest and the shipbuilding interests of Tacoma come in for special mention.

—*The Financier*

Annie Meyers has been suffering from throat trouble for several weeks. As a consequence she has had to cut out some of her songs. Nevertheless "The Toy Maker" has been doing quite well. It is a rollicking performance, and Hartman instils considerable vim into it. But I wish he would eliminate some of those stock jokes out of his topical songs. The versesmith of the Tivoli appears to be suffering from brain fag. I hear that Miss Alice Coleman of the Tivoli chorus is to do the prima donna role in the next production which will precede the road trip of the light opera company. Miss Coleman is said to possess a very sweet voice. She is a sister of Lillian Coleman who was at Fischer's a short time ago..

There would have been a very dull summer for the magazines were it not for the volcanic eruption in Martinique and St. Vincent. They have all had "special commissioners on the spot" and those special commissioners have done a lot of fine writing for the July magazines. They are wonderfully enterprising, are our magazine publishers. Their special commissioners are newspaper reporters who rehash for the monthlies matter that has already been published in the dailies, and our cultured American magazine readers flatter themselves that their preference for the rehash is evidence of literary taste.

The production of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Grand next week will be a noteworthy one. Maude Fealy is said to have made one of her greatest successes as Juliet. It will be the first appearance of Edward J. Morgan as Romeo. Herschel Mayall will be Mercutio; Gardner Crane, Tybalt; Fred Butler, Friar Laurence; Margaret Terry, the nurse. There will be no advance in prices for the production.

Eleanor Falk, who comes to the Orpheum next week, brings with her ten pretty girls who sing and dance and change their costumes. Their act is called "The Sunny South" and it ran for sixteen weeks at Hammerstein's Paradise Gardens. Jehan Bedini, a star juggler, created a sensation in the East by catching a turnip, dropped from a three hundred feet high building, on a fork held between his teeth.

Owing to the enormous demand for seats for "Zaza" at the Alcazar, Miss Roberts has consented to give a special matinee next Thursday.

"The Toy Maker," which is still drawing large crowds at the Tivoli, will be followed by "The Idol's Eye" in the course of a few weeks.

The well known Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra has re-opened for the Fourth Season, 1901-1902. To guarantee promptness, all engagements must be made at the Studio, 718 Post street. Telephone Polk 1575. School hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m

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STAGE

Schmitz, Miller and Anglin

The occasion was in reality the auspicious opening of Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin as co-stars, but it might have been mistaken for a levee of our distinguished musical Mayor. The actors held the centre when the curtain was up but at other times Mr. Schmitz bared his bosom to the calcium's warm glow. It was a great night for Mayor Schmitz and incidentally for the members of Mr. Frohman's superb company of players. Mr. Schmitz, the workingman's friend, sat in a stage-box of his own just as though he were an ordinary plutocrat, and the going down of the curtain was invariably the cue for the going up of our handsome Mayor. In his immaculate shirt-front and low-cut whiskers he looked like some distinguished Zulu King in cog doing the boxes. He did them well—just like some society butterfly condescendingly swapping small talk with the buds. The Mayor glad-handed his way through the boxes, making a vote at every turn , while the ladies in the pit ogled him fondly and hoped the band would strike up the "Yankee Hustler." Our charming Mayor divided attention if not the honors with Mr. Miller and Miss Anglin. He is as conspicuous in an audience as was the late Judge Campbell. "Trelawny of the Wells" is a charming little play, replete with character studies, shy on plot and not half so affecting as were Mr. Miller and Miss Anglin when, after responding to repeated curtain-calls, one wiped the tears from her eyes while the other choked himself with those in his voice. It was the most realistic bit of acting in the whole performance. In the play Mr. Miller does nothing but emphasize his modesty by skilful repression of the Miller personality. If you didn't know he was the star you would conclude that he was perhaps the smallest salaried actor in the company. Fortunately he explained in his curtain-speech that he introduced his company in "Trelawny of the Wells" just to show its strength. He might just as well have said, "You all know me; you know I'm a great actor, but there are others you do not know so well. I'm exhibiting them tonight." And indeed, they were exhibited to good advantage. Of course we are all familiar with the capabilities of Margaret Anglin. As Rose Trelawney she increases our admiration. Charles Walcot and his wife are also well known to us, and each new character in which you see them serves to heighten your respect for their talents. The character of Sir William Gower as impersonated by Mr. Walcot is exquisitely shaded. There is no actor on the American stage who could give us such a William Gower as that of Charles Walcot. Mr. Walcot possesses that rare knack for sinking his own identity which enables him to make each of his creations separate and distinct. William Courtleigh does a splendid piece of character work as the bad actor. There is nothing more artistic in the whole performance. Ethel Hornick is less effective as Imogen Parrott than was Hilda Spong in the same part, and Lillian Thurgate fails to make Avonia Bunn stand out as she should. Mrs. Whiffen in a small part is as charming and unartificial as ever. The comic interest predominates in the play but there are some effective episodes. The main fault of the play is that, to use a homely expression, it peters out in the last act. One of the most pathetic incidents is the final retirement of the old actress who had played thirteen tragedy queens in her time, and finally had to accept the job of wardrobe mistress. The struggle between pride and necessity in the case of Mr. Telfer, the veteran actor, when he is given a small part in the play, is drawn so humanly that sympathy goes out to him. The poor old players are almost tragic as they stand in the glow of happiness which brings the play to a close. The play, I believe, was founded on incidents in the life of Tom Robertson, a brother of Mrs. Kendal, and Pinero has woven them into a story which presents the members of the theatrical profession of long ago in a most picturesque and pathetic light.

A New Zaza

The opening of the Florence Roberts season at the Alcazar was fully as brilliant as that of the Miller-Anglin company. The theatre was packed, and not with the usual clientele. Clubmen and society women filled the boxes and parquet. At the end of the second act the ushers lined up with their arms filled with flowers for the star, and in response to many calls she faltered, through tears that were by no means feigned, "Thank you, many, many times." The popularity of Florence Roberts in San Francisco is something unusual because it has been so enduring. Other stars make ephemeral hits and meet with frosts later on, but Miss Roberts retains the old patronage and wins new adherents. Perhaps this is because she does not stand still in her art. Her Zaza is by far the greatest thing she has yet done.. Her Sapho was a strong impersonation but her Zaza goes far beyond that. Except in the general idea of following the author's lines, the Roberts conception of David Belasco's heroine is far removed from that of Mrs. Carter. The latter gave a broad, repellant picture of a coarse character. Its passion was wrought to the highest pitch in the fourth act, and throughout it had a rough sort of power that held the attention and can never be forgotten. Miss Roberts merely touches upon the gross side of the part. She brings out more the pathetic side of the woman's character, showing that the immaturity of Zaza's soul was owing to her ignorance. In that great scene in the fourth act she does not use up so much emotion as Mrs. Carter did, with her tempest of sobs and flood of real tears. She does not pant and rant herself into a frenzy. Her passion is never uncontrollable. Miss Roberts, again, does not exaggerate the eating scene; it is less farcical in her hands. White Whittlesey comes out strong in this act. Indeed throughout he lends the role of Bernard Dufresne an interest it did not possess in the Columbia production. Mr. Whittlesey's welcome on Monday night was fully as sincerely cordial as that accorded the star. The company acts well in "Zaza," far better than usual. There must be something inspiring in Miss Roberts' presence. Mr. Wyngate, the new member of the company, promises well for future leading roles. Mr. Osbourne as Cascart, and Miss Woodthorpe as Zaza's old aunt, are especially good. A good bit of work is that of Miss Blanchard as Alice Morel.

Not Worth Dramatizing

On the strength of the success of "Madame Butterfly" on the stage, John Luther Long has already received six propositions to dramatize "Naughty Nan." As a story, there is nothing to it but the author's name. Naughty Nan is a flirtatious girl betrothed to her Cousin Cawdor, who is studying for the ministry. The aunt under whose guardinanship Nan finds herself proposes to make Cawdor her heir when he and Nan are safely married, and another cousin, Jock Merrival, supposed to be settled and staid enough for the purpose, is deputized by the aunt to take charge of the damsel and keep other suitors at a distance while she is absent. It

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needs no guessing to surmise what happens. Though the others are admonished continually to "Remember Cawdor," no one happens to remember that Cawdor may need reminding. He makes his own choice, Jock and Nan pair off in course of time, and the aunt herself makes another trial of matrimony. The between spaces are filled in with listening behind portieres and talking nonsense to a lap-dog, nothing beyond the capacity of any tyro, and nothing at all to dramatize. The only surprising thing about it is in finding it given to the world with John Luther Long as author.

The Costumes for Ade's Opera

George Ade is said to be heartily tired of writing "Fables in Slang," but the public continues to demand them. His comic opera, "Ki-Ram, Sultan of Sulu," now in its third month in Chicago, entirely avoids slang. It seems to be as funny as anything ever evolved by Gilbert and Sullivan, but all the time there is a basis of reality underlying it. One could hardly imagine anything more far-fetched than that a slave-holding Mohammedan ruler of an island in the far East should become a citizen of the United States. Having found the situation it almost elaborates itself. John T. McCutcheon, who designed the costumes, has been a chum of Ade ever since their boyhood in Indiana. McCutcheon made his first hit with pictures illustrating Ade's column of "Stories of the Street and Town." He illustrated Ade's first book, and they later made a trip to Europe together, writing and illustrating as they went. McCutcheon had started on a trip around the world, and had obtained the permission of the Government to go on the *McCullough* to the East, but by the time they reached Hong Kong the Spanish war had broken out, and they were ordered to leave that neutral port. The *McCullough* tagged after Dewey and McCutcheon saw all there was to see. It was the sketches he took that furnished the costumes for Ade's opera.

On the local Rialto the news has gone forth that Georgie Cooper, the clever soubrette of the Belasco-Thall company, is engaged to M. L. Alsop, the Alcazar's late leading man. Mr. Alsop went East this week but intends returning shortly and then the marriage will occur.

Though "Pousse Cafe" has been in rehearsal for some time it is doubtful when Fischer's will be able to take off "Fiddle Dee Dee," "Hoity Toity" is also to come later on—whenever that may be. And a local newspaper man has written a new burlesque which the management intends to stage when opportunity offers. Fischer's will have one of the handsomest Rathskellers in the country, arrangements having been made to build one in the large basement of the theatre. Fully twenty thousand dollars will be expended and the guests will be entertained with free orchestral music after the performances.

One of the treats to be offered during the Miller-Anglin season is a revival, "The Lady of Lyons." "The Adventure of the Lady Ursula" is also to be revived during the season. "The Gay Lord Quex" follows "Trelawney of the Wells."

Zelie de Lussan, who has been singing in England since her return to Europe last year, will give concerts in the United States next year under Loudon Charlton's management.

Mrs. Lotta Day Coleman, author of the play "When the Heart Was Young," recently produced at the Alcazar, has returned to town after a sojourn at Los Gatos.

At the Show Next Week

COLUMBIA—Henry Miller, Margaret Anglin and company in "Trelawny of the Wells, second week; matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

ALCAZAR—Second week of Florence Roberts and White Whittlesey in "Zaza." Houses crowded every night.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—E. J. Morgan and Maude Fealy in "Romeo and Juliet." A noteworthy production.

TIVOLI—"The Toy Maker." Perennially popular.

FISCHER'S—"Fiddle Dee Dee," still going and no chance to stop it owing to the demand for seats.

ORPHEUM—Eleanor Falk and company in "The Sunny South"; Bedini and Arthur, comedy jugglers; Loris and Altina, marvelous marksmen; Swan and Bambard, eccentric, grotesque, acrobatic comedians; the twin sisters, Pearl and Carrie Meredith, singers and dancers; Cushman, Holcombe and Curtis in "The New Teacher," Barton and Ashley and Howard Chambers.

Gustave Salvini will be Mary Mannering's leading man next season in her new play by Clyde Fitch. Though Manager McKee had engaged Arthur Byron to play leads with Miss Mannering, Fitch claimed the right of choosing the actors to have the important roles. It was he who engaged young Salvini, who was supporting Duse during her late season.

The Playgoer.

AMUSEMENTS

Alcazar
BELASCO AND THALL, Managers
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Commencing Monday, June 16th Second Week of the Popular Star
MISS FLORENCE ROBERTS in David Belasco's Great Play
"ZAZA"
Surpassing Production. Excelling Cast. Reappearance of the favorite actor White Whittlesey
The Press unanimously praise Miss Roberts' "Zaza"
Seats on sale six days in advance. Saturday Matinees only
Prices—Evenings—15c, 25c, 35c, 50c & 75c Matinees—15c, 25c, 35c, & 50c.

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Tonight and for a second and last week
Henry MILLER Margaret ANGLIN
And a Special Company in A. W. Pinero's Four Act Comedietta
"TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS"
Matinee Wednesday and Saturday
Prices—$1.50, $1.00, 75c, 50c & 25c.
June 23rd . . . . "THE GAY LORD QUEX"

Orpheum
O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee June 15th
ELEANOR FALK and her TEN PRETTY GIRLS. Bedini and Arthur. Loris and Altina. Swan and Bambard. Twin Sisters Meredith. Barton and Ashley. Howard Chambers. The Biograph and last week of Cushman, Holcombe, Curtis
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.

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Evenings at 8 sharp! Matinee Saturday at 2 sharp!
Toy Souvenir
Monday, June 16th. Third Week
"THE TOY MAKER"
Bring the Children on Saturday Every One gets a Plaything
Coming—"The Idol's Eye" ("Hoot Mon")
Popular Prices 25c, 50c. and 75c. Telephone Bush 9

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Week Beginning Monday Evening Next Joint Starring Engagement of
Maude FEALY and Edward J. MORGAN
In a Magnificent Production of
"ROMEO and JULIET"
Popular Prices: 10, 15, 25, 50, 75c. Good Orchestra Seats all Matinees 25c.

FISCHER'S BURLESQUE THEATRE
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Like to the End of all time The same old story
"FIDDLE DEE DEE"
Continues to pack the theatre So we will continue the remarkable burlesque for a while longer. Presented with the same great cast of Comedians and Comediennes. The same excellent chorus. The same beautiful scenery and costumes
Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 25 cents Night Prices, 25 and 50 cents
Children at Matinees 10 cents
Keep your eyes open. Watch for our next great triple bill

Intercepted

Scene—Drawing-room in Blingum cottage. *Time,* September morning. *Characters,* Mr. Lawrence Baldwin, a wealthy San Franciscan; Madge Baldwin, frivolous wife.

She: You horrid man, you make me the most miserable of women.

He: And me the most wretched of men. Have I not told you that I would pay no more of your poker debts? If you will persist in your mad course, will go the pace of the Fool & Folly Club, our exchequer, magnificent as it is, will soon be exhausted. No, no pleadings will move me, I have said it. (Exit.)

Madge: The stingy fellow! A pretty fix this puts me in. I wish I'd never met him. Of all the tyranny a woman must face, marriage is the worst. Oh! if I were out of it—were free, free, free! (sinks wearily into a chair.) Ah! let me read it again—this note—from Harry! (draws note from her pocket). My! but that man loves me! Etta Van Renseller (exultingly) would give her head for just one such note as he sends me almost daily (reads)—"My dearest M——, keep me no longer in suspense. If you love me, say so—name the day, the spot, the hour—I'll meet you. Harry." (Tears it into bits.) I'll meet him—that's what I'll do. The very mood is on me now. I'll write this night. (Advances to table and nervously begins.) "Will meet you—at rear—of golf green tonight. Come at 7. Use caution and muffle your—face—as much as possible. At the hour named I'll be there. Anxiously, Madge." (Rings for her maid.) Take this, Peggy, and be sure you post it at once. (Retires from stage by one wing as her husband enters from another.)

He: Ah, so you are reading your mistress's letter. How dare you, you insolent maid. Here, let me take the task from your shoulders, and—you are disharged. (Exit frightened maid.) Just like a woman to leave her letter unsealed—but whom is she writing to now, I wonder? The propensity of a woman to dash into ink when things don't go her way is something amazing. But Madge is a changed creature since we came to Blingum. In our old Los Angeles home, never was wife so loyal. The world of fashion and folly is turning her head and my—pocketbook inside out. Even with this summer home, the woman is fairly wretched. Wish I had never struck Klondike gold! (Opens letter and reads—with startled eyes, lets it fall, then picks it up and reads again.) "Will meet you—at rear of golf green—tonight (Ah! what does this mean?) at seven. Use caution (worse and worse); muffle your face as much as possible (too awful to be true—) at the hour named. I'll be there! And so *will I!* (walks hastily out).

II.

Scene—Night, golf green, a deathly stillness; woman seen to emerge from a side wing and peer cautiously about.

She: So he has not yet come (consults her watch), but it is not quite seven. (Soliloquizes.) How thoroughly I detest the man, nobody knows, least of all the man himself. He thinks I adore him. But then I must give vent somehow to the tendency that is in me to rebel against biting home restraint. (Walking back and forth impatiently.) Well if he doesn't hurry himself a bit, I'll go back and play solitaire. ———Ah! he is here. (Advances with a melting smile and hand extended.)

He (voice also muffled): So it is you, my darling!

She: It is. I thought you would never come (fascinatingly).

He: You don't mean it, my darling (tenderly advancing to embrace her).

She: No, no, Harry, not so fast there. You really are quite too fresh, you know. You mustn'e presume because I met you that——

He: That you love me? Why, what other interpretation could I possibly put upon it?

She: You hateful fellow!

He: Have I then been deceived? What does your note mean? Explain yourself, my dear. Madame, do you indeed fancy that a man like me, with all the love and passion of——Hero himself, tearing body and soul asunder, is here to talk society small talk? Bah, woman, what can you mean?

She (hesitatingly): I don't know what I mean. Your note came to me in a propitious hour—in a propitious hour I answered it. Seeking escape from the exactions of a tyrannical husband, I determined to meet you. I really did'nt think of all it meant—I—I'm sorry I wrote it and——

He: So he's exacting, is he—the miserable scamp?

She: Yes and no. Don't call him names, please.

He: I thought to please you.

She: You don't.

He: How can I then?

She: By never mentioning his name to me again. (Begins to cry.)

He: What? Then you still love him? The undeserving fellow!

She: Of course I do. I love him with all the fervor I felt when first I met him—that love that comes to a woman—but once.

He (throwing off disguise): Madge—Madge, my darling!

She: Lawrence! (swoons in his arms; suddenly raising her head, says in startled voice.) Oh! but this is horrible. I can never hold my head erect again.

He: Why, Madge, why?

She: The disclosure is too awful. They'll not believe it—the Fool & Folly Club. Do not let them hear of it, I beg of you. I shall be expelled from membership if you do. Oh! they couldn't believe it—'tis past belief——

He: What, my darling—my own?

She: That a society woman should love——*her husband!*

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SAN FRANCISCO

MUSIC

The Dow Choral Recital

At the choral recital by the pupils of Mr. Percy A. R. Dow last Friday evening the program began with a Rubinstein trio: piano, Mr. J. B. Warburton, violin, Mr. S. Savannah, cello, Mr. William Wertsch. The vocal work began with two numbers by the chorus—Cowen's bridal chorus (from "Rose Maiden") and Fanning's "Moonlight." The chorus was not too large in point of numbers, and the male and female voices were unusually well balanced. The result was a delicacy of shading especially noticeable in the second number mentioned. Miss Wilhelmine Koenig was heard in four contralto songs. This young woman possesses a rich voice with much emotional capability in it. This was well demonstrated in the rendering of the Tosti and Schumann songs, "Donna Vorrei Morir" and "Ich Grolle Nicht." "The Miller's Wooing" was then beautifully rendered by the chorus, Miss Dorothy Churchman's fresh soprano sustaining the solo part. Three scenes from Grieg's Peer Gynt suite followed. This suite is always a favorite, and was on this occasion so rapturously received by the audience that the third scene, Anitra's Dance, had to be repeated in response to an insistent encore. The piece de resistance of the evening was "Hiawatha's Departure," by S. Coleridge-Taylor, a cantata for soprano, tenor and baritone soli and chorus, the solo parts by Mrs. Margaret Gray Best, Mrs. Richard H. Robb, Miss Corinne Gyle, Arthur C. Lawrence, H. C. S. Kent and Walton C. Webb; at the piano, J. B. Warburton. Mr. Dow announced the illness of Andrew Y. Wood, one of the soloists, whose parts were of necessity omitted. Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's music is sweet and expressive, in some places more of a recitative than a melody, but still giving good opportunities to the vocalists. There is a not too insistent accompaniment, and the vocal parts are separated by most beautiful little interludes. That it was interpreted with all requisite feeling and intelligence by soloists, chorus and pianist may be stated as a matter of course. The work of the soloists was indeed so good in every instance that it is not necessary to comment upon them individually. Still, one cannot forbear giving a special word of praise to Mrs. Best, who is one of Mr. Dow's most conscientious pupils and who puts her whole soul into her work. The hall was crowded at the concert and the large audience listened with attention to the very last note.

Beethoven Club Recital

The annual recital of the Beethoven Club was held last Friday, at the residence of Mrs. Brady in Twenty-fourth street. The large ball-room was filled with the friends of the fifteen young women who form the club. The Beethoven is a musical club which meets monthly at the members' houses, Mrs. W. P. McDermott being its director and manager. The program last Friday was: Liebes Traume, Liszt, May Worthington; Tarantelle, opus 69, Heller, Hattie Game; "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," from "Florodora," Stuart, Ethel Bailey; Romance Italienne, Chas. Mayer, Frances Fitchen; "The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls," Edna MacNab; Tarantelle, Lomas, Florence Moran; Cavalleria Rusticana, Mascagni, Ruth Stocker; La Souce d'Argent, Bendel, Mary McDermott; Eclipse Patrol, Kolander, Sadie Cole; second valse, Godard, Gertrude Albrecht; Mazurka, Wieniawski, Carrie Bright; Mazurka, opus 6, No. 2, Chopin, Ida De Vecchio.

An organ recital of more than ordinary excellence was given in the Methodist church, Alameda, on Thursday evening of last week. Mr. William B. King was the organist. Some of his San Francisco pupils were among the audience.

Mrs. Fine's Return

A very cordial welcome awaits Beatrice Priest Fine, who is expected to arrive here about the end of the month. Mrs. Fine has been in New York for the past three years, where she has constantly filled engagements in the leading churches, and has been studying under prominent masters. Her voice, so clear and sweet and finely trained, was immensely missed from Oakland's musical circles when she went East to live. She held the position of soprano in Calvary Presbyterian church, this city, for some time. Mrs. Fine will remain in California during the three summer months and will do some teaching while here, also giving recitals in September.

—*The Music Critic*

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We hear so much about the "best selling books," and have figures so persistently impressed on us that we are apt to believe that all the best-sellers reach the hundred thousand mark. As a matter of fact, few do. A large number never go above ten or fifteen thousand. A sale of fifteen thousand, especially if the book is one which holds its popularity with a fair degree of steadiness after the first excitement passes off, makes a very comfortable return to both author and publisher.

Since Elizabeth took us behind the walls of her German garden, it would appear that every woman who has a garden is anxious to display hers also, and curious as it may seem, dealers report that garden literature is even better to sell than fiction, outside of the books which happen to be passing through a boom.

It is reported that Maxim Gorky is dying of consumption in the Caucasus, where he has been "exiled." Gorky is reported to be doing so many things that one does not know where to draw the line between facts and advertising fictions.

Mary Wilkins, now Mrs. Freeman, has taken a new departure, and is writing spook stories.

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LETTERS

Royal Regard for an Author

Arthur Morrison is one of the authors to profit by the accession of Edward VII. There is no likelihood of his being knighted, and he probably is not concerning himself about that, but the King has openly expressed his appreciation of Mr. Morrison's books, more particularly "Tales of Mean Streets" and "A Child of the Jago," so that for the time being, they will come into favor by reason of the royal regard. They are powerful stories of life in the London slums, and the material for them was gathered while Mr. Morrison was acting as secretary for a charitable society, and so came into contact with the people and conditions which he describes.

A Rich Writer

Carmen Sylva, the Queen of Roumania, is a prolific writer. Whether her writings would receive much recognition, apart from her title, is another matter. At all events she writes so much, and in so many different fields that some one has been curious enough to enquire whether it is all for love, or whether there is other consideration—vulgar money. It seems that the royal lady demands, and of course, receives, the highest rates paid. She does nothing for nothing. Report has it that she devotes the proceeds of her literary labors to the poor of her kingdom. One cannot suppress a degree of admiration for these people of means, who manage to squeeze the wherewithal for their benevolences out of the pockets of those poorer than themselves. It is only another phase of the trick of beating down seamstresses and servants to the lowest notch, and making subscriptions to hospitals and homes for worn-out workers.

Eugenie's Memoirs

It is now said that there is no truth whatever in the oft-repeated report that the ex-Princess Eugenie is engaged in writing her memoirs. The wife of a former Prime Minister of the Second Empire writes: "You may say decidedly that up to the present the Empress has never devoted any time to her Memoirs. Will she do so some day? Or will she have them written by a friend? As one can never tell what a human mind may decide, I can affirm nothing as to the future. However, it is not very likely that the Empress, who does not like to revert to the past, and who is in very poor health, will bring herself to write or dictate anything." Another reason which has appeared from time to time, as casting doubt on any probability of these memoirs being written, and which I repeat for what it is worth, is that Eugenie is so illiterate that the task would be quite beyond her powers. She is said to be even uncertain in such mechanical matters as punctuation, spelling and capitalization, and the letters which captivated Napoleon III during their courtship are reported to have been the productions of Prosper Merimee.

The copyright of "East Lynne" will expire in a short time, and several publishers are preparing to take advantage of the fact, There have been so many pirated editions, and the story is so well known through them, as well as through the various dramatizations, that one cannot predict the outcome of this industry. Over five hundred thousand copies of "East Lynne" were sold in the day of its glory, and those were not the times when books went by wholesale. Had the present methods been in vogue, it is difficult to conjecture how high the sales would have mounted.

The publishers of "The Mississippi Bubble" have struck a new form of advertisement. According to their announcement, "A strikingly beautiful young woman picked up the manuscript of "The Mississippi Bubble" in the studio of Mr. H. Nutt, the illustrator, and became so interested in the story that she offered to pose as the beautiful Catharine." Now it is in order for other publishers to follow the lead, and since the literary fad has struck society we may expect the next development to be an adaptation from the Sunday supps., "illustrations by ———, poses by Miss Society." We might have rival editions in which different ones postured, and the comparative sales might furnish a gauge of popularity. Thrifty damsels might add to their pin money, and ambitious ones "collaborate" with the author. Now that the hint has been given there are endless possibilities in the subject.

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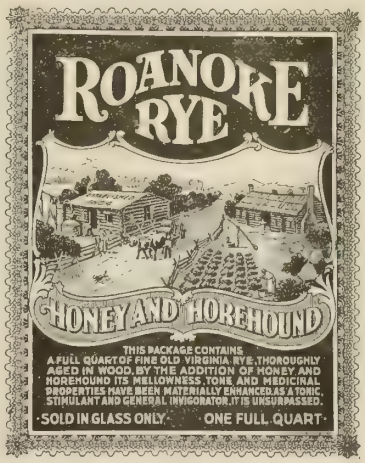

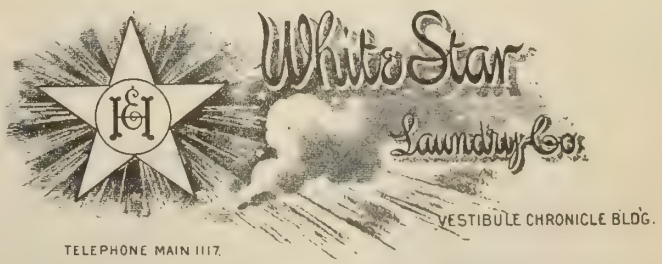

JESSE MOORE
A A
WHISKEY

BEST ON EARTH

The September *Overland* is to be made a memorial of Bret Harte, and the contents will be mainly made up of reproductions of his best stories and poems, facsimiles of his manuscripts, and illustrations of scenes familiar in his writings. All available data concerning Harte is being collected for this issue, which will, in a lesser way, be a memorial of all the earlier contributors to the *Overland*. This is a new departure in the magazine world, and one that in this instance at least, ought to be well received.

Such absurdly amusing typographical errors will make their appearance! Last December it was the *Critic* which came out with a reproduction of Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity," in which "hand made" lamp was substituted for "handmaid lamp." Now comes the *Bookman*, not to be outdone by its rival. The June number contains a review of Henry Harland's latest novel, "My Lady Paramount." The critic had occasion to use a quotation from the book, and when the compositors were through with it, "He pressed her *nose* to his mouth, crushing it, breathing in its scent, trying to possess himself of the touch her mouth had left upon it."

The predestined popular success of Charles Major's novel "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" is going to bring into the market a cheap book issued by a Chicago firm with a sub-title, "The Adventures of Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." As Dorothy Vernon was a real personage and Haddon Hall a veracious edifice, the names cannot be copyrighted, and the pirate is at liberty to gain whatever advantage he can from their use. The surprising thing about matters of this kind is that publishing firms with any respect for their own reputations will have anything to do with what must appear to them as it does to the rest of the world, a barefaced fraud.

In all the break-neck race after the latest machine-made product of pseudo-historical fiction, it is gratifying to see the best selling book in San Francisco is still "In the Footprints of the Padres." Ellen Glasgow's most excellent story, "The Battleground," is deservedly popular in the South, and that lively little sketch of optimistic poverty, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," seems to have caught the fancy in all sections. "Mrs. Wiggs" is not a new book, as new books are reckoned in these days, having been brought out in 1891, but all of a sudden popular attention has been directed to it from all quarters at once.

Bertha Runkle, "the littlest girl," is engaged on a new romance of the same style as "The Helmet of Navarre," but the time is an earlier period. That is all the information vouchsafed us, but it is sufficient to keep her name before the public. The women's journals are still making capital of the story about the young lady keeping pace with her brother's Harvard course at home, when the hard-hearted authorities refused to permit her to attend college. The little fact that Miss Runkle has no brother is not permitted to spoil a good story.

It is announced with great flourish of trumpets that we are to have something entirely new—a magazine exclusively for women. What there is new in the idea it is hard to see, for with the quantity of Lady Books, Households, Housekeepers, Housewives, and that style, to say nothing of *Harper's Bazar*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *Home Companion*, *Gentlewoman*, and a score more, it would seem as if the women in all walks of life were pretty well provided for. It is the well-known *Truth* which is to be transformed, with the additional sub-title *"The Woman's Forum."*

Whether or not English is to become the universal language, there is little question but what the Roman alphabet will supplant all others. It has been a theory for many years that the German alphabet is a potent source of defective sight, and it is claimed that the Emperor himself favors the substitution of Roman letters. Quite recently Japan has taken up the subject and is discussing ways and means to discard her national characters and come into conformity with western ideas.

The paper covered novel has been declining in popularity for several years, and this year it is more apparent than ever that its day is done. Not only is there less call for that style of book, but the decline in orders has reached such a pass that several of the best known "libraries" have decided to discontinue their publications.

—*The Bookworm*

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Some Good Stories

How Hugo Read

Victor Hugo and Turgenieff were apparently good friends, but the latter did not refrain from criticizing the Frenchman severely to his other friends. Turgenieff considered Hugo an arrogant and rather ignorant and narrow-minded egotist. He was speaking with Hugo once about German poetry, a theme which was peculiarly disagreeable to him. Hugo tried dogmatically to stop all further discussion by the jubicial sentence, "Goethe's best work is his 'Wallenstein.'"

"Pardon me Master," replied Turgenieff, "'Wallenstein' is not by Goethe, it is by Schiller."

"Well," said he, "that is all one. I have read neither Goethe nor Schiller," but I know 'Wallenstein' better than anybody who has learned it all by heart."

A Picture Story

It was in a picture dealer's in this city. The errand boy of the establishment was making himself useful. Several ladies had strolled in to look at the pictures, without any intention of buying, which perhaps disgusted the errand boy. A picture of the Magdalen stood on an easel. "Ah," said one of the ladies, going up to it and viewing it critically, "That is Mary Magdalen isn't it?"

"I don't know if it is Mary Magdalen," said the boy.

The proprietor happened to be standing close by.

"Don't you know that is Mary Magdalen?"

"Well, Madgalen's 'nough, ain't it? It don't matter whether it's Susie or Jennie or Imogene Magdalen, does it? How should I know all these women's first names?"

Gave Away a Secret

Arlo Bates was once talking with Mr. J. R. Osgood about the changes which had been made in a popular novel between the time it was first placed in the hands of the house and its appearance in print.

"You seem to know a good deal about it," Mr. Osgood observed, at length; "How did you find all that out?"

"Oh, the author told me herself," he answered.

"And did you go and print it?" he queried. "Print it?" was the rather indignant retort; "of course I did not."

"Then," Mr. Osgood rejoined, with a twinkle in his eye, "then you betrayed her confidence."

Train was the Biggest

George Francis Train offered to bet a considerable sum in the corridor of a big hotel one day that he was the "biggest fool in America," whereupon a thoughtful-looking little man, who evidently did not know him by sight, stepped up and responded:

"Look here, stranger, I'll take that bet, provided you're not George Francis Train."

A Portrait's Past

A curious story is told about one of the paintings by the famous artist David. It bears the title of "Family Portraits," yet only one figure is represented on the canvas, that of an old lady seated

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in an arm-chair. The chair itself was of a later style than the date of the painting. In spite of these peculiarities M. Van Praet had purchased the work. He then had it cleaned and carefully scraped, in the course of which operation the family "portraits" were successively brought to light. It was afterward ascertained that the old lady, who had sat to David for her portrait, surrounded by all the members of her family, had gradually quarreled with them all in turn, and had their portraits painted over one by one until she alone of the group remained, sitting in that preposterous-looking chair of hers.

His Ready Wit

A comedian in a French theatre once made a great hit out of a painful accident. One day, while indulging in a bit of horse-play on the stage, he hit his head violently, entirely an accident, against one of the pillars of the scene on the stage. On hearing the thud everybody uttered a cry. "No great harm done," said the comedian. "Just hand me a napkin, a glass of water and a salt cellar." These were brought, and he sat down, folded the napkin in the form of a bandage, dipped it in the glass, and emptied the salt cellar on the wet part. Having thus prepared a compress according to prescription, and when every one expected he would apply it to his forehead, he gravely rose and tied it round the pillar. The effect of his action was such that every one set him down as the readiest and wittiest man his profession.

—*The Raconteur.*

Mrs. A. Murray Smith, daughter of the Dean of Westminister, has just completed a volume entitled "The Roll Call of Westminister Abbey," which is to be brought out immediately by Macmillan. It is evidently going to fill a long-felt want, since it will consist of some four hundred pages of historical lore and chatty gossip and information concerning those to whose memory the monuments are erected. There are to be a number of half-tone reproductions of the more famous memorials, plans, and other illustrations. It would seem to be just such a book as will please both student and globe-trotter.

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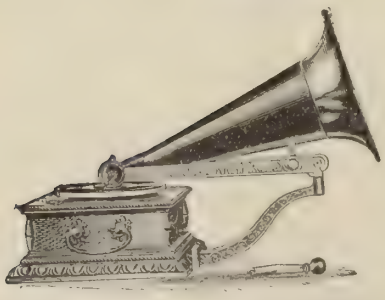

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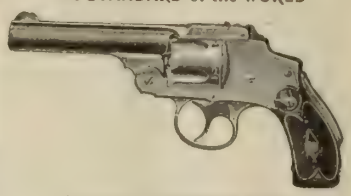

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Any stock upon which said assessment shall remain unpaid on the nineteenth day of June, 1902, will be delinquent and advertised for sale, at public auction, and unless payment is made before it will be sold on Monday, July 17, 1902, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

W. E. PALMER, Secretary
Location of office: 11 Montgomery Street, San Francisco

Notice to Creditors

Estate of JANE McDOUGALL, deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary E. Brunotte, Executrix of the last will of Jane McDougall, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix, at the law offices of E. B. Young, Room 36, No. 14 Sansome Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARY E. BRUNOTTE,
Executrix of the last will of Jane McDougall, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 24, 1902

E. B. YOUNG, Attorney for said estate.

Estate of John Holland, Deceased.

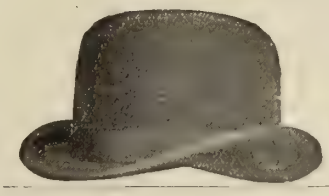
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Josephine Mockler, executrix of the last will and testament of John Holland, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said, Josephine Mockler, executrix of the last will and testament of John Holland, deceased, at Room 411 Parrott Building, No. 855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOSEPHINE MOCKLER,
Executrix of the last will and testament of John Holland, Deceased

ated at San Francisco, May 24, 1905.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Executrix
Parrott Building, San Francisco, Cal

J. PORCHER



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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, June 21, 1902

THIS JOURNAL IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

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OUR OPINION

Gage's Queer Choice

Governor Henry T. Gage has selected the little town of San Pedro as the battle-ground upon which to fight for vindication. It is in that little village that Mr. John D. Spreckels and Mr. S. W. Leake, the managing editor of his newspaper, must be tried by a jury of their peers upon the charges of libel preferred against them by the Governor of the State. It was Mr. Gage's privilege to swear out the warrants in any town in the State in which the alleged libelous matter had been circulated, but as he is Governor of this State we did not believe that he would deem it advisable to seek vindication in an obscure village. The supposition is that his reason for doing so is that he lived for many years in San Pedro, and that he is held in high esteem there. No doubt he is personally acquainted with every man, woman and child in San Pedro, and the presumption therefore is that it will be extremely difficult for the defendants to get a jury there that would acquit them. In other words, it is fair to presume that the man who is big enough to be Governor of this great State isn't magnanimous enough to give his enemies a "square deal." We believe that Governor Gage has exhibited weakness in his first step in quest of a vindication. He has left himself open to the suspicion of being anxious to secure what is commonly known as a "cinch." According to the laws of this country a defendant charged with crime is entitled to the presumption of innocence, but it will be almost impossible to find twelve men in San Pedro who are not already convinced of the guilt of Messrs. Spreckels and Leake. Governor Gage may get a vindication at the hands of a San Pedro jury, but it may not be the sort of a vindication that he most needs at this time. He has announced that he aspires to another term in the gubernatorial office. Having started libel proceedings he must disprove the *Call's* charges to the satisfaction of the people of the whole State. There is such a thing as revenge without vindication. That is what Gage may get.

The Adams Case

The community has not had time to take a long breath since one Rev. Adams, ex-preacher, and present adherent of good old John Barleycorn, saved his neck from the hangman's noose by a plea of insanity which justified him for killing in cold blood the man who interfered in behalf of the ex-Reverend's daughter. Now the gentleman seeks to be restored to the world and has invoked the law, through a petition of habeas corpus, to set him free. The probabilities are that he will be released, and it is as likely as not that he will assume clerical duties in some form. If he cannot again occupy a pulpit of his own denomination, he can become a drawing card as a revivalist or exhorter, or even pose as an "awful example." Rev. Adams should have been hanged. The fact that he was a man of some education, and had had opportunities denied the majority, should have weighed against him. Had he been a tenement house laborer there would have been no such leniency shown him, and the fact that his "insanity" was self-induced would not have helped him out. The besotted and ignorant brute who murders in a drunken frenzy is less of a menace to the community than he who has education and position. His crime is generally committed in the heat of passion, and he suffers the full consequences. There are few niceties and hair-splittings for him. No one considers the effect of his execution on his children or his family. But with men of the Adams type it is another matter. Society and the church must be considered, and the family protected, so the law is strained till it cracks, and the gentleman is held to be not responsible. Year by year our insane asylums are filled and new ones built. A large proportion of those who are tenderly cared for as irresponsible unfortunates are really criminals who should be at hard labor in the penitentiary. Instead of serving out a long and hard sentence, they are coddled and humored for a few months, and then, when their cases are forgotten, they are released. If insane criminals were confined for life, insanity would not appear so often as an excuse for crime. It would effect a decided improvement in public morals if a rule were established that criminals who are insane are either to be confined permanently or executed

Rear Admiral Clark

President Roosevelt's recognition of the services rendered by Captain Clark of the *Oregon,* as evidenced by his promotion of that gallant officer to the rank of Rear Admiral the other day, is somewhat tardy, but Captain Clark should perhaps be gratified that his country did not wait until after his death to do him honor. Captain Clark was one of the most conspicuous heroes of the Spanish war, but he did not have a pull at Washington and he was therefore overlooked when honors were being distributed. His gallantry, bravery and great executive ability aroused the admiration of all the world beyond the confines of Wash-

ington, D. C. Naval authorities in Europe regarded his achievement as the most noteworthy of the war. They declared that his was an exceptional feat, requiring both pluck and rare judgment; that he rendered great service to his country, and proved himself to be a man upon whom it was safe to depend in an emergency. His conduct throughout the hazardous trip of the *Oregon,* and during the engagement with Cervera's fleet was, in the opinion of foreign critics, more deserving of commendation than that of any other man who was given opportunity to attract attention with the exception of Dewey. His praises have been sung all over the world. The vessel that he commanded has become the most famous warship in the American navy, and yet it was not until last Monday that the gallantry of Captain Clark was given the recognition it so richly deserved. Even the Scotts have managed to extract more glory out of the achievement of Captain Clark than has been vouchsafed that distinguished officer. Tardy indeed is the action of the President, but the modest Captain has never uttered one word of complaint. The glory of the American Navy cannot fade while such men as Clark live to sustain it.

It Is a Sad Case

One of the religious periodicals relates the sad case of a Presbyterian minister who supplies two churches, and is therefore obliged to keep a horse, while his stipend is so small that his family has, per capita, for subsistence, just one-half what the county allows for the support of paupers. One must conclude either that the preacher's family is on the hither side of starvation, or that there is extravagance at the Poor House. Not having other data to go by, it is not just to condemn the community outright, but the chances are that this is one of the many cases where an extra preacher is a burden to the residents. Church extension societies are not noted for their discretion in organizing new congregations, and they are often governed as much by sectarian pride as by community needs. In sections where there are but a few families and those rather scattered, it is much more to the purpose to draw them together in bonds of neighborly unity than to introduce new causes of discord. An undenominational service and Sunday-school in which all can unite is much better than two or three rival meetings, which help to stir up differences and promote hard feeling. One can see no great need for an ordained minister to be supported by contributions, when poverty is the rule and all the others in the community work with their hands and struggle to wrest a living from the soil. It is a curious development of modern Christianity that the church ranks only second to politics as a bone of contention. No sooner is a religious meeting organized when some ambitious member seeks to rule, and failing, withdraws and with his following sets up a rival congregation. A village that can support one minister and maintain one church edifice decently soon finds itself with two, and in the course of time, perhaps four churches, all burdened with debt, all more or less neglected, and all dependent on supplementary aid from their governing body. At the same time, the ill-feeling and bickering engendered by them leaves the community in a worse state than if there were no church at all. The Presbyterian body of course expects aid for the poor minister whose sad case is made the subject of lamentation, but it might be more to the purpose to investigate and see whether there is any need for the two Presbyterian churches in a community so poor and apparently so thinly settled.

Of the newest papers the Linen Bonds displayed by COOPER & Co are most effective.

Frederick's Statue

Some of the German newspapers are very much grieved over the discussion caused by Emperor William's offer of a statue of Frederick the Great to this country. Once more have some of our newspapers represented us to have assumed a boorish attitude toward a foreign country. As soon as it was announced that the statue had been offered and that the President had accepted the gift, a discussion arose as to whether we should care to have in Washington the statue of a man who was not in sympathy with us during our early struggles for existence. It was an unedifying discussion and should have been discouraged. Frederick the Great was an autocrat, but he was a broad-minded man, and approved the principles that were expressed in our Declaration of Independence. His relations with Great Britain were such as to have influenced him in his attitude toward this country, which was perhaps not of the most friendly character, but we have long since ceased to quarrel with those that did not deem it advisable to aid us in our struggle for independence. We do not treasure up any feelings of resentment. A statue of Frederick the Great should be welcomed as an addition to the "sights" of our nation's capital. But the German papers think that to carry out the plans of the Emperor would cause great embarrassment. And they blame the German Ambassador for not having predicted the consequences which now threaten to result from the gift. They say that it should have been his business to deprecate a present which was not certain to be joyfully accepted by the whole nation. If they have a statesman in Germany so sagacious as to be able to predict just what the feelings of this country will be in reference to any project they should keep him in Berlin. There is always need of a man of such phenomenal sagacity at home close to the helm of State.

The University Atmosphere

"The man with the large bank account is often designated as the successful man, irrespective of how the bank account was gained." Those words are from the baccalaureate sermon of the Rt. Rev. Frederick Burgess, Bishop of Long Island, preached at Columbia University last week. It was an unusual baccalaureate sermon, for the fat bank account is what the undergraduates are urged to strive for these days, and Bishop Burgess contended that it was wrong. The mercantile influence predominates in our colleges and the Captains of Industry are the men whose lives our young men are advised to emulate. John D. Rockefeller has become one of the saints in the litany of the academician, and he is invited to the class room to tell the young men how they may become rich if they will refrain from eating more than one square meal a week, and hoard up the nickels that come their way. But Bishop Burgess

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urged the young graduates of Columbia to beware of covetousness, and declared that success was not evidenced by the abundance of things a man possessed. It was therefore an unusual sermon, but it should be published for circulation in our universities. Its sentiments should be inscribed on the walls of every class-room. "The mercenary element must be eliminated from the intellectual side of college life," said Bishop Burgess. It should, but the tendency of university education is toward Mammon worship. Young men are urged to fit themselves for a career, but they are impressed with the notion that the aim of existence is to accumulate riches. "In former times," said Bishop Burgess, "fathers who could afford it, sent their sons to college to browse in the pastures of literature. Their career was not decided upon beforehand. Now they are handed over to the specialists who have substituted for the old liberal education a multitude of technical schools for the cramming of the memory and the killing of the intellect." In other words, the undergraduates of today are taught to shut themselves up in the narrow scepticism of modern science. Even the sons of our plutocrats are trained to follow in the footsteps of their sires so that the mammoth fortunes of our richest families may be increased. And yet our academic philosophers inveigh against the concentration of wealth. What chance is there of developing such men as James Russell Lowell and Charles James Fox when the J. Pierpont Morgans and the John D. Rockefellers are apotheosized to inspire young men with a commercial ambition? According to Bishop Burgess, "We have specialists in Homeric cadence, but where are the men upon whom technique and mathematics do not have a mercantile influence?" The fact is that the mercenary spirit is fostered in the college atmosphere of today. The college graduate who believes that true success is obtained when a man is master of himself though all men be against him, who can see others growing richer without envy and without bitterness, and who is satisfied to go through life without growing influential by tampering with the truth of God, is a rara avis.

The Saunterer

Strenuous Native Daughters

The late Grand Parlor of the Native Daughters was the stormiest session in the history of that organization. My prediction of two weeks ago was fulfilled. Many of the delegates went prepared for an attack on the coiffure of Mrs. Genevieve Baker, and they succeeded in giving that lady the battle of her life. Their criticisms of her official conduct were of a most acidulous nature. They were also somewhat acrid. The atmosphere of the Grand Parlor was extremely torrid throughout the session. Before the Native Daughters convened the friends of Mrs. Baker talked of running her for a second term, and that lady assumed the attitude of Caesar declining the crown, but after hearing what some of the ladies thought of her she concluded that it would be better to retire gracefully. Nevertheless, she permitted the reopening of nominations, so that she could be nominated for a second term and have the pleasure of refusing the honor.

Lunstedt Wouldn't Budge

A somewhat unfortunate contretemps occurred at the Alcazar theatre Wednesday night when the Native Daughters attended the performance of "Zaza." A private box had been reserved for Mrs. Baker, and one of the committees of the Grand Parlor hired a decorator to embellish the box with flowers and bunting. But the committee made a grievous blunder. The box that was decorated had been purchased by strangers. But through the error of an usher they were seated in the adjoining box, which belonged to Mr. Theodore Lunstedt of the Native Sons and a party of ladies. As a consequence the Lunstedt party was put into the decorated box. When Mrs. Baker and her party arrived it was found necessary to seat them on the opposite side of the house. Presently the mistakes were explained to the strangers, but they refused to move. Then Mr. Lunstedt was asked to exchange boxes with Mrs. Baker. He said that he was willing to move into the box which he had purchased, but that he would not move across the house. By this time the entire audience was "rubbering," and the friends of Mrs. Baker were doing considerable frowning upon the Lunstedt party. The ladies in the party were willing to move, but Mr. Lunstedt would not budge. A little later a friend of Mrs. Baker went out and purchased a large floral piece and presented it to her. Then the Native Daughters in the audience applauded vociferously. It was an exciting night.

That Significant Letter

One of my readers questions the accuracy of my statement of last week regarding the letter written by Mayor Schmitz to Mr. Ruef subsequent to the last municipal election. The letter was published in the dailies and I commented on it at the time. If I could spare the space I would publish it for the benefit of my incredulous correspondent. But perhaps a few extracts will suffice. Among other things Mayor Schmitz wrote: "I feel that I owe a great deal of my success in this campaign to you and your friends, and I shall not permit myself to forget it." And he added: "Though you have never asked or even suggested it, I shall with the utmost confidence and with a sentiment of absolute security feel myself privileged at all times to consider you—my friendly counsellor and to call upon you whenever I may require assistance in the solution of any of the perplexing and complicated questions which must necessarily arise in the conduct of so vastly important an office." The Mayor has surely kept his word, and Mr. Ruef's legal practice has consequently grown.

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THE WORLD OVER

Abe and Eugene

The Republican Municipal Alliance has adopted resolutions calling on the Grand Jury to investigate Abe Ruef's use of municipal patronage to build up his political machine. Last week I called attention to the manner in which Mr. Ruef was building up his legal practice, and I think that it is a matter to which the Grand Jury should devote some attention. That he is incidentally strengthening his political machine I have no doubt, but that is not the phase of the matter with which the Grand Jury should deal. If his intimacy with the Mayor is such that he does not hesitate to hold out inducements to commissioners in the interest of his clients, an effort should be made to call a halt. It is surprising that Mayor Schmitz has not seen the impropriety of Mr. Ruef's activity in behalf of people who have favors to ask in the various departments of the city government. So far he has apparently acquiesced in all that Ruef has done. He has been fortunate in escaping criticism from the dailies, but they have been silent for various reasons. However they are undoubtedly storing up material for future use. They are giving Mayor Schmitz plenty of rope, believing that with encouragement he will compass his own political death. Moreover they are reluctant to do anything which might give the impression that they are opposed to the labor unions whose cause the Mayor has championed. Incidentally it should be stated that those who are opposed to Gage expect Schmitz to co-operate with them in demolishing the Governor's machine. So they have vouchsafed him immunity from criticism.

A Tax on Credulity

But the Schmitz-Ruef combination is not generally approved even by those who are friendly with the Mayor, and who hope for the success of his administration. In the *Examiner* office, for instance, Ruef is *persona non grata*. The *Examiner* stands for Schmitz but not for Ruef, and I predict that if the latter continues to act as the Mayor's mentor, and at the same time negotiate private business with the police and other commissioners with the sanction of his Honor, the Monarch will proceed to smash the Champion of Labor. It is imposing too great a task on credulity in this age of scepticism to ask any one to believe that Mr. Ruef is being paid for his legal talent only when hired to invoke the favorable action of municipal commissioners. Some of our commissioners who would scorn a cash bribe might be willing to consider a proposition if it were represented that the Mayor could be induced to reappoint.

Enter, the Johnny

The Johnny is not indigenous to the soil of California. The stage door habitue is one of the features of metropolitan life on the other side of the Continent and in Europe, but he has not yet become noticeable in this city. We have a few club-men who dote on divinities of the stage but they do not haunt the stage door. They have no penchant for chorus girls, though they do not draw the line at the chorus when anxious for a companion to assist in dissecting a hot bird with the customary cold bot concomitant. The advent of the "Fiddle Dee Dee" company, however, has marked the debut of the Johnny. And this may appear somewhat strange in view of the fact that San Francisco has had a stock chorus for many years, but the girls of the Tivoli have never encouraged young men of the Johnny persuasion. They have always been either too busy or too conservative.

A Stage Storm

It was reserved for the two very fetching dancing girls in "Fiddle Dee Dee" to pioneer the way, as it were, for Johnnies in this neck of the woods. These two young damsels, Flossie Hope and Gertie Emerson, have developed the Johnny species in our midst, and they are receiving a great deal of attention from the young men of society. Among their most ardent admirers is the scion of a wealthy family, who never misses a performance. So much attention have these girls received that they have grown exceedingly independent, and as a consequence they have had more than one tiff with the stage manager. Freda Gallick, the vocalist, insisted some time ago that at the end of her stunt in which she is accompanied by the dancing girls they should make their exit ahead of her. Flossie Hope thought that she should be the last to leave the stage, and the stage manager ruled against her. Hot words ensued, and the stage manager issued an ultimatum to the effect that either the dancing girls should be fired or he would resign. As he is the husband of Maud Amber and his resignation would mean the withdrawal of the prima donna the management found that it had a puzzling problem to solve, but after awhile the storm blew over, as stage storms usually do.

Our Cheap Men

Though the Johnny appears to be with us it is not likely that the San Francisco species will lure many of the bewitching chorus girls from far away Broadway. Those that have been here and who came hither with the notion that this was the land of gold and plenty returned to New York with the report that this was a city of cheap men. The chorus girls of New York are expensive luxuries, and so well recognized is the drawing capacity of some of them that they are more independent than many of the principals. The stories about their automobiles, maids and private carriages and handsomely furnished flats are not fairy tales. There are many chorus girls that have all those luxuries. There is nothing that

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more eloquently proclaims the prodigality of the Johnnies of New York than the familiar type of chorus girl who drives to the stage door every night in her private carriage accompanied by her maid.

At the Shriners' Ball

There were rather more smart gowns worn at the Shriners' ball than I expected to see at an affair open to all-comers. Two stunning sisters from Sausalito were the most modish women on the floor, and were among the few representatives of Society present. Mrs. A. W. Scott, who led the grand march, was gowned a la Josephine in white, and the Empire style suited her well. Miss Maud Noble looked well in white. She seemed to enjoy dancing just as much as if she were not a young woman with a serious occupation. Miss Noble writes a string of degrees after her name, and is a graduate of Berkeley and the Cooper.

A New Country Club

Ever since I published the story of Mrs. Will Crocker's dissatisfaction with her neighbors in Burlingame there has been talk of a new country club in San Mateo. Several of our aristocrats are of the opinion that the personnel of the Burlingame club is not what it should be. "There are too many pretenders in the club," said a resident of Menlo the other day. "It affects an air of exclusiveness, but it is not exclusive." It is in the Menlo set that the question of the advisability of organizing a new country club is most persistently agitated.

American girls are becoming conspicuous in diplomatic life in Washington. The wife of the new British Ambassador was Miss Wilson of New York, the wife of the Spanish Ambassador is an American, and so is Baroness Hengelmuller.

The Poet of Usland

Joaquin Miller objects to his title of "Poet of the Sierras." He gives two reasons for his protest, the first, that his Sierra poems are not so good, in his estimation, as his Pacific poems. The second is more "Joaquiny." It jars his poetic nerves that the common herd will mispronounce Sierras, and he does not enjoy being known as the "Poet of the Sarahs—Saharas—Sierries—Sorries," and any amount of other transmogrifications of the name. Joaquin is a great juggler with names himself. It is but a short time ago that he was out in what he called a poem, advocating a change of name for the whole nation. "Usland" was his choice, but it remained his. He had better luck with his own cognomen, which, as it stood when first bestowed, was Cincinnatus. I remember seeing an article by his poetship descriptive of the Santa Clara valley, in which he carefully spelled the principal city "San Hosay," explaining that it was necessary in order to guide the tender feet of Eastern visitors, lest they should stumble into "San Josie." He might adopt some similar device for the Sierras. It would amuse Joaquin, and it wouldn't hurt the mountains.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

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Princeton Breaks Away

The election of Prof. Woodrow Wilson to succeed Dr. Patton in the Presidency of Princeton University is another step in the direction of secularization of collegiate education in this country. Harvard, Yale and Columbia have recently passed from the clerical influence if not domination of their early days, and Princeton was enabled to join them by the resignation the other day of Rev. Dr. Patton. But in California's two big universities, one of which receives State aid, clerical influence is still felt. Every President of Princeton hitherto during the one hundred and fifty years of its existence has been a Presbyterian minister.

An Artist in New York

Alice Chittenden writes to her friends here that though she likes New York and the art atmosphere there she has not decided whether she will locate there. Mrs. Chittenden has gone far afield from her flower paintings during the past two years. It was her roses, particularly her La France roses, that gave her her first foothold on the ladder of fame. But she was never content to base her reputation on flower paintings. She turned to portraiture. One of the first portraits she ever did was one of Eliza Keith, the new grand president of the N. D. G. W. She has improved greatly since that early work, and now ranks with our best portrait painters.

The Hotel Vendome is sheltering any number of well-known people this summer. General John B. Frisbie and Colonel J. S. Curtis of Mexico arrived last week and say they will stay through the season. Sylvia Talbot is a great pet. She is the daughter of the F. C. Talbots and a very pretty little girl.

Back from Japan

Among the arrivals by the steamship *Gaelic* from Japan last Friday, was Mrs. S. C. Partridge, wife of the Bishop of Kioto, who will be remembered as Miss Agnes Simpson. She is accompanied by her step-daughter Helen, a girl of sixteen who will be placed at school here when Mrs. Partridge returns in the fall to the Orient. Mrs. Partridge is visiting her parents, Consul and Mrs. John Simpson, at their home in Vallejo street, and she will no doubt be the motif for a good deal of entertainment by her many friends during her short stay.

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A Club Version

The members of the San Francisco Club with whom John D. Spreckels spends a great deal of his time, do not take the libel suit of Governor Gage seriously. One of the club wits is authority for the story that when Gage decided to start proceedings, he called Mr. Spreckels up on the 'phone and that the following colloquy ensued:

Gage: "Hello, John."

Spreckels: "Hello, Henry."

Gage: "Say, John, I've decided to resent those roasts you've published on me."

Spreckels: "Oh, very well, Henry; what are you thinking of doing?"

Gage: "Well, I thought of starting criminal libel proceedings."

Spreckels: "Oh, very well, Henry."

Gage: "Well, John, I'll have the papers drawn up in a few days. Where do you want me to swear out the warrant?"

Spreckels: "Oh, suit yourself, Henry; I'm not particular."

Gage: "Well, if it's just the same to you, John, I'll go down South."

Spreckels: "All right, Henry. How have you been?"

Gage: "Pretty well. How are you?"

Spreckels: "Tip top. Good-bye, Henry."

Gage: "Good-bye, John."

His Latest Break

The Governor's choice of battle-ground for his libel suits is regarded by many as proof positive that he is no longer being coached by Mr. W. F. Herrin. The supposition is that Mr. Herrin is too wise to have advised the Governor to start proceedings in a remote and obscure village. Even Gage's friends who have been most emphatic in their condemnation of the *Call's* abusive articles are displeased with him for having made it apparent that he was willing to take an undue advantage. They think that his action will have a tendency to alienate public sympathy, and they are speculating as to whether his latest "break" was made on the advice of Dan Burns or Ed. Conroy.

Just imagine a woman dressed after what men pretend to think they would admire! No corset, big flat-heeled shoes, short shirts, hair plastered plain and screwed into an onion, and a sunbonnet or hat minus trimming. I can see the whole crew flying after the first butterfly that had sense not to heed their counsels.

The American Invasion

A San Franciscan in London for the Coronation writes me: "There's been a lot in the papers about 'The American Invasion.' Americans are being wined and dined as never before. The British are making strenuous efforts to promote brotherly love. Teddy of Washington is being discussed almost as much as Edward of Windsor. The O. L. Smiths are in Paris and the Hilborns of Washington are still on the continent. Mrs. Mackay and Mrs. Leslie have arrived and have been seen at the opera. Mrs. de Young's jewels have made a big sensation. The impecunious swells are talking about her torquoises 'as big as your hat,' and her Worth gowns and smart carriage and pair.

The Crystal Baths

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, on Bay, bet. Powell and Mason Sts., terminus of all North Beach car lines.

The Queen in Real Life

"We were so much amused to read what Shirley Dare wrote about 'the youth, beauty and preservation' of the Queen. Alexandra certainly has a charming manner but I would not call her well preserved. She wears a wig, has her face enameled just as the wife of a Berkeley professor did years ago, and her throat and brow are all blotched. Of course her gowns are superb. One reason why the courts are held at night is that the feminine royalties may shine to better advantage under subdued and rosy-hued lights.

What Alice is Doing

"Alice Nielsen sang at a grand afternoon concert under the patronage of the Queen, in aid of the restoration of an ancient Yorkshire church, on May thirtieth. One of the managers was Landon Ronald, a brother of Russell Ronald, who is teaching Miss Nielsen to sing, and who is reported as being much interested in her success. He coaches her in French as well as singing. Ronald is very clever, plays beautifully, coaches the grand opera folks, and was conductor of 'The Silver Slipper' company. You'll always find him at Mrs. Ronalds' Sunday afternoons at home. Fritzi Scheff was also on the program of this concert."

The Prophet Abroad

Truly one knoweth not what honors will fall upon one in a foreign country. The Manchester *Guardian,* commenting on Americans in London, says: "Mr. M. H. de Young is the sole survivor of four brothers who left Ireland and acquired the *Chronicle.* The three other brothers were all shot by people whose names had appeared in paragraphs in that paper." And the Jersey *Evening Post,* in copying the item, precedes it with: "Mr. M. H. de Young, the proprietor of the San Francisco *Chronicle,* who is now on a visit to London, seems to have had plenty of experience of the Western American journalism of which Mark Twain wrote."

Mrs. J. Parker Whitney is at the Hotel Del Monte for a two months' stay.

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Bowie's Ocean Voyage

Since the sudden departure of Allan St. John Bowie for the Orient, there has been no end of chatter over the affairs of that popular club man and society beau. Sensational stories have come to me from various sources anent the journey of Mr. Bowie, but I do not give credence to any of them. Just because a dashing and unconventional young woman happened to take the same steamer the coincidence is regarded by some as significant, and I have heard it suggested that Mr. Bowie may get married in Japan. But I am quite sure he had no such intention when he started, the story about his traveling companion to the contrary notwithstanding. His brother, Gus Bowie, has been expert-ing mines and other things in the Philippines for some time, and I believe they expect to join each other in Japan. Sir Edwin Arnold's admiration for the Geisha girls was never more intense than that of the Bowie brothers. Hyde Bowie loves all things in the Mikado's realm.

Three Talented Women

Juliet Wilbur Tompkins is out here from the East passing a few months in Oakland. She is one of the best known short story writers in the United States and has been one of the editors of *Munsey's,* for which she used to write a story every month. Miss Tompkins is taking a course of study in Greek and she is fitting herself to be an instructor at Vassar. Her father was a wealthy lawyer who founded a scholarship at Berkeley. When he died it was found he had nothing and so both the Tompkins girls took to literature. One of them has published a book. Juliet Wilbur Tompkins began her career on the *Examiner.* She is a graduate of Vassar. The Tompkins family of San Anselmo are cousins of hers.

Geraldine Bonner, the author of "Hard Pan" and many short stories, has left for Santa Barbara to pass the summer. She will return in the fall for a few weeks and then leave for New York to remain permanently. She has a great many relatives there who move in the fashionable set.

Gertrude Atherton leaves today for New York. She has been much entertained during the past two weeks by the Macondrays, Selbys and the old Menlo set. Dr. Harry Tevis is an old friend of hers and he has given several small informal luncheons for her. Dr. Tevis may always be relied upon to fete the latest lion or lioness, but the friendship of Mrs. Atherton and Dr. Tevis is of very old standing. During the opera season, by the way, Dr. Tevis pulled off an affair that was not a success. It was a breakfast in honor of Mr. Van Dyke. The guests were there but the tenor was absent. He had a cold.

Platt's Lucrative Pastime

Post prandial speechmaking is a lucrative occupation, but to thrive at it one must be clever. Horace G. Platt has made several hundred thousand dollars in the last few years, and the only capital with which he started was a knack for grinding out epigrams while the nuts are being cracked. He is the most accomplished eulogist of the millionaire that ever spread his legs beneath a plutocrat's mahogany. Some years ago he was dubbed the barnacle of the rich, but it evidently pays to be that sort of barnacle. Platt is not so eloquent as General Barnes nor half so witty. His epigrams that are swallowed with the wine wouldn't stand the test if fired from the platform at an audience that had not been brought under a mellowing influence. Barnes has not found after-dinner speaking a lucrative pastime, because he never eulogizes a man until he is dead.

Another Celebrity in Society

Miss Margaret Dale of the Henry Miller company is being lionized a great deal these days. Her mother travels with her and both have been visiting friends at Burlingame. Miss Dale has big brown eyes and fair hair and resembles Mrs. Robinson Reilly. She is famous for her good taste in dress, and she is always as quiet off the stage as on. Next year, it is said, she will be with John Drew, as his leading lady, for he likes his actresses to have that smart appearance which is Miss Dale's strong point. She is a Jewess, and her name in private life is Rosendale. Her father is a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia.

In the Long Ago

Apropos of the wedding of Mrs. Mace, a grand-daughter of Francis Scott Key, and Lieutenant Parker, U. S. N., it is interesting to recall that the marriage of the bride's aunt, Alice Turner, to Dr. J. M. Browne, U. S. N., was one of the earliest naval weddings on this coast. The navy yard was then in its infancy with Admiral—then Captain —Farragut in command. It was an evening wedding, and Bishop Kip performed the ceremony which was followed by dancing and an old-time Southern supper. Mrs. Mace's mother, who was then Miss Ellen Turner, was maid of honor, and her father, Dr. Messersmith, U. S. N., was best man. The bridesmaids were the late Mrs. E. J. Coleman, who was then Lucy Gwin, and Bessie Thornton.

Wallace Wasn't Willing

The Associated Press wired the news out from Denver the other day that Mrs. Hugh Tevis was not engaged to marry Allan Wallace. The denial was made on the authority of Mrs. Baxter, mother of Mrs. Tevis. Some weeks ago I told of the rumor that Mrs. Tevis was casting alluring glances in the direction of young Wallace, but declared that Cupid's aim had been somewhat inaccurate. Mrs. Tevis and Mr. Wallace met in Monterey, where both were then living, and there was an exchange of courtesies, but nothing occurred to warrant the report of an engagement. The fact is that Mrs. Tevis was very lonely in Mon-

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terey and showed a disposition to encourage the ex-New Yorker socially. But Allan Wallace is an unconventional chap upon whom feminine blandishments appear to have little effect. His friends thought that the rich young widow had designs on him but he never gave the matter a thought.

The True Napoleon

Charles Josselyn of the Bohemian Club is receiving some very flattering notices from the Eastern book reviewers. They agree that his "True Napoleon" is worthy of a place in any Napoleonic library. The *Commercial* of Buffalo thinks it will be more popular than Lord Rosebery's, Watson's and Rose's books on Napoleon. "It is," says the *Commercial*, "as though the author had gone through some library full of Napoleonic literature, made extensive notes, culled from the best sources what is most entertaining and then printed them for the reader's benefit. The result is a marvelously interesting book."

Native Daughter (to husband wildly tossing his belongings about while vainly trying to locate a whole pair of socks): "My dear, I've just read that the husband of a club woman always gets two halos in heaven."

Husband: "I don't want two halos; I don't want one halo.—all I want are a few post-mortem socks."

Bounders in Fiction

One of the characters in "The Spenders," a new novel, is thus described: "Mrs. Akemil was not only like St. Paul, 'all things to all men,' but she had gone a step beyond that excellent theologue. She could be all things to one man." Mrs. Akemil is a specimen of the characters in this novel which are breezy enough in their vulgarity to have come from Blingum. Indeed the story deals with the descendents of a plain westerner who died a multi-millionaire and they are not unfamiliar. As evidence of the lack of finish in some circles it is related that a certain person served champagne with the oysters, soup, fish and entree, and for the remainder of the dinner proffered a claret of 1872 and it was served *frappe*.

Pictures Out of Holland

Since W. E. Dassonville returned from Europe, he has been busy "working up" the many interesting bits of the Old World that his camera caught for him. Last week some of the results of his efforts were on exhibition at Elder and Shepard's, in Post street, and elicited very high praise from the lovers of the artistic and uncommon in photography. Particularly fine are the studies made in picturesque Holland and in these the rare art of Dassonville is best demonstrated. The pictures have a delicacy of tone that is remarkable and the grouping is excellent. Dassonville is another of the young Californians who are adding to the fame of the West. Eastern critics class his work with that of the greatest in the photographic line and some of his pictures are soon to be shown in New York.

O'Brien for Leader

The job of Democratic Boss is going a-begging these days. Since the departure of Mayor Phelan for Europe there has been chaos in the Democratic ranks. It being generally understood that the party organ will not stand for Gavin McNab, the erstwhile followers of the astute Scot have been on a hunt for a standard bearer to flock to. James H. O'Brien appears to be the most available man for the job. He is one of the old school of politicians, and is in favor of a united party, and he is moreover a natural leader. But he appears to be somewhat reluctant to shoulder the responsibility of reorganizing the party. Some of the most prominent politicians of the interior who think that the party has an easy fight on hand this year are urging O'Brien to start the work of reorganizing. They have promised him their support in the State convention.

King Edward could win the applause of the world by offering a baronetcy to the Poet Laureate to refrain from contributing to the Coronation poetry.

Gossip from Los Angeles

Up from Los Angeles comes an interesting story about an impending scandal in golf club circles. It is said to involve more than one gay matron in the swagger set of the Southern city. My correspondent informs me that the morals of Los Angeles have been corrupted by carpet-baggers from the East. "Los Angeles has become the Mecca of feeble old gentlemen with young wives," writes my correspondent. "The men worked hard for the little fortunes they now have, and in their old age decided to marry and settle down in a healthful climate. They take good care of themselves at home, while their wives seek diversion on the golf links and elsewhere. You can therefore readily understand that the gossips have no difficulty in finding food for chatter. I believe that a great deal of the gossip one hears is entirely unfounded. A young wife with a tottering old husband cannot help accepting some attention. But jealousy is one of the ills that cling to the flesh, be it ever so old."

No Longer Fashionable

The popularity of golf in this section of the State is on the wane. The enthusiasm of a year or two ago has vanished from the links of Burlingame, the Presidio and San Rafael. Lack of interest in the sport is not altogether responsible for the apathy that has come over many of the golfists. In their eagerness to reduce expenses the club managers took in many of the socially ambitious who were undesirable persons. To be a member of a golf club is no longer the hall-mark of exclusiveness, and now only the most rabid golf cranks of the smart set play the game.

Exit Tom Meagher

Thomas Francis Meagher is on his way to the Philippines where he hopes to make a fresh start in life. Fifteen years ago Meagher had some celebrity as a Beau Brummel, and he made somewhat of a splurge on the reputation of his father, for Thomas Francis Meagher Sr. was a distinguished man. He was General Meagher of the Civil War, and he was an Irish exile. He was banished from Ireland for his activity as an insurrectionist, and when he arrived in this country he was given a warm reception by the Irish people. When the war broke out he organized the Irish Brigade which he commanded with distinction. After the war he served for a while as Governor of Montana. The life of Thomas Francis Meagher Jr. has been a long series of failures. His father desired him to follow a military career and sent him to West Point. He failed to graduate, and he has been failing ever since.

Buckley and Kahn

On the reputation of his father he acquired both a social and political pull in this city, and being a courteous well-bred fellow with an inclination to kow-tow to the rich he managed to get along very well until recent years. For a long time he had a position in the Mint but since losing that he has had no regular employment. His friends of former days passed away and with them his "pull" vanished. He was glad to accept odd jobs at the race track and a few years ago he was appointed Distance Judge for running races. A distance flag for a running race is an absurdity, but Meagher needed a job, and that one he accepted without a blush, drawing his salary regularly. But of late he couldn't obtain even that sort of job, and somebody induced General Jim Smith to secure him a billet in the Philippines. How to get over there was a hard problem to solve. For days the son of General Meagher tried to get transportation, but none of his old-time acquaintances would come to his rescue until he enlisted the services of Chris Buckley, the blind boss. Chris demonstrated that he was not a "dead one" by wiring his friend Congressman Kahn. "Glad-hand" Kahn, be it said to his credit, responded quickly, and to him the son of the Irish patriot is indebted for transportation to the Philippines.

The Carter Harrisons

Carter Harrison, who was deposed from leadership of the Chicago Democracy the other day, owes his past success in politics almost entirely to the reputation of his father. People who have been reading about the two Harrisons—father and son—for years, far from the scene of their activities, imagined them to be big men, in the commonplace acceptation of the term. They were not. Harrison pere was a replica in the flesh of that Prince of Fakers, our bewhiskered Judge Campbell. He had the same happy faculty for glad-handing his way through political conventions and into the confidence of voters. But in Chicago he had greater opportunities than Faker Campbell ever had in this city. Chicago has a population of nearly two millions, and nearly half the voters are of foreign birth. They are a very tough lot, too, and the ignorance among them is very dense. There are colonies in Chicago from every nation on the globe, and the senior Harrison succeeded in making the representatives of each believe that the ties of blood bound him to them.

How He Won Votes

In his campaigning he had picked up a few words of almost every language. When he attended a meeting of Scandinavians he would shout a few words of their native tongue at them. He would do the same thing at a meeting of Swedes, and in that way he ingratiated himself into the affections of all foreign born voters. But his popularity was not the only evidence of his success as a politician. It was supposed that he was broke when he became Mayor. He bequeathed a fortune to his heirs. When the younger Harrison ran for Mayor, he received the votes of many foreign born citizens who were ignorant of the fact that his father was dead. His popularity was such that he was occasionally mentioned as an available man for the Presidency. But he is not qualified for high office.

Not the Only One

Herman Tubbs, whose tragic death this week supplied the dailies with a big sensation, was not the only member of the Tubbs family who had a romance. Another son of old Hiram Tubbs was on the point of contracting an alliance some years ago that would have displeased his folks, but he was of a somewhat fickle nature. Moreover the prospect of being made a co-respondent in a divorce suit frightened him, and he decided to withdraw his affections.

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Her Romance

Mrs. James Otis, Sr., who met with a serious accident last week at the home of her daughter, Mrs. McAllister in Ross Valley, is one of the oldest residents of this city, and has always been a prominent member of what is now known as "the old set." She is the eldest daughter of Captain F. W. Macondray, founder of the firm of Macondray & Co. Her husband was one of the first Mayors of San Francisco. Their marriage was the culmination of a romance that started at White Sulphur Springs in Napa valley in the days when that place was a fashionable resort. Lucy Macondray and James Otis met at the Springs, and he paid her devoted attention. At the close of the season he proposed and was refused. He returned to town and became seriously ill and it is said that his malady was the result of disappointment. When Miss Lucy heard about it she began to think that she loved him. She recalled her negative and in a few weeks they were married.

Why She is Sad

"And now her friends say that Sam is fickle." Such was the remark of a belle in the swim the other day. She was discussing the recent return of a beautiful girl from the East, and the report that she had been saddened by the discovery that another had slipped into the affections of the man she loved. Merely a case of absence failing to make the heart grow fonder.

Just a Bit Dull

A guest of the Hotel Rafael has complained to me of ennui. The only evidence of gayety is to be found in the club house late at night, for there the Baron's liquid refreshments stimulate and exhilarate as of yore. More than ever before the occupants of the cottages are coming to the front as entertainers. Mrs. Harry Mendell and Mrs. George Gibbs give dinners every week. Mrs. Monroe Salisbury clings to her Sunday tea. The ill health of George Boardman has somewhat delayed the several functions that Mrs. Boardman contemplated giving, but the summer colony is fondly expecting the gay whirl to start just before the National holiday.

Mischief is not always intentional, but it doesn't take much wind to blow up a fire.

Unique Decorations

Miss Alice May, who assisted at Miss Tessa Semple's card party last Friday, is one of the prettiest girls I have ever seen. She is a brunette of almost Oriental coloring and the rose-colored gown of China silk that she wore enhanced her tropical loveliness. There were other pretty girls receiving—Misses McCabe, Bates, Coleman, Redmund, Long and Nourse—and the hostess' charming niece, who so resembles Blanche Bates, Mrs. Marie Craig Babin. Those at the eleven tables were chiefly members of Miss Semple's division of the California Club. The prizes were won by Mrs. Lovell White, Mrs. E. Berrien Grace, Mrs. E. P. Schell and Miss Elinor Croudace, who received the "consolation." After the card games there was fortune-telling by nuts, lottery and cards. The decorations of the rooms were decidedly original, the scheme being Arabic and in harmony with the celebration of last week.

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One of my contemporary chroniclers of the doings of society people has been industriously engaged in resurrecting the departed, of late, for the delectation of readers of one of the dailies. The defunct mother-in-law of Mrs. Avery, whose husband was recently drowned in Detroit, was brought back from the dead to entertain her son's wife. The old lady has been dead several years. Dr. and Mrs. Gibbons were said to be rusticating at Larkspur. Mrs. Gibbons died two years ago. The wife of John Perry Jr. was also resurrected. She died a decade ago.

Where Joy is Unconfined

Staggs Leap, the charming home of the Chases in Napa county, has been the scene of considerable gayety this season. Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase is a hostess possessed of the arts of the old school of hospitality. There is a refreshing absence of conventionality at Staggs Leap, and joy is unconfined. Among those who have been entertained there recently are the Downey Harveys, the Will Tevises, the Rudolph Spreckels', Mrs. Bowie Detrick, Mrs. Oxnard and Miss Ethyl Hager.

Gallant Men Promoted

The promotion of Captain Clark of the *Oregon* to Rear Admiral has given greater satisfaction than any other the President could make. But in the list sent to the Senate last week were some of the most zealous and efficient officers in the army. Brigadier-Generals John C. Bates and George W. Davis, who were nominated to succeed Major-Generals Brooke and Wheaton, who will retire for age next month, are deserving and energetic soldiers. It was General Bates who rushed his brigade from the coast to the support of General Lawton at Caney on the night of June thirtieth and who was subsequently active at San Juan. He also did gallant work in the Philippines later on. General Davis distinguished himself at Pinar del Rio and was appointed Governor of Porto Rico where he ruled with tact and firmness. In connection with his record it should not be forgotten that he served in the ranks for six months during the Civil War before getting a commission. Colonel Frank D. Baldwin who also moves up a grade enjoys the distinction, I believe, of being the only officer in the service whose name appears twice in the medal of honor roll. He has been twice brevetted in Indian campaigns.

His Promotion a Joke

Among the West Point graduates who have been nominated for Brigadier-General is Major Trasker H. Bliss, who was in charge of the customs service in Cuba. The recommendation in his case was regarded as a joke at the

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Presidio. My attention has been called to the fact that to make a Brigadier-General out of Major Bliss it would be necessary to advance him over the heads of one hundred and one Colonels and one hundred and twenty-two Lieutenant-Colonels, nearly all of whom have war records. Some of them are old Indian fighters and others were in the Civil War. Major Frank Trask never saw as much active rservice as did our own Major McLaughlin who never smelled gunpowder except at the powder works in Santa Cruz. Major Trask graduated from West Point in 1875. He served on General Schofield's staff for a while and proved himself a capable dancer. For a while he was Military Attache to the American legation in Madrid, and when the war broke out he entered the Commissary Department. He has exhibited strategic skill only by his successful avoidance of active duty at the front. An acquaintance of Major Bliss who admires his ability as a civilian assures me that he does not know how to handle a brigade or drill a regiment.

A Court Scandal Promised

There is to be another contest over the will of millionaire Jacob Z. Davis, and judging from the allegations in the complaint there are to be some very sensational developments. The plaintiff, Laura Davis, a niece of the deceased, not only charges that the will was forged but alleges a conspiracy to loot the estate, and mentions the names of three men who got themselves on the jury when the validity of the will was first contested, for the purpose of sustaining the fraud. Mrs. Tracy was not a party to the first suit but I remember the trial which took place before Judge Coffey. Knight & Heggerty were the attorneys for the plaintiffs who were distant relatives of the deceased, and when the verdict was rendered against them they did not hesitate to declare that their clients had not received a fair trial. They took an appeal, and were no doubt prepared to make some sensational revelations, but Mrs. Curtis and Miss Muir, the heirs under the will, deemed it advisable to compromise. I believe that Knight & Heggerty obtained one hundred thousand dollars for their clients.

A Crack Jury-Fixer

If the new suit comes to trial a very unsavory court scandal will probably be ventilated. The plaintiffs expect to connect one of the most expert jury-fixers that ever manipulated a jury box, with the case. He held responsible positions in the City Hall for a number of years, and was on the staff of several prominent attorneys. It was generally understood that his first great achievement was the acquittal of M. B. Curtis, the actor, who was tried for the murder of a police officer. The Davis will was a suspicious one from the start. The proponents of the will alleged that they found it in a box containing the ashes of the millionaire's wife. It was the contention of Knight & Heggerty that it was absurd to believe that a man would put a will in such a receptacle and send it to the cemetery. They argued that interested people slipped it into the box.

The Chronicle's Coming Editor

Journalism runs in the blood. The *Examiner,* like the *Herald,* was handed down from father to son, and there is likelihood of the same thing being done with the *Chronicle.* In a recent issue of the Harvard *Crimson,* the university daily, I read an announcement that Charles de Young of San Francisco had been elected one of the editors of the paper. Evidently the young man has decided to go into training for a journalistic career. It was as an amateur journalist at Harvard that Will Hearst had his first newspaper experience. When he came to San Francisco from Harvard he was accompanied by a staff of writers and artists who had worked with him at college. The only one of that staff remaining in this city is Mr. Eugene Lent who is now a successful attorney. Lent soon wearied of journalism.

First Coronation Poem

The first coronation poem made its appearance last week. It is William Watson's "Ode on the Coronation of King Edward VII." It defends the splendor of the decoration and contains these lines:

"Let London rustle with rich appareling
And all the way with festal laces.
Casement and coign and fluttering balcony,
Wave welcome to the King."

Illness of George Loughborough

George Loughborough has been in the seclusion of his home for some time, and it is now reported that there is not much likelihood of his reappearance in the haunts that have known him so well. Young Loughborough has been a sufferer from pulmonary troubles for several years, and he has sought change of climate for his health on more than one occasion, but without satisfactory result. He was one of the gay Fithian party that took a yaching trip to the South Seas a few years ago. It was a trip that occasioned a deal of gossip in society owing to the sudden and unexpected return of Miss Kate Clement who was a guest of the Fithians. Not one of the many stories concerning her withdrawal from the pleasure party has ever been vouched for as authentic. Loughborough has been confined to his home for several weeks and his friends say that he is steadily growing weaker. His brother Aleck died a few years ago after an operation for appendicitis.

There are two Loughborough girls and both are favorites in society, though they do not appear at all the regulation affairs. They partake of the independent spirit of their brother and abhor convention. They are bachelor girls and appear to be in no hurry to get married. When the subject of marriage was under discussion recently one of the sisters commented on the unfortunate venture of her cousin, Marie Zane, and said, "Marriage spoiled her happiness, and we are not anxious to hazard ours." The Loughborough home in O'Farrell street is one of the handsomest

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in the city. Everywhere throughout the rooms the refined taste and originality of the occupants are manifest. The sisters entertain more or less during the season. They have any amount of money, their branch having been included in the distribution of old General Keyes' estate.

Two Eligible Heiresses

The Loughborough girls are not the only ones in the swim who manage to keep beyond the range of Cupid's arrows. There are two sisters in the same set who also continue to avoid the blind god's arrows. With their friends marrying all about them, no one has yet made the impression on their hearts that would cause them to forsake their liberty. Their eldest sister waited until she was well up in years before marrying and she has never been in robust health since she took the fatal step though she lived a strenuous life before her marriage. Her sisters do not shun masculine society, but they get a lot of pleasure out of single blessedness. They do not need to marry for a home because they own a very handsome one in town. Each has a fine income under her own control. They are both fond of outdoor sports and are crack golf and tennis players. Lately the younger has gone in for automobiling.

When Little Tom Was Baptised

Thomas H. Williams no longer adds the "Jr." to his name, having transferred that appendix to his little son, who was christened last week. Since the christening of the young turf magnate's heir was such an elaborate function, the fashion of making it a formal merrymaking will likely be adopted by others. The little fellow's aunt, Muriel Steele, was his godmother, and Louis Lissak and Charles Paxton were the godfathers. All the proud father's club friends brought loving-cups as their gifts to the heir, so he will have quite a collection of these useful trinkets when he comes of age to make use of them. There was afternoon tea when the baptism ceremony was over and later an elaborate dinner for the relatives and godparents. The Williams's did not discriminate in inviting guests to the ceremony, making no distinction between those in society and out of it. They invited their personal friends. So there was a very pleasant company to toast the heir.

Ethel Would Not Stay Here

It was in vain that Papa Murphy begged his daughter Ethel to remain in San Francisco, even offering the bribe of a fat-salaried position to her husband if he would locate here. Mrs. Biddle prefers the Nation's capital to the town where she was born and bred. Her husband has the *entree* to good houses, his family's name being sufficient to open any door to him. So next week will see the Biddles flying on their Eastward way. In the meantime little sister Addie is resting in a sanitarium. Later on, when her nerves are in better condition, she will go to San Rafael. It strikes me she could have obtained fuller satisfaction from her rest cure had she gone at once to the somnolent village in Marin county.

He Went to the Theatre

I have more than once commented on the changes in the observance of mourning. The sentiment, "Let us live while we live" has gradually crowded to the wall that old-fashioned idea of grieving a stated period for a beloved one. We are far away nowadays from that ancient date when from a veil and crape mourning was lightened to plain black, then black and white, then gray, violet and lilac, until the gay colors could be worn and satisfy the demands of good form. Yet there must be still many who believe in the old style of bewailing the dead. The other day a rich citizen died and left a host of nieces and nephews beside a widow to mourn his loss. Before the flowers had faded on his uncle's grave one of the nephews was seen at the theatre with his wife. As the nephew was doubly related to deceased, his mother having been a sister of the widow, there was much criticism of the nephew's acion. But after all there is no reason to believe he mourned his uncle's loss less sincerely than did the others in the family who stayed away from the theatre.

During the festivities last week a local wag declared that it appeared to him that a Mystic Shriner was a Mason with a jag.

Mrs. Martin and Her Daughter

The former schoolmates of Theodosia Cook Martin who are admitted to her friendship are eagerly looking forward to her visit here. They expect to hear details of delightful experiences in the swim at Washington, sprinkled with names of distinguished somebodies. Miss Martin, as letters from exiled San Franciscans have told us, was a great hit in the swim at the Capital. Her dark eyes and golden hair—the same combination that makes Margaret Dale of Henry Miller's company so fascinating—were immensely admired. Mrs. Carrie Colton Martin accompanies her daughter and they expect to spend much of their time while in California at the Colton cottage on Beach Hill, Santa Cruz. Mrs. Martin is passionately fond of the sea

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and loves to swim. Ralph Miller always said she was the most fearless and graceful swimmer that ever visited Santa Cruz.

The Will Weirs are about taking up a permanent residence in San Francisco. The Misses Anna and Gussie Weir are at present guests of the W. Frank Whittiers.

The Trousers Centenary

Preparations are being made in London for the celebration of the centenary of the trousers. A tragedy, by the way, may be associated with the introduction of the elongated garments and the discarding of the knee breeches. A tradesman in Paris felt that the sartorial innovation meant that his occupation would soon be gone, so he ended his life in the Seine. He was a manufacturer of false calves for the legs of the nobility.

If there were less make-believe in women they would be less interesting.

A San Jose Romance

Orlando Stevens, at one time world's champion cycle racer, is to leave his wholesale fruit business and return to the Eastern path with hopes of regaining his old laurels. Stevens went to San Jose three years ago with Eddie Bald, Floyd McFarland and other racing champions. A strong attachment sprang up between Stevens and Miss Lottie Heurkauf, daughter of the racehorse owner, and they became engaged. When Stevens was suspended from the track in Paris, two years ago, he did not betray any sorrow, though his suspension came three days before he was to have met Jacquelin for the world's championship. When a friend condoled with him on his misfortune at losing the rich prize offered the victor in the race, Stevens replied:

"Never mind, I get a richer prize when I get home."

He referred to his approaching marriage with Miss Heurkauf. Stevens and Frank Kramer, by the way, will join fortunes on the track this season.

According to an Alsacian proverb, if you would make a good pair of shoes, take for the sole the tongue of a woman, because of its durability.

The date of the Martin-Oelrichs wedding has been shifted again. But this time the nuptials have been set for an earlier day than the one that had been agreed upon. Preparations for the happy event are now complete. I have heard that a writer of musical comedy librettos intends making the affair the theme of his next work.

"Oh, my, I've lost my pocket book," cried Maude as they walked along the beach.

"Much in it?"

"I should say so—my new bathing suit Mamma mailed me from town."

A Question of Etiquette

Ambassador Choate has been subjected to criticism by a contemporary for an alleged breach of etiquette on the occasion of the dinner given by him in honor of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. He is said to have departed from good form when he led the way to the dining room with Queen Alexandra, leaving the King to follow with the hostess in the second place. It should be remembered that technically speaking the dinner took place on American soil, and that therefore the American rule as to the host taking in the principal woman guest should have been adhered to. But there is no occasion to worry over the matter, for undoubtedly the affair was conducted according to program arranged with the co-operation of the King.

What is weakness in man or woman but perverted virtue? Without the struggles of the weak against the strong morality would be but a name.

Roosevelt Wont Be Bluffed

President Roosevelt has reached what appears to be a crisis in his political career. His special message on the Cuban tariff was a challenge to the beet sugar Senators to decide whether they would support the Administration's policy or place themselves in the position of rebels beyond the pale of the party. But it appears to be their theory that the President will be the rebel unless he agrees with them. Last week it was reported that the President would not push his demands for reciprocity for Cuba if he thought those demands would jeopardize his party's success. But Roosevelt evidently believes that it is better for the President to be right than for his party to succeed. The beet sugar men sought to coerce the President into submission but failed. He insists on keeping his country's promise to the Cubans. He may lose his fight but he will retain the respect of his country.

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De Vries and McLaurin

Marion De Vries came to town the other day after a long absence in the East. A few years ago Mr. De Vries was a lawyer in Stockton with not much practice. He ran for Congress and was elected. Now he is a United States Appraiser with seventy-five hundred a year, and all his expenses are paid by the Government. Mr. De Vries received his appointment from a Republican Administration though he is a Democrat. The supposition is that he was rewarded for throwing down his party in Congress. In other words he bolted a Democratic caucus because he had been converted to Republican principles, and now he is enjoying a good fat salary bestowed in recognition of his services to the Republican party. The other day Senator McLaurin of South Carolina was appointed a judge of the Court of Claims by President Roosevelt. He was elected to the United States Senate as a Democrat, but his political career was ended when he accepted the Federal judgeship. He voted for Republican measures right along and now it is believed that he sold himself for the job. He has been likened unto Benedict Arnold and Judas. This is the same McLaurin who was attacked on the floor of the Senate by the violent and vituperative Tillman. Since the appointment of McLaurin there has been a growing feeling of respect for his late antagonist.

To be pessimistic is not half so pleasant as to adapt one's self to appreciation of all the goodness, and purity and brightness that are to be found in this world.

Phelan's Letter

If Mayor Phelan ever gets broke he should turn newspaper correspondent. His letter from London published in the *Bulletin* the other night was the sprightliest and newsiest bit of correspondence that has appeared in print since preparations for the crowning of Edward began. Some days ago Mr. Phelan was quoted in the despatches as having said that the people of America were in sympathy with the Boers during the South African war. The alleged interview read as though it had been written to alienate the Irish vote forever, but the *Bulletin* letter bristled with Gaelic and American sentiments. I am of the opinion that the Sons of St. George will take it up for condemnation at their next meeting.

Stories About Sybil

Since her return to Paris Sybil Sanderson has been the subject of more club gossip than ever. A correspondent informs me that the gay American is the most extravagant woman on the French stage, but that she is not so prosperous as she was a few years ago. A story recently leaked out that she sought to revive her credit by representing that James Gordon Bennett would pay her bills. About that time Mr. Bennett and his female protege were not on friendly terms but when the latter heard that Miss Sanderson had usurped her place in his affections she lost no time in effecting a reconciliation

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In Honor of Benny

Benny Benjamin, the accomplished turf editor of the *Chronicle*, whose receptions to theatrical celebrities have become famous, started for Montana the other day, where he is to become a turf official. A beer and sandwich jollification was given in his honor by the *Chronicle* staff the night before his departure. It was a surprise and so were the presents from his confreres. The presentation speech was made by City Editor Simpson while handing Mr. Benjamin the various articles which he took out of a battered trunk that looked as though it might have come over on the *Mayflower*. Mr. Simpson explained that the staff desired to equip Benny with a traveling outfit. First came a toilet-case out of the trunk. It contained a currycomb and brush. Then followed a bottle of horse liniment, a pair of garters with a brass clasp, a copy of the Decameron, a picture of a vaudeville artist in tights, and numerous other indispensable articles. Benny was overcome with blushes and gratitude.

The Hotel Mateo is the summer girls' paradise. There is no lack of men there, and they are always ready for drives or ping pong or walks on moonlight nights.

Once They Were Friends

General Harrison Gray Otis, editor of the Los Angeles *Times*, who has been sued by Governor Gage for one hundred thousand dollars damages, for libel, was formerly a client of the Governor. At one time he had considerable respect for Gage's legal ability and he used to employ Gage to defend him in libel suits. The breach between them occurred when Gage was nominated for Governor. General Otis thought that he should be entrusted with the management of the campaign in Los Angeles, and he demanded the privilege of naming the men from the South on Gage's campaign committee. He was especially desirous of keeping H. Z. Osborne, a rival editor, and Walter Parker off the committee. But being a candidate for a job Gage was intent upon rounding up supporters rather than fostering enmities. So he took Osborne and Parker into camp.

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Thereupon Otis took the velvet off his hammer. This is the same Otis that distinguished himself as a brigade commander in the Philippines by working his typewriter over time.

Morning Prayer of the Yellow Daily Journalist—"Give us this day our daily sensation."

Hawaiian Affairs

B. F. Dillingham, the Hawaiian financier, who is now in this city, is the most enthusiastic boomer of those islands I have ever met. After a talk with him on the subject of Hawaiian affairs you cannot fail to become impressed with the energy, industry and enterprise of the people of the islands. He can tell you of all sorts of obstacles they have encountered and overcome from the time of the political disturbances that preceded annexation down to the present. They have faced all sorts of unfavorable situations forced upon them through political complications, and they have suffered some distressing reverses, but they never lost heart and today the country is more prosperous than it ever was before. Mr. Dillingham is a promoter whose enterprises have been uniformly successful. He organized some of the richest sugar companies in the islands, and he says that the work of development is being steadily prosecuted. In the last few years several million dollars' worth of machinery was sent to the plantations in Hawaii and they have not yet reached one-half the capacity to which the plants will be pushed. The only drawback, he says, is the inadequate labor supply, and he declares that it is absurd for the people of this country to object to immigration from China and Japan to the islands. "Ninety per cent of what we consume," he said, "is bought in this country. We get our money from our sugar plantations. They cannot be worked without Oriental labor. Shut that off and we must quit patronizing the white labor of this country, for we cannot buy without money." When asked if the sugar growers of Hawaii feared national legislation he said, "Not a bit. We do not object to giving the Cubans a chance to compete in this market. We feel that legislation that would destroy our business would wipe out the sugar industry of the South, and we know that Congress is not going to do that. So we feel perfectly safe."

Smith of Honolulu

One of the most picturesque figures in the political strife of Hawaii is Walter G. Smith, editor of the Dole missionary organ, the Honolulu *Daily Advertiser*. The news came up from the islands the other day that Smith had been released from the Honolulu jail after serving two days of a thirty days' sentence imposed for contempt of court by Judge Gear. He would have been compelled to languish in jail but for the clemency of Governor Dole who arrived from San Francisco in time to render a valuable service to his friend the journalist. That Smith was guilty of contempt there was no doubt, but Dole hastened to release him. Acting Governor Cooper had refused to interfere. Smith is caviar to Cooper, for on the latter the editor has frequently vented his spleen. But a month or so in jail wouldn't bother Smith. His is one of the most turbulent spirits that ever dictated the policy of a newspaper. A few years ago he was leading editorial writer on the *Chronicle* of this city. He went to Honolulu for the *Chronicle* about the time of the revolution, and he has been closely identified with the politics of the islands ever since. He is always ready for a scrap and he has had a deal of exciting experience.

Knocking the Queen

Upon his arrival in Honolulu Smith espoused the course of the anti-monarchists and at their suggestion he started an American newspaper, the *Hawaiian Star*, now one of Honolulu's leading journals. It was in this paper that Smith so bitterly attacked the deposed queen, Liliuokalani, and for days demanded that she be deported for the good of the islands. He referred constantly to her adviser, C. B. Wilson, as "Paramour" Wilson, coupling his name and title with that of "Paramount" Blount. Had Liliuokalani gained power through President Cleveland's efforts, Smith's head might have rolled into the basket, for the dusky sister of Kalakaua was hot after the scalp of the newspaper man. But she never ascended the throne again, and Smith made a failure of the *Star*. He antagonized his stockholders and shocked the sedate and religious people of Hawaii by his introduction of yellow journalism. He quit and returned to San Francisco, and was sent later to report the war between China and Japan. He is a brilliant though erratic writer, and made a hit by espousing the cause of Japan.

Journalistic Warfare

About three years ago Smith took charge of the Honolulu *Advertiser* at the request of Lorrin Thurston, its owner, and the leader of the Dole missionary party. Smith put a strong dose of ginger into the *Advertiser* and before many months had involved the paper in several libel suits. Among the men that he assailed was Judge Abram S. Humphreys, the belligerent little jurist who was compelled

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to make a fight in Washington recently to hold his job on the bench, owing to the machinations of his enemies. Humphreys became the publisher of the *Republican*, an anti-Dole organ, and as a consequence he became involved in all sorts of trouble. He imported an editor from Arizona, in the person of Edward Gill, a gritty little gun fighter, but a weak journalist. Then the *Advertiser* trained its guns on the *Republican*. Judge Humphreys fired Smith's brother out of a job, and then the quarrel became personal. Each called the other a liar, and both sweated under the weight of huge Colts in their coat pockets. Both were thought game, and Honolulu gaped for the sight of a street battle. Every blast of coral rock on the beach was hailed as the first shot in the duel. After a few weeks the Kona wind began to blow and it grew too warm to pack guns. One day an *Advertiser* reporter went to Editor Gill's sanctum to lick him. Later he went to the Queen's hospital with a 44-calibre bullet in his hip. Since then the warfare has been purely wordy, though intensely tobascoesque. The *Republican* stopped publishing after Humphreys had sunk twenty-eight thousand dollars and had found out that a newspaper was a deeper sink than a new sugar plantation. The *Advertiser* has cartooned Humphreys almost daily for two years and also pitched into Judge Gear, a friend of Humphreys. Gear finally haled Smith into court and gave him thirty days for publishing a peculiarly malicious picture.

Conspirators in Action

Smith had to spend forty-eight hours on the reef until the steamer arrived with Dole. Some years ago Smith came as near to death as he ever will until he passes away. "Paramour" Wilson, whom he had been roasting, sent word to him to meet a friend under the stairway of the royal Hawaiian hotel. Those were troublous times when conspiracy stalked like a ghost by night, and when men talked in whispers in the shadows of the giant cocoanut trees. Smith kept the tryst at dark, and looked into the muzzle of a revolver in "Paramour" Wilson's hands.

"I am going to kill you. You have defamed my honor and my Queen," said Wilson, a half-white.

Smith persuaded him to take a drink instead, and the two are now good friends.

It was Smith who headed the conspiracy to seize Lower California and organize a Republic, a decade ago. He was editor of a San Diego paper then, and there was a tremendous boom on at Ensenada, which is in Mexican territory, seventy miles below San Diego. The plot was to land American filibusters as miners, invite the officers of the Mexican government at Ensenada to a ball at the Iturbide hotel on the hill, drug them, and capture the cuartel, the military headquarters where some miserable peons were quartered. Uncle Sam discovered the plot and scotched it while the Mexican papers denounced Smith as the most bloodthirsty scoundrel unhung. The San Diego papers gave him the name of Walter "Gringo" Smith which has stuck to him ever since.

"I am engaged to your pretty Count," said Edith.

"But you only met him last week. You don't know anything about him."

"Oh yes, we have been swimming together every day."

THE NEWSPAPER MAN AND THE SOCIETY GIRL.

An Embryonic Newspaper Man, assistant in the Sunday Department of a Leading Daily, became deeply Enamored of a Society Girl.

His love was not bestowed upon the Girl herself for he did not Know her. But he admired her Face and Figure, which were served up frequently to the daily's readers in Various Guises. Sometimes the Society Girl appeared as the Queen of Entertainers, sometimes as an Exponent of Grace, occasionally as an expert Golfist or Ping Pong Player. However she appeared, she was always Beautiful and Charming.

Every time the Newspaper Man saw a new Photo of his Admiration added to the Art Department he managed to Swipe it. He cut out every Item apropos of the Girl and after reading it several times pasted it in his Scrap Book. In time the walls of his room were Covered with her Pictures and space in his Scrap Book was exhausted.

One day, after long Meditation, he confided his Love to the Young Lady Typist in his department. She was Sympathetic and at the close of his Story said she thought she could Fix It so that he might Meet the object of his Worship.

Not long after the Newspaper Man was given the Detail to Do a Large Function.

"Now," said the Sympathetic Typist" is your Chance. That Society Girl will be there. Seek an Introduction, ask her how she wishes her Gown described, and then all will be smooth sailing.'

So he with his Heart in his Mouth, attended the function and gazed and gazed, far and wide, seeking Her.

His eyes became Strained in his Search and he began to think She was not there. But before giving up he decided to ask a Fellow Reporter whether he was right. The other man said at once:

"Oh, yes, She's here—that girl in Yellow over there dishing out Icecream to a lot of Johnnies."

The Society Girl's unknown admirer followed the direction of his friend's eyes. He saw a tall, very thin and none too girlish form, a face whose good features were spoiled by a Bad Skin.

"Is that She? Why, I thought she was the most Beautiful Girl in Society," said the Newspaper Man.

"So She is—in the Supps," was the answer, "she is really a Stunning Dresser and the Photographers understand how to Pose her."

But the other fellow went away with his Copy. At the office the Typist asked him:

"Well, did you meet her?"

His heart was too Full for Reply then. Later, he brought back all her Photos to the Art Department, and he burned his Scrap Book that very night.

Which shows that Favor is Deceitful and Beauty vain. Things are not Always what they Seem, and the Art of Photography is Sometimes a Delusion and a Snare.

—*The Copy Holder.*

RETROSPECTUS.

Live not in musty retrospect, but try
To find the rift within the clouded sky,
And let the cold, dead past in shadow lie—
Lot's wife looked back.
Come, pour libations, bid the minstrel play.
Today shall question not of yesterday.
Tomorrow shall know nothing of today.

—*Mabel Porter Pitts.*

The Power of a Play

Darrell went out as the curtain fell upon the fourth act. It was his usual way, to leave Lizette to pass the entr'actes alone. She had grown used to this form of neglect, which from constant occurrence did not seem to her like neglect at all. Anything that Darrell did was right in Lizette's eyes. He was as different from the men she had known before he came upon her horizon as a lord is from a costermonger.

Darrell was a man who cared nothing what anybody said of him. Criticism upon his sins of omission would not have troubled him even had they been offered, which they were not. The women of his own class looked longingly after him as he passed them by with merely the lifted hat of recognition. They wondered what he saw in "that red-haired creature" who went everywhere with him and to whom, though he did not seem devoted, he was constant. Lizette was known as "Mrs. Darrell" to Darrell's friends but the men knew the "Mrs." was only a polite fiction.

The man who openly adheres to a woman not bound to him by tie of law or church must have some reason for his act. Darrell's friends, who knew that Lizette was unlettered and possessed of less wit than the average, explained the position by saying Darrell was used to her ways and was too indolent to change. She satisfied him and that suited his indifference. The women, beautiful and clever, whom Darrell ignored thought it curious that a man like him could endure one so devoid of either beauty or refinement as was Lizette.

Lizette had never understood the difference between herself and the women of Darrell's world until that night. The first three acts passed by unheeded. The fourth act touched her. When Zaza rants and raves "I'm nothing; I'm just dirt," it seemed as if a great veil had been lifted from Lizette's eyes. From then on she took a feverish interest in the act. When the curtain fell and Darrell, without a word of apology to her, took his hat and disappeared into the lobby, she looked about her.

Here and there an occasional man left his seat but the majority remained. She saw pretty girls chatting eagerly with their escorts, comely matrons discussing the actors with men who listened to their remarks with absorbed attention. To her it seemed as if she, and she only, were alone. "I'm nothing," she repeated to herself.

She remembered how proud she had been when Darrell first singled her out with his professed admiration. The other girls in the factory of which she was an infinitesimal part and Darrell one of the owners were wild with envy. She could trace the whole history of her love life, from the first drive she had taken with Darrell on a Sunday morning, to her present position in his household. Most of the girls she had known in those days turned their heads the other way when they saw her now, but she knew they secretly envied her. Others sneered but toadied to her, because she was called "Mrs. Darrell," whatever right she had to the title.

She knew many men, for Darrell brought them home with him often to dinner, his friends. They treated her with good-natured friendliness and though their discourse was usually unintelligible to her, she made up for her lack of intelligence in her zeal as a hostess. She knew their likes and dislikes in the matter of food and drink, and her memory was trustworthy.

She went to the theatre frequently, to the races regularly when the season was on, to dine at a French restaurant every Sunday, and to all the amusements on the calendar. Until tonight she had never understood what was lacking in her life.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Deuce of a bore, this kind of play," said Darrell, tossing his boots into one corner and his collar and cuffs on the bureau. He yawned and added, "I'll have some jolly men to dinner tomorrow to liven us up after this dose of morals."

Lizette did not respond to his mood. She had made no move at undressing but gazed frowningly at her image in the mirror.

"Why don't we have some women to dinner sometimes?" she asked suddenly, "why always men?"

Darrell laughed.

"Why, don't you like to be the only pebble?" he said, "most women would give their eyes to be it."

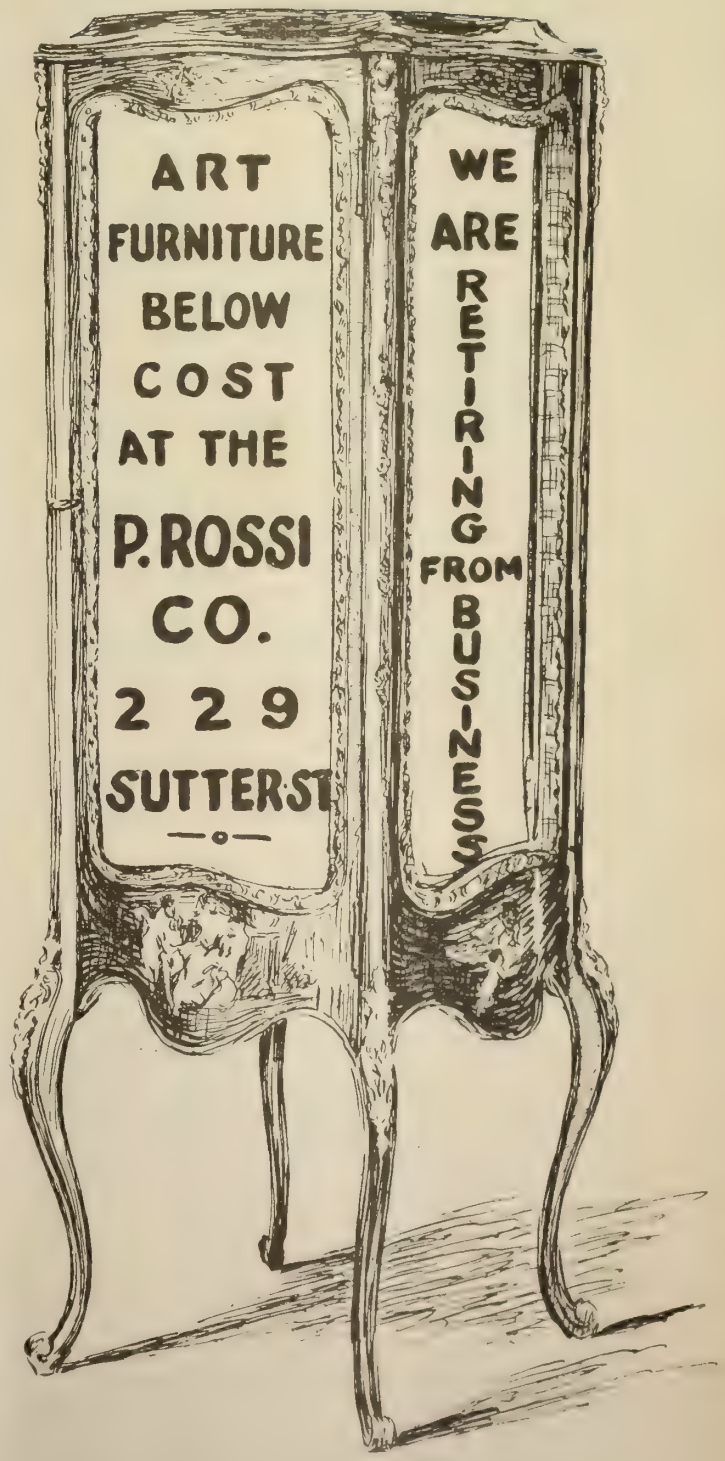
Lizette did not laugh. She kept on, seriously:

"I think we ought to have women here, too."

Darrell thought she was jesting.

"Well, we'll have some of the girls from the factory," he said jocularly, "we'll show 'em that last new gown of yours—eh?"

"I don't want the girls—not that kind. I want to meet some nice women, like—like those that were in the boxes tonight. And



that pretty girl who sat on the seat next but one to mine, and who stared at you so."

Darrell sat up and looked at Lizette.

"Oh, *those*," he said, and his voice took on a different tone, "what would you want with that kind of women?"

Lizette's courage was evaporating.

"I—just—kind of thought I'd like—to—see what they were—like—close to," she faltered.

"Well, you were close enough to that girl you mentioned," returned Darrell, "if you want to know who she is, she's Markham's sister."

Lizette knew Markham.

"Do you know her?"

"Well, rather."

"But she never bowed to you. She didn't smile, even, but just stared."

"Oh, well, you couldn't expect her to do otherwise, when—" but Darrell was not so brutal as to finish his sentence.

The light was growing in Lizette's newly awakened mind.

"You needn't finish," she said, "I know just what you'd say. 'I'm nothing.'" she quoted, "oh, you—*you—you!*" Her voice ended in a shriek choked with wild sobs.

She was acting over in her mind the play she had seen. Then her anger turned to pleading.

"I'm as good as they are, ain't I?" she said, "you wouldn't like me so well if I wasn't, would you?"

Darrell made no answer but went on with his preparations for retiring. This sort of thing was only a bore to him, as the play had been. But Lizette went on thinking.

* * * * * * * * * * *

When Markham and the other men were gathered about Darrell's table the next evening, there was no Lizette presiding.

"'Mrs. Darrell' ill?" asked one of the men.

"There is no 'Mrs. Darrell,'" returned their host. Then, to satisfy their illy restrained curiosity, he explained, "She wouldn't stay any more. Left today."

"Quarrel?"

"No—just a moral quibble. Concluded she must either go before the priest or go back to the factory."

"Odd creatures, women," said Markham.

"You bet they are," said another man, "best not to bother with their whims."

"You're right," added Darrell.

But he was thinking that, after all, his menage was rather lonesome without a woman. He already harbored the idea of marrying, and remembered that Markham's sister was a remarkably pretty girl. —*The Moralist*

A MODERN STORAGE COMPANY.

It is now the season of the moving vans, and one sees any number of them traveling in the streets every day. It is noticeable that the name "Pierce-Rodolph Storage Company" appears on nearly every van. The favor in which this company is held is proved by the constant increase of its patrons. Just now the company is especially busy, because this is the season when people who live in rented houses desire to leave town. The easiest way to make the outing inexpensive is to give up one's house and store one's belongings. The Pierce-Rodolph Company's warehouses at 806 Buchanan street and Eddy street near Fillmore are the finest of their kind. They are fireproof brick buildings 160 feet by 138, six stories high with the brick wall running through. They are light, thoroughly ventilated, and have electric elevators. There are separate places for trunks, pianos, paintings, etc. Vans drive in and out of the building, thus saving considerable wear and tear. The offices of the company are at the southwest corner of Post and Powell streets; telephone Exchange 571.

HE WAS A COUNTRY EDITOR.

"This is what he writes," said Mildred, quoting from her fiance's latest letter: "'When we look upon the sun we think of Mildred. When we gaze upon the rosy wine we think of your lovely lips. When we take our lonely meals, we think of the time when Mildred will be sitting opposite, pouring the tea and putting in the lumps of sugar that are not sweeter than she.' Isn't he an elegant writer?"

"But," suggested Grace, "I don't understand why he says 'we.'"

"Oh," answered Mildred with a blush of pride, "that is because he is used to writing the leaders in his paper."

"I thought he might be twins," said Grace.

—*The Office Boy.*

ENGLISH IN FRENCH CANADA

A curious plaint is making itself heard amongst the French Canadians, who are lamenting the Anglicizing of their language. They do not like to see the French form of Christian names giving way to the English, nor sign boards in English decorating their shop fronts. Just what is at the basis of the complaint does not appear, but it does not seem to be the proverbial racial antipathy. Very possibly it may lie in a fear of frightening away the tourist. Tourists are attracted by the unusual and the quaint, but except for business purposes, the inhabitants of out of the way corners have no joy in being considered oddities. When the summer boarder and the traveler make their advent they bring in their new ideas, but they do not take them all away. Men and women alike adopt more or less of the fresh, whether it be in the cut of their clothing, the manner of their speech, or the ornamenting of their houses. Between Butterick's patterns and Cook's tourists, the whole of Europe is gradually coming to dress alike, and from a recently compiled book of American slang translated for the use of Germans, it begins to look as if language would not linger long behind costume.

APROPOS THE LIE.

I can see the sense of society fibs that grease the wheels and make matters run smoothly.

I can understand lying to save one's own neck or that of some other person.

I decidedly approve of the kind that is told on the principle "When people ask questions about what is none of their business, anything you choose to tell them is the truth." I believe in making such a lie so big that they will understand the wherefore of it.

But the needless lie, the gratuitous lie, the contemptible lie of the scandal-monger, the lie that blasts a woman's reputation to make a crowd of clubmen laugh at the turn of a witty phrase, the fairy-tale that benefits no one and serves no purpose under the sun—those are the lies that I see no use for. —*The Diplomatist.*

A Wise Precaution

BEFORE leaving the city for your summer vacation you had better store your valuables in the Vaults of the

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With the Money Makers

General Hawaiian Stocks

An authority on the Honolulu market says: The last week in Honolulu shows the feeling to be one of waiting, indicative of the desire of the investors to see the bottom of all stocks before taking on any but the regular dividend-payers. There were some sales but no particular turn one way or another. The stockholders of the Rapid Transit Company, which owns the electric railway of Honolulu, have voted an issue of a million dollars worth of bonds, and as the stock issue was but a half million, another half million was issued and given to the stockholders as a stock dividend, share for share. These bonds will be sold to develop and extend the road, and a brokerage firm has agreed to handle all of them. The stock went up on this showing. Olaa Sugar Company's stock has declined from $2.75 to $2.25. Ewa Sugar Company stock was solid at 2c and Kahuku Sugar Company stock at the same price. There was a slight trade in Waialua with five shares at $60. Of Oahu Railroad and Land Company bonds $24,000 went at $104.50.

Ship Trust Bonds

San Franciscans have a special interest in the issue of bonds of the United States Shipbuilding Company, which opened its subscription books this week. The fact that the Union Iron Works, of this city, is one of the leading factors in the new trust, and one of the principal concerns amalgamated, lends local color to the big deal, and makes the securities of the company a conspicuous figure in this market. The United States Shipbuilding Company is organized under the laws of New Jersey to acquire the plants of the following concerns, or their capital stock, free from any lien: The Union Iron Works, of San Francisco; The Bath Iron Works, and the Hyde Windlass Company, of Bath, Me.; The Crescent Shipyard, and The Samuel L. Moore & Sons Company, of Elizabethport, N. J.; The Eastern Shipbuilding Company, of New London, Conn.; The Harlan & Hollingsworth Company, of Wilmington, Del.; and The Canda Manufacturing Company, of Carteret, N. J. The capital stock of the new corporation is $20,000,000, of which $10,000,000 is preferred, six per cent non-cumulative, and $10,000,000 is common stock. The offer at present is of $9,000,000 first mortgage, five per cent, sinking fund, gold bonds, due in 1932. This is part of an issue of $16,000,000 bonds of $1,000 each, $5,500,000 having been withdrawn from public issue to provide cash working capital for the company, and $1,500,000 being reserved in the treasury of the company. Additional bonds may be issued only for acquiring additional plants, and equipments, and for improvements and betterments, as approved by a majority of the bondholders. The plants are alleged to be earning $2,225,000 a year on the contracts now on hand. The Scotts are said to be firm believers in enlarged profits for them in the new deal, as those at the head of it are high financiers. Among those heavily interested is Lewis Nixon, late leader of Tammany, and the man who designed the battleship *Oregon*. He owns the Crescent Shipyard, of Elizabethport, and is a power with the Navy Department. The subscription price of the bonds was 97 1-2 per cent.

Oil Stocks Depressed

Throughout the past week sales on the Oil Exchange have been small and trading generally was greatly depressed. The favored stocks of a few weeks ago attracted but little attention and the moderate sales recorded were at a low range of prices. Sterling, which has been selling freely, dropped to the lowest point in several months, $1.50, but Sovereign, the sister stock, was held fairly steady at 27c. Small parcels of Home Oil changed hands at $3.35 and moderate lots of Peerless commanded $8.50. Despite the present dullness manifested on the Board most encouraging reports of development are coming to hand from the various fields and the demand for fuel purposes is showing a steady increase, making general conditions most favorable to producers. The Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company has just closed a contract with the Union Oil Company for a supply of crude oil for its Hawaiian plantation and the change from coal to oil fuel will shortly be made. A saving of 35 per cent is anticipated. Fuel oil is also to be used at the mill of the Honolulu Plantation Company. About 7,500 barrels of oil are to be stored for the season and as the cost is about one-half as much as coal at present prices quite a saving is expected. The oil is transported in sailing vessels by the Matson Navigation Company. The Oahu Plantation is also arranging to store oil and will begin the

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The S. S. ALAMEDA sails for Honolulu, Saturday, June 21, at 2 p. m.

S. S. SONOMA for Honolulu, Samoa, Auckland and Sydney, Thursday, July 3, at 10 a. m.

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SAN FRANCISCO

use of oil as soon as it can be obtained. Pipe lines and tanks are being constructed and will be in readiness by the time the California oil carriers arrive. In the Kern Oil Fields complaints are being made that certain companies have pulled casings in wells to be abandoned without shutting off the water and neighboring companies are thus endangered. Vanderlip, Topnot, Southern Pacific and Kern Canyon Companies have combined for the purpose of constructing a pipe line to the Southern Pacific Railroad tracts, two miles distant. Rudolph Spreckels, it is said, will shortly do a large amount of assessment work on his oil properties. The Standard Oil Company is considering a plan to build a pipe line from the Fullerton fields to Redondo.

General Stock Market

Business on the Stock and Bond Exchange during the past week maintained an almost uniform dullness and very little interest was manifested in local securities. At the beginning of the week the attention of investors was devoted chiefly to bonds while stocks were neglected, but this business was short-lived and the market fell back quickly to a practically stagnant state. Some small parcels of Sacramento Electric, Gas & Railway 5 per cent bonds changed hands at easier rates and by a certain speculative element it is believed that the price of the bonds is being manipulated, as reports are current that there are strong interests endeavoring to purchase control of the stock, with H. E. Huntington as the leader. In March these bonds sold freely at $96 and in April were worked up as high as $105, at which price some good-sized transactions were consummated. Since the beginning of this week the best bid obtainable was $99.50, with sellers holding out for $100.25. The $750,000 worth of 5 per cent forty year bonds issued by the North Shore Railroad Company have been all subscribed for through the Mercantile Trust Company of this city at par and are now being held on 'Change at $101.25 with bids at $100.87 1-2. Some minor sales in leading railroad bonds were recorded at steady figures. As previously stated, in general shares, business was of exceedingly small volume, but values were steady, however, and there was no disposition on the part of sellers to make any concessions in prices. Bank shares have been the strongest securities and several small lots of American Bank and Trust Company's stock changed hands at the steady rate of $112.50. As high as $440 was bid for Bank of California shares but even this price, which is the highest ever noted did not bring out any stock, holders raising their asking price to $450. The present annual dividend of the corporation is 16 per cent, so at this rate the return to the investor is about 3.65 per cent, a smaller rate of interest than that received on many good bonds. Values for Spring Valley Water shares showed a partial recovery from the singular weakness noted last week and prices hardened a trifle, ruling at $89 bid and $90 asked. Electric, Gas and Power shares moved in a limited way at steady figures. Sugar shares were moderately active with values showing no material change.

—*The Financier*

TRELAWNEY WAS A HARD ONE, BUT WHAT'S THIS?

Now tell me, do,
Is it Lord Quex?
Or can it be
You call it Quex?
Perhaps it may
Be called Lord Quex?
Now what's its sex,
This queer word Quex?

—*The Lexicographer.*

Many people who might be enjoying a PIANOLA will not investigate because they believe the PIANOLA, being the best piano player, is too expensive. . . . This is wrong, for although we have sold PIANOLAS to many of the wealthiest San Franciscans, more than half have gone to the homes of music lovers in moderate circumstances. PIANOLAS can be bought on easy payments.

YOU can't afford to buy any other piano player when the PIANOLA, the best, can be had for a mite more, and when none but PIANOLA owners can get twelve new pieces of music every two weeks for $20.00 per year by joining the circulating library of PIANO A music.

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There are several Pianolas damaged in shipment which will be sold at bargains within the week. Also other piano-players taken in exchange for Pianolas. Come early and get your choice.

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STAGE

The New Romeo and Juliet

When Edward Morgan came stalking down the boards at the Grand the other night, his modernity masked beneath a purple doublet and hose, the audience rubbed its eyes. Surely this was Romeo they had come to see, and here was Hamlet before them. One hears much nowadays of the unfairness of women to women, but never was a woman more unkind to another woman than Edward Morgan is to poor Shakespeare's romantic hero. If ever there were supposed to be a gallant son of romance that one is Romeo. But Morgan's Romeo is a creature of megrims, of sadness and of feminine whims. There is only one scene where he wakes to some semblance of life—that is when he is murdering his Juliet's relative. I thought Morgan would be at his best in the love scenes, but he is not. Perhaps he cannot summon up any enthusiasm over such an immature Juliet as Maude Fealy. It is a curious thing, but true, that youth does not always count on the credit side with an actress. To play even young parts intelligently she must have had years of experience. Miss Fealy's Juliet might be anything else. She has none of the passion of the southern nature that Shakespeare injected in such huge doses into his heroine. Her declamation is the worthiest feature of her performance. It is particularly fine in the scene where she takes the poison and in the final scene. Some of the other roles are less open to criticism than those of the lovelorn hero and heroine. Herschel Mayall gives a very virile impersonation of Mercutio. He understands his Shakespeare well and his death stands out as one of the strongest bits in the production. Benvolio and Tybalt, Friar Lawrence, the Apothecary and Peter are also marked with understanding. The scenery throughout is magnificent. But "Romeo and Juliet" is not a drama that can exist on scenery alone, without great stars to solace one for sitting through nearly four hours of dullness. Morgan and Miss Fealy aren't great stars.

A Pelee Interview

Virginia Harned visited the town of old Vincennes not long ago in "Alice of Old Vincennes," the play adapted from Maurice Thompson's novel. When she got back to New York she was interviewed on her impressions of the town and she said among other roasts of the place, that she couldn't get a decent thing to eat there. The interview found its way to Vincennes, and the people rose in wrath against the actress. They had packed the house at her performance and paid good money to see Maurice Thompson's heroine in the life. But next time Miss Harned goes that way she will not be treated so well. In the meantime the beautiful Virginia and her husband are in London, preparing to enjoy the Coronation and recking not of the storm the former's opinion of Vincinnes has raised in Indiana.

Success of San Franciscans

Mrs. James Harrigan arrived this week from New York to visit her mother, Mrs. Rogers of Jones and Washington streets. Mrs. Harrigan looks even younger and prettier than when she left San Francisco a bride two years ago. Mr. Harrigan comes to the Orpheum in November. Mrs. Rogers' other daughter, Mrs. F. K. Tobin, is meeting with great success doing her musical act in Australia. Her husband, who has been so ill since leaving America, was at last accounts somewhat improving at the Hot Springs in New Zealand.

The Neills have had a somewhat disastrous season at the California. A much more capable company would find it difficult to draw theatre-goers to the once popular playhouse.

AMUSEMENTS

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Last two nights of "ROMEO and JULIET"
Week Beginning Monday Evening Next Joint Starring Engagement of
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"ZAZA"
Saturday Matinees only Seats selling for this and next week
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COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER
Beginning Next Monday, June 23
Charles Frohman presents
Henry MILLER Margaret ANGLIN
And Special Company in Arthur W. Pinero's Four Act Comedy
"THE GAY LORD QUEX"
after its successful run of 400 nights in London
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays
Prices—$1.50, $1.00, 75c, 50c & 25c.

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Week Commencing Sunday Matinee June 22d
HALLEN AND FULLER. Sisson and Stewart Mr. and Mrs Watrous. Dave Lewis. Eleanor Falk and Her Chorus of 10 Girls. Loris and Altina. Swan and Bambard. The Biograph and Last Week of BEDINI AND ARTHUR
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.

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Evenings at 8 sharp! Matinee Saturday at 2 sharp!
Tonight and Sunday Night—Last of
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Monday, June 23rd—The Great Hit
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And there is no abatement In the marvelous demand For seats.
Souvenirs given to All to attend the One hundredth performance Monday night. It may be Your last chance We are preparing for The Next great triple bill And may take off Fiddle Dee Dee At any moment.
Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 25 cents Night Prices, 25 and 50 cents
Children at Matinees 10 cents

Poor Theresa

Theresa Vaughn is the latest actress to succumb to brain trouble. I hear from New York that it is not likely Theresa will ever act again. In her day no actress was more popular than she. Theresa Vaughn's beauty, Theresa Vaughn's gowns and Theresa Vaughn's figure were themes that could arouse the most *blase* man-about-town to enthusiasm. Everybody may not remember that at one time Miss Vaughn thought of becoming an opera singer, as her voice, a rare and rich contralto, well fitted her for that branch of art. She was the wife of W. A. Mestayer and one of her principal hits was made as Persia in Mestayer's production of "Check 14."

Walter and His Wife

Walter Jones did not leave the stage when he married the Chicago widow and her ducats. Had he desired to do so his new wife would not have permitted the sacrifice. Mrs. Jones fell in love with Walter as a comedian, and she would not have him otherwise. She attends nearly all the performances in which he appears, and applauds his every hit. But she does not ask him to support her on his earnings. She loads him with gifts and, as a New York correspondent writes me, loves the very boards he treads on.

Miss Sybil Page, a promising young soprano, will have the role of Maraquita in the revival of "The Idol's Eye" at the Tivoli next week. Sybil Page is none other than Miss Emily Coleman who has been in the chorus at the Tivoli for several months. Sybil Page is her stage name. She is a sister of Lillian Coleman who was recently at Fischer's. The latter, by the way, is now with the "Prince of Pilsen" company in Boston, where she has made a great hit. Ferris Hartman will have his old part of Abel Conn in "The Idol's Eye" and Harry Cashman will be "Hoot Mon." All the other parts will be in good hands.

Bertha Blanchard, who makes so much of the small part of Alice Morel in "Zaza," is no novice in her art. She has had fine experience, having been a member of Richard Mansfield's company. Both Miss Blanchard and Mr. Wyngate, Dufresne's friend in the present cast, will be members of the next Alcazar stock that will hold the boards after the Florence Roberts season.

Mr. and Mrs. Watrous, who come to the Orpheum next week, are new here. They are society entertainers and are said to have excellent voices and a fine taste in music. Fred Hallen and Mollie Fuller will receive a royal welcome. Hallen is of the old firm of Hallen and Hart, and Mollie Fuller is a sister of La Loie. Mabel Sisson, who comes with May Stewart, is also a favorite here.

The entertainment given by the juvenile class in physical culture and dancing at Hoover's hall last week was a complete success. The little ones sang and danced with splendid spirit and intelligence, reflecting great credit on their instructors.

Some object to Florence Roberts' Zaza as being "not coarse enough," others refer to it as "discreet," but everybody concedes the impersonation to be a remarkable one. The character is unpleasant but the interpretation is great.

Mrs. Fiske's revival of "Divorcons" at the Manhattan has proved so popular that she has been compelled to extend her season over the three weeks originally intended.

Of Interest to Art Lovers

The P. Rossi Co. of 229 Sutter street is a veritable paradise for art lovers. Particularly is one's eye taken with the collection of sofas and chairs of the Louis periods, some heavily carved and gilt, others finished in hand-chased bronze. Mahogany of the Colonial or Empire periods is also seen in some especially fine pieces. The firm has as its special feature the hand-carved furniture which is all the rage just now. Beautiful carvings, porcelains and rare paintings, are shown, the firm's stores at Venice and Paris supplying the San Francisco branch with all the latest *objets d'art*. One need not have a large bank account, either, to invest in these treasures. Two or three hundred dollars furnish a salon with rare and individual furniture.

Jennie Eustace will make her first appearance with the Miller-Anglin company in "The Gay Lord Quex." She has been playing the leading role in "The Climbers." Miss Eustace is remembered in San Francisco for many delightful characterizations. She was a member of the A. M. Palmer stock company that played a long season at the Baldwin and after the tragic death of May Brookyn Miss Eustace had the former's parts in "The Dancing Girl," "Jim the Penman" and other plays.

There is a professional palmist in "The Gay Lord Quex." William Courtleigh has the role. Margaret Anglin will be Sophy Fullgarney, a manicurist.

A topical song on local topics written by a San Francisco woman will be a feature of "Pousse Cafe" when it goes on at Fischer's.

At the Show Next Week

COLUMBIA—"The Gay Lord Quex," which had such a long run in London and New York.

ALCAZAR.—"Zaza," third week of crowded houses.

GRAD OPERA HOUSE—"The Two Orphans"; second week of Edward J. Morgan with Maude Fealy.

TIVOLI—"The Idol's Eye"; revival of the Frank Daniels opera, with Hartman again as Abel Coin.

FISCHER'S—"Fiddle Dee Dee," twelfth week; souvenirs will be given on Monday night, the hundredth performance.

ORPHEUM—Frederick Hallen and Mollie Fuller, in a one-act musical comedy, by Herbert Hall Winslow, "The Sleep Walker"; Mabel Sisson and May Stewart in "A Mysterious Pill"; Mr. and Mrs. Watrous, society entertainers, in operatic selections; Dave Lewis, German character delineator, said to be the superior of Louis Mann; Eleanor Falk and company, Bedini and Arthur, Loris and Altina, Swan and Bambard and the biograph.

—*The Playgoer.*

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MRS. NETTIE HARRISON, Dermatologist

78-80 GEARY STREET

DIVIDEND NOTICES

The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California Street. For the half year ending with June 30, 1902, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, July 1, 1902.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

San Francisco Savings Union, 532 California St., corner of Webb. For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1902, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and forty-two one-hundredths (3 42-100) per cent on term deposits, and three (3) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, July 1, 1902.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, corner California and Montgomery streets. For the six months ending June 30, 1902, dividends have been declared on deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent per annum, free of taxes and payable on and after Tuesday, July 1, 1902. Dividends uncalled for are added to the principal after July 1, 1902.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

WHEN WE ARE ONE.

A Duet.

He.

Oh, such gay holidays,
Feasting and jolly days,
No melancholy days,
When we are one.
Time shall pass merrily
Gaily and cheerily,
Nothing prove wearily,
Under the sun.

She.

Your wise speculations, sir,
Gay calculations, sir,
May prove vexatious, sir,
If I deny;
Unless with submission,
To ev'ry condition,
Of my imposition,
First you'll comply.

He.

A bargain submission
To ev'ry condition,
Of your imposition,
I promise to give.

She.

Whatever I choose, sir,
You must not refuse, sir,
Or never with you, sir,
As wife will I live.

He.

Think of the charming joys,
Nice little girls and boys,
Sugar plums, cakes and toys,
How I will buy;
Teach them to read and write,
Dance and sing, what delight,
No one from morn till night,
Gayer than I.

She.

But when I'm growing old,
Will not your love prove cold?
Peevish you'll be and scold,
No longer gay.

He.

No, by those sparkling eyes,
Love like mine never dies,
You it will truly prize,
Till life's last days.

Both.

Then such gay holidays,
Feasting and jolly days,
No melancholy days,
When we are one;
Time shall pass merrily,
Gaily and cheerily,
Nothing move wearily,
Under the sun.

—*The Matchmaker.*

DID NOT BUY A COPY.

"I think your last novel the most brilliant of your works," said her right hand neighbor to the gifted novelist who was the guest of honor at the dinner.

"Thank you," she answered, beaming kindly upon him whom she had previously ignored.

And then he spoiled it all by adding:

"Yes, I read the extracts of it in one of the weekly papers."

—*The Butler.*

DOLORES.

My Lady of Dolors I named her.
She was always in trouble, you know.
And never till now did I blame her,
She did seem unlucky,—that's so!

An innocent damsel I thought her:
So when her seal cape she had lost
An outfit far better I bought her
And never gave heed to the cost.

She had always some rank hard-luck story,
Her pocket-book stolen, maybe,
Or some relative poor gone to glory—
The funeral paid for by me.

I called her my Lady of Dolors,
But now an amendment I make:
I call her my Lady of Dollars,—
When she got them she gave me the shake.

R. C. M.

No brand of whisky is more popular than Argonaut "O. K." It is recommended by physicians and epicures. E. Martin & Co., 54-56 First street, are proprietors of Argonaut "O. K." whiskies, rye and bourbon.

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LETTERS

A New Volume of Verse

A. M. Robertson has published "A House of Days," a new volume of verse by Christian Binkley. Mr. Binkley is a Stanford graduate of the class of '99, and is at present head of the English department in the Cogswell Polytechnic College. The sonnet is the form chiefly affected by Mr. Binkley, whose work on the whole is that of a thoughtful, scholarly man who has meditated much on life, nature and art. In the different songs and sonnets comprising the volume there are echoes from the author's wide reading, and I can discern the influence of many models. There is a certain lack of spontaneity and freshness. All is correct, labored, decorative. Perhaps freedom will come to Mr. Binkley when he gets farther away from his masters. In one of his notes the author apologizes for an unintentional echo from "Hyperion." "I stood upon a shore, a pleasant shore," but there are other echoes as distinct and doubtless as unintentional. For example, we have Shakespeare's "multitudinous seas," in the sonnet on page fifty-nine, "the steed with nostrils wide," on page eighty-one strongly reminiscent of Byron's well known line, on page ninety "Softly upon the silver waves of singing" recalling a line of Shelley's "Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing." All through the book one keeps saying, "Here is a suggestion of Keats, here is Tennyson, here Dante, here Shakespeare"—good models all of them, however, for a young poet, and all too little studied in our days. I do not mean to disparage Mr. Binkley's work by what I have just said. It is of a very unusual order of excellence and is deserving of close and thoughtful study. It is utterly devoid of claptrap and cheap and vulgar conceit. Its tone is thoughtful, honest and sincere. Take it all in all it is the best that has appeared for a long time in California verse. That it will ever become popular I doubt, but as Emerson says, "Popularity is for dolls." Mr. Binkley's verse is not sensational. It is not discolored with the lees of stale passion, and it is not written down to the tastes of the mob. The songs are in many moods, explained to some extent by the title of the groups:—"In Distant Fields." "Enchanted Ground," "Pebbles Wet with the Sea," "Pictures and Dreams," etc. The following bit of description is from the first group:

Looking Eastward—Sacramento Valley.

"The great sun pours his gold athwart the plain—
Over the waving grasses smit with light,
O'er knee-deep cattle, o'er the nearer height
With summit tremulous in the golden rain.

Late afternoon! Already many a lane
Of shadow marks the sunlit mountain side,
And distant peaks in hazy violet dyed.
Show the long summer day upon the wane.

But there are unseen mountains farther still,
Of deeper violet, jutting to the skies,
And plains with twilight noises faint and far.

And far, ah, far beyond a valley lies
Dreaming in darkness, while above the hill
Trembles the glory of the evening star."

Though much in the book is quotable, it is not easy to pick out felicitous lines and use them apart from the context. This will, to some extent, illustrate the close knit character of Mr. Blinkley's poetry. It must be read and judged as a whole. Detached specimens will give no idea of it. The writer says in his notes that he has endeavored to reveal an outline of life and a progressive criticism upon it. The sequence of the work shows that in saying this he has not promised too much. Perhaps his philosophy of life can be best summed up in the closing stanza of "To Omar Khayyam":—

"A million moons shall wax and wane;
Nor ends the game; then boldly play,
And if you lose, or if you win,
Stay on until the stars are wan
And hills are purpling with the dawn,
Then yield your place and go your way.
You've played, rejoiced; there's naught to rue;
The game goes on, nor ends with you."

The Magazines this Month

Besides the usual departments and continued articles, the *Woman's Home Companion* contains some excellent short stories

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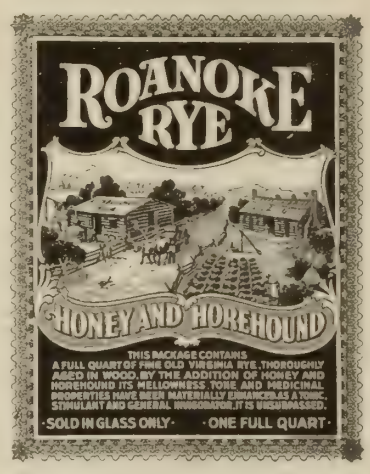

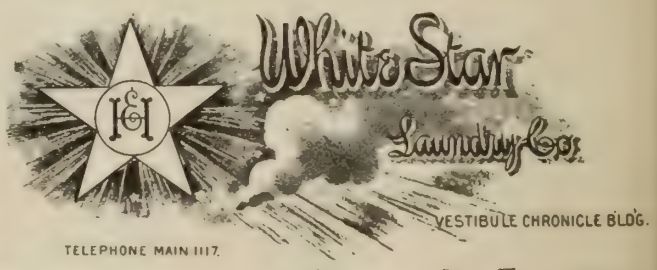

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which are rather out of the ordinary path. "Hopes Afield," by Albert Bigelow Paine tells the story of a story. It was written by a young girl immediately after her graduation, and sent to the editor of a juvenile magazine. The story was accepted at once and a check mailed to the writer, but months and years went by and it did not appear. The author married, and in the course of time she rather hoped her venture into literature would defer its appearance till her little son was old enough to read, but the son was succeeded by other sons and daughters, and the baby of the family had settled down in her own nest before "mother's story" made its appearance—twenty-six years. One might think Mr. Paine were bent on discouraging the venturesome maiden, as was the one in the tale, but then, it did come out after all, and there was that check. "The Resurrection of Mrs. Waring" is a lesson to self-effacing mothers, and "Checkmate" tells how an over-confident constable lost his prisoner. Elliot Flower, whose "Adventures of Policeman Flynn," is one of the best books of the year, tells the story of Cinderella with Nurse Nora for interpreter. Mr. Flower has as good a grip on one side of Irish character as "Mr. Dooley" has on another. The coronation, the White House children and other timely subjects receive due attention. In *Lippincott's*, Caroline Gebhart's novel, "A Real Daughter of the Revolution," is neither better nor worse than others dealing with the same period. They are all either love at war with politics, or rival lovers for the same girl. As to local coloring and truth to the times, when the Tories and Patriots get to calling each other "hoodlum," a word coined here in San Francisco after the middle of the last century, one may be pardoned for doubting much. "A Diplomat from Chicago" is a domestic tragedy—or comedy, according to the point of view. It is as bright and entertaining as Caroline Lockhart is expected to be, as a matter of course. Llewella Pierce Churchill gives us a view of "A Trader's Station in Samoa," a section of the world which has seemed to belong by right of pre-emption to Louis Becke, but if Miss Churchill can continue in the same vein, Mr. Becke will have encountered a dangerous rival. "The First Love of Aaron Burr" comes in appropriately on the heels of the newly awakened interest in Burr. "Alcazar Island" has a local flavor and is a well told and concentrated tale of the escape of a federal prisoner by Clarence L. Cullen, author of "Tales of Ex-Tanks." "Tips and Commissions" are discussed by John Gilmer Speed, and the information which he dispenses is as interesting to the stay-at-homes as to those who expect to go abroad. In *McClure's*, the story of Miss Stone's captivity continues and grows in interest. "The Tragedy of Dent Blanche" is a graphic account of the loss of Glynne Jones and four guides while making an ascent amongst the Alps. The pictures which accompany the article are remarkably good. Booth Tarkington's new novel, "The Two Vanrevels," begins serial publication, and promises to be as good as his "Gentleman from Indiana"; John La Farge contributes an article on Rubens, as a continuation of his excellent art series. Some excellent reproductions of the great painter's best works accompany the article. Three excellent stories of out-door life complete the fiction. The "Roping at Pasco's" is the tale of cowboy sports in Arizona, told by Ray Stannard Baker. "Billy the Buck" comes from Henry Wallace Phillips, whose novel, "Red Saunders," is one of the livest of the year. Ellsworth Kelly tells of "The Man Who Found Himself," after being buried in business and politics till he had all but forgotten his early years. *McClure's* seems to have a corner on the best stories about children, though they are not for children. Edwin Lefevre contributes "His First Suicide," and though we may laugh at the little scapegrace's attempt at tragedy, down in our hearts we feel with him. The most important article in the *Cosmopolitan* is the second installment of "Captains of Industry," which treats of Marcus A. Hanna, Claus Spreckels, John D. Rockefeller, James Ben Ali Haggin, George Westinghouse, James J. Hill and Marshall Field. Richard Le Gallienne tells again the love story of Sir Philip Sidney and Lady Penelope Devereux; "Diable, a Dog," is one of Jack London's characteristic tales of the frozen North; F. Hopkinson Smith tells another story of the hardships meted out by exact justice and Elizabeth McCracken's "In a Second Balcony" is a pretty tale of an actor's sacrifice in order to give an unknown a chance to prove himself. Timely topics are "The Coronation of Edward VII," "Verestchagin in the Philippines," "The United States Military Academy at West Point," "Modern Bread Making," and a continuation of the biographical sketch of Cecil Rhodes. Gertrude Lynch's novelette, "The Fighting Chance," in the *Smart Set*, is a clever but not altogether pleasant story. The young woman who occupies the centre of the stage is altogether too smart for her years. "Kitty Wants to Write," the poem by Gelett Burgess, leaves one in doubt whether one wants her to or not. Kitty has run the gamut. Now, do we want her to tell it all, or had she better be suppressed in time? Randolph Forbes' "Interval of Splendor" is quite good enough to be true.

—*The Bookworm*

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The camp is on the west bank of the Russian river, below Guerneville, and the trains of the California Northwestern Railway take guests direct to the camp.

The camp grounds are 150 acres in extent and have a water frontage on the Russian river of one and one-half miles.

The dam is about midway, furnishing between 4 and 5 miles of excellent boating and swimming, whilst below the dam there is a fine sandy beach, and shallow water for children and those who are not swimmers.

The grounds are level, making a little valley around which the hills rise up, giving it much the shape of a cup.

Tent accommodations complete, and board will be furnished for $10.00 per week. Special rates for families and parties. Those preferring to bring their own tents can do so, and arrange for table board at a reasonable figure, as no one will be allowed to cook on the grounds. This is a Hotel Camp, and will be open for reception of guests June 20th. Purchase tickets at the ticket offices of the California Northwestern Railway, 650 Market street (Chronicle Building) or Tiburon Ferry. Address, Camp Vacation, Guerneville, Sonoma county, Cal.

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MUSIC

Elaborate Music at a Confirmation Service

Temple Emanu-El, which has the wealthiest congregation of any Jewish synagogue this side of New York, celebrated last week the feast of Shabuoth. Under the efficient direction of Cantor E. J. Stark, the musical portion of the service was of a most impressive character. With the exception of a few numbers, the entire music was composed and arranged by Mr. Stark, who used many of the ancient themes, giving them a modern setting, but adding rather than detracting from the characteristic beauty of the Oriental music. The choir was augmented for the occasion and a string orchestra assisted in all the musical exercises. Cantor Stark conducted the services and his magnificent baritone voice was heard in the chanting and in the concerted musical numbers. Miss Daisy Cohn, Mrs. H. Kelly, Signor Buzzi, Mr. D. Lawrence and Mr. S. H. Henley were the soloists. The entire ensemble work was particularly fine. In the confirmation hymn Miss Cohn sang the soprano solo most effectively. Mr. W. A. Sabin presided at the organ.

Appreciation of Organ Music

The series of free organ recitals instituted by Mr. Louis H. Eaton, organist of Trinity church, at that sanctuary have constantly gained in favor. The audiences have gradually increased and now, from seventy-five present at the first concert, have multiplied until at the last two recitals the church was full. This speaks well for our gain in musical culture. The sixth recital was given on Thursday evening, when Mr. H. H. Barnhart, the baritone, assisted in the program, rendering the four serious songs of Brahms. The organ numbers were Bach's prelude and fugue in A minor, Boellmann's Canzona, Merkels' sonata in D minor, Nocturne in B minor (Lemare), Hollins' andante in D, and Guilmant's sonata in D minor. This was the last recital of the present season, but Mr. Eaton will have a new series when people return to town.

Californians in England

Sigmund Beel is very popular in England. The *Telegraph* writes of one of his recent appearances in concert: "Mr. Beel is well known as a violinist of considerable attainments, one whose equipment includes a powerful tone, and a rare technical command of his instrument. There was ample variety in the matter put forward by this artist last evening, his program including a sonata for piano and violin by W. Berwald, an American composer, and also a new Irish Rhapsody from the pen of Mr. Esposito." Carrie Roma is located at Jersey for three months. She and her husband, Mr. Douglas, have taken a house of twelve rooms and are entertaining Lady Theresa Craven and others. Roma expected to return to California for six months but her engagements would not permit. She goes to Italy next season. Her "Violets" is very popular and is a favorite song on concert programs. "The Japs" at Belgrave Square were singing it recently.

Musical Fiction

James Huneker, the author of "Melomaniacs," has begun a formidable work which will occupy him for three years to come. It is to be called "Franz Liszt, His Art, and His Times." The author will visit Budapest and Weimar for facts, pictures and details. "Melomaniacs" is taken very seriously by the English reading public. It is certainly one of the most cynical of books, and leaves a most disagreeable impression on the mind. Bristling with art-jargon, it deals unmercifully with the world of music, singers, players, composers and critics alike. "The Dusk of the Gods," "The Piper of Dreams" and "The Disenchanted Symphony," are particularly weird. They show how far it is possible to go in trying to force music to express a greater burden of meaning than it was ever intended to bear. That way madness lies. The composer in "Piper of Dreams" produces an orchestral drama called "Nietzsche" which out-Strausses Richard Strauss, and the result is Mt. Pelee-like in its effects upon the hearers. The experiences of the American girl studying music abroad are satirically described, and the original of Herr Klug and his Five Blackbirds will be easily divined.

Jean Gerardy, the youngest and by far the greatest 'cellist of the world today, left on the *Sierra* last Thursday with his own company and Manager A. H. Canby, for an extended tour in Australia. During his stay in San Francisco Gerardy was extensively entertained by Sir Henry Heyman. The latter, by the way, has gone on his annual vacation trip and is at present visiting Mrs. J. H. Boalt at her summer home, Montefalde, in the mountains.

In the Quaker city on the second of June "Rob Roy" was presented by members of the Philadelphia Music Club at the South Broad street theatre. The part of Flora MacDonald was in the hands of a former San Francisco girl, Mabel Custer. Miss Custer is the solo alto at the Christ Memorial R. E. church in Philadelphia and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Custer, erstwhile of Folsom and San Francisco. She is a former pupil of Marie Withrow.

After spending two weeks in Placer county and four weeks at Lake Tahoe, Mr. Samuel Adelstein will return to town about the first of August.

The well known Fachutar Mandolin School and Orchestra has re-opened for the Fourth Season, 1901-1902. To guarantee promptness, all engagements must be made at the Studio, 718 Post street. Telephone Polk 1575. School hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m

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M. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist, who was in this country several seasons ago, and who for the last few months has been playing in Paris with the Colonne and Lamoreux orchestras, will make another American tour, beginning early in October.

Among the effects left by Alderman Walsh who lately died in New York, was a Stradivarius violin which was willed to the testator's nephew, Alvin E. Walsh.

—*The Music Critic*

Stories of the Clergy

A Witty Oxonian

Dean Mansel was noted as a logician, and the wittiest man in Oxford. One day the cook had written on the bill of fare, for a common-room party, "Reforme cutlets." The guests laughed, but Mansel said, "The man is quite right. Reform generally ends in *e* mute [*emeute*, riot.] Of the saying, "March comes in like a lion, and goes out like a lamb,"—"Cold lamb," said Mansel. Chandler, a friend of his, was importuned to sing, but declined. "Sing Old Hundred," said one. "No," said Chandler, "I should only murder it." Being still pressed, Mansel came to the rescue with, "Chandler naturally declines to murder 'all people that on earth do dwell.'" The giving of the degree of D.D. had degenerated in Oxford into a senseless form, which was felt to be discreditable to the university. It was proposed that two theological dissertations should be made the preliminary requirement. During the discussion, Mansel wrote this epigram:

"The degree of D.D.
'Tis proposed to convey
To A double S.
By a double S A."

They were Both at Church

Rev. A. E. Dunning, D.D., of Boston, once told how on going to Minneapolis one Saturday evening a smart young fellow approached him in a free-and-easy way:

"Going to stop over Sunday?"

"Yes," replied the doctor, who usually passed for a drummer, having none of the outward signs of his calling.

"Stop at the Blank hotel, I suppose?"

"No, I am going to stop with a friend."

"Come around to the hotel to-morrow afternoon and we'll have a racket. Quite a number of the boys will be there."

"But tomorrow will be Sunday."

"I know it, and that's why we can have such a good time."

"Oh, I think that we fellows who are traveling all the time ought to keep Sunday," said the doctor.

"Yes," assented the drummer, good-naturedly, "but I'll bet you won't."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll go to

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church tomorrow if you will."

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"All right. I'll be there, but I'll bet you won't."

The drummer was there, according to his promise, and could hardly believe his eyes when he saw his friend of the night before ascend to the pulpit. Dr. Dunning tried to find him after the service but he had fled.

His Feet Not Sybaritic

Dr. John Ritchie, the great voluntary leader, had charged the ministers of the Established Church with living too luxurious lives, faring sumptuously every day and clothing themselves in soft raiment. At a public meeting, Dr. Guthrie had to reply to the assertion. He was standing on the front of the platform; his boots were strong, iron-shod, country boots, and his trousers were bespattered with mud, for he had just walked several miles. Looking round upon the audience, and holding out his foot, he pointed to it and said:

"My friends, Dr. Ritchie declares that we are a set of dandies. Do you call that the foot of a dandy?" The appeal was irresistible.

Metaphor that Galloped

In a Virginia church, at the end of a revival, there were three persons who were expected to unite with the church. Only two were present; the third, quite an old lady, was prevented by the inclemency of the evening. A lay brother was called on to pray, which he did very fervently, "especially for the sister with one foot in the grave and the other galloping on to eternity."

—*The Sexton.*

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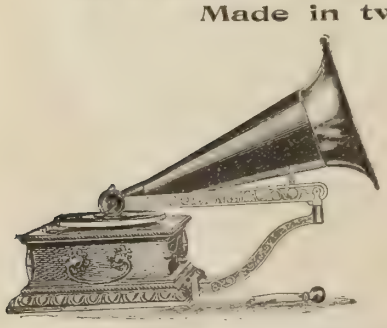

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MARY E. BRUNOTTE,
Executrix of the last will of Jane McDougall, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 24, 1902
E. B YOUNG, Attorney for said estate.

Estate of John Holland, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Josephine Mockler, executrix of the last will and testament of John Holland, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said, Josephine Mockler, executrix of the last will and testament of John Holland, deceased, at Room 411 Parrott Building, No. 855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOSEPHINE MOCKLER,
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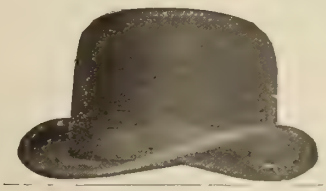

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San Francisco, June 28, 1902

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OUR OPINION

Filmer and the Unions

The labor unions of San Francisco have made their influence felt by the members of the Fourth of July committee. They objected to the selection of Major George Filmer as grand marshal of the Independence Day parade because he is an enemy of union labor. They forced him to resign, whereupon Bruce Cornwall, the chairman of the committee, sent in his resignation. He explained that he had not supposed that it was necessary to belong to "any other union than that of the American States, to participate in the celebration of American Independence." Moreover he characterized the coming celebration as a "hollow mockery" and declared that he could not retain both the position and his self-respect. Mr. Cornwall was evidently indignant. At first blush it does appear to be all wrong for the labor unions to attempt to break up a Fourth of July celebration merely because a non-union employer of labor was to act as Grand Marshal. The supposition is that no sentiment but patriotism should actuate us in our Fourth of July merry-making. Partisanship of all sorts should be laid aside on that day, and perhaps it is to be regretted that the men of the unions could not forget their grievances for a few hours. But they believe that a great principle is at stake. It is a principle that involves their interests, and they think it is of greater importance to assert it at every opportunity than merely to rejoice over the great achievements of the founders of the Republic. It was loyalty to principle that made the celebration of the Fourth of July possible, and it is a virtue that tends to good citizenship. There are many labor union men who are as patriotic as either Mr. Filmer or Mr. Cornwall and who are as enthusiastic over the celebration of Independence Day, but who do not think that they should contribute to the glorification of the former while testifying to their loyalty to the country and the principles of the Constitution. However, the circumstances of their having brought their prejudices to bear to shut out Mr. Filmer and of their having succeeded do not prove that the celebration is to be a hollow mockery. The founders of this country who signed the Declaration of Independence and gave us our Constitution made just such a thing as the retirement of Mr. Filmer possible. They guaranteed the common people certain rights, and in the exercise of those rights the laboring people of San Francisco elected one of their number Mayor of the city. He sympathizes with them and as a consequence they have a considerable influence in the committee which is to have charge of the coming celebration. And it is evident that they are going to conduct it as they see fit. They are the people just now and this is a government by the people. Some years ago when the union men were not so strong as they are now, and Mr. Gavin McNab was a prominent member of the Fourth of July committee, the union musicians demanded certain things which were denied them, and they refused to toot their horns in the parade. But the day was celebrated and there was a parade, and nobody pronounced the celebration a hollow mockery. Yet there were many musicians who did not enter into the spirit of the affair. In those days the Filmers of San Francisco were the people.

Roosevelt's Defeat

President Roosevelt has met with his first defeat. But it is not to his discredit that he failed to secure reciprocity legislation for Cuba. He made a gallant fight against the Sugar Trust and lost, but he has won the respect of all decent and honest Republicans. If he were a politician of the character of McKinley, for instance, he would never have forced the issue. He need not have incurred the displeasure of the corrupt Senators and machine politicians who espoused the cause of beet sugar men. He knows that they will have great influence in the next national convention, and that they will try to beat him for having forced them to show their hand, but he did not permit his own political interests to affect his course. He knows that this country has pledged itself to do certain things for Cuba, and he is intent upon proving to the world that this is not a hypocritical nation. He has made it apparent even to those who doubted his sincerity, and who were sure that his ambition would prompt him to surrender to Hanna and his combine, that he has the courage of his convictions and that he cannot be swerved from the line of his duty. Those that have denounced him as a politician pure and simple must acknowledge now that he is a patriot. From his defeat it may be argued that he is not a great statesman but it cannot be denied that he is a man of integrity. But President Roosevelt is bound to succeed. If he were afraid of the consequences to himself there would not be much likelihood of his securing the legislation that is desired, but it is evident that he has the same contempt for machine influence that he had when a Police Commissioner of New York, and that it is his intention to invoke all the forces behind the Executive to force the opposition into line. It was the custom of McKinley to coax the Senate, and to

stand in with the millionaires of the Upper House whenever they had a pet policy to enforce, but Roosevelt is a different sort of President. The pompous representatives of the plutocrats cannot awe or intimidate him. They may hold him in restraint for a short time, but when he is fighting the people's battle he is bound to win.

A Question of Happiness

A discussion has arisen as to whether "literary people" are happy. It is the sort of question one should look for in the silly season. There is no more reason why "literary people" should be happy than why iron mongers, wood workers or ditch tenders should, and it does not make any more difference in the world. No trade, profession or occupation has in itself the elements of happiness, and no one can say with assurance that he would be absolutely happy in any other situation than that in which he finds himself. Congenial employment is, naturally, more agreeable than a forced occupation, and "art for art's sake" applies as much to cookery or carpentry as it does to painting and literature. Any man or woman who will not turn out as good a piece of work as he can at whatever he is engaged is not worth the space he takes up in a workshop, but back of the pretty talk there is "work for bread and butter's sake," and that applies to literary workers as well as to artisans. Starving in a garret for love of letters is much more picturesque in books than it is elsewhere, but the truth generally is that the starving author is as little likely to make a living in any other occupation than he is in literature. People who write for a living are just as much concerned about ways and means as are others in the world. They have the same need to keep themselves and their families shod and clothed. They have to make provision for the future, and they are beset with fear lest their hands lose cunning, or some newer style relegate them to the list of back numbers. They suffer more from professional jealousy than perhaps any other class but actors, and there is the same necessity to keep themselves in view lest they be forgotten. Compensation for literary work is no greater than it is for manual toil. Literature has its compensations. Perhaps the one thing which makes it attractive to many is that it is "genteel employment." To have the name of a writer gives a certain social tone, and there are the friendships which result from meetings with cultured people with similar or parallel tastes, but happiness is not like a flower, to be plucked and pressed between book covers.

No Amendment Needed

Because a foolish girl of eighteen married a man whom she had met within two weeks, who expected her to support him on the proceeds of her shame, a contemporary advocates a change in the law which will raise the age of majority for females to twenty-two or twenty-three years. "If the law forbade marriage of persons under the age, let us say, of twenty-three, without the written consent of their parents first had and obtained, and if it made it a crime for a man to marry a girl under that age, without the consent of her parents, the number of runaway marriages of minors might be lessened." No doubt. But in the case under discussion the girl was not a minor. Evidently the thing she lacked was not years, but proper home training. No girl who at eighteen will marry a man whom she hardly knows by sight, but who tells her he is an actor in a local theatre, has had the kind of bringing up which will make her a useful or valuable member of society. Foolish marriages are not confined to children under age by any means. Just as many of the divorce scandals which occur are amongst the middle-aged and elderly, and as far as preventing runaway marriages is concerned, Reno and the tug-boat are no further out of reach for juveniles than they are for older folk. In the last generation, and the one preceding, marriages at fifteen and sixteen were not uncommon, and the mere youth of the contracting parties was never regarded as an excuse for dissatisfaction. The grandmothers and great-grandmothers of the present generation married young, worked hard and raised big families, with none of the modern conveniences, and precious little help, yet they found time to attend to the moral training of their girls, and to give them adequate sense of responsibility. Divorce was not the ready remedy in their time, and not to "get along with her husband," or to return to her father's roof was an everlasting disgrace, not only to a wife, but to both families. Now, a marriage is contracted as light-heartedly and off-hand as a ride on the street cars, and if it turns out not to be a prolonged honeymoon, there is the divorce court handy, miladi goes back to her old home and her old name as contentedly as a child from a day at the park. It would not make a particle of difference in the matter of preventing women from making fools of themselves, if the age of majority were raised to forty years. Instead of advocating laws that will cover all cases, it might be well to find out what is the matter with this generation that they should expect the age of irresponsibility to be extended indefinitely for them.

The Pestilential Chaffeur

Simultaneously, from all sections of the country comes the protest against automobilists. It is simply an aggravation of the annoyance suffered some years ago from the bicyclists, who appeared to imagine that the earth was theirs. New York has had an appalling number of fatal accidents, unfortunately none of them fatal to the owners or manipulators of the machines. Boston has her grievance, St. Louis has been heard from, and in San Mateo county the just ordinary, everyday residents advocate shooting the chaffeurs. There is no real reason why an automobile or a bicycle should be any more of a nuisance on a street or roadway than the familiar horse and wagon. The trouble lies entirely with the owners of the newer vehicles. They respect no rights but their own, and seem to take a pride and satisfaction in being as annoying as possible. To rush past a horse and frighten the animal into running away is great sport, and to come shooting round a corner at breakneck speed, and especially at nightfall, is the best of all fun. With bicyclists one has the poor satisfaction of knowing that if one is run down, there is a pretty fair chance that the rider will not escape scathless, and that the machine itself may come to grief, but with the automo-

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bile even that much is denied. It is a curious development of human nature that there appears to be no such thing as satisfaction in moderation. To make reasonable headway is not enough, so long as it is possible to go a little faster, so our highways are infested with a tribe of scorchers whose sole aim and only pleasure is in passing everything they can and running down the rest. If automobilists must race, they should build speed tracks and confine their competitions to them. Public roads and public streets belong to the whole community, and not to any one class.

The University Training

According to the views of a college president men do not go to the universities nowadays to become scholars, but to obtain the training that comes from association. We should wish that the theory were well founded, but we do not believe that it is. It is surely not in consonance with the views expressed by Bishop Burgess in his baccalaureate sermon preached at Columbia University. He declared that the students of today are handed over to specialists who have substituted for the old liberal education a multitude of technical schools for the cramming of the memory and the killing of the intellect. But according to the college president the university is a school of manners where young men benefit by association. That may be true of the English universities where the training is of a social rather than of a scholastic character. The English universities go to the other extreme. There is plenty of leisure in them for the cultivation of the art of living. The atmosphere is quite different from that of the American schools, where the mercantile influence predominates. Englishmen are pleased to have their sons browse in the pastures of literature and are not always eager to have them become Captains of Industry. In a measure the colleges of England are clubs where young men cultivate acquaintanceship. American college presidents have sneered at the English universities because of their failure to keep up to date. They have pointed with pride to the fact that American colleges give an actual training that fit men in a very positive way for the struggle of life. They have boasted of their system which equips a man for industrial competition. Hence the kick of Bishop Burgess, who longs for the old atmosphere. The fact is, that university life in this country has become a reflex of that on the other side of the walls. The most cherished ideals are those of the utilitarian. Occasionally a young man selects his university with a view to congenial association, but it is the association which the gridiron affords. He is not in search of a training in what used to be called the humanities, or in an intellectual way.

The Saunterer

Cupid's Climax

Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy is no longer a grass-widow. Perhaps the news of her second marriage will get into the dailies before this issue of *Town Talk* appears, but at this time there are less than half a dozen people in San Francisco who are aware of the fact that she is now the wife of J. J. Moore, the wealthy California street commission merchant, whose home, Fair Oaks, in Menlo Park is famous for its hospitality. The news came to me almost directly from the bride on Tuesday of this week. It was a private message. Mrs. McCarthy and her brother left this city for the East about two weeks ago, and a few days later Mr. Moore followed her. They met and were married in an Eastern city. It was in October of last year that the Avery McCarthys were divorced. It was a polite divorce sans scandal and sans everything that could be converted into food for the gossips. It was a case of incompatibility of temperament, and the beautiful young wife, who was formerly Lilian Wagner, had many sympathizers. As Mrs. McCarthy she was one of the most charming and popular young matrons in the swim, and during the last opera season she was pronounced the handsomest woman in San Francisco society.

A Sensational Scare

Shortly after the divorce it was rumored, and I stated so at the time, that Mr. Moore was paying the young grass-widow such devoted attention that he was suspected of harboring intentions matrimonial. But Mr. Moore was then encumbered. He had a wife from whom he had been separated for several years, but who would not vouchsafe him liberty. In November last I told of the shock received by his guests at a house party when the surprising information was buzzed about that one of the female servants was a private detective set by Mrs. Moore to keep tab on the doings in the beautiful home of her husband. Things had been running their "properest," but no one, not even a very proper person, likes to feel that a private detective has eyes glued on his or her every action. So, of course, the report threw uncanny creeps over the guests.

There Were Other Wooers

Whether there was any foundation to the suspicion I do not know, but the guests were afraid, and as adroitly as possible they made their excuses and flitted back to town. The suspected maid was promptly dismissed. At that time it was said that Moore was willing to place a very handsome sum at the disposal of his wife on the day that she would make no objection to a divorce. At any rate, Mr. Moore was eager to regain his freedom, and it is now evident that the object of his passion was the beautiful grass-widow who is now his wife. The social gossips who insisted upon finding a husband for her immediately after her divorce were not quite sure whether she would be won by Moore, by Frank Goad or by a New York millionaire.

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Cheating on the Links

Last week I stated that the popularity of golf was on the wane and attributed the growing apathy of the devotees of the sport to the fact that the clubs were no longer exclusive. But there is another reason. It is of the feminine gender. Poor, weak, frail and meek femininity! What awful crimes are saddled on thy narrow shoulders! The latest charge against the skirted sex is that it has corrupted golf. Judge Coffey once remarked that women were prone to lie under oath; that the sex had a penchant for perjury, and I have heard it said that woman was less reluctant than man to hold five aces in a little game of poker, but gambling implies bad morals. I know that even bridge-whist has promoted evil practices, but I supposed that if there was one pastime on earth so wholesome and pure as to encourage honesty among its votaries that one was the good, old and revered game there is played under the blue canopy of heaven with the beauties of nature to inspire its exponents with noble ambition.

A Game of Honor

But an iconoclastic suburbanite has shattered my fond imagings. From over the channel, in that breezy burg made famous by the bibulous Baron, comes the shocking story of "fudging" on the links. Now, golf is a game of honor. It is played for recreation and trophies, and you cannot get much enjoyment out of it if eternal vigilance is the price of victory. If your opponent is a hundred or so feet away you don't demand that he or she wait until you become Johnny on the Spot. You repose implicit confidence in your opponent's honor, but my friend, the suburbanite, declares that you can't do that in San Rafael. If you do you are most likely to lose. And as a consequence, cheating has been so rife that if you become expert and win many contests you are likely to be viewed with suspicion, and hence the growing unpopularity of the game.

Real Estate Methods

It is all very unfortunate and scandalous. And I am assured that the fair sex is largely responsible for the condition of affairs. Two or three very prominent matrons and one or two belles are under suspicion. It is pretty tough for a woman to hazard her reputation by winning a game of golf, and therefore I am reluctant to give credence to the gossip. But even the men do not escape suspicion, and by way of illustration I will refer to the case of a well-known real estate agent of this city, who is a crank on golf and who spends a lot of time on the links in San Rafael. He belongs to a prominent firm of real estate dealers in this city, and he is rated high by Bradstreet, but he doesn't stand one, two, three among the golfists, and merely because he insists on winning. The other day a gentleman explained that he didn't care to play with this expert, saying, "You know he employs real estate methods to win his games."

Those Diamonds and Dimes

Echoes of the late Grand Parlor of the Native Daughters have not yet died away, and they have a raucous sound. The presentation of diamond earrings to ex-Grand President Genevieve Baker did not meet with unanimous approval, and now it is said that business was mixed with sentiment. The diamonds are said to have a past. The story is that they were once the assets of a jeweler who became insolvent. When his creditors sought the stones they could not be found. Now it is said that he had presented them to his wife, who subsequently pledged them as security for a loan from one of the members of the order. The latter sold them to the committee, by whose order they were reset for Mrs. Baker. And there is also gossip about the cup presented to Lillie Reichling Dyer. It was supposed to have been made out of dimes contributed by the Native Daughters and melted down for the cup. This cup is supposed to contain one hundred and twenty-five dollars in dimes, but somebody discovered that it was marked sterling, and now it said that there is not more than twenty-five dollars' worth of silver in it. There is also a deal of talk about the misappropriation of funds contributed for the entertainment of delegates and diverted for the ornamentation of officers. But notwithstanding the heavy expenses there is a little balance of about three hundred dollars, and it is proposed to donate one hundred of that to Miss Lizzie Douglass, secretary of the committee of arrangements.

The stellar attraction at the home of the James Moffitts just now is Alice's baby. Mrs. George Doubleday with her little girl is visiting her parents in Oakland. The baby is named Marguerite, after Marguerite Joliffe (Mrs. Herbert Moffitt), who was Alice Moffitt's bosom friend. Mrs. Moffitt, by the way, cannot pursue acquaintance with her namesake on this visit. She is in Europe with her husband and sister.

Harrison's Revenge

Though William Greer Harrison and General Barnes buried the hatchet some time ago, and are now popularly regarded as bosom friends, the sincerity of the Olympic Club president is not unquestioned. Some time ago Mr. Harrison, who is a brawny athletic with well seasoned muscles hardened by constant exercise, lured General Barnes into the gymnasium of the Olympic Club and induced him to strip and jog around the track. And while the General was in motion Mr. Harrison acted as pacemaker and at the same time expatiated on the healthfulness of constant exercise. Incidentally he pointed with pride to himself as an example of what may be accomplished by athletic work. He declared that it improved the figure and tended to longevity. The General listened and was tempted. Now he is an athlete. There is nothing that Harrison does that Barnes can't do. The General has become a cross-country runner, a hurdle jumper and a mountain climber. He has reduced his embonpoint, and restored the graceful curves of youth. His face has the glow of health, and he appears to be in fine fettle, but there are skeptics who shake their heads deprecatingly when they see him perspiring in the gym, and they do not hesitate to declare that William Greer Harrison is wreaking a fearful revenge—that he is killing Barnes by inches.

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Dewey to Command

It has been generally supposed that Admiral Dewey no longer cared for active service, but a resident of this city who has been sojourning in Washington for several weeks, and who enjoyed the Admiral's hospitality, declares in a letter to a friend that the hero of Manila bay is eager to return to the sea. "He told me," writes the San Franciscan, "that at President Roosevelt's request he has consented to take command of the big fleet which will engage in manoeuvres in the West Indies next winter. And I do not think it will be his farewell appearance, for I think the charms of married life are no longer so soothing to the old sea-dog as those of the ocean wave. He is quite enthusiastic over the prospect of going to sea again. The fleet will be the largest ever assembled by the United States in time of peace. It will consist of three squadrons, the North Atlantic, the European and the South Atlantic, with a torpedo flotilla and necessary colliers. I asked the Admiral if he had selected his flagship and he said he had not, but that in all probability he would command the big fleet from the bridge of the *Olympia*. 'I led the way into Manila bay on the Olympia, you know,' said Dewey, 'and I like her.' By the way, the Admiral also told me that President Roosevelt expects to attend the manoeuvres."

Should Roosevelt go to the West Indies he would be the second President who went beyond the limits of the United States during his term of office. Grover Cleveland was the only other. He went out to sea on a yachting cruise. There is no Constitutional inhibition imposed on the President to keep him within the boundaries of his country, but either through sentiment or a reluctance to take any chances none of the Presidents except Cleveland ever ventured far away. Should Roosevelt go to the Indies he would be absent a few weeks, and the probability is that an acting President would be designated. Secretary Hay being next in line of succession would have this unique honor.

The Rebuke That Failed

In all probability the *Examiner* will soon be restored to the Bohemian Club's files. It will be remembered that when the commercial element of the club sought to rebuke the *Examiner* for espousing the cause of labor by ordering that paper off the files, the representatives of that journal resigned in a body. Many of the members were of the opinion that the attempted rebuke reflected discredit on the club, but there was never much discussion of the matter until the arrival of Joe Redding from New York some days ago. Redding came out to sire the club's mid-summer jinks, and incidentally to get a breath of fog and fresh air. It was not long before he remarked the absence of the newspaper men from the club, and when he was told the story of their resignation he became indignant. He declared that the members who were responsible for the blacklisting of the *Examiner* had acted like a lot of school boys and that they should be ashamed of themselves. Redding's judgment is highly respected in the club for there are not many of his type left, and I think that he has started a reaction of sentiment. I doubt, however, whether the restoration of the *Examiner* to the files would result in a reconciliation with the newspaper men who resigned.

Grand Marshal Wallace

The citizens of Monterey have chosen Allan Wallace for their Fourth of July Grand Marshal. A singular role, isn't it, for one of the New York 400 to assume? But Allan Wallace, the great-grandson of the original Commodore Vanderbilt, founder of the Vanderbilt fortune, is a unique aristocrat. Though he has a seat in the New York Stock Exchange as a representative of the firm of John Wallace & Co., brokers, the commercial spirit doesn't dominate him. The family fortune is large enough to suit him. Culture comes with the third generation, it is said, if those that preceded it had the opportunities which wealth affords, and Allan Wallace bears out the theory. His temperament is not of the sordid variety. His keen appreciation of the atmosphere of old Monterey, the dreamy village by the sea, bespeaks a soul such as few of the progeny of our plutocrats possess. And it is there that this scion of the house of Vanderbilt has found congenial company. Not among the prosperous guests of Del Monte did he find kindred spirits, but over in the old town founded by the missionaries, with its historic spots fraught with delightful reminiscences, among the plain but picturesque people whose customs have survived the Gringo's advent, and whose observances are interwoven with early recollections that are essentially venerable. And those are the people who, proud of the fact that their old town with its adobes, and its unpretentious surroundings, is appreciated by the rich young New Yorker, have honored him by electing him, a stranger though he is, to the position of Grand Marshal of their Independence Day parade. And that is no small honor in Monterey.

Allan Wallace, by the way, is a Harvard graduate, and though he prefers the lackadaisical to the strenuous life, he was far from being listless at college. He graduated with high honors, and his proficiency as a French scholar won for him the highest prize in that department. His mother,

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Annie Allan, was a New York belle. Her mother was a daughter of old Commodore Vanderbilt. John Wallace, the father of Allan Wallace, is one of the multi-millionaires of New York.

The Tourists Were Shocked

Walter Hobart and his wife, unlike most Californians, do not want to jaunt through Europe without first saying "Howdy-do" to the wonders of their own country. They have been "doing" the Yosemite with "Tom" Driscoll and "Eddie" Tobin, and are almost as big an attraction as Sentinel Dome. The Eastern tourists especially are anxious to see the young man who scattered so many millions, for ever since the story came out that Hobart was "broke" absurd tales of his prodigality have taken root. People seem disappointed in Hobart's democratic, good-natured manner and no one has yet been able to trace him by the eagles he flings to the breezes. Dressed in rough outing togs that are anything but "smart" he goes his way apparently unconscious of the comments that follow in his wake. Mrs. Hobart, in her short linen dresses and soft felt hat is one of the few women at the hotel who have left all their ruffles behind them. The other morning a wealthy Eastern woman was introduced to Mrs. Hobart, and impressed perhaps with the simplicity of her costume remarked, in a somewhat insinuating manner, "I suppose you are staying at one of the camps." "No," answered Mrs. Hobart sweetly, "but I wish we were, one is not so likely to run into bores when in camp." The Schmiedell party and the Hobarts form quite a Californian contingent and are giving the foreigners a taste of what to expect in San Francisco. Until their arrival the conventional Eastern fashionables walked shy of the deep verandaed club-house where masculine thirst is quenched. The other morning the Hobart party walked over and calmly took one of the tables on the porch. The tourists were shocked to see the ladies drink but as the thermometer went up their indignation cooled, and before the day was over other parties timidly approached the porch.

The Squaw and the Shirt

"Eddie" Tobin had an unusual experience in the Yosemite. One morning recently he went on a fishing trip with Driscoll and Hobart. They resolved to follow the Indians who fish for a living and who appear to have a cinch on trout. They got up before dawn and trailed the redmen to the cascades. The aborigines were pulling in fish as fast as they could bait the lines, but the Blingumites could not wheedle a trout. They soon learned that it was the worm that the Indians used that did the trick. They proceeded to negotiate with the squaw who held the can of bait, and they tempted her with an offer of a dollar a worm, but she wouldn't close the bargain until Tobin threw in his gaudy shirtwaist. He didn't like to part with the blouse but the squaw insisted. This is probably the first time that a fashionable young man ever swapped his shirt for a bunch of worms.

Extravagance in the Yosemite

The Yosemite Commissioners are not going to degrade the falls with electric lights. Their annual meeting in the valley was punctuated with the usual good cheer, though there was a deal of brow wrinkling over the electric light problem. The commissioners have already spent the plumpest half of the appropriation for a plant and the work is still in its infancy. Where the rest of the money is to come from is a question no one seems able to answer. Where the money has gone to is almost as difficult an interrogation. One palpable waste was the hauling of lumber for poles all the way from Chinese Camp. It takes eight horses to bring in fourteen of these poles and the expense would make any one but a commissioner dizzy. Felling trees in the valley is of course prohibited but just outside its sacred precincts there is plenty available timber for the purpose. For some occult reason the lumber is being hauled by slow freight from Chinese Camp. The need of electricity for ordinary lighting purposes is not exaggerated. The home-made gas now used in the hotels and cottages is an uncertain, nauseating quantity. But the idea of garnishing the falls with arc lights is a shock to every lover of nature. Someone took Jack Wilson, the new commissioner, out to see Vernal falls by moonlight. "Well, what do you think of putting in electric lights there?" he was asked when the party returned to the hotel.

"I see that nature is still doing business at the old stand," replied Jack, "and we won't enter the competition."

However, from the present financial outlook, the completion of the plant for practical illumination is likely to lag for lack of gold.

What McAllister Said

"Wardie" McAllister doesn't pose as an epigrammatist but he says a good thing once in a while. He was asked recently what he thought of Horace Platt as an after-dinner speaker.

"I think he thinks other people's thoughts better than his own," was the reply.

Mr. McAllister was introduced to Mrs. Atherton at Pastori's a few weeks ago. As they shook hands McAllister puzzled the authoress by remarking, "I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before, but I can read."

By the way, the question as to whether the blood in Mr. McAllister's veins is a shade bluer than that which flows beneath the surface of Enrique Grau, the aristocratic Peruvian Consul, is still a moot one. Both discussed it in a corner of the Pacific-Union Club some time ago. The discussion threatened to engender much bad blood without

any likelihood of settling the question of blue blood. Somebody suggested that they should shed a little and subject it to microscopical examination. McAllister contended that it was solely a question of pedigree, and he afterwards said: "Grau comes from Peru and so I suppose one must take his word for what he claims."

A Tree Tempest at Berkeley

President Wheeler's hatchet has been honed for action so long that the initiated were not surprised when so many heads dropped into the basket. Oddly enough, the only sensational change was the lowering of Superintendent Kellner to the position of head gardener. There has been a merry war in Berkeley over Kellner for the last year and the "Prex" has given every reason to suppose that he was pro-Kellner. The controversy had resolved itself into a society wrangle and for a while it looked as though the Berkeley ton would be rent asunder by the affair. Now people are undecided whether it was to save society or for the sake of the college grounds that President Wheeler moved Kellner down the line. The affair was started by a charming young over-the-grass widow whose marriage some years ago and subsequent divorce were meat for the gossips. Her family moved in the exclusive set in Oakland, and she was a great belle with the eligibles of our local Athens. After her divorce, she resumed her maiden name and forswore all save the serious things of life. The family moved to the college town and their beautiful home is one of the show places of Berkeley. The young widow is a prominent member of all the clubs and is particularly active in everything that makes for beautifying Berkeley. She is president of a club formed to encourage purer architecture and every prospective builder is waited upon by a committee willing to point the way to architectural chastity.

Some time ago she noticed that Captain Kellner was thinning out the trees on the college grounds. In vain she cried "Woodman, spare that tree!" or words to the same effect. The unheeding superintendent went right on with his work. The widow roused the interest of others and protests began to be heard on all sides. The anti-Kellnerites charged the Captain with felling trees that had every right to live and they called him an arbitrary Teuton and declared he knew more about military tactics than forestry. The Captain kept on cutting. The wrangle waxed fierce and President Wheeler called in Superintendent McLaren of Golden Gate Park to pass judgment on Kellner and he evidently approved Kellner's plans for the trees continued to fall. Mrs. Hearst was importuned but she declined to break into the controversy. However the proper pull must have been brought to bear for Captain Kellner has been reduced to the rank.

An Actress of Character

Judith Berolde, who is supporting Frederick Warde this season, is the wife of Edward Marshall, the *Examiner-Journal* correspondent who was wounded and crippled as he was rushing in the van up the heights of La Quisama, Cuba. Miss Berolde is a very beautiful woman and has been on the stage for several years. She came to San Francisco first as the star in a rural melodrama called "A Long Lane" that played a two weeks' engagement at the Bush street theatre. Though the play was a good one and well acted, it did not make a great noise during its run and only drew small audiences. On her next visit here Miss Berolde was young Allesandro Salvini's leading lady and her work in "Don Caesar de Bazan" and "The Three Guardsmen" was highly praised. After her return to the East she retired to private life for some time and did not again seek the footlights until her husband's misfortunes forced her to the step. She is a woman of character as noble as her beauty.

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A Game Correspondent

Edward Marshall, as I remember him in the height of his health and prosperity, was a splendid type of newspaper man. He was then, about six years ago, Sunday editor of the *Journal*, which position he left to accept a similar one on the *World*. He had also attained some reputation as a writer on dramatic topics in the magazines. He was very enthusiastic over his profession. When the war with Spain broke out Marshall was again in Hearst's pay, and he was one of the first to volunteer to go to the front. He was hit very early in the great fight, a ball taking him in the spine. When they picked him up he was still conscious, and before he was examined they asked him:

"Where did you get it, Marshall?"

The bullet had caused numbness so the wounded man did not really know where he was hit.

"I pass," he answered with a smile, "any old place from hat to moccasins, I guess."

They thought he was dead. He was taken to New York and a delicate operation was performed upon his spine by House Surgeon Winfield Scott Schley Jr., son of Commodore Schley, at St. Luke's hospital. The result of the injury to the spine was to cause a pressure on the spinal cord, an interruption of the action of the nerves controlling the movements of the lower part of the body, and partial paralysis. But Marshall recovered, though he was crippled and could never more engage in the active labor that had been his delight. He wrote a book on the Rough Riders' campaign, a virile account of the engagements in Cuba. His wife returned to the stage. One of Marshall's fellow correspondents in Cuba, by the way, was Richard Harding Davis, who wrote of him when despatches of "His Life the Price of News" were flashing over the country: "The spirit of Mr. Marshall was as admirable as that of any soldier on the field. He was shot in the first firing line, and though the bullet passed within an inch of his spine and threw him into frequent and terrible convul-

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sions, he continued in his intervals of consciousness to write his account of the fight and gave it to a wounded soldier to be forwarded to his paper. This devotion to duty by a man who knew he was dying was as fine as any of the many courageous and inspiring deeds that occurred during the two hours of breathless, desperate fighting." This courage Marshall carried into his life afterwards when the doctors told him that, though he would live, he would never be strong again.

Striking Resemblances

Judge Lawlor discovered the other day that he was the "double" of Fred Belasco, the playwright. The discovery was made in the Bohemian Club where he was accosted by Dr. Crandall, U. S. N., of the *Iowa,* who is en route to Manila where he is to establish a naval hospital. The doctor talked to the judge several minutes on the subject of the theatre and the drama, until finally the jurist told him of his mistake. While on the subject of "doubles" I am reminded of the fact that Pope Leo has one in this city in the person of Herman Shainwald, the real estate dealer. The resemblance is very striking, and in consequence a picture of the Pope hangs in the Shainwald residence.

Birth Months and Characteristics

One Elizabeth Sourdry discoursed through two columns of a recent *Bulletin* on birth months and their influence on people. One of her theories is that a child takes its characteristics from the progenitor born in the same month as himself. But one thing that knocks Madame Sourdry's pre-natal theory is twins. Twins, as is well known, do not always look alike and only occasionally have characteristics in common. Many years ago Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins, now Mrs. Philip Verrill Mighels, wrote an article on birth months for one of the dailies. She cast some very interesting horoscopes. I remember she wrote that Ralston and Sharon were January men who, like James G. Blaine, were powerless to overcome their destiny. Ralston she chose as a specially strong illustration. He started out with great anticipations, a prince among men with all the gifts of the good fairies within reach, but when passing into his seventh stage of life disaster overtook him. Had he weathered his July he would have regained all his lost hopes. The same would have happened with the Plumed Knight.

Senator Stanford was a March man, as is ex-President Cleveland. William T. Coleman and Hall McAllister were February men, said to be "wise and well balanced beyond the average."

Not Looking for a Husband Here

I hear that there is no great flutter among our golden youth over the coming of Mrs. McLean Martin's daughter to her old home. All the flutter is among the women who are anxious to see Theodosia Cook Martin's gowns, and listen to what she has to relate about Washington and its marvels in men and manners. Mrs. Martin, Theodosia's mother, never made any pretense of approving of San Francisco society men. She married two very fine men herself—Dan Cook and Henry McLean Martin—and she looks for a great match for her elder daughter. And she does not expect to find an eligible *parti* for the stately Theodosia in the wild West. Miss Cook-Martin has a *dot* of admirable proportions inherited from her father. When Grandmamma Colton passes away, she will likely leave her money to her granddaughters, Theodosia Cook, Katherine Martin and Helen Thornton.

It Was a Fake

The story of the sole survivor of St. Pierre, the prisoner in the underground cell of the jail who was serving a sentence of thirty days, and who was found nearly dead three days after the eruption, has been proved to be a fake. But it was published so broadcast that it will probably be included in the permanent records of the disaster. There was no underground cell in the jail, the French officer who was credited with rescuing the prisoner never heard of him, and finally the man who started the story admits that it was based on nothing more stable than his imagination. Yet some of the dailies published pictures of the prisoner, "photographed on the spot."

His Stenographer Came

The Utah editors who arrived some days ago were very indignant over the manner in which they were treated by the agent of the Southern Pacific Company at Portland. He had been instructed to issue transportation to each editor and his wife, but he was a cautious young man and upon inquiry he learned that some of the men in the party were not editors but mere reporters, and that some of the ladies were not wives. In discussing the matter Editor Penrose of the *Desert News,* the official organ of the Mormon church, explained that in some instances a daughter was substituted for a wife, but that there was no intention to deceive the railroad company. "Now," he said, "take my case. I wasn't accompanied by my wife. I brought my stenographer."

For over half a century "Jesse Moore" Whisky has held its supremacy as the best, purest and most palatable.

Honolulu's Passionate Poet

P. Maurice McMahon, the Poet of Passion of Hawaii, whose volume of virile verse I reviewed some months ago, has returned to Honolulu after some weeks in Samoa. He had hoped to find a warm welcome for his poesy among the fond natives of the Southern Seas but confessed with a heavy heart that romance is dead even where Stevenson sang his stirring songs. "The curse of the islands is linen and the necessity of its washing," writes P. Maurice to me. "Do you sit upon the silver beach and watch the white horses of the surf prancing over the beauteous coral reefs, your very heart is wrung by the appeal of some magnificent Samoan for your laundry. Grant it and he hies to his hut and tosses the clothing to the women folk, for the chiefs do not work. They love to lie in the shadow of the bread-fruit trees and watch the fair maids toil in the running stream, mangling the unmentionables on the rocks, and laving them in the cool waters that run from the distant mountains."

The Poet's Dream

McMahon is sore grieved at the absence of that glamour he had fancied over all things in Samoa. Even the charm of fair women was wanting, he says. He had pictured a very rankness of beauty and himself sitting all day among it; a garden where all was loveliness unadorned and where the yearnings of his soul might find surcease of yearning in a surfeit of delights. The finishing stanzas of his poem to Samoan ladies, written just before he took ship for the further trops, tell the dream he had hoped to see realized:—

Talofa, Taupo, soon will I come unto you,
Soon will I fold you close unto my heart;
And the songs that I fashion forever I'll hum to you,
Ever and ever, and never to part.

Talofa, Talofa! oh, smile to my yearning,
Drain the wild rapture that flows in my veins!
Nurse me and succor me, ease the mad burning
That surges within me: Love's bliss-laden pains.

"Nary a bliss," writes the Poet. "Did I make endeavor to hold communion with one of the dusky blanchisseuses, her husky father, brother or husband taxed me for my week's washing. I found some favor by changing several times a day and bringing a bundle whenever I dropped in for palaver, but it palled on me. Before I left I had accumulated twenty-six suits of underclothes and pajamas enough to fit out a Christian Association. I had bundles with every pretty woman in Samoa, and had to hide in the cocoanut groves when I had no linen to hand the chiefs who came hourly to my bungalow. The curse of Samoa is the washing habit."

Black Corduroy Popular

Black corduroy is much affected by modish women this year, for traveling and outing suits. At first sight it appears an unsuitable material for the season, but on second thought, it strikes one as just right. Men wear corduroy for hunting, tramping or riding, and now women have found out its good qualities. Nearly all the smart young matrons have corduroy walking suits and now most of the unmarried ones are following suit.

Connoisseurs of perfect goods appreciate "Jesse Moore" Whiskey for its purity and delightful flavor. It is without a peer.

A Pioneer Family

Juliet Wilbur Tomkins, who is spending the summer in her native State, is a representative of a well known pioneer family. Her grandfather was District Judge Fletcher H. Haight, who in the early fifties built one of the first pretentious residences in this city. It was in Jackson street near Taylor, a site that was then among the sand hills. It was there that Juliet's mother, Sarah Haight, one of the belles of her day, was married to Gilbert Tompkins the stock man who owned a large breeding farm at Pleasanton.

The Blairs Going to Japan

Mrs. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair are going to Japan and purpose proceeding thence to India and so on to Europe. Their present plan is to explore the Old World thoroughly and give fully two years to that pleasing task. Miss Blair is anxious to revisit Paris where she spent so many years. She speaks French like a native of Paree, having received the finishing touches to her education in the gay capital. It is likely that Miss Blair will add to her collection of slipper models and miniatures during her travels.

Fashionable Parisians no longer wear flowers attached to their person. They carry them but never attach them to their gowns.

Death of Charles Bon

Charley Bon, a member of Oakland's city council, and the owner of the Mont Rouge vineyard, died at his home across the bay last Sunday, after a brief illness. Mr. Bon was a popular young business man, and had been prominently identified with the Californian wine industry for many years. His wines were better known abroad than any other brands produced on this coast. There are very few men in this State who were as skilled as Charley Bon in handling the juice of the grape.

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A Juror's Reasons

The ratiocination by which a jury arrives at a verdict is one of the mysteries that lawyers have never been able to solve. But there is nothing cryptic about the process of reasoning indulged the other day by a juror in our Superior court. He was a member of a jury that rendered a verdict for three thousand dollars against the United Railways and in favor of a man who had been injured by a car. It was his talk that won the case. After retiring several of the jurors proceeded to discuss the case.

"Oh, what's the use of talking," said the plaintiff's champion. "Let us give him three thousand dollars."

"But he was plainly guilty of contributory negligence," argued one of his confreres.

"Well, supposing he was; didn't they issue thirty million dollars' worth of bonds the other day?"

"I believe they did," replied the other juror.

"And wasn't he hurt?"

"Yes."

"Well, they can afford to give him three thousand dollars."

And the majority of the jury voted against the bond issue.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Graham sailed on Monday for Honolulu, and will be gone a month.

That Big Mining Deal

So many mining frauds have been perpetrated in this State that people are quick to give credence to such rumors as those concerning the fleecing of the millionaires who purchased the Sweepstake property in Trinity county. There were certainly some suspicious circumstances connected with that deal, among others being the refusal, as I have been told, of the owners to negotiate with California capital. But that may have been due to their knowledge of the lack of enthusiasm among Californians who have come to believe that there are no more rich mines to be prospected in this State. But the story of the "salting" of the mine is absurd. That the people who sold the property had confidence in it is evident from the fact that they accepted a small fraction of the purchase price in cash and contracted for the remainder on a percentage basis. The rich Philadelphians who thought that the property was much richer than it now appears to be are no doubt disappointed, but the coast will not get much of a blackeye in Philadelphia, for it is capital from that sleepy city which has complete control of the Tonopah district, the richest mining territory that was ever located.

The Unique Trumbo

Colonel Isaac Trumbo evidently worked the receivership of the Golden Cross litigation for all it was worth. Colonel Isaac Trumbo is one of those mysterious, affable, and always prosperous looking individuals who appear to have no wits to live by, and yet who evidently live by nothing else. *Chevaliers d'industrie* is the name by which they are designated in Paris, but here we call them "promoters." This is a vague designation and is not one of opprobrium. It is bestowed on those who have a knack for inducing men of means to invest their capital in various enterprises. Colonel Trumbo was at one time interested in mining properties in Utah, and he expected to represent that State in the United States Senate. It was said by his enemies that he was a Mormon, but he has always posed as an Episcopalian. Nobody appears to know the source of Trumbo's income or the extent of his wealth, but he always appears to be in affluence. He is not a man of culture, but he poses as one and attitudinizes as a dilettante. As such he is a shining light of the Bohemian Club, where a wit once remarked that he knew as much about art as Harry Gray does about science. When Paderewski was here Colonel Trumbo showed him a deal of attention and induced him to play Chopin on a piano in a French restaurant. The Colonel is a valuable raconteur when discussing his own achievements, and he loves to tell of his visit to Rome, where a Cardinal waited on him and the Pope threw the Vatican wide open. He is a most hospitable chap, is the Colonel, and entertains superbly in his new and palatial home which is presided over by a very charming wife.

Matrimony and the Ex-Mayor

Now that Miss Ada Sullivan is traveling abroad in the same party with Mr. James D. Phelan, the tabbies are again coupling their names in a matrimonial way. It appears that Mr. Phelan cannot move a step on his travels without having the gossips on his track. But this rumor of an engagement between the ex-Mayor and Miss Sullivan is no new one. It has been a nutritious morsel for the society tabbies on regular occasions since its birth many years ago. But here it is, blossoming again. When Mr. Phelan was in Washington, the correspondents coupled his name with that of another San Francisco woman—Mrs. McLean Martin. They will be joining him with Sybil Sanderson if he pays another visit to Paris. I am surprised that no one has suggested as the reason of his European trip that Mr. Phelan was following up Emma Eames Story, for whom he has often expressed a candid admiration.

Eccentric McDowell

Until the despatches from New York told of Harry Bordon McDowell's latest misadventure, many people here fancied him no longer in the land of the quick. When his Theatre of Arts and Letters failed McDowell apparently sank from public view, for his name no longer appeared in the despatches. He honestly intended that Theatre to fill a long-felt want, and improve the dramatic culture of New York. His idea was to give untried playwrights a fighting chance. McDowell was always bristling with ideas. He and Harry Bigelow bought the *Ingleside* from the *Argonaut*, with the intention of making a specialty of Oriental

The Crystal Baths

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subjects. A Japanese village then on exhibition here was fully described, and the prettiest Japanese girl in the tea-house was made a special study. McDowell was great on color and atmosphere and he was one of the first to exploit Chinatown as a field for descriptive work. But in time he began to pose as a reformer and got himself into trouble. The late Judge Levy almost succeeded in railroading him to jail. After the *Ingleside* died McDowell became a special writer on the *Examiner* but he soon tired of daily journalism. For a time he had dramatic aspirations and he appeared with a society star who made her debut under the auspices of Mrs. Julia Melville Snyder. He was a frost.

The McDowell Family

Henry Bordon McDowell is one of the two sons of the late Major-General Irwin McDowell, U. S. A., who in 1865 was in command of this Department. The other son died in boyhood and of the two daughters, the younger was a confirmed invalid from brain trouble. Nelly, the elder girl, was a great favorite in society when General and Mrs. McDowell entertained at Fort Mason, then called Black Point. The McDowells were wealthy, Mrs. McDowell's father having left her a large fortune derived from contracts he made with the Government during the Civil War, for the use of a horse shoe which he had invented. From the despatches it appears that though Harry McDowell was a failure at almost everything he undertook he managed to win a rich wife. It was with her money that he got into the Trust company whose funds he is said to have embezzled.

Northrup and Marie

Both Northrup Cowles and Marie Zane in the course of their travels, I am informed, have reached Paris. And now there is speculation in swelldom as to the likelihood of the "old feeling" coming o'er them in the event of their meeting. Marriage ruptured a very cordial relationship when Northrup made Marie his bride. It was a strategic concession to the conventions which shattered a romance and sundered two hearts. Now that they are divorced there is no obstacle in the way of a reunion. If they should decide to come together how full of material would the reconciliation be for a new drama with the eternal sex problem as a theme.

Why Kahn is Worried

The friends of Mr. E. J. Livernash are trying to persuade him to enter the contest for Congress in the Fourth district, and the friends of Julius (Bull) Kahn are very much alarmed. Conditions were propitious for Kahn when he scored his triumphs in the past, but with Livernash as an opponent he would find himself *de trop* among the laboring men who constitute the bulk of the voting element in the Fourth. Livernash has a record as a champion of the Labor cause which is beyond question. It was made in Washington where he won distinction as the protagonist of the struggle for Chinese Exclusion when Kahn and the other representatives of California were posing and sidestepping. Livernash won the admiration of the biggest statesmen in Washington by his earnestness and the force of his wonderful intellect. With a man of his superb character, rare mental equipment and exceptional forensic ability representing California in the halls of national legislation, the interests of this State would be given the attention which they deserve. Unfortunately Mr. Livernash is not ambitious of political honors and I seriously doubt whether he can be induced to accept the nomination.

The Belligerent Grady

Lawyers who fail to respect the professional code of courtesy which impels polite practitioners to refrain from blackguarding opposing counsel would do well to make sure that Senator W. D. Grady is not included in the anathemas they pronounce. A few days ago Attorney Frank Barris and Grady were before Judge Hunt. Barris testified that he went to Grady's office to find out the merits of his case and that he was ordered out.

"It was a mighty good thing you went, too," interrupted Grady.

"I suppose you would have chewed my ear off if I hadn't," retorted Barris.

"No, but you would have occupied a slab at the morgue," replied Grady.

Judge Hunt stopped the colloquy at the retort courteous, and Grady and Barris contented themselves with making faces at each other. Grady did take off a piece of an enemy's ear once during an animated argument, but he insists that such is not his habit. This is the same Grady who brought suit some weeks ago for the ex-husband of Camille D'Arville against her present husband for damages for alienating the wife's affections. She returned from the East the other day to help fight the suit.

Leaves from His Past

Grady had a picturesque record in Fresno before coming to this city. He was involved in several sensational episodes in which guns figured menacingly. While running for District Attorney he was accused of being a dude. He met his opponent during the campaign at a tough resort in the mountains. Both were dressed as rough farmers to impress the natives. In the presence of a large crowd Grady charged his opponent with being a dude and with

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wearing striped socks. To prove his own Democracy he pulled up his trousers and showed that he wore none. He was elected. Once he was summoned before the Grand Jury and threatened with indictment for not keeping a fee book. "It's a misdemeanor not to keep a fee book," said Grady, "and it's a felony to keep one and keep it wrong. I'm willing to pay a fine but I'll not take chances on going to the penitentiary." Grady is not a bookkeeper.

Baseball at Blingum

There is to be a charity baseball game on the Carolan polo field at Blingum on July fourth. The proceeds are to be donated to the Armitage Orphanage. W. B. Bourn will captain one team and R. J. Wood the other. Among those who are to swat the sphere are C. O. and R. G. Hooker, J. A. Folger, C. E. Greer, Joseph S. Tobin, Andrew P. Welch, Eugene Lent, Jos Tobin Jr., Frank L. Owens, W. H. Crocker and George H. Lent.

The Coronation Postponed

Dramatic indeed was the climax to the sumptuous preparations for what promised to be one of the most gorgeous pageants in the world's history. A few days ago the people of an Empire were in joyful exuberance over the approaching fete in which representatives of all nations were to join. The crowning of one of the earth's mightiest monarchs was to be the occasion for a grand national festival. The populace of the greatest city in the world had given itself up with utter abandonment to merry-making. The town was magnificently appareled for the royal show when suddenly, like the rumbling that preceded the great cataclysm of St. Pierre, came the news that spread consternation over all. The king had bowed before the strong hand of destiny. He was stricken by a dangerous illness, and the situation was fraught with the possibility of the resplendent emblems of joy being torn down, to be replaced by the gruesome tokens of mourning. And what dreadful irony there was in the shocking tidings—the great monarch who was to be the central figure in the sumptuous show had been reminded of his littleness by so insignificant a feature of his anatomy as his vermiform appendix. Medical science has yet been unable to determine the functions of that troublesome gut. It has been declared to be the one thing in nature which subserves no purpose, but in the case of Edward VII it has at least made history.

His Greatest Act

At this time there appears to be very little chance for the recovery of the King. His death would be deplored by the people of England almost as deeply as was that of his mother, for Albert Edward is a popular monarch. During his brief reign he has not had many opportunities to win the confidence of his subjects, but they admire him for his tact and courtesy. He will be credited in history with having hastened the end of the Boer war, and that was an act of humanity which entitles him to more respect than other monarchs earned who reigned for years. There is no reason why his death should cause any uneasiness in the Empire. The responsibilities of the King are not so great as to seriously affect the affairs of the government.

One of the "Inner Circle"

The star writers who were hired by the yellow journals to report the coronation ceremonies were not denied the opportunity to earn their salaries. But instead of describing the festivities they have been doing some "fine writing" about the King's illness and its effect on the people. Among them is Helen, Marchioness Vacares, whoever she is. She evidently believed it would be advisable to introduce herself to American readers as one of the inner circle for she started off her cabled correspondence with the personal pronoun. This was the opening paragraph:

"I was writing to her Majesty, Queen Alexandra, to thank her for having sent me tickets for the Coronation at Westminster Abbey when the news of the King's illness fell upon me like a thunderclap."

In the language of the comedian in "The Idol's Eye," wouldn't that bump you?

Our Disappointed Representatives

Perhaps one of the saddest men in London when the order postponing the Coronation was issued was Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who went over to wear knee breeches and to spend some of the simoleons of his father-in-law, D. O. Mills. It was a grievous disappointment for Mr. Reid, for he was prepared to make a great display. And General James H. Wilson who went over to represent the Army, was also among the grievously disappointed. General Wilson was one of the West Pointers who were kept in the background when there was a chance to win glory during the Spanish war. General Wilson is one of the ablest and one of the most distinguished of our Army officers, and when the war broke out it was believed in military circles that he would be selected to conduct the Cuban campaign. But like Admiral Watson of the Navy, who should have had the task assigned to Sampson, he was detailed for unimportant service.

Wilson's Record

General Wilson has a brilliant war record with which that of General Miles does not compare, and yet the latter who was boosted ahead of him through the influence of his father-in-law is constantly grumbling because of the snubbing that he has lately been getting and that he so richly deserves. General Wilson was Grant's engineer and bridge-builder around Vicksburg. He was selected by Grant for secret services such as going into Knoxville when it was beleaguered to carry Burnside a letter. When Sheridan went East he asked for Wilson and gave him a division, and the first great raids were participated in by this mounted engineer. He broke the fame and force of the renowned

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Forrest, driving him twenty-four miles in one day. He campaigned six hundred and fifty miles in thirty days, keeping relief from Mobile, and in that extraordinary march captured five cities and took seven thousand prisoners. Wilson's independent army moved through a belt of fortified cities, encountering more resistance than Sherman's and its great sweep of strategy cut the Confederacy's west in half and caused the surrender of all its armies in two weeks. General Dick Taylor, son of Zachary Taylor, declares in his book that Wilson's was the best conducted of all Federal expeditions. Surely General Miles should be willing to stand for a lot of snubbing in view of the fact that political pull has enabled him to soar above such a man as Wilson.

A Hard Job

Mrs. Salisbury has found it quite difficult to lead San Rafael society out of chaos. There is a great deal of discord over there among those who have lived in the pretty suburb for several years and the jarring factions have not yet crystallized into what might be termed a social set. Mrs. Salisbury has assumed quite a haughty attitude toward San Rafael. Her air is that of a woman who considers it quite an honor to the faubourg that she condescends to dwell in it for a few brief months. However she is a woman of tact and will straighten out matters if that be possible. She may even be expected to tame the matron who resents attentions to her husband. "He is not so engaging," said one young belle the other day, "but she supports him and I suppose she wants her money's worth."

Those That Are Missed

Doris Jeffrey, by the way, is missed in San Rafael this summer. She was quite conspicuous there last year but she is now living with her parents in this city. If she cared to get into the swim over there this year, I am quite sure that Mrs. Salisbury could lead the way. Indeed, I believe Mrs. Salisbury's services are to be had by almost any nice young girl who would like to be chaperoned into smartdom. The absence of a certain veterinary surgeon of Celtic extraction who was looked upon as a gay cavalier in San Rafael last year has also been remarked this summer. He was very attentive to Miss Jeffrey and also to a daughter of one of the old families whose habitat is San Anselmo. It is a family that prides itself on its blood which is warm as well as blue. One of the daughters deserted her husband and eloped with a man below her station, and the other, the gossips say, was sent East to cool her passion for the veterinary. It is a proud family, and includes in its personnel a son who loudly remarked in the smoking car one day that Marin county would be a fine place to live if you didn't have to ride in a car with the rabble.

Oakland Acquitted

John Morrisey, the impresario of the Orpheum, lives at the Palace hotel. The other night he was standing near the box office of his theatre, nursing a headache. A chance acquaintance happened along and after some chatter, Morrisey remarked that he must be going home.

"You live in Oakland, and have to catch the boat, I suppose?" said the acquaintance.

"Not by a damned sight," said Morrisey, "I look bad tonight because I'm sick."

The Consul Lost

Courtenay Bennett, Great Britain's consul at this port, likes not that publicity which American newspapers give to men of his rank. His consular experience, though of many years, has not been in the land of the free and the home of the hustling daily. So when Murray Bond, a *Chronicle* reporter, asked Consul Bennett for his photograph to illumine an interview the Britisher demurred, and passed off the question with a word about a chess problem which troubled him greatly. Hs asked the journalist if he understood the game of games, and Bond replying in the affirmative the Consul submitted the problem which baffled him. Bond is a Canuck and canny.

"What say you if we play a game to see whether you let me have your picture?" said he.

Consul Bennett smiled confidently and they got to toying with the rooks and castles without more ado. Like Knut the Page who dared the fair princess to wager her heart upon a sortie on the board, so did the reporter play with might and main. Soon he had the dignified diplomat in hock and with a bold dash won the hazard. He departed from the consular apartments, photo in hand, and next day the *Chronicle* printed it.

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The Burton Sisters

The U. S. transport *Hancock*, which arrived last week, brought back from a two years' sojourn in Manila the wife of Captain Thomas Pearce, U. S. A., and their two children. Mrs. Pearce will be remembered as Minnie Burton, daughter of Inspector General George H. Burton, U. S. A. During her residence in San Francisco, when her father was on duty here, she was a decided favorite in society circles, sharing the honors of belleship with her sisters Leila and Kathro, all of them being exceptionally handsome girls. Leila, the second daughter, became stagestruck and from filling the role of amateur elocutionist soared into professional life as an actress, joining forces with the late Mrs. Henry Edgerton in a theatrical tour of the northwest. Subsequently, when Colonel Burton was transferred to an Eastern station, Leila joined the Frohman company and went on the road. She has now, I hear, abandoned the stage and re-entered society in New York, where her family now resides. Mrs. Pearce's grandmother, wife of Colonel Charles H. Larrabee, was in her girlhood a noted beauty in Washington, D. C.

A Thespian's Panama

Edward Morgan, the matinee idol, who according to Maude Fealy has an unromantic penchant for spraying the leading lady as though he had an atomizer concealed on his person, lost his Panama hat in a restaurant the other day. Somebody substituted an imitation article for Morgan's sixty-dollar genuine Panama hat. Morgan was as hot as any Montague chasing a Capulet, and his ire was not exhausted until the bland host explained that despite the deep sorrow he felt for his patron's loss, yet he felt compelled to acknowledge that within a fortnight six complaints of the theft of Panama hats had been made to him.

"Ze fac' ees, Monsieur," said the restaratеur, "zat zere ees epidemique ov ze Panama secf an' I can do nossing wiz zem."

He told Actor Morgan that the craze for costly Panamas had bred a new class of light-fingered gentry, and that despite their efforts to prevent loss to their customers they had caught but one thief, and had had, with Morgan's, seven hats "lifted." The police corroborate this statement of the Frenchman that there is a brand-new kind of crook who devotes all his energies to stealing Panama hats.

Proud Man and the Bore

The Panama hat craze is responsible for a great deal of heart-burning. Some of the imitation hats so closely resemble the genuine that it requires the closest inspection to distinguish them, and the craze has developed a new species of bore—the man who takes off your hat to examine the quality. He is an awful nuisance and he has become so active that many Panama hat owners have ceased to flaunt their expensive head-gear. They cannot tolerate the bore. And the popularity of the Panama has given irreverent womankind occasion to jeer at men in general and their talk of extravagance in particular. They point to the Panama hat as an illustration of masculine vanity. A husband with a one-hundred-dollar Panama who struts along under his monument of extravagance, dripping with self-satisfaction, must be possessed of exceptional nerve to denounce the extravagance of woman or growl about the passion of the sex for finery and feathers.

The Postleys to Stay

The Sterling Postleys have taken a home in Sacramento street, and intend to remain here for a year or two. Sterling Postley is the young New York millionaire, son of Commodore Postley. He married Ethel Cook of Belvedere, and it was supposed that they would make their home in the East. But Postley likes San Francisco, and the probability is that the young married couple will do considerable entertaining here. Young Postley has such high class connections in the East that the local smart set should regard him as a valuable acquisition.

Another Military Affair

Another military engagement on the tapis is that of Edith Simpson and Lieutenant Bettison, U. S. A. She made her debut about two or three years ago. She is the daughter of the wealthy A. M. Simpsons of Pacific avenue, and is a very charming and much liked girl. She was educated at one of the fashionable New York boarding schools and came out here to make her debut. Girls continue to marry into the Army notwithstanding the fact that the Army is said to have deteriorated socially since the war.

The American Lord

"The American Lord Fairfax" is one of the many disappointed Americans who went over to witness the Coronation. Fairfax is a name that at one time was well known in this city. The uncle of the American Lord Fairfax settled in Marin county. His home is now the famous road resort known as Pastori's. There never was a man in California who was more loved by his fellow men than Charlie Fairfax, who was born and brought up in Virginia, and who ranked as tenth Baron in the English peerage. Charlie Fairfax came here in 1849, was clerk of the Supreme Court in Sacramento where he made his home, but through the length and breadth of the State he was known and liked by all with whom he came in contact.

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A Relative of the Oelrichs'

The life of Charlie Fairfax was shortened by a stab in the breast inflicted by Harvey Lee, a politician. After being wounded Fairfax covered Lee with a pistol, and though he believed he had received his death wound he lowered the weapon and exclaimed as he fell, "Assassin and coward, I spare you for the sake of your wife and child." The wife of Charlie Fairfax was the sister of Calhoun Benham, one of our pioneers from Virginia. And by the way, Hermann Oelrichs and Mrs. William Babcock of San Rafael are cousins of the present Fairfax who has lately laid claim to his title of Baron Fairfax, Earl of Culpepper. The relationship came through the May family of New York.

The Hotel Vendome will open its new bathing pavilion and bowling alleys tonight and there will be a dance in the music hall to celebrate the event.

Fauntleroy is Here

Little Lord Fauntleroy has come to town. In other words the original of that precocious lad, in the person of Vivian Burnett, the son of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the novelist, is here. It was by studying the traits of her son that Mrs. Burnett was able to draw such a charming character as the little lord. Since coming to man's estate he rather resents being reminded of the fact that he figures as the curly-haired lad of the book and play. He is a graduate of Yale, and is a bright and successful magazine writer. He doesn't have to rely on the fame of his talented mother. He came hither for his health, but does not expect to remain long. He has passed his life in Washington where his father Doctor Burnett lives. He has a stepfather, too, many years younger than his mother. They live in England.

Arrivals at the Hotel Mateo this week included representatives from eleven cities, Lancaster, England, El Paso, Texas, Butte, Montana, Boston, Chicago and St. Louis being among them.

The St. John Sandwich

Here is the newest society sandwich. Its invention by Chauncey St. John has brought him fame among the Dutch lunchers. Between lightly-buttered slices of flaky new bread toasted just a wee bit, place a slice of deviled Virginia ham, hot. On this a white-lettuce leaf cut to fit. A bit of mayonnaise goes on the lettuce, and a delicate cut of the breast of cold turkey. Then hide this with two slices of raw tomatoes, ice-cold, and cover all with another piece of buttered toast. Cut this into triangles, and garnished with olives, you have a sandwich fit for a god, says Chauncey.

Gertrude Knocks Kate

It is now pretty generally known that "The Aristocrats," a novel which created a big sensation when it made its appearance several months ago, was written by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, but there are very few who are aware of the fact that one of the characters in the story is a scorching satire on a well-known Californian writer. The victim of Mrs. Atherton's merciless pen is none other than Kate Douglas Wiggin, now Mrs. Riggs of New York. A Californian in New York writes me that Mrs. Riggs recognized the portrait and has vowed all sorts of vengeance on Mrs. Atherton. I am also told that Mrs. Atherton does not deny having posed Mrs. Riggs in her mind's eye for the portrait, of whom one of the characters, an English Duke says, "She is a cat whose proper place is in the fancy basket in the drawing room; no English Tom would ever invite her to the roof."

The Pen Portrait

This is how Mrs. Atherton discusses the victim of her satire:

Mrs. Laurence came into the room with a rustling of skirts I have never known equaled. I should say that her train had at least six inner flounces of silk and it switched about on the bare floor like an angry tiger's tail. I think she changed her seat seven times and always with that portentous rustling. I noticed that this occurred whenever some one else had spoken consecutively five minutes. She is a pretty woman, and the old word "elegant" exactly expresses her; our grandmothers would have called her "most genteel." She has a cloud of *cendre* hair, softly curled, and the pretty contrast of baby blue eyes, although they, as well as her thin red lips are petulant in expression. Her features are delicate to the vanishing point and her figure graceful. She is, undoubtedly, an old hand at aristocracy, for her voice, in spite of its fretful note, is exquisitely trained, her language polished in the extreme, with every comma and semicolon in the proper place; and her manner quite that of the grande dame of the American novel. She mentioned eighteen people of title she had met in England and alluded, with a fretful sigh, to her many visits in England's "enchanting homes."

This is a sample of Mrs. Laurence's utterances:

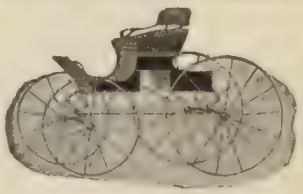
"I wish I could marry an Englishman, I've had so many offers from my own countrymen but not one from an Englishman—I think it is too bad! Of course I shall marry again—I'm so feminine and I hate work. I always am so amused when the critics rave over my quick, brilliant style and verbal felicities; I grind out sentences and hate the very sight of paper. I want to marry a rich man who will pet me and leave me nothing to do but to be

---

A SWELL WELCOME.

The banquet tendered to the Los Angeles Shriners at the Palace hotel was beyond doubt the most select affair of all the Mystic Shriners' festivities. The speeches were witty and interesting, the cuisine perfect and the Moet & Chandon White Seal Champagne was exquisite.

THE discerning eye readily distinguishes by that subtle air of fashionable elegance, the well made vehicles of



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charming and to dress exquisitely. That is all a woman ever was made for. Of course I'm glad I'm such a success. * * * I'm sure I was English once—in a former state—I feel so at home when I'm in one of your old castles surrounded by people who are all I should like to be, and I am such a success with them; I could not be more so if I were to the manof born; I am sure I cannot understand why some flower of nobility has not flung himself and his hereditary acres at my feet."

She is Particular About Her MSS.

The complaints which have been so frequent of late concerning the number of typographical errors which find their way into books have led the publishers of Mrs. Riggs to make the most of that lady's insistence on good work. It has been told, and told again, how she insists on having at least three proofs, and the story of Carlyle's crankiness is revived, and much else and much more. Commenting on this, a contemporary remarks: "When we read how Stevenson toiled with infinite patience at his work, writing and revising until he reached perfection, and how it was Sir Walter Besant's habit to write first in manuscript, correct this severely, have a typewritten copy made, then make a second revision; and how Kate Douglas Wiggin corrects her manuscript time and again before she sends it to the printer, and then requires three proofs before she finally consents to publication—when we read these details of how literature is made, we are surprised that there is so much good writing in the newspapers. They who feed matter into the press write on the jump, and somebody else corrects the proof." If some of the cranky authors did but know it, it is owing to their own fidgitiness and finicky meddling that a large proportion of the errors is due. It does not follow that authors are reliable correctors. They are often but hinderers, and it is only in exceptional cases that they have the trained eye which is essential to the proof-reader.

Millard Breaks Into Song

Another newspaper man has had an attack of the "divine inflatus." Mr. Bailey Millard, editor of the *Examiner's* Sunday Supp is the latest victim. "Songs of the Press" is the title of his little volume of verse published by Elder and Shepard. Mr. Miller is the man who first touted Edwin Markham's "Man with the Hoe." That is something that will be charged against him long after his "Songs of the Press" are forgotten. And some of the songs are quite clever, especially those of the lighter vein. In "The Star Writer" he tells of the lament of the reporter who feels that his talents are unappreciated while those of the star are appraised too highly. The lament of the "skate" reporter is familiar to all newspaper men.

Wife Likes to Rule Alone

A New York correspondent writes me that the green-eyed monster is said to be enacting a prominent role in the menage of a veteran Californian turfman and multimillionaire who not long ago married his present wife, who was his niece by marriage. Now, he divides his attentions impartially between his wife and his relative the young Countess, who occasionally forms part of the family circle. It is quite proper that he should, but Madame is said to be not of the kind that is willing to share a divided sovereignty.

Bunthorne Was a Cleric

The librettos of W. S. Gilbert are far too clever to be preserved only in scattered operatic form, and it seems odd that they have not before this been put into a library edition. Such an edition is now under way, and Mr. Gilbert has already written some of the prefaces. In the preface to "Patience" he says that Bunthorne was originally intended as a satire upon the traditional English curate, and the opera was almost completed when the author began to feel shaky as to the attitude of the British public toward so mericiless a criticism of the cloth. Finally he decided it wouldn't do. The curate must be spared, but the libretto was too good to be wasted. The aesthetic craze was just reaching full swing. Mr. Gilbert slashed his libretto, ousted the curate, smoothed the rough edges of revision and handed "Patience" over to the public and the critics.

IN THE MORNING.

When on a fair June morning I wake up very late,
And fail in all my efforts my snug bed to vacate,
I'm generally weak then and can't remember facts,
But what angers me more than all is a great swelled head that cracks.
The few hairs that I've left are jumping out and in·
I cannot call it seasickness, though to sea I must have been.
I feel so suicidal, so blue, I almost burst,
And there's not a drop of water to quench a burning thirst.
The pitcher's grin is cynic, the bootjack's laugh contempt,
But all my other miseries to tell I won't attempt.
Far better had it been for me if I had not
Imbibed the inspiration from that last cold bot.

—*The Soak.*

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DIVIDEND NOTICE

Continental Building and Loan Association, No. 301 California street for the year ending June 30th, 1902, has declared a dividend of 5 per cent on ordinary deposits, 6 per cent on term deposits and 8 per cent on installment stock. WM. CORBIN. Secretary and General Manager.

Confessions of a Husband

[The Confessions of a Wife running serially in the *Century* have awakened a general interest in Confessions of all kinds. *Town Talk* has been enabled to secure several of these. The Confessions of a Husband will be followed by the Confessions of a Valet, a Femme de Chambre, a Jockey, a Retired Danseuse and others of like entertainment. It is expected these will run the Confessions of a Wife a close race in public favor.]

I.

The day is warm. The sun shines and I feel too indolent to go to work. My sister brought me a summer novel to read while I lie on the grass beneath a huge tree. This sentence runs through my head. It is on the tenth page and for the life of me I can't get any farther:

The flint in her eyes struck the steel in his and there was a blaze. And he took her in his arms and pressed his lips to hers.

[Sis, please bring me a sherbet, and a lump of ice to put on my head.]

There is so much of that kind of rot in summer literature. I wonder why they don't have instead, something about cool cucumbers and fresh lettuce? Blazes and fires are such untimely terms for the dog days.

[The sherbet is all right. Have Gee How bring me another in half an hour.]

II.

I have taken to writing a diary. My schoolteacher always said I had literary talent. I wish she could see my diary. I am cultivating a splendid egotism. It is so delightful to jot down here all the things I know are true about myself, but which others never believe. I know I am handsome, generous, a little wild sometimes, but as a whole I am a splendid fellow. Now my sister says I'm selfish, lazy and generally mean. If she only knew me as I really am.

VI.

I am engaged to a girl. I always said I would never marry until I was forty, and would then choose a widow. I don't know how this came about. The girl was there. There was moonlight. She was pretty. I kissed her. She told her mother, and now we are affianced. But I shall not marry—not yet. How cruel to try and deprive a splendid man about town like me of his liberty!

VII.

The day is set. I had nothing to say about it. I am only a hosiery model in the hands of Mamie's mother. She said, "Mamie always wanted to be a June bride," and I said, "Well, what hinders it?" Then she said, "It will be in church with six bridesmaids, the bishop and two assistants." Oh, my soul! If there's anybody hates fuss and feathers it is I. But I can't get out of this without such a lot of talk. Just imagine—only a month ago I was lying under the trees reading a summer novel, neglecting my office because I felt too lazy to work—and now! Well, I guess the flint and steel must have met somehow. A pity the ensuing blaze had such a bad result.

XIV.

Mamie likes rings. I spent two hundred for *the* solitaire, and then another two hundred for a pearl, and then five hundred for a sapphire with diamonds. She wishes a sunburst of diamonds and a tiara for her wedding gift and has instructed me to give the maid of honor a pearl half-moon and the six bridesmaids each a gold clover-leaf with centre. My sister couldn't say I am stingy now. I shall have to give up two of my clubs to meet all this gift-making with equanimity.

XVII.

I always said I would never write a love letter. I object to having them read in court afterwards. But Mamie, who is now in Sausalito resting before the dressmakers get hold of her, insists on writing every day, and having an answer in return. I telephoned once or twice but she did not like that. So I sent this:

Copy.

"My dear Miss Hobbs,

"I received your kind message and was pleased to be remembered. How is the weather at Sausalito this week? It is foggy in town.

"Sincerely yours,

"Thomas Kent."

XVIII.

Mamie objected to the formality of my note, on sixteen pages of large blue paper. Rather than be treated to another of such length, I tried to please her by infusing a little more warmth in mine:

Copy.

"My dear Mamie,

"I wish I could see you but as I cannot that letter of yours is the next best to talking to you. I am dining with Jim Brown today and we'll toast your dear brown eyes in a cold bot. With my best love, I am

"Always yours,

"Tom K."

XIX.

Mamie came over to town the next day, and called on me at the office. She looked pretty and stylish and I told her so. But the flint in her eye was hard, and speedily in spite of all my efforts struck the steel in mine. I believe if Mamie hadn't ordered her wedding gown, and told all her friends she was to be married in June, it would have been all off. She said I had no right to go out to dinner with Jim Brown or anybody.

"Well, I can't eat alone *every* night," I answered.

"Why not take me?"

Now she knows very well her mother will not let her dine alone with me, and I dislike chaperons.

"Why, of course, my dear," I answered, "let's go this very day."

And then she smiled and kissed me, though the office boy was looking on. We didn't go to dinner but I took Mamie down to the boat, loading her with a box of chocolates, all the weekly papers and a huge bunch of violets. Then I went out to dinner with my typist.

XXX.

We are at Del Monte. Have been here three days. I can't

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believe I'm really married. I always shied off from Hymen, and never imagined I'd be caught at last. Mamie is a nice girl. I suppose some day I'll be very fond of her. Just now, if it weren't for ping pong and the slot machine, I'd die of ennui.

XXXVI.

The cleverest woman I ever knew once said to me: "A husband should, like the gas, go out days and shine at night." But she was a bachelor maid who couldn't know how dull a man feels at night after he's been out all day. Mamie insists on dragging me to dull dinners, and evening calls, and inviting people in to meet me for whom I don't care a rap. If this goes on, I'll never grow fond of her as I had hoped. My sister suggested to Mamie the other day that she let me go to the club every night as I used. "He'll get a few good stories to tell you, then," she added. But Mamie doesn't care for good stories. I told her quite a nice one the other day at dinner, and she said if I told another like that before her she'd go back to mamma.

XXXVIII.

There's a revolution in the house. Mamie's mother has come to pay us a visit. I wonder I never thought before I married Mamie that her mother was a widow. I have some one to tell my stories to now, and she is a woman who sees the point directly and laughs at the right place. She has persuaded Mamie that the club is the proper place for a man on the nights when he is not taking his wife and mother-in-law to the theatre and supper afterwards. She has a fine taste in wines and understands the good and bad points of horseflesh. She is fifty and looks thirty-five.

XL.

Mamie grew so cold to her mother that the dear lady couldn't stand the frigidity and went home. I go to the club every night now, Mamie is such poor company.

XLVIII.

I am a happy papa. When Mamie gets up, I think I shall go away for a month or so in the mountains and she can stay here with her mother, who arrived the day the stork came. This noise and flurry and talk about infants' foods is so tiresome. My nerves are in a dreadful state. I didn't know that attaining the dignity of father entailed so much boredom. Ah, that flint and steel and blaze! If we had only thought before we let them meet!

LIII.

That was a mistake of my old schoolteacher in thinking I had literary talent. This is all the entries I find in my diary for the past three months:

Mamie asked me for sixteen dollars to pay baby's laundry bill.

Gave Mamie one hundred to buy a new gown.

Gave Mamie fifty dollars to buy baby a new outfit.

Three hundred dollars, bill from Blue House. Mamie cried when I told her it was extravagant and she would ruin me.

Mamie says she must have a cottage in San Rafael this summer. She engaged one, without consulting me, and I must give her eighty dollars for the first month's rent.

Resigned from the athletic club.

Resigned from the Merry Club.

Have taken my name off all my clubs.

XCII.

"I will go back to mamma," Mamie said for the six hundredth time in as many days.

"Well, for God's sake, go," I said.

Then she called me a brute and said before I begged her to leave her happy home and marry me, I should have considered how much happier a girl was than a matron ever could be. She said she rued the day I snatched her from her blessed maidenhood, and a dozen other things. I wish I could show her my diary in its early pages.

CII.

Mamie is suing me for a divorce on the grounds of mental cruelty and incompatibility of temperament. Such is life. Ah, why did I ever marry? I did not want to enter the matrimonial state, but was dragged into it. Shall I ever care to enter it again? Who knows?

CIII.

I have rejoined the six swellest clubs in town. Oh, how sweet liberty is, after two years of being tied to domesticity. Decidedly to be a husband is to be in hell.

—*The Joker.*

With the Money Makers

Latest in Hawaiians

My correspondent writes me from Honolulu that the brokers and investors there are comforting themselves for a weak and descending market, that the bottom is all the nearer. Certainly the bottom of the Honolulu market is not touched yet, and holders there are wondering just how low stocks can go before they strike hardpan. The most notable decline since my last advices, was in Hawaiian Sugar which went down to $22 as against $23.25 for Makaweli in San Francisco. My correspondent says: "This showed the inside was forecast at San Francisco first, for there the price has been declining steadily, the rate being $24 while it was three points high in Hawaii. It was believed here that a dividend on the stock would be paid soon. The information that the dividend would be passed seems to have gotten out in San Francisco first. However there are being made such extensive improvements on this plantation that it will soon be one of the best equipped in Hawaii. Olaa went to $2 with a sale of 100 shares. There is a report here and it is given currency by those interested in Olaa, that the stock will go lower within a month and that then it will be gobbled up by these strong holders. They profess to think that those who are selling are weak investors who cannot pay the assessments, and who are better out for the company's good. This may be taken with a grain of salt. Waialua has been weak at $60, there being $57.50 bid, and some stock is said to have been sold outside the Exchange for $59. Reports on Waialua are good enough but the Honolulu money market is very tight. Oahu Sugar Company is weak. Kuhuku is still at $24 asked but there are rumors that the crop will be a little short owing to some fields being cut this year."

Local Stocks Dull

General dullness ruled on the Stock and Bond Exchange during the week and as buyers were apathetic, values showed some easiness. San Francisco Gas and Electric shares were weaker and sales were made as low as $42.20 against $44.25, the closing price last week. Securities of other light and power companies were offered at a lower range of values but had little attraction for investors. Alaska Packers was somewhat stronger, opening firm at $158 and gradually hardening in price until holders demanded $160. Sugar stocks were quiet with sellers asking prices running close to bids of buyers. Oceanic stock was exceedingly weak, being offered freely at $25 with $15 the best bid obtainable. Several small parcels of Spring Valley Water Company's shares changed hands between $89.50 and $89.75 with the former figure generally ruling. The upward tendency in the price for Bank of California shares continued unchecked and values were advanced to $445 bid with no stock being offered. Other bank stocks have ruled steady at sustained prices with no outward manifestation of buyers to obtain shares. In bonds there has been some moderate trading in railroad securities, North Shore Railroad 5s advancing to $101 bid and $102 asked. Some $25,000 worth of Market street Cable 6s changed hands at $127.50. This investment will net the speculator only a 3.23 per cent return. Sacramento Electric Gas and Railway 5 per cent bonds changed hands in a moderate way at $103, an advance of $2.50 over the closing price of last week, caused doubtless by the fact the Bay Counties Power Company has secured control of the shares of the former corporation. The Bay Counties Power Company has been furnishing electric power for the Sacramento Electric Gas and Railway for some time and it is now reported that leading interests of the Power Company have secured some 12,000 shares of the 18,525 shares of capital stock issued by the Sacramento corporation. Advices from New York regarding the short sales of the 4 per cent bonds of the United Railroads of San Francisco have caused quite a bit of local interest as the bonds are largely held here by parties who are not disposed to sell. As the time to fill

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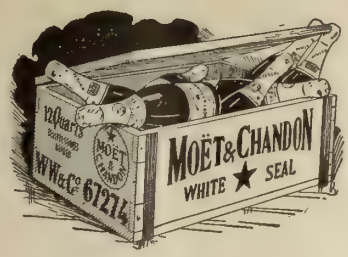

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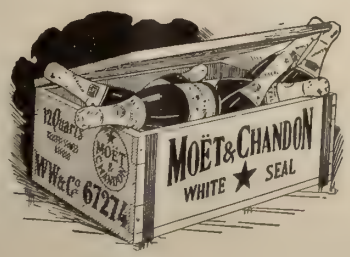

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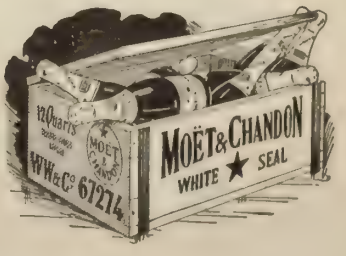

WM. WOLFF & CO., Pacific Coast Agents, San Francisco

contracts has arrived, there is a sharp demand for immediate delivery and as high as $99 was bid on Tuesday and $100 asked, cash, while for ten days delivery $90 was the best bid. From present indications it is more than likely that the New York shorts will have to put up good amounts to settle their speculations.

Extreme dullness pervades the Oil market and there is practically a standstill to inquiries for investment at the daily sessions of the local Exchange. Share holders, however, maintain a degree of confidence and are not offering any marked concessions in the hope of unloading. Very few stocks were represented in the transactions of the week, California Standard leading in point of demand with prices ranging from 15c to 16c. Monte Cristo was steady at $1.30 and some fair sales of Central Point were made at 80c. Petroleum Center sold in a moderate way at 1c while Reed Crude brought 31c. Sterling's popularity was on the wane, the best bid of buyers being $1.45 with holders asking $1.50.

General Financial Notes

The Stock and Bond Exchange will adjourn at the close of business to-day, and will remain closed until July 5th.

The subscription books for the issue of the $9,000,000 5 per cent bonds of the United States Shipbuilding Company, which was the portion of the authorized issue of $16,000,000 offered for subscription have been closed, and it was learned at the American Bank and Trust Company that a much larger amount had been subscribed for here than was expected. It is reported that the underwriting subscriptions are already selling at a premium and that when the Eastern and European subscriptions are counted the amount offered will be subscribed for three times over.

The financial statement of the Oceanic Steamship Company covering the period from May 17th to June 17th, 1902, shows total receipts of $211,341.47; agency expenses, $5,683.55; general expenses, $26,724.74; vessel expenses, $197,840.70, total expenses, $229,748.88; net deficits on operation for month, $18,407.52; for betterments a total of $17,597.67 was expended, of which the principal items were repairs on the steamer *Sonoma*, $4,270.03, and on the steamer *Ventura*, $6,374.55. The total disbursements over receipts for the month were $36,005.19, making the total amount due J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co. on June 17th, $1,010,125.14; deducting accounts amounting to $98,067.41, leaves the net overdraft of the company $912,057.73.

The San Francisco Produce Exchange Mutual Benefit Association is now disbursing a final dividend, in dissolution, at the rate of $8.90 to each member.

—*The Financier*

THE PRINCIPAL ACTOR ABSENT.

A New-rich Matron, desiring to do the Proper Thing at All Times, read in the Society Papers that Christenings should be Celebrated with Eclat. The only Baby in the house was something of an Age and somewhat Obstreperous, so Papa demurred to the proposed Function on the ground of a Possible Rumpus.

However, Mamma's plan Prevailed and the Invitations were Issued. It was all beautifully arranged—Flowers, Palms, Potted Plants, Lights, Gifts and Godparents with high-sounding names. A Bishop and Satellites were engaged to Perform the Ceremony.

The Hour came and the Guests were all there to see the heir Baptized. The Bishop asked for the Baby. And then the young Matron burst into Tears of Embarrassment.

It seems she had Forgotten the Baby's part in the Entertainment and for fear he might make that Possible Rumpus that Papa had suggested she had sent him Out with his Nurse, with instructions to keep him out All Day.

—*The Guest.*

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Savings and Loan Society, 101 Montgomery street, corner of Sutter. The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1902, at the rate of three and one-eighth (3⅛) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1902. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1902.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

THE MODERN VERSION.

"My engagement is broken," said Reggie.

"What's the trouble?" asked his chum.

"Cigarettes."

"I thought so. I always knew in time you would object to Edyth's smoking. I hate a masculine girl."

"It wasn't that way," said Reggie sadly, "quite the contrary. Edyth objected to *my* cigarettes—said they were so feminine!" —*The Tobacconist.*

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surrounding the spacious Hotel Vendome in the centre, is the summer home of hundreds of discriminating San Francisco people who wish to enjoy mountain and valley trips over 300 miles of sprinkled highways, to live within 1 1-3 hours of San Francisco and to possess the best golf links, the finest bathing pavilion, the most pleasant summer climate in California.

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OCEANIC Steamship Company

S. S. SONOMA for Honolulu, Samoa, Auckland and Sydney, Thursday, July 3, at 10 a. m.

The S. S. ALAMEDA sails for Honolulu, Saturday, July 12, at 2 p. m.

S. S. AUSTRALIA for Tahiti July 15th, 10 a.m

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STAGE

Pinero's Third Act

"Well, that surely was the limit," said James H. O'Brien, the Democratic philosopher, at the close of the third act of "The Gay Lord Quex" at the Columbia Monday night. Mr. O'Brien did not look the part of a prude as he sat in his claw-hammer and stage box, but he certainly perspired during that third act. "Yes, it was the limit," he repeated. "Not that they did anything to justify police interference, but it was the way they raised your hopes, or rather I should say your misgivings." This third act presenting the chief scene of the play—the one between Lord Quex, the roue and Sophy Fullgarney, the manicurist—is full of promise of a most salacious character, but develops nothing that the most squeamish could protest against. It is technically ingenious and precisely proportioned. Its subtlety is charming and its audacity startling. It is an improvement on the bedstead complications that we have become so familiar with in society dramas. The audience is given a view of the boudoir of the flabby sensuous Duchess of Strood whose married life has always been happy and serene because her aged husband has always been under the care of four nurses. He never interfered in her love affairs, and this adulterous woman is a type of the caste that is counterfeited in Pinero's salacious play. She arranges an assignation in her boudoir at midnight with Lord Quex, ostensibly to say farewell to her lover who is about to abandon gay bachelorhood. Her preparations for his reception suggest the kindling of a hope that it will be a tender farewell. She gowns herself loosely and ravishingly, and she brings on a bottle of wine and glasses. The inevitable bed is not there but you know that it is in the other room, through the open portieres. The lovers are spied upon by Sophy Fullgarney and they detect her. Then follows the scene which shows the superior craft of Pinero. The Duchess vacates her apartments and Quex locks himself in with Sophy, and endeavors to insure her silence by convincing her that exposure means her own ruin. This is a most powerful scene and the most scintillantly phrased of any in the contemporary drama. Pinero concentrates all his force in this act, and impresses its situations and episodes so distinctly on the mind that you might forget the story of the play and yet clearly recall the boudoir picture with its intensely dramatic climax. "The Gay Lord Quex" is a scenic transcript of social conditions which are far from edifying. Its atmosphere is unwholesome. It is the example set by such people, the shining lights of a gay social set, that has led to the demoralization of the entire social body of London. Pinero has done a very clever bit of play-making, familiarized us with the titled belswagger, and the British ladies of easy virtue, but there is nothing in the dialogue of epigrammatic brilliancy. The Miller company handles the play with superb finesse. There is nothing repulsively vicious in Miller as Quex, and he is stolid as the most cold-blooded Britisher could desire in the fascinating third act. Margaret Anglin gives another evidence of her versatility as the manicurist. Her portrayal of the character is exquisitely shaded. Jennie Eustace is decidedly rakish as the Duchess of easy virtue, and Lawrence D'Orsay scores a big hit in a delightful piece of character work. As Muriel, Grace Elliston was far from convincing. She looked like a woman who was well able to take care of herself with any kind of a husband.

Morgan and Hamlet

Morgan told Ashton Stevens that he wouldn't play Hamlet for ten years, but I think he is making the mistake of his life if he keeps to that resolution. In the same interview he said to Stevens that he desired to play Shylock, and was lured out here with that as the bait. But if ever there were a man framed by nature to interpret the melancholy Dane it is Morgan. His physique suggests the character and his natural manner intensifies the suggestion. His peculiar speech is well fitted to the utterances of the Dane. We have had so many Hamlets, and I doubt if one were ever wholly satisfactory. Of late years few have cared to attempt the character that was a favorite with great stars in their day. Wilson Barrett wrote a treatise on Hamlet in which he quoted lines in support of his theory that Shakespeare's hero was only melancholy, not mad, and that he was a young man, not the thirty or forty year old we have been accustomed to seeing. If Mr. Morgan desires to gratify Maude Fealy in her expressed wish to appear as Ophelia—and she would be an Ophelia worth seeing—I am willing to send him Barrett's pamphlet so that he can read up on the character which he hesitates to attempt for ten years to come.

Fourth of July matinees at all the theatres.

For the third week of the engagement of Maude Fealy and Edward Morgan at the Grand the management has chosen "Faust" and a grand scenic and electrical production is promised. Miss Fealy will be seen as Marguerite and Mr. Morgan will play Mephisto and he should be a very effective one, too. There will be a special matinee July fourth, and the regular Saturday and Sunday matinees.

"The Adventures of the Lady Ursula" will follow "The Gay Lord Quex" at the Columbia.

At the Show Next Week

COLUMBIA—"The Gay Lord Quex," second week of Pinero's remarkable picture of London life today.

ALCAZAR—"Zaza," fourth and last week of the Belasco drama.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"Faust," with Edward J. Morgan and Maude Fealy in the leading roles.

TIVOLI—"The Idol's Eye," second week of the revival of this popular opera.

FISCHER'S—"Pousse Cafe," with the burlesques of "Antony and Cleopatra" and "The Royal Family," a great triple bill.

ORPHEUM—John and James Russell, the original Irish servant girls, with Mrs. Russell and John Jr.; James Thornton, "the man who set the world a-singing"; Harry Linton and Leila McIntyre; Avery and Hart, colored comedians; Hallen and Fuller in "A Desperate Pair"; Dave Lewis, Sisson and Stewart and the biograph.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

LIZZIE O'BRIEN and ANNE McCARTHY,
Plaintiffs.
vs.
JOHANNA REARDON, RICHARD WALSH, MICHAEL WALSH, MICHAEL COAKLEY, JOHANNA COAKLEY, surviving widow of PATRICK COAKLEY, deceased, and EDWARD COAKLEY, WILLIAM COAKLEY, ROBERT COAKLEY and JAMES COAKLEY, the surviving children of said PATRICK COAKLEY, deceased, WINIFRED COAKLEY, surviving widow of DANIEL COAKLEY, deceased, and EDWARD COAKLEY, WINIFRED COAKLEY, MARY O'BRIEN and THOMAS COAKLEY, surviving children of DANIEL COAKLEY, deceased, MICHAEL COAKLEY, as Administrator of the Estate of JAMES COAKLEY, sometimes known as JAMES COKELEY, deceased, A. C. FREESE, as Administrator of the Estate of ELLEN COAKLEY, alias ELLEN REARDON, deceased, OSCAR T. BARBER, as Administrator of the Estate of THOMAS COAKLEY, a deceased son of PATRICK COAKLEY, deceased, and OSCAR T. BARBER, Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of NORA COAKLEY, deceased.
Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an Interlocutory Decree in Partition and an Order of Sale issued out of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, on the 16th day of June A. D. 1902, in the above entitled action, in said Superior Court, wherein the said plaintiffs obtained a judgment and Interlocutory Decree in Partition against the defendants in said action, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Commencing at a point in the Northwesterly line of Jessie Street, distant thereon Southwesterly 475 feet from the Southwesterly line of Sixth Street, running thence Southwesterly and along said line of Jessie Street 25 feet, thence at right-angles Northwesterly 75 feet, thence at right angles Northeasterly 25 feet and thence at right angles Southeasterly 75 feet to said line of Jessie Street and point of commencement. Being portion of 10 Vara Lot No: 242.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining.

And public notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 28th day of July A D 1902, at the hour of 10 A.M. of that day, at the Office of HOOKER and LENT, No. 14 Post Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, I will in obedience to said Order of Sale and Interlocutory Decree in Partition, sell the above described property to the highest and best bidder, for Gold Coin of the United States.

JOHN F. GLOVER,
Referee appointed by said Superior Court.

LENT AND HUMPHREY,
Plaintiffs' Attorneys,
Crocker Building, San Francisco.

Notice to Creditors

Estate of Lillie von Hagen Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Charles F. Leege, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Lillie von Hagen, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executors at the offices of Lent and Humphrey, Rooms 167, 168 and 169 Crocker Building, corner of Post and Market Streets, San Francisco, California the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

CHARLES F. LEEGE,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Lillie von Hagen Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, June 28th, 1902.

An Actor Who Writes Plays

Robert Drouet has again begun writing plays and his latest will be one of the big productions of the new season. It is called "The Captain's Interference." Drouet was last in San Francisco as leading man with Mary Mannèring, in "Janice Meredith" and "Camille." It was at the one performance of the latter that he made the hit of his life. His Armand was the best Armand ever seen here. But I remember when Drouet came here in 1894 with Effie Ellsler. The feature of their season was Drouet's play "Doris" in which the author played the principal male role. At that time I made some remarks about the play and its star that did not hit the author just right. He wrote me a very caustic note, in the postscript of which he said: "I am not an author *trying* to *act*, but an *actor* trying to *write*." It strikes me that from the success of his last impersonations here, and what the despatches say of his play, Mr. Drouet has managed to do more than *try* both acting and writing. He has arrived both ways.

A New Burlesque

The twelfth week of "Fiddle Dee Dee" is, it now appears, to be the last of that amusing piece. Next week "Pousse Cafe," another of the Weber & Field burlesques, will be put on at Fischer's. "Pousse Cafe" is said by those who saw it in New York to be much funnier than "Fiddle Dee Dee." It simply abounds in witty hits. Then there will be given the burlesque on "Antony and Cleopatra" and the one on "The Royal Family," both of which made New York laugh for many months. A specialty will be two novel dances, La Cleopatra and The Pyramids, and the Paloma quartet has been engaged to support Maude Amber in her new song, "The Rose of Killarney." Winfield Blake will also have a new song, "The Phrenologist Coon." Blake, by the way, is already a matinee idol and has his clientele of adoring schoolgirls to applaud him every Saturday. Hal De Forrest and Charlotte Vidot are newcomers who are expected to make a hit. There is a "contract" scene in "Pousse Cafe" that will amuse the lawyers. The management of Fischer's announces that there will never be an advance in prices at the theatre during the run of the Weber & Field burlesques.

A Great Bill

John and James Russell, "the original Irish servant girls," will reappear at the Orpheum next week after five years' absence. Annie C. Russell and John Russell Jr. will be with them, and the four will appear in "A Romance of New Jersey" by George M. Cohan—period, 1906. The Russells are the best in their line and are sure to be warmly welcomed. James Thornton, sophist, singer and satirist, will sing his latest composition, "When You Were Sweet Sixteen." Next is to be a week of old favorites, it seems, at the Orpheum. Others are Harry Linton and Leila McIntyre in "Mr. Quack of Quackenbush." Miss McIntyre is to appear as the heroine of "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," by the way, next season.

The Star Role Nuisance

The comic opera season is drawing to a close at the Tivoli, and Hartman and his merry associates will soon take to the road to give the grand opera folks a chance to entertain. "The Idol's Eye" was revived Monday night with Hartman in the star role. That is the unfortunate feature of such pieces as those that have lately been on at the Tivoli—the star role. When a piece is written for a star, especially a star with a voracious appetite for all the "fat," all the other performers are subordinated into obscurity. This is not to be regretted when the star is supported by mediocre talent which is often the case, but it is worse than painful to go to the Tivoli and see talent going to waste. Ferris Hartman is of course all right, and he is undoubtedly a great Tivoli favorite. Tivoli audiences will stand as much of him as Broadway does of Dan Daly, and with much more reason, for Daly is one of the worst I ever saw, but it is irritating to hear such superb voices as those of Frances Graham and Arthur Cunningham, and be denied the pleasure of hearing them more than once throughout a whole performance. And when you know that there is such a tenor as Harold Gordon—the best that the Tivoli ever had in light opera—lying around loose, because he could not be crowded into a cast, you feel like inveighing against everybody that ever prostituted his talents by writing for a star. I enjoy Hartman in "The Idol's Eye," and I think that Cashman is funnier and more grotesque than Wheelan as the Hoot Mon, but I should prefer not to see Frances Graham and Arthur Cunningham in the cast. They irritate by their failure to do as much as you would like to see them do. You are harried by the hope that they will break into song. If they weren't there you could concentrate all your attention on Hartman and Cashman and enjoy "Fairy Tales."

AMUSEMENTS

★TIVOLI★

Evenings at 8 sharp! Matinee Saturday at 2 sharp!

It is as Big a Success as Ever
"And that is no Fairy Tale"

"THE IDOL'S EYE"
(Hoot Mon!)

A Magnificent Cast!
Beautiful Stage Settings!
Fun and Music Galore!

Popular Prices 25c, 50c. and 75c. Telephone Bush 9

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Matinees Today and Tomorrow
Last two nights of "THE TWO ORPHANS"
Week Beginning Monday Evening Next
Special Holiday Matinee Friday, July 4th
Maude FEALY and Edward MORGAN
In Goethe's Immortal Play
"FAUST"

Popular Prices: 10, 15, 25, 50, 75c. Good Orchestra Seats all Matinees 25c.

Alcazar

BELASCO AND THALL, Managers
'Phone Main 254

Beginning Monday, June 30th
FOURTH AND LAST WEEK
FLORENCE ROBERTS
Supported by White Whittlesey in David Belasco's Great Play
"ZAZA"
Special Matinee Friday, July 4th

Regular Matinee Saturday Seats now selling for all performances
Prices—Evenings—15c, 25c, 35c, 50c & 75c Matinees—15c, 25c, 35 c, & 50c
In Preparation—"AS YOU LIKE IT" Miss Roberts as ROSALIND

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER

San Francisco Has Indorsed the Opinion of London and New York
Immense Success Continued for Another Week
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Charles Frohman presents
Henry MILLER Margaret ANGLIN
and A Special Company in Arthur W. Pinero's comedy in four acts
"THE GAY LORD QUEX"
after its successful run of 400 nights in London

Next Play—"The Adventure of the Lady Ursula"
Prices—$1.50, $1.00, 75c, 50c & 25c.

Orpheum

O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee June 29th

(Special Matinee Fourth of July)
RUSSELL BROTHERS AND COMPANY. JAMES THORNTON
Linton and McIntyre. Avery and Hart. Mr and Mrs. Waterous.
Dave Lewis. Sisson and Stewart. The Biograph and Last Week of HALLEN AND FULLER.

Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.

FISCHER'S THEATRE

Phone Main 231

AT LAST A CHANGE
Commencing Monday, June 30th, Special Matinee on July 4th
First presentation of

"POUSSE CAFE"

The second of Weber & Field's series of delightful burlesques
And their two funniest travesties
"Antony and Cleopatra" and "A Royal Family"
A charming Combination of Fun and Fancy. Presented by the superb cast
Including Kolb, Dill, Bernard, Blake, Hermsen, Amber, Gallick, Vidot
And our beautiful chorus of 30. Everything new.
Scenery, Costumes, Specialties, Novel Surprises.
NO ADVANCE IN PRICES
Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 25 cents Night Prices, 25 and 50 cents
Children at Matinees 10 cents

My Josephine

This old poem, by Winthrop Mackworth Praed, was cleverly parodied by Mr. Peter Robertson at a Bohemian Club jinks. It is published by request of several readers. —Ed.

We did not meet in courtly hall,
Where birth and beauty throng,
Where luxury holds festival,
And wit awakes the song;
We met where darker spirits meet,
In the home of sin and shame,
Where Satan shows his cloven feet,
And hides his titled name;
And she knew she could not be, love,
What once she might have been,
But she was kind to me, love,
My pretty Josephine.

We did not part beneath the sky,
As warmer lovers part,
Where night conceals the glistening eye,
But not the throbbing heart;
We parted on the spot of ground
Where we first had laughed at love,
And ever the jests were loud around,
And the lamps were bright above.
"The heaven is very dark, love,
The blast is very keen,
But merrily rides my bark, love—
Good night, my Josephine!"

She did not speak of ring or vow,
But filled the cup of wine,
And took the roses from her brow,
To make a wreath for mine;
And bade me, when the gale should lift
My light skiff o'er the wave,
To think as little of the gift
As of the hand that gave;
"Go gaily o'er the sea, love,
And find your own heart's queen;
And look not back to me, love,
Your humble Josephine!"

That garland breathes and blooms no more,
Past are those idle hours;
I would not, could I choose, restore
The fondness of the flowers;
Yet oft their withered witchery
Revives its wonted thrill,
Remembered—not with passion's sigh,
But, oh! remembered still.
And even from your side, love,
And even from this scene,
One look is o'er the tide, love,
One thought with Josephine!

Alas! your lips are rosier,
Your eyes of softer blue,
And I have never felt for her
As I have felt for you;
Our love was like the bright snow-flakes,
Which melt before you pass—
Or the bunnle on the wine, which breaks
Before you lip the glass.
You saw those eye-lids wet, love,
Which she has never seen;
But bid me not forget, love,
My poor Josephine!

On Being Rejected

Nothing makes a man feel meaner than when, after his inamorata has spurned him, she goes and marries another fellow who he feels is his superior mentally and morally.

Nothing would give him such balm for his wounded heart than to see her who had rejected him bound to a fellow twenty times the inferior of himself.

—*The Jilted.*

Marking the Difference

Mrs. Snobbe: Who is that charming young man with the delightful manners?

Mr. Snobbe: Oh, that's our host's entry clerk, whom he asked me to invite at the last moment, to fill a vacant place.

Mrs. Snobbe: What effrontery! The idea of his having such manners. Why, if this continues, we will have to drink from our saucers and eat with our knives to mark the distinction between us and the *canaille.*

A Hot Melodrama

She had been a Poor but Honest factory Gyurrel. And She had been Virtuous though Pretty. Her parents firmly Believed that she was Destined to become the Wife of an Industrious Mechanic, and the Mother of a large family. Her Modesty and her beautiful Face filled them with Great Expectations. She did not betray that Fondness for Sunday picnics which spoiled her Sisters. They could look into the Dim Vista of the Future and see her Cooking the evening meal for her Horny-handed Husband and their several Olive Branches. They rejoiced over the Prospect.

Such in brief was the Heroine of the up-to-date Melodrama, "Ruined by Riches, or The Romance of a Factory Girl."

In the great Third Act on which the Dramatist concentrated his great and Transcendent genius, the heroine is revealed in a Gorgeously furnished Palace on Nob Hill.

She is the Mistress of the Palace. Her old Mother, tear-stained and travel-soiled, is with her.

"And so you have fallen to this!" exclaimed Materfamilias.

"Don't roast me, Ma," pleaded the heroine from behind her diamond studded fan, "I know I was weak. I was tempted and I fell."

Ma raised her calico skirt as though she feared Contamination from her Daughter's silk one.

"But he promised to Marry me, Ma."

"And you deserted your old home in Shipley street to come here, to this gilded cage. Never did I dream a Daughter of the O'Rourkes would come to this."

"But he deeded it to me, Ma."

"The Wretch!"

"And he also gave me an automobile."

"The Scoundrel!"

"And a bucket of diamonds."

"The Villain!"

And then they fell into each other's arms and wept bitterly. The situation was pathetic. But in the next act the hero, a poor newsboy, rushed in waving a Marriage Certificate, and there was general Rejoicing when the curtain went Down. —*The Critic.*

LETTERS

Advice to Writers in Embryo

It was the genial Autocrat who counseled those in doubt whether to write and tell an author that his books had pleased them, not to doubt but write. One author, to whom some one remarked that he had resisted his inclination because, as he thought, authors were annoyed and overburdened with gushing correspondence, was told that the rarest experience which they have is the letter of approval unaccompanied by some request for an autograph, a subscription or donation, or advice and assistance in "breaking in." Authors, like actors, are popularly supposed to have nothing to do "between times," but place themselves at the disposal of society and the aspirants after honors. Any one who has had a book published is supposed to hold the "open sesame," and it is only jealousy and selfishness which prevent him from communicating the magical pass-word. Some one has said that the kindest course for authors and editors is to rigidly discourage all who apply to them for advice. The faintest and most colorless expression which can be interpreted as favorable will be taken as encouragement, and the self-deluded ones will keep on, year after year, attempting the impossible for them. If there is a real call to literary work, no amount of discouragement will avail. It is a curious fact that while no one would go to a successful merchant or manufacturer or banker and demand to be initiated into his methods, or set up in business, it is made a great grievance that writers do not encourage every tyro who appeals to them for aid. It seems to be useless to tell them that the "secret" is incommunicable and that each must discover methods and pioneer paths for himself. Literary periodicals are to blame to some extent for this, for they print and reprint articles describing, or purporting to describe, how one author or another "lives and works," and there seem to be no pictures so popular with them as those of writers, pen in hand, in the "act of composing."

The Best Sellers

The opinion has gained ground that lists of "the best selling books" have been so systematically doctored as to be no reliable criterion, and that either the practice of making them public will entirely cease in the near future, or some plan will be formulated by which their approximate accuracy will be guaranteed. The lists, as they now stand, are made up from the reports of dealers, and though it is admitted that in the four cases out of five the nominal best-sellers are entitled to a place, they are not enumerated in the order in which they are actually disposed of. When there is reason to believe that some book is to enjoy a "boom," book sellers naturally place large advance orders, and they are obliged to get rid of their stock or suffer a loss. The consequence is that they produce an artificial demand by supplementing the publisher's advertisement, and by filling their windows and calling attention to what they have. The lists of "best selling" are always made up from the new books, but how many copies must be disposed of before a volume is entitled to be listed is "one of those things which no fellow can find out." It is out of the question to believe that any half-dozen books in any month, or even in any year, will reach the hundred-thousand mark, and it is within the bounds of possibility that the sale of a dozen copies, that is, three or four a week, is a pretty fair stroke of business. At all events, there is no special good brought about from the compilation of "best selling" lists. They may feed an author's vanity in some instances, and they may serve the useful purpose of bellwether to the flock who are not independent enough to read what they like whether it be the latest craze or not, but one can hardly imagine the class who feed their brains on the thin diet of "popular successes" having minds enough to look over the lists for guidance.

From One Who Knows

Frank Norris is a genial optimist on the question of the effect of libraries on the profits of the author. Instead of taking the general view that every library patron is to be written with a minus sign on the purchasing side of the ledger, he argues that books are read from libraries where people would go without reading if they had to buy from their own pockets. He thinks the library copies foot up to a considerable number themselves, and it is better in the long run, for authors, that people should read from libraries than that they should lose the habit of reading. Eventually, in Mr. Norris' opinion, a considerable number of the library patrons will become dissatisfied with public ownership, and want their own books, and authors can afford to be patient now for the sake of future advantages. When that time comes, it is to be hoped that public taste will have undergone a regeneration, and "libraries" will not consist entirely of the class of books which figure on the popular lists, not one in ten of which will stand a second reading.

A Literary Morgue

President Elliott thinks that one of the supplementary needs of the modern library is a storehouse for dead books, a sort of literary morgue. When one considers the vast quantity of printed matter which must be bought year after year to please patrons, and the large percentage of it which becomes practically useless in the course of a very short while after it has appeared, there is no questioning the sound sense of President Eliot's idea. Apparently much of the accumulation could be disposed of at the end of the year, as waste paper, and the usefulness of the library be not impaired thereby, but there is no means of actually determining when a book is finally dead. Sometimes volumes remain on the shelves undisturbed for years, and then some incident in the world's history, or some natural phenomenon will awaken interest once more, as witness the sudden demand for Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," which is so great as to exhaust the supply on hand, because of the late catastrophe in Martinique. Librarians can never be certain that some branch of research will not send scholars delving in lore forgotten to all but themselves, and one cannot but believe that there has been an overturning of musty tomes by purveyors to the popular taste, in searching for backgrounds upon which to paint historical portraits. For the ordinary reader, no doubt, "the latest is the best," but there is always a certain percentage who like, or need original documents. An examination of the date-slips in books, especially in works of fic-

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tion, is a pretty fair indication of the life that is left in them, and it would seem as if those volumes which are not taken out oftener than once in a year, or even longer, might be put into storage and the space left for other things. One copy of such a work ought to be sufficient, or one left on the shelf, and one in reserve, while the remainder could be sold by weight to the junk man, after patrons had been given their opportunity to purchase what they might wish for. It does not follow that all books thus disposed of would come under the head of trash. On the contrary, some of the very best might be disposed of, but the walls of a library building are not elastic. The patrons are the ones for whom the institution is maintained, and if they manifest their sense of value in a negative way by making no use of certain books, it is tantamount to a vote that those books are useless. One reason why a large number of really good books are never taken out is because they are to be had only in old-fashioned editions, small print, unleaded, and often with double columns, which are a prohibition to aging sight, and unattractive to the young.

To Give One a Chance to Read

Miss M. G. Tuttiett (Maxwell Gray) is of opinion that if the supply of fiction were shut off for at least twenty years, it would be not only no loss, but a decided gain. It is not that the stories have all been told, for they were all told long ago, perhaps even before the age of writing, but we have too much fiction, and people rush through book after book with no definite idea beyond the one of keeping up with the press. If the supply were cut short for a score of years a generation could grow up interested in something besides the latest love story. There would be time and inducement to read Scott, Dickens, Jane Austin, George Eliot, the Brontes, and the host of others scarcely known now by name to the later generation. Maxwell Gray thinks the flood of cheap and poor trash which overwhelms us is to be attributed mainly to James Payn and Sir Walter Besant, both of whom did their worst for literature by their essays and papers encouraging every one to have a try at novel writing and showing what a mechanical process the making of a novel might be. The result is the machine made novel, and the railroad reader. One begets the other. One reason for the quantity of poor books is the cheapness of publication. There are comparatively few publishing houses which will refuse to get out a book provided the cost of publication is assured, and with machine composition and binding, the cost is reduced to a minimum. A good-sized edition can be produced for about three hundred dollars, and it has to be a very poor author in every sense of the word who has not that sum of his own or cannot inspire three hundred dollars' worth of confidence from his friends. At the present stage of development there is a large number of people interested in books who belong to a class that have not heretofore been readers. They have no tradition to guide them either in taste or in other matters. A book is a book. A typical specimen of the class is the Chicago lady who agreed to purchase a set of Balzac on the assurance of an agent that the books were just the thing for her children. Balzac meant nothing to her; it was probably the first time she had ever heard of him, and she was probably as blissfully ignorant of all else pertaining to literature. Owing to the cheapness with which books are produced, much of the class of stuff which was once gotten out in paper covers, and found its circulation below-stairs, is now neatly and even elegantly bound, and circulates in the upper stories. It is probable that the best books still sell largely in the best circles. Otherwise it would not seem to be a good business proposition for publishers to get out new editions and sets of those writers known as standard or classic. One does not expect to find readers of George Eliot or Thackeray sitting down to enjoy a third-rate love story simply because it is advertised as in its -nth edition of over five hundred thousand. Still, when one considers that children form 35 per cent of the patrons of libraries, and that they are left unrestrained to feed on fiction, it does look as if there were sound sense at the back of the idea that the world would not suffer if no more novels were written for a good many years. Children naturally read what is easiest to them and even with the best intentions, not one in a score knows how to select a book. Many a child has been deterred by happening to take hold of a volume printed in uninviting style, from examining into that author's works. The majority of them simply fit their feet to the tracks of some companion and follow a weak leader until taste and habit are formed. The present methods of education lead children to impudence, but not to real independence, and it is the exceptional one who knows how to think. Parents do not guide and teachers dare not, so it looks as if the next best thing is to restrict the output.

—*The Bookworm*

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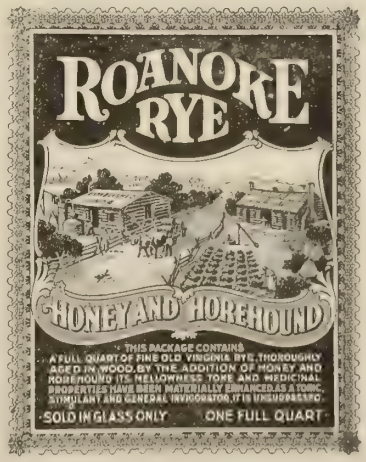

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"Our programs for concerts and recitals of vocal music are veritable foreign linguistic conglomerates. The silly custom of music-makers to belittle their art productions with outlandish and meaningless labels has about reached the utmost limit. Here is a sample: "Nocturne Opus 62 No. 2; Sonata a major; Fugue a minor; Etude Opus 10 No. 6," etc., etc., or a long list of German or Italian titles for songs and arias. What do such announcements on a program convey to the average patron of the concert room? If the popular love of music were not so great such programs would be chilling enough to induce many to eschew the concert-hall and, indeed, the tendency in that direction is much greater than is evidently recognized by the musical compilers and publishers. It is true that music suggests more than language can describe, nevertheless a liberal use of suggestion by title and description of the purport of any and every piece of music is indispensable. Instead of Latin words which give only a bare suggestion of the character of a piece of music, we should have a full designation and mental picture given us in plain language of every number on a program, so as to give at least a hint of the intention of the music we are about to hear. Songs in the native language, oratorio, cantata, choruses, opera, take care of themselves, the language being already an integral part of them. America has entered the field of producing its own music, its own singers, composers and musicians, in which the native language must play an important part. It is to be hoped that they will not ape the custom of using foreign terms, titles and notations to indicate what should be said in plain words of the mother tongue."

The above is the sort of thing that makes a musician tear his hair. The average patron of the concertroom, if he cares as much for music as he pretends he does, can by a little study and attention reach such a stage of familiarity with musical compositions that such titles as Sonata A major, or Fugue A minor are neither meaningless nor outlandish. The concert-goer who criticises in this way is the one who does not know the difference between a symphony and a suite, and who imagines that Palestrina was a composer of pretty tunes. He would do better to familiarize himself a little with the history and laws of music and if he would also teach his ears to listen he would not demand "a full designation and mental picture given us in plain language of every number on a program." Fortunately for art, musicians do not write for "the average patron of the concert room" if such are his ideas.

A New Concert Company

La Boheme is the name of a new quartet and concert company that gave a very successful program in Heine hall last week. The quartet is composed of Carlos N. Keller, first tenor, C. Ernest Edwards, second tenor, Will Louis Smith, baritone, and Carl M. Yoho. The quartet in its several selections showed itself excellently harmonized and balanced, and the members in their solo selections were equally as happy as in the concerted numbers. Mr. Yoho made a particularly strong impression in his bass numbers. He sang David's "King of the Winds" with such fine expression that the audience insisted upon an encore, and after this was granted the singer was importuned for another selection which however he would not grant. The other members of the concert company are Miss Marie Griffith, soprano; Miss Winifred June Morgan, violinist; Miss Maybelle Kelly, pianist; Miss Fern Frost, Ray Hanna and J. C. Tupper, accompanist. Of these Miss Kelly is deserving of more than passing mention. She is one of the juvenile pupils of E. S. Bonelli, and of not only unusual talent but rather more than the average understanding. Her solo was Chopin's Fantaisie impromptu, opus 66, which she interpreted with decided intelligence and easily overcame the mechanical difficulties.

The *Etude* for June contains the prize essays on the teaching of music. The first prize was gained by Edith Symond Winn of Boston, teacher of the violin.

Prof. and Madame Beringer and Miss Gladys Beringer are at Aqua Caliente Springs.

Mrs. Olive Reed Cushman is in Oakland visiting her relatives.

—*The Music Critic*

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More Clergy Stories

A Cross of Wits

The minister of Douglas, in Clydesdale, was one day dining with a large party where the Hon. Henry Erskine and some lawyers were present. A dish of water-cresses being, according to the fashion of the period, handed round after dinner, the minister helped himself much more largely than any other person. As he ate with a peculiar voracity Mr. Erskine was struck with the idea that he resembled Nebuchadnezzar in his state of condemnation. Resolved to give him a hit for the grossness of his taste and manner of eating, the wit addressed him with:

"Doctor, ye bring me in mind of the great king Nebuchadnezzar."

The company was beginning to titter at the ludicrous allusion, when the reverend devourer of cresses replied:

"Ay, do I mind ye o' Nebuchadnezzar? That'll be because I am eating among the brutes, then!"

Not Hard Enough Work

Mr. Cyrus Foss, son of the eloquent Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, was once introduced to an eminent minister of that church at Minneapolis.

"Ah," said the minister, "you are the son of Bishop Foss, are you? I know him very well, and am glad to know you. I suppose you are going to be a minister, too?"

"No, sir," replied the young man, promptly, "I am going to earn my living!"

A More Elaborate Toilet

In the biography of Dr. Hawtrey, a famous English schoolmaster, there is a description of his unkempt appearance, with a comment which has been greatly quoted. It is said that he was scolding, for being late at morning lesson, a boy, who replied that he had no time to dress.

"But I can dress in time," said the doctor."

"Yes," replied the boy, "but I wash."

A Mistake in Couples

A Baptist minister, of Vermont, narrated a ludicrous incident of his early life. Soon after being settled over a new congregation, he received a note asking him to be at home that evening at eight o'clock. The writer added that he was intending to be married at that hour, and would call at the parsonage with his bride. A few minutes before eight the door-bell rang and the servant announced that a young couple awaited the minister in the parlor. The pastor found a neatly dressed young man and a young woman.

"I am Mr. Homer," said the young man, "and this is Miss Cross."

Having another engagement for the evening, the minister said, immediately:

"I received your note this morning, and we will proceed with the ceremony

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at once. Please join your right hands."

In bewilderment, which the minister mistook for embarrassment, the couple timidly clasped hands." The ceremony was about to begin, when the young man said:

"I-we-what ceremony is it?"

"Why, the ceremony of marriage, of course."

"O-o-o-h!" shrieked the young lady.

"I don't understand this at all," said the young man; "we came here simply as a committee from the Young People's Society of the Methodist church, to ask you and your wife to be present at a public entertainment we are about to give, and—"

At that moment the maid ushered in the right couple.

His Colleague's Fault

An old anecdote of Dean Liddell was told by the old boys of the Blue Coat School (Christ's Hospital), London. Sometimes a boy would construe a passage differently from Dr. Liddell's interpretation, giving "Liddell and Scott" as his authority. The lexicon being produced and the boy's appeal thus sustained, the learned doctor would invariably exclaim:

"Dear! dear! what can Mr. Scott have been thinking about?"

A Methodist minister residing near Boston had as guests two fellow-preachers who were deaf. On asking one of them to "lead in prayer" at family worship each supposed he was the one invited, and so kneeled down and communed. Both being deaf, the host had no little difficulty in stopping one and explaining the precise state of the case.

Wendell Philips was waiting once for the train, at Essex Junction, Vt., where passengers at times have to exercise great patience. He saw a graveyard, not far from the depot, very full of graves, and he inquired the reason. A Green Mountaineer calmly informed him that it was used to bury passengers who died while waiting for the train.

—*The Sexton.*

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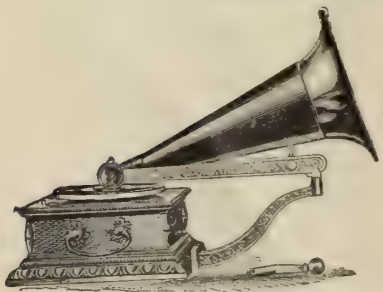

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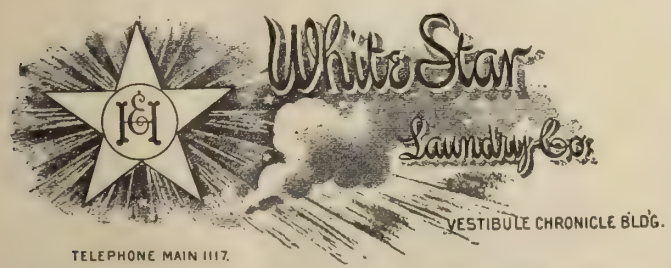

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GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

San Francisco Savings Union, 532 California St., corner of Webb. For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1902, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and forty-two one-hundredths (3 42-100) per cent on term deposits, and three (3) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, July 1, 1902.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, corner California and Montgomery streets. For the six months ending June 30, 1902, dividends have been declared on deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent per annum, free of taxes and payable on and after Tuesday, July 1, 1902. Dividends uncalled for are added to the principal after July 1, 1902.

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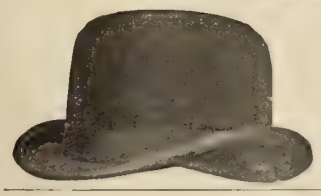

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